THE Lady's Magazine; OR Entertaining Companion FOR THE Fair Sex.

A NEW SERIES.

Volume the Second.



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ADDRESS.

As another year is on the point of expiration, we gladly embrace the opportunity of addressing our subscribers in a more friendly and social style than that which, in the ordinary exercise of our duty, we are accustomed to assume. While we congratulate ourselves on the firm basis which our work maintains, standing like a rock amidst the dangers of rivalry and the fluctuations of caprice, we cordially thank our kind friends and indulgent readers for their continued support, and their increasing favor. When a literary offspring has subsisted beyond one half of a century (and the Lady's Magazine first appeared in the year 1770), we have reason to believe that it has good *stamina* and a vigorous constitution; and, as it does not yet betray the symptoms of exhaustion or decay, we may confidently prognosticate a much longer duration of its existence.

This is the age of periodical publications. They assume a higher tone than they formerly did, and, in general, display a greater degree of mental vigor than the journals and magazines of the last century. They expand while they recreate the mind; they inspire and propagate more correct habits of thinking; and they promote, more effectually, a taste for literature and science. We do not boast that we are equal, in profundity of speculation, to those who cater almost exclusively for male guests; nor, indeed, is it necessary that we should treat our fair readers with abstruse speculations in philosophy, theological disputes, or political

disquisitions. They cannot be expected to enter with zeal into such topics; but they may be allowed to skim the surface of science, trace its application to the useful purposes of ordinary life, attend to religious and moral duties, survey the progress of the arts, study the history of mankind, observe the manners and customs of our own and other ages and nations, amuse themselves with the delightful images and visions of poetry, revel in the fictions of romance, and range over the flowery fields of literature. In these respects we have endeavoured to gratify them; and we hope that they are not dissatisfied with our exertions. To please every reader is impossible; but we trust that we have obtained the approbation of the majority.

With regard to the progress of our miscellany, we have made such arrangements as will enable us, with the aid of our ingenious correspondents, to maintain its attractions and secure its interest. Variety of communication will be one of our great objects; and we may safely promise a continuance of instruction and entertainment. Our engravings also will be equal to those with which our new series commenced, and, we hope, superior to the embellishments of any rival work. The new romance of the Pirate offers some interesting subjects, one of which will constitute the next ornament of our pages; and the dramatic pieces recently published by lord Byron abound with scenes and situations which our artists may finely illustrate.



THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.

A New Series.

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THE PORTFOLIO, NO. IX.

The Order of the Garter.—It may here be worth remarking, that the *star* is but a comparatively modern addition to the decorations of knighthood. It was on St. George's day, in the year 1626, that, 'in imitation of the order of the St. Esprit, in France,' the Knights of the Garter were permitted to add a star to their decorations. (Stowe, 1042.) This species of ornament had its origin in the *cross*, properly so called, which the knights of the religious orders, (as well as the clergy), wore on their outward garments. When Henry IV. was expiring, his attendants applied the cross of his order to his lips instead of a crucifix, 'putting him in mind of God.' It is curious to observe, that what was at first a mark of christian humility has degenerated into one of the most ostentatious emblems of mundane vanity.'

The first Earl of Carlisle.—One of his luxurious modes of spending the king's bounty, which, it must be owned, he seemed to do according to the intention of the *founder*, is worth recording. It was not enough for his ambition that his suppers should please the taste alone, the eye also must be gratified; and this was his device. The company was ushered in to a table covered with the most elegant art and the greatest profusion, all that the silversmith, the confectioner, or the cook, could produce. While the company was examining and admiring this delicate display, the viands of course grew cold, and unfit for choice palates. The whole, therefore, called the ante-supper, was suddenly removed, and another supper, quite hot, and containing the exact duplicate of the former, was served in its place.

Osborne says, that at a feast made by this Scottish Heliogabalus, one of the king's attendants eat, to his own share, a pie, which cost ten pounds of the money of that day. A *bon vivant*'s envy of the happy servant to whose lot this pie fell will be somewhat diminished, when he reads that it was composed 'of ambergrease, magisterial of pearl musk,' and such like ingredients.

His taste in dress was as costly as his palate. Old Wilson thinks it not beneath the dignity of history to detail the materials and fashion of 'one of the meanest of his suites, which was, nevertheless, so fine as to look like romance, and savour rather of folly than of reality.'

When he journeyed into Holland his generosity paid the innkeepers of the

road he did *not* travel, because they might, (unknowing his route), have made preparation for him; and, when he made his entry into the French capital, his horse was loosely shod with silver, so that, at each curvet, he cast his valuable shoes about, and a silversmith was at hand to 'take others out of a tawny velvet bag, and tack them on, to last till he should come to another occasion to prance and cast them off.'

It is the nature of man to be dazzled and conciliated by liberality and even prodigality. A thousand pounds given to a griping favourite would have rendered him odious; Carlisle was beloved, admired, and applauded in his gigantic profusion.

Secretaries of State.—Up to James's reign there was but one secretary of state; but, on the resignation, (Aul. Coq. says the death of Cecil, Earl of Salisbury), there were two created, as if no man could supply the place of that able minister. This reminds me of the promotion of eight marshals of France, on the death of Turenne; a great compliment to his memory, which Madame de Cornuel pleasantly explained by calling the eight new marshals '*change* for M. de Turenne.'

Baronets.—'He,' (Sir Robert Cecil) 'was the inventor of the scheme of raising money by the creation of baronets, a cheapening of honours much improved upon in the beginning of Charles's reign; when, by proclamation, every gentleman of 40l. a year was called on to be knighted. This arbitrary 'buckling of honours on folk's back,' reminds me of the pleasantry of Admiral Payne, who in our times, when some one told him he was to be knighted, exclaimed, with affected indignation, 'No, no, by G—, not without a court martial!''

Bassompierre's firmness.—Charles complained of the intrigues and factions of the French—their malice in endeavouring to wean the queen's affections from him, and their insolence in disposing her against the English language and nation. The king got at last so warm as to exclaim to the ambassador, 'Why do you not execute your commission at once, and declare war!' Bassompierre's answer was firm and dignified: 'I am not a herald to declare war, but a marshal of France, to make it when declared.'

Liberality of James I.—Sir Henry Rich and Maxwell, a gentleman of the bedchamber, being one day with the king in the gallery at Whitehall, some porters passed by, carrying 3000l. in specie to the privy purse. Rich, seeing the money, turned to Maxwell, and whispered him. The king, observing this, insisted on knowing what had passed. Maxwell told him that Rich had said that sum of money would make him happy. Whereupon the king, calling the porters, ordered them to carry the money to Rich's lodgings, saying, at the same time, 'You think, now, that you have a great purchase; but I am happier in giving you that sum than you can be in receiving it:'—a noble sentiment, which we could wish to have arisen on a worthier occasion.

English fogs.—The fogs of England have, at all times, been the complaint of foreigners. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, when some one, who was going to Spain, waited on him, to ask whether he had any commands, replied, 'Only my compliments to the sun, whom I have not seen since I came to England.' Caraccioli, the Neapolitan minister here, a man of a good deal of conversation wit, used to say, that the only ripe fruit he had seen in England were roasted apples; and in a conversation with Geo. II. he took the liberty of preferring the moon of Naples to the sun of England.

Country dances.—Our country-dances are a corruption in name, and simplification in figure, of the French '*contre-danse*;' but these changes are

very ancient: for Weldon, sneering at the want of polite education of Buckingham's kindred, observes, that it was easier to put on fine clothes than to learn the French dances, and therefore that 'none else but countrey-dances must be used at court.'

Salutes.—Salutes were formerly fired with the guns shotted, and sometimes not without danger to the persons so honoured: Mlle. de Montpensier tells us, I think, of an instance in which she was so saluted, to the great discomfort of her attendants, both men and women; and she gives a remarkable one, in which the Fort de la Scarpe, at Douai, fired ball in honour of the passage of Louis XIV., and some of the shot passed near his coach. (Mem. de Montp. v. 329). And Whitelock, in giving an account of some rejoicing for one of Cromwell's victories, tells us, the ships at Portsmouth fired great and small shot on the occasion. Such a practice seems to us quite absurd, and yet was founded in a kind of reason. Salutes and salutations were, in their origin, marks of submission. We take off our hats, because of old the conquered took off their helmets; we bow, because the vanquished were used to bend their necks to the conqueror; and salutes were fired, shot and all, that the place or ship might be thereby without the means of present defence. Thus, from the bloody forms of the turbulent ages are derived the ceremonies of polished life.

Cockneyism vindicated.—'This here —That there.'—These are perfect Gallicisms, of which we have numbers in our English language which pass unnoticed. 'This here' and 'that there' are the *ce-ci* and the *ce-la* of the French, in the most unquestionable shape, and are intended, in both languages, to carry with them force and energy, and to preclude the possibility of mistake or misapprehension.

'Ourn, yourn, hern, hisn, &c.'

Ourn and *yourn* are actual Saxon pronouns possessive; for the Saxon *ure*, (our), in the nominative case, has for its accusative, *urne*; and the Saxon pronoun *eower*, (your), gives, in the accusative, *eowerne*; and nothing is necessary to warrant the use of them, but a mutation of case. That the Cockneys have fabricated the corresponding words, *hern* and *hisn*, (for the sake of uniformity we suppose), is readily conceded.

'Shall us.'

In this instance the Londoners may certainly be brought in guilty; but yet they may be recommended to mercy, the crime originating from nothing more than practice, founded on inattention; and yet I can bring forward something material in extenuation of the offence committed by the cockney.

The accusative case, instead of the nominative, is to be discovered in various familiar expressions little attended to, being, from their frequency, less glaring and perceptible, though in fact equally arraignable. '*Let* him do it himself,' or 'let him speak for himself,' and several other such phrases, may be adduced as instances. In the New Testament we find, '*Whom* do men say that I *am*?' '*Whom* say ye that I *am*?' and '*Whom* think ye that I *am*?' And from profane writers numerous instances may be selected:—

> *Apemantus.* Art thou proud yet?
> *Timon.* Ay, that I am not thee.'
> Timon of Athens, Act iv. sc. 3.

> 'Is she as tall as *me*?
> Anthony and Cleopatra, Act. iii. sc. 3.

Again,

> 'That which once was *thee*.' Prior.

> 'Time was when none would cry, that oaf was *me*.' Dryden.

But written authority, and even that of Shakspeare himself, may be produced in favour of the cockney's '*shall us*.' When Fidele, in the play of Cymbeline, is supposed to be dead, old Guiderius says, 'Let us bury him!' to which Arviragus replies, 'Where *shall us* lay him*?' Again; in the Winter's Tale, Hermione, no less a personage

* Act. iv. sc. 2.

than the queen, says seriously to the king, (for herself and attendants), 'shall *us* attend you*?'

I might also bring forward numerous instances where the nominative is substituted for the accusative; but this is not necessary to the extenuation of the cockney's 'shall *us?*'

'Postes and posteses, for posts.'

So also ghostès and ghosteses; beastès and beasteses. The first words in these three instances are ancient plurals preserved by old Scottish writers, as in Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil, &c. *Mistès*, a dissyllable for *mists*, is used by Shakspeare, in Midsummer Night's Dream. As to pòsteses, ghòsteses, &c. they are heedless pleonasms; but the contraction of the old plurals (postès and ghostès, to posts and ghosts) is refinement, and rests with us.

But, after all, the most striking and offensive error in pronunciation among the Londoners lies in the transpositional use of the letters *v* and *w*, ever to be heard where there is any possibility of employing them. As an extreme instance of this metamorphose, we give the following short dialogue said to have passed between a citizen and his servant:—

Citizen—Villiam, I vants my vig.

Servant—Vitch vig, sir?

Citizen—Vy, the vite vig in the voouen vig-box, vitch I vore last Vensday veek at the westry.

It is by no means my intention to attempt a full vindication of incongruities like this, but I may be permitted to offer a few words in extenuation. In some of our old authors we find instances of the *u* being substituted for the *v*, as in the Romance of Sir Cleges, a legend of the fifteenth century, we have 'dovn' for 'down;' ne*w*eltie, for novelty; svoungying, and *wowe*, for vow, as 'To God I make a *wowe*.' In an Harleian MS., in the British Museum, of the poems of Thomas Skelton, poet laureate to Henry VIII., in his own hand-writing, such instances are pretty numerous; thus we find la*w*gh for laugh; sur*w*aye, for survey; and de*wow*erer for devourer.

Another transposition of the cockneys is that of the *w* for *h* in compound words, for instance, such as neighbour*h*ood, widow*h*ood, knight*h*ood, which they pronounce neighbour*w*ood, widow*w*ood, knight*w*ood; and the last of these words is so spelt in Dr. Fuller's Church History, and in Rymer's Fœdera. All that can be said on these unpleasant pronunciations taken together is, that letters of the same organ of speech have been mutually exchanged in several languages. In the province of Gascoigne, in France, the natives substitute the letters B and V for each other, which occasioned Joseph Scaliger to say of them—'Felices Populi quibus, *bib*ere est *viv*ere †.

In conclusion, I would beg to observe, that whether I may have been successful in proving the antiquity of cockneyism, and refuting the assertion that the moderns had corrupted the language of their ancestors, or not, I by no means recommend these peculiarities as elegancies, but the contrary; and I should be extremely sorry if I were the cause of extending their use to a single individual, or lengthening it a single hour.

ON MONOSYLLABIC WRITING; OR, READING MADE EASY.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

Sir—I think would it be well for all, if our mode of speech could be made more plain, as well in what we write as what we say,—so that each might read as he runs. I know there are those who will laugh at this; but why should they? Do you not think, sir, if we had books for the poor, wrote off hand, in short words, it would make the old try to learn to read, who now cannot spell one word, and fear to think of such a thing; and the young,—do you not think, the young,—full grown girls and boys—would try hard

* Act. i. sc. 2.

† Bohun's Geog. Dict. article Gascoigne.

to learn their A, B, C, if they were told, that when they had got those pat, or by heart, as they were wont to say, when I was at school,—do you not think, sir, that there are of this class who would learn, if they knew such books would be of use to them, and would give them joy or heart's ease when they had time to spare, and would cheer the dull hours of life? tell them, 'when you can read short words, not one of which need be so long as your *tongue*, nor so hard to spell,—when you can do this, you shall have books,—on love, on dreams, on dress, and so on,—which shall be of use to you to guide you through the world, and help you when you need help, and be a friend to you,—and who knows not the worth of a friend in a time of need?—that shall teach you to be good and wise, and ease your mind when full of care, and sooth your pains, and fit you to go in peace to your grave;' and what can we wish for more?—Yes, sir, I do think, if we were to write books on this plan, men might show more wit, all would learn with more ease, the young would smile where they now cry, and the rest, kept more free from care, by this plain scheme, would grow old in peace, and thank you and those who write books of this kind for them, till the last hour of life.

I am, sir, your friend,

BOB SHORT.

DESCRIPTION OF JERUSALEM.

ACCORDING to Josephus, Jerusalem was built in the year 2023 from the creation, in a rocky and barren soil, by Melcizedeck, and was known anciently by several other names. Its site occupied mounts Moriah and Acra, and it was surrounded with mountains. Its territory and environs were watered by the springs of Gehon and Siloam, and by the torrent or brook of Kedron. Jerusalem might have been deemed the capital of Palestine, in the reigns of David and Solomon; it became at length peculiar to the kingdom of Judah. David built a new city on Mount Zion, opposite to the ancient one, being separated from it by the valley of Millo. David also augmented and embellished the old city; but Solomon, from the number and stateliness of the works which he erected, rendered Jerusalem one of the most beautiful cities of the East.

After the conquest by Nebuchadnezzar, to the Babylonish captivity, by an order from Cyrus, the temple of Jerusalem was rebuilt, and the city began to be re-peopled; but it was not till the return of Nehemiah, about eighty years after, that the walls and gates were set up, and the city was completely re-edificed. Alexander entered it, but without violence, and conferred many privileges on the Jews. After his death, it fell successively under the dominion of the kings of Egypt and Syria. Among the latter, Antiochus Ephiphanes evinced a deep-rooted hatred to the Jewish nation and religion; he took the city, gave it up to plunder, and placed in the temple the statue of Jupiter Olympius.

Pompey, among his other achievements in Syria, besieged and took Jerusalem. In the reign of Herod, the temple was rebuilt a second time.

During the reign of Tiberius, Jerusalem was rendered memorable to all succeeding ages, by the death and resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; who was crucified on Friday, April 3, at three o'clock, P.M. at the age of 33, on *Mount Calvary*, a hill, which was then without the walls, on the north side of the city.

Jerusalem was taken and destroyed by Titus, A.D. 70. At the siege, according to Josephus, 97,000 prisoners fell into the hands of the conqueror, 11,000 perished with hunger, and the whole number slain and taken prisoners, during the war, was 1,460,000. In 130, Adrian undertook to rebuild the city, and gave it the name of Ælia, or Ælia Capitolina, which name it bore till the time of Constantine. It was taken in 614, by the Persians; in 636, by the Saracens; and in 1099, by the Crusaders, who founded a kingdom, which lasted till 1187, when it

was taken by Saladin, King of Egypt. In 1517, it was taken by the Turks, who have kept possession of it ever since. It is called by them Cudsembaric, or Coudsheriff. The Orientals, however, never call it by any other name than Elkods, or Helcods, *i. e.* the *Holy*.

Volney, many years since, estimated the population of Jerusalem at 12 or 14,000; Browne, more recently, in 1797, at 18 or 20,000; Ali Bey, still later, at 27,000; and a Jewish priest stated it in 1815, at 50,000, of whom 30,000 were Turks, and 20,000 Jews, Armenians, and Greeks. A brisk trade is now said to be carried on between this city and Jafna and Constantinople, and to Persia. The surrounding country is exceedingly fertile and admirably cultivated. 'It is truly the Eden of the East, rejoicing in the abundance of its wealth.'

The modern city is built principally on Mount Moriah. The ascents on every side are steep, except to the north. It is almost surrounded by valleys, encompassed by mountains, so that it seems to be situated in the middle of an amphitheatre. The walls are about three miles in circuit, and inclose Mount Calvary, on which was built, by the Empress Helena, the Church of the *Holy Sepulchre*; so called from its being supposed to be erected over the sepulchre in which our Lord was buried. The church was burnt five or six years ago. There are many churches erected to commemorate some remarkable transaction recorded in sacred history. A mosque is now standing upon the site of Solomon's Temple. The houses are built of flint stone, one story high. The inhabitants derive a great part of their support from the visits of pilgrims, who, it is said, leave behind them, in the space of five or six months, upwards of 60.000l.

Dr. Clarke, speaking of the appearance of the city, on his approaching towards it, says, 'We were not prepared for the grandeur of the spectacle which it exhibited. Instead of a wretched and ruined town, by some described as the desolated remnant of Jerusalem, we beheld, as it were, a flourishing and stately metropolis, presenting a magnificent assemblage of domes, towers, palaces, churches, and monasteries; all of which, glittering in the sun's rays, shone with inconceivable splendor.'

'There is,' says the same author, 'much at Jerusalem, independently of its monks and monasteries, to repay pilgrims of a different description from those who usually resort thither for all the fatigue and danger they must encounter. At the same time, to men interested in tracing, within the walls, antiquities referred to by documents of sacred history, no spectacle can be more mortifying than the city in its present state. The mistaken piety of the early Christians, in attempting to preserve, either confused or annihilated the memorials it endeavoured to perpetuate.

THE CARBONARI.

The following accounts, partly extracted from foreign journals, will afford our readers a tolerable idea of the Carbonari and the Calderari, who now cover Italy, and excite the attention of its governments. It seems that the revolutionary principle is now pretty universal, for we have reformers at home, jacobins in France, liberales in Spain, unions of virtue in Germany, and, lastly, Carbonari in Italy. It is curious to consider this result of the political agitation into which the French revolution, and its consequent wars, plunged Europe; and we think it an interesting moment to present the Italian feature of the scene to our readers.

These societies are at once political and religious: their principles are founded on the purest maxims of the Gospel; their members promise obedience to the law, and respect to those who worthily administer justice; they vow eternal hatred to tyranny, and this hatred is the greater because they consider our Saviour as the most deplorable and the most illustrious victim of despotism.

The symbolical words are taken from the coal (or charcoal) trade. The society is called *La Carbonaria,* and *Barrache* (market) is the name given to their meetings.

This society is composed of persons of all parties, and of all classes of people; the noble and the peasant, the soldier and the priest, the mariner and the citizen, the judge and the lazzaroni, are there united together.

The Carbonari are distinguished by their degrees. The object of the institution is to purge the *Apennines* of the *rapacious wolves* which infest them; the wolves signify the oppressors of the people, and all the agents of the government who are guilty of arbitrary acts.

The spirit of liberty and of evangelical equality is observed in the sittings of the Barrache; the purest morality is inculcated in them; and it would be easy to name judges, intendants, commissaries or syndics, who, only since their initiation, have given examples of justice, courage, and beneficence! Abruzzo and Calabria have been witnesses of the most astonishing conversions: the banditti who infested the mountains have quitted the musket for the spade; so greatly had they been edified by the *sacred word!*

It was in 1812 that some emissaries of Queen Caroline of Austria founded this association, with the secret intention of destroying the government of Joachim. Tired of the domination of the English in Sicily, Caroline withdrew, and carried to Constantinople her regret, which was then useless. The Carbonari were deprived of their support; enlightened men, fearing fresh opposition from these sectaries, some of whom had figured in the troubles of 1799, (when the army of the French Republic under Championnet took possession of Naples), placed themselves at the head of the *Carbonari* to direct them: nine of them were appointed *Capi de Barrache* (directors of markets). Thus the *Carbonari* counted among its members partisans of the Bourbons, and partisans of the republic, theocrats and constitutionalists. This heterogeneous composition was the principal cause of the divisions which afterwards broke out.

After the battle of Leipsic, Italy desired a deliverer. Murat did not understand its wishes, and treated the new sect with severity. The chiefs, not feeling themselves strong enough to direct the constantly increasing number of the initiated, conceived and executed immediately a reform (or reduction) of the society The members who were retained still kept the name of *Carbonari;* the members who were discharged received the name of *Calderari* (braziers.)

After the death of Murat, Ferdinand having given the ministry of the police to the Prince of Canosa, who had followed him in his exile, the latter thought he ought to check the Carbonari, whom he supposed to be enemies to the king, because they had once been protected by Joachim. For this purpose he instituted a new society, of which he became the head; he delivered licences to bear arms to the lowest class of the people; he composed a list of persons who had presided in the Saturnalia of 1799, and made them members of this society, to which he gave the name of *Calderari del Contropeso:* all the old Calderari were placed in it; he made them swear the most absolute obedience to his orders, and the destruction of the Carbonari and the freemasons: he distributed among them 20,000 muskets, and great blows were going to be struck, when the king, having limited the powers of the ministry of police, deprived the minister of his office, and exiled him. It was high time; for Canosa would soon have been more king than Ferdinand.

Mean time the Carbonari, alarmed at the persecution preparing against them, had drawn their bond of union more close, and reserved the oath to defend themselves to the last moment. Never was an oath more respected.

Since then, the Calderari have re-

mained stationary, their number has even diminished; whereas the Carbonari, after having introduced into their society new ameliorations, have increased infinitely. There are now above 300,000 in the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, especially in the Calabrias and the Abruzzos. They have rapidly spread over all Italy; and some are to be found in France, Spain, and Germany.

The King of Naples, and the other sovereigns of Italy, have taken the most rigorous measures against the members of all secret societies, and principally against the Carbonari: they have been branded with the names of *brigands* and incendiaries; they have been thrown in a mass into dungeons, and their property has been confiscated; but the axe, and the fire, (says one of our authorities, and evidently a member of the Carbonari), cannot reach the thoughts. Independence has been promised to the Italians, and they have since been told they are not worthy of it. The Emperor of Austria has endeavoured to render himself popular to his new subjects; but time alone can prove whether he has succeeded.

A writer in the Bibliotheque Historique, in an article 'On the Moral and Political Situation of Italy,' gives information respecting the Carbonari, which fully confirms what is stated above. The author, who seems well acquainted with Italy, adds that these Carbonari insinuate themselves into the departments of the administration, even into that of the police, which is charged to watch over them. He compares them to the Christians of the first centuries, who said to their executioners, 'You seek to destroy us, and we people your cities and your fields; we command your armies, and we sit in your councils.' Our observer even mentions instances of public calamities, perfidiously brought on, or not prevented, by powerful men belonging to this society, in order, say they, that the idea of the evils suffered by the people may be blended in their minds with the idea of those who govern them. This is a truly characteristic specimen of Italian perfidy. The following are some passages relative to Genoa, now under the dominion of the King of Sardinia.

'In no city in Italy do the Carbonari muster in greater numbers;—or rather we should say, the whole population is initiated into their secrets. The hatred of a foreign domination is a sentiment common to all; the high and the low, the patrician and the citizen, all partake in it. There is in the character and the manners of the inhabitants of Genoa a republican austerity which I most certainly did not expect to meet with in the effeminate regions of Italy.

'It is by this proud attitude, that the people of Genoa make themselves respected by the masters whom the Congress of Vienna has given them. By showing themselves intractable to the yoke, her citizens hinder it from being made more heavy. Fifteen thousand Piedmontese soldiers are always in garrison in this city. The court of Turin would wish to render its government popular; and in order to attain this object, whenever altercations arise between the garrison and the inhabitants, it always decides in favour of the latter.

'On the coast of the other sea, which bathes the shores of Italy, Venice does herself honour under her misfortune, by the dignity with which she supports it. Venice is also one of the cities where the Carbonari are the most numerous.

'This society has not excited the solicitude of the Italian governments only; those of other countries also feel interested in it. The French government looks upon the Carbonari with anxious attention; its ambassadors, its charges d'affaires, and its councils, have orders to watch their proceedings. A power much more remote has shown a desire to enter into communication with them.

'It is impossible that in Italy religious sentiments should remain

wholly foreign to an institution like that of the Carbonari. Elsewhere, incredulity has sometimes associated with the love of liberty and hatred of oppression. The Carbonari, on the contrary, show a sincere faith in the religion of Christ; but such as it is found in the Gospel, disengaged from all the foreign elements, which theologians have introduced in the course of eighteen centuries. They are therefore both political and religious reformers. Among them are a great number of members of the inferior clergy.

MESSIRE BARNABAS.

[From the Italian of Sacchetti.]

MESSIRE Barnabas, the sovereign of Milan, was feared beyond any other prince of his time. Yet, though extremely cruel, he observed in his severities a species of justice of which the following anecdote may serve as an illustration.

A certain rich abbot, who had the care of his dogs, having suffered two of them * to get the mange, was fined four florins for his negligence. He begged very hard to be let off †, on which the duke said to him, 'I will remit you the fine, on condition that you answer the four following questions:

I. How far is it to the sky?

II. How much water is there in the sea?

III. What are they doing in hell?

IV. What am I worth ‡?'

The abbot's heart sunk within him on hearing these propositions, and he saw that he was in worse case than before. However, to get rid of the matter for the present §, he begged time for consideration, and the duke gave him the whole of the next day; but, desirous of seeing how he would get out of the difficulty, he compelled him to give security for his re-appearance.

As the abbot was returning home in melancholy mood *, he met with a man who rented a mill under him. The miller, seeing him thus cast down, said, 'What is the matter, sir? what makes you sigh so †?' 'I may well sigh,' replied the abbot, 'for his highness threatens to play the deuce with me ‡ if I do not answer four questions, which neither Solomon nor Aristotle could solve:' and he told the miller what they were. The latter stood thoughtful a few minutes, and then said: 'Well, if you have a mind, I will get you out of the scrape §.' 'Would to heaven you could!' exclaimed the abbot: 'there is nothing I have that I would not give you.' 'I am willing to leave that to you,' said the miller; 'but it will be necessary that you should lend me your tunic and cowl: I must get myself shaved, and make myself as much like an abbot as I can.' To this his reverence joyfully consented, and the next morning, the miller, having transformed himself into a priest, set out for the palace.

The duke, surprised that the abbot should be ready so early, ordered him to be admitted; and the miller having made his reverence, placed himself as much in the dark as he could ||, and kept fumbling about his face with his hand, to prevent his being recognised. The duke then asked him if he was ready to answer the queries he had put to him; to which he replied in the affirmative. Your highness's first question,' said he, 'was, *How far is it from hence to the sky?* I answer, thirty-six millions eight hundred and fifty-four thousand, seventy-two miles and a half, and twenty-two yards.' 'You have made a nice calculation,' said the duke; 'but how do you prove

* Due cani alani. Two English mastiffs.

† Comincio a domandar misericordia.

‡ Quello che la mia persona vale.

§ Per cessar furore, e avanzar tempo.

* Soffiando, come un cavallo quando aombra, says the story, blowing like a frightened horse.

† Che avete voi che voi soffiate così forte?

‡ E per darmi la mala ventura.

§ Vi caverò di questa fatica.

|| Un poco al barlume.

it?' 'If you think it incorrect,' said the other, '*measure it yourself*, and if you do not find it right, hang me.'

'Your second question, *How much water is there in the sea?* has given me a good deal of trouble*, because, as there is always some coming into it, or going out of it, it is scarcely possible to be exact; however, according to the nearest estimate I have been able to make, the sea holds twenty-five thousand, nine hundred and eighty-two millions of hogsheads, seven barrels, twelve quarts, two pints.' 'How can you possibly tell?' said the duke. 'I have taken all the pains I could,' replied the other; 'but if you have any doubt about the matter, *get a sufficient number of barrels*, and you will then see.

'To your third question, *What are they doing in hell?* I reply, they are hanging, drawing, quartering, and flaying, much as your highness is doing here. This I was told by a man who had been there; the same from whom Dante, the Florentine, got his information †. He is now dead; but if your highness disputes what I say, *send for him.*'

Fourthly, you demanded, *How much your highness was worth?* I answer, nine and twenty shillings ‡.'

When Messire Barnabas heard this, he flew into a passion, and said, 'A murrain take you! do you hold me in no higher estimation than a pottage pot§?' 'Sire,' replied the other, trembling all over, 'you know our Lord was sold for thirty pieces of silver, and I thought I must take you at one less than him.'

The shrewdness of the man's replies convinced the duke that he was not the abbot; and looking steadfastly at him, he charged him with being an impostor ‖. The miller, terribly frightened, fell on his knees, and begged for mercy, stating that he was a servant of the abbot, and had undertaken the scheme at his request, solely with a view to entertain his highness. Messire Barnabas, hearing this, exclaimed, 'Since he has himself made you an abbot, and a better one, by G—d, than ever he was, I confirm the appointment, and invest you with his benefice: as you have taken his place, he shall take yours.' This was actually done; and as long as he lived, the miller received the revenue of the abbey, and the abbot was obliged to content himself with that of the mill. And so the abbot turned miller, and the miller abbot.

The novelist concludes, with remarking, that notwithstanding the miller's fortune, it is seldom safe to take liberties with great men; that they are like the sea, which if it gives the chance of great wealth, exposes also to great peril; and that however a man may be favoured by the weather for a time, he is always in danger of being wrecked by a storm.

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* Questo m' ê stato molto forte a vedere.

† Da costui ebbe ante Forentino cio che scrisse delle cose dello inferno.

‡ [illegible]enti nove danari.

§ [illegible]n io così dappoco ch'io non vaglia piu d'una pignatta?

‖ Tu non se l'abate.

THE HUNCH-BACK COBBLERS.

After the splendid ceremony of wedding the Adriatic sea, which the chief magistrate of Venice performs by going out in his state-barge and throwing a ring into the waves, a splendid banquet in his palace, and general revelry throughout the city, usually occupy the day. On one of these annual occasions, the Doge, having celebrated the allegorical ceremony expressive of his maritime authority, retired to a small supper-table with a few select friends to enjoy an entire release from official cares. And that it might be fully felt by his guests, he deputed his favourite, Count Annibal Fiesco, to perform the honours of the table, and sat himself among the entertained. The favourite, a nobleman of rich comic humour and grotesque person, compared himself to Sancho Panza in his court of Barataria; and the guests seizing the licence of the moment, ral-

lied him gaily on his likeness to that merry squire's exterior.—'Say at once,' rejoined the Count, 'that you think me a tolerable *Panache*.'—The doge asked an explanation of this sally, and was answered with great gravity, 'Monsignor, the personage I mention is at this time of high importance at the court of France. She is humpbacked, wry-footed, squints prodigiously, takes snuff, scolds every body, and sits at all tables. One gives her a sweetmeat, another a box on the ear—she mistakes the offender, tells all the truths she knows, and never fails to make mischief. Therefore she delights all the ladies of the court, and whatever ought not to be told, is said to be told by Madame Panache. One of these fair ladies was well received by the royal family of Sweden, but unluckily compared the queen to Madame Panache; and the consequence may be guessed, as the queen was an ugly woman.'

'Had she been an ugly man,' said the chamberlain, slily glancing at the favourite's deformed person, 'the revenge would have been different. Instead of ruining the lady's husband, which probably gave her no great concern, I would have sentenced her to wear the hump, and bear the name of Madame Panache. But perhaps she had not wit enough to play a fool's part well.'

'Every wise man has not quite wit enough for that,' interposed the doge, seeing some symptoms of Italian anger in his friends' faces; and casting a glance at the count, he put on his scarlet cloak, and resumed his place at the head of the table with an air of mild authority which seemed to request forbearance. The favourite obeyed it with ready grace. 'Your highness,' said he, 'shall see how easily a fool's part may be played. No man in this city is said to resemble me, except the cobbler Antonio; and I will wager my best white horse, that in three days I will wear his clothes, handle his tools, and make his grimaces so well, that he shall not be certain whether he is himself, or I am he. Nay, if your highness chooses to have this carnival of folly complete, I will bring him to confess he is a dead man, and that I am his ghost!'—The doge staked a hundred ducats on the experiment, and the chamberlain joined in wishing the count success in the farce of 'Il Duc Gobbi.'

An obscure shed, or what in England would be called a cobbler's stall, was the abode in Venice of a celebrated person called Antonio Raffaelle—not the painter whose talents have excited so many imitators, but a little squareheaded humpbacked shoemaker, whose neighbours gave him this eminent surname in derision of his ridiculous ugliness and excessive vanity. Almost all the noted artists in Venice had taken this Æsop's likeness as an exercise for their skill in caricature, but with infinite delight to Antonio, who imagined himself a second Antonius. One night, after earning a few pieces of coin upon the quay, he returned to his cassino, and was surprised to see a squareheaded humpbacked dwarf, seated by his wife's side, composedly eating macaroni, and drinking lemonade. 'In the name of St. Mark,' said the high-spirited Italian cobbler, 'how comes such an ill-favoured cicisbeo here in my absence? and how dares he stay when I come home?'

'Signor Gobbo,' replied the dwarf, bowing with great civility and nonchalance, 'considering that you have thought fit to counterfeit my hump and my crooked leg, I make no answer to your comment on my ill looks; but I take leave to eat my own macaroni, and sit at my own shopboard without offence to any gentleman.'

Antonio Raffaelle answered this harangue with a very scientific blow, which the new cobbler returned him with such speed, and such sufficient aid from the lady, that his opponent was forced to abandon his household hearth, and fight outside. All the lazzaroni of the neighbourhood assembled to see the manual debate; and as

poor Raffaelle was completely vanquished, very wisely, and with the usual logic of a mob, concluded him in the wrong, and joined the impostor in driving him out of the street. Antonio was a practical philosopher, and instead of waiting for farther compliments from the victors, went to the nearest officer of police, and made his complaint. 'This is all very ingenious,' said the magistrate, laughing; 'but my good little Annibal, every body knows the old cobbler you pretend to be, and his ugliness is a hundred times more comical than yours. I have known the steeple on his shoulder ever since I was a boy, and wrote my lessons twenty years ago, under the inspiration of his genius for lying—Go and add three pounds to that mound on your back, and make a better semicircle of your leg, before you come to me again.'

There was no enduring this taunt. Raffaelle ran in a fury of aggrieved honour to Signor Corregiano, an artist, who had just finished a sketch of him, and implored his aid to identify an injured man. 'Ha! ha!' answered the Signor, uncovering his easel—'that will be no difficult matter. His back serves me as the model of Vespasian's arch, and I shall send for him to-morrow to finish his profile—I want it for the Princess of Parma's museum—and here it is, except the nose, which I have not ochre enough to finish. My wife's parrot mistook it for a cockatoo's beak, and pecked at it.' If Raffaelle was astonished at the insolent raillery of the painter, he was still more confounded when, in reply to his clamorous complaints, the Signor drily ordered his lacqueys to turn the impostor out of doors. 'These rogues think,' said the artist, taking a long whip and bestowing it liberally on his visitor, 'that any dwarf may mimic our Raffaelle; but I would have them to know an ugly knave must be a clever one.'

Poor Antonio hardly knew how to believe his own ears, which had been so often feasted with praises of his fine bust and antique proportion. But one person might certainly be found to bear witness of his identity, and he ran like a tortoise in an ague to the confessional of Father Paulo, a rosy Dominican, whose sandals he had often repaired. 'For the love of justice and St. Dominick,' said our persecuted cobbler, 'assist a wronged man to confront his enemies. A caitiff, who calls himself Antonio Raffaelle, has entered my house, seized my stock in trade, eaten up my supper, and seduced my wife.—And the neighbours say——' 'Ah, very true!' answered the priest, resting his hands gravely on his sides—'what the neighbours tell you is nothing more than the precise truth. I owed him two maravedis for mending my shoes last night, but he had such an enormous bale of sins to confess, that I shall deduct the two maravedis as a penance.'—'What, holy father! will you not even pay me for my day's work?'—'Yours, lazzarone!—I employ, for my cobbler, a dull roguish drone, who has more ugliness than Æsop, and more tricks than all Æsop's birds and beasts; but his face is so strangely like St. Janaurius's phial, that I verily believe it grows red by miracle, and therefore I patronise it.'

Not even Raffaelle's devout respect for the Catholic church could repress his rage at this accumulation of outrage. He seized on the Dominican's ample sleeve, which being filled with Naples biscuits and Parmesan cheese, caused an unexpected shower of good things among the ragged group, whose curiosity brought them to this scene. While the lazzaroni scrambled and the cobbler talked, two or three soldiers of the doge's guard laid their hands on him, and carried him to the nearest prison, accused by divers witnesses of profaning an ecclesiastic's person by assault. It was in vain to detail his wrongs, and plead the law of retaliation. The serjeant of the police preferred arguments of another kind, and after making as many indentures on his back as would have

served for the plan of a tessellated pavement, the ministers of justice sent him forth to seek his home and property again. Of the latter part, as far as concerned his wife, he had some fears of finding more than was necessary, and could have dispensed very well with any restoration of his living stock. But when he entered the shop, woful sight!—he beheld new furniture, a new name, a lady gaily dressed, and the pretended cobbler sitting with a large assortment of shoes before him. The outrageous reproaches of Antonio were more like the chattering of a sick ape than the articulations of human speech. He danced, grinned, shrieked, and threw his professional tools in all directions, but especially at the head of his faithless wife, who affected the utmost dismay and astonishment. Officers of justice were sent for again, the neighbours gathered together, the street resounded with shouts, and the doge, whose carriage was passing through it, stopped to inquire into the cause. He was a man of mirth and good nature; the ridiculous distress of the two cobblers caught his fancy, and he ordered the matter to be brought to speedy trial. Antonio Raffaelle bustled through the crowd, and called on the doge to hear him speak on the spot. The state-attendants of the equipage would have driven him off; but the doge, laughing heartily, invited him to proceed. 'Sire, your excellency knows, that merit of all kinds must have enemies, and the highest tree, as our proverb says, has the crows' nests in it. It is well known to your highness, that no portrait or statue in your gallery has been finished without a comparison with my figure, and this graceless usurper thinks he may rob me of my fame and my patrons, because he has a high shoulder and a curved leg. I beseech your excellency only to command that he may meet me face to face in your council-room three days hence, and your ten counsellors shall see which of us is the true Raffaelle.'

The doge burst into a second fit of laughter. His Council of Ten, the most formal and formidable tribunal in Venice, engaged in the trial of two hunch-backed cobblers, struck him as such ludicrous burlesque, that he determined to regale himself with a full surfeit of the comedy. 'Well, Antonio!' said the merry chief magistrate, 'collect your witnesses, and digest sufficient evidence. If I can find ten idle counsellors keeping carnival, they shall sit as your judges, and I will be umpire between 'Il Due Gobbi.'

The crowd dispersed, the pretended cobbler shut himself into his shop in triumph, and the people of the street, with the usual indolence of Italians, forgot the quarrel between the two hunchback Sosias before night. Antonio was not so passive. He purchased a large wide cloak of an Armenian Jew, composed a beard of very respectable length, and covered one eye with a patch of green leather. High-heeled shoes and a large shawl folded into a turban, altered his stature considerably, and a gaberdine disguised his distorted shape. Thus attired, and furnished with an assortment of suitable wares, he presented himself at the gate of Count Annibal Fiesco, the Rochester of the Venetian court, and inquired if he was at home. Our Antonio had received a hint from the doge's chamberlain of the wager laid by the count, and determined to retaliate the sport on him and his confederates.

The servants had no leisure to answer such applicants. They were engaged in discussing the merits of an extraordinary mountebank or itinerant merry-andrew, and disputing which of their own number could perform the cleverest feats. 'For my part,' said the major-domo, 'I have read of stealing the eggs from a bird's nest while she sat on them, and as yonder is a magpie sitting in that tree, I will show how easily that trick may be played by boring a hole under the nest.'—'Ay,' rejoined the page, 'but who will play the second part of the same trick, and put the eggs back

again, without disturbing her?'—'Gentlemen,' interposed the false Armenian, 'that is nothing to a feat I have seen among the Saxon gipsies. Let monsignor, who has, as I see, a suit of his lord's clothes under his arm, tuck them under mine, and carry my box of small wares to the top of that fine tree. I will engage before you all, and without his perceiving it, to draw off his apparel, and put his master's on his back.' The whole conclave of domestics were enchanted; and the page made haste to fold up his lord's scarlet cloak, embroidered doublet, and white silk hose, into a bundle of convenient size; and that the metamorphosis might completely exhibit the artist's skill, another ran to seek Count Annibal's plumed velvet hat and splendid shoes, which were placed as our Gobbo desired, one on his head, the other in the bundle under his arm. The page with the show-box of trinkets began to mount slowly first, and the mock conjuror, having slung his bundle very carefully, climbed after him, and coutrived with great adroitness to perform one half of his task, while the court-yard rang with shouts of laughter. But while the poor page was most inconveniently perched on the top of the tree, his hands encumbered with the show-box, and his face full of rueful grimaces at his deshabille, Antonio suddenly leaped from one of the branches over the wall, and ran off with his bundle, leaving the servants uncertain whether to pursue him, or to laugh at their comrade's ridiculous position. Antonio had no leisure to enjoy that part of the jest. He retreated with his prize to a secret spot, put on the cloak, rich vestment, and other contents of the bundle, and placing his gemmed and feathered hat with a gallant air on his head, he presented himself at the doge's palace, and entered his council-chamber. 'What, Annibal!—so soon tired of the jest?' said the merry doge, laughing as he saw him enter.—'But you have not yet fulfilled all the conditions of your wager: you promised not only to dislodge the cobbler from his stall, cheat his neighbours, and usurp his business, but also to convince him he was dead.'—'That I shall soon do for your highness's amusement,' replied the counterfeit nobleman, 'provided we have the pomp of a formal council, and bring him before us with due judicial ceremony. The rogue has taken possession of his stall again, and it will not be amiss to send for him with a formidable posse of your officers, and cite his wife also. We shall need the evidence of two or three other persons, but they must be summoned at a proper time.'—The doge renewed his laughter, and bade his favourite follow into his private cabinet. 'This will be a more imposing room of inquisition,' said he, taking his chair of state—'You, my chamberlain, and myself, will form a Council of Three, more terrible in Venice than the ten fools of my larger council.'—'That is true,' replied the mock count, drily, 'and three, including your highness, are quite sufficient: but that my task may be properly fulfilled of frightening this cobbler to death, your messengers must hint that he is charged with a secret conspiracy, revealed, as usual, through the lion's mouth.'—The thought was instantly approved and executed; the Council of Three took their places near their table in official order, and in half an hour the pretended cobbler was brought in, handcuffed, and placed before them, attended by Antonio's wife.

Our original Antonio folded his scarlet cloak, and adjusted his brows with a scowl of scorn very well befitting a Venetian judge; and his imitator, not so well understanding this unexpected part of the farce, waited in silence for the result.

'You who call yourself Antonio Raffaelle, cobbler and seller of monkeys on the Rialto,' said the doge, in a stern voice, 'you who are accused of secret movements against the state, what reason have you for representing yourself as what you are not?'

'Your highness knows very well who I am,' answered the prisoner with an arch glance, which he meant the doge to interpret—'And you know moreover, that I am Antonio Raffaelle, the reformer of your servants' soles, and the model of your sculptors' bodies.'

'Fellow,' interposed the new judge, availing himself of the doge's permission to conclude the comedy as he pleased—'this is too audacious contumely. Every body knows Antonio Raffaelle, commonly called Gobbo the cobbler, has been dead and buried three days. Let that woman behind you deny it if she dares.'

The hunchback's wife not being prepared to meet this challenge, knew not what to reply. The three inquisitors urged her to confess if this man was her husband, or an impostor, and her prevarications and confusion produced the most ridiculous answers. 'I have thought, monsignor,' said Antonio, addressing the doge with the bow of a man of rank, and a well-imitated air of supercilious negligence towards the prisoners—'I have remembered a necessary means of reaching the truth and confronting these accomplices. Let us send for Signor Torregiano and the Dominican Father Paul!'

Both were already in waiting, and made their appearance before the council, more perplexed than alarmed. They had been instructed by the doge's merry favourite how to play their parts in tormenting the poor cobbler, but had received no intimations how to behave towards him to-night. Therefore when the doge, with an austere air, inquired if the painter had not been sent for to take a sketch of his features after his death, Torregiano very gravely assented, adding, that he meant to compose a bust of Æsop from the outline. The priest was asked if he had not administered extreme unction and heard his last confession; in which the Dominican, thinking the jest required it, made no hesitation in acquiescing. 'And moreover,' said Antonio in a loud voice, 'as this Council absolves all priests from the secrecy of the confessional, you will acknowledge that he reminded you of the hundred sequins he received from my lord chamberlain for slipping a billet into a dancer's shoe, for which you gave him absolution, and promised to pay him back the fifty-five you borrowed?'—Paulo, still supposing all this a part of the concerted jest, assented to the charge, and signed his name to the notation made by the council's secretary.—'And you, Signor Torregiano,' resumed the hunchbacked judge, 'do you not admit in this august presence, that you promised the dying cobbler thirty silver ducats for the use of his skull after his decease to enrich your art?—And are you not prepared to pay them to this poor woman, whose grief for her husband has disordered her memory?' The painter could do nothing but assent and lay down the money as required; after which the pretended Count required the presence of the magistrate who presided over the cobbler's district. This civilian, whose conduct to our cobbler had been dictated by the doge's favourite, came without fear to answer whatever might be proposed; and the doge, in the grotesque airs of overacted authority assumed by his friend, saw only a fresh proof of his inventive drollery and mimic talent. The Count himself, in his cobbler's garb, could no way conceive how his patron intended this excess of merriment to end. But when the magistrate was required to give his wife a certificate of her widowhood, and to sign himself an affidavit of the cobbler's death, he began to apprehend some part of the jest would fall heavily on his own shoulders. He was not mistaken. Having asked again and again if he was not ashamed to appear in the cobbler's shape after his death and funeral, and making no reply, the mischievous judge proposed to ascertain whether he was really a corporal mimic, or an apparition of the deceased, by a sound flagellation. Two servants of the doge applied the test

with such force, that the count, not knowing any better way to end the trial, exclaimed—'I am dead!—I am dead!—I confess whatever his highness pleases.'

The doge clapped his hands with a cry of applause; and the favourite pulling off his ragged disguise, begged the honest dwarf who personated him to take back his own apparel and give him his. But Antonio, made bold by his success, first claimed the money which the priest and painter had promised to pay; and giving his wife her certificate of widowhood, bade her go in peace, and consider him happily released from her. The doge, highly amused and astonished to find the real cobbler had been sitting by his side, confirmed both the divorce and the payments; and awarded to him the amount of the wager he had laid; declaring his favourite the loser, but himself a winner of one merry day by the hunch-back cobblers.

STUDIES OF A YOUNG REVIEWER.

[The following fragments were found among some loose papers accidentally left on the table of a coffee-house. They are perhaps the exercises of some young Aristarch, preparatory to his engaging in the regular fields of criticism. The writer seems to have studied the modern system with success, and to have caught some of the more common beauties which distinguish the periodical works of the present day.

MACBETH, BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

QUERE—Tragedy or melodrame?

It consists of a dance of hobgoblins—the murder of a Scotch king—the elevation of a murderer to the throne—a ghost with his throat cut from ear to ear—a lady walking in her chemise—and the murderer's death! This last is good: poetical justice. The following are pleasant specimens of the style. We select them sincerely from the first page alone:

> When the hurly-burly's done,
> When the battle's lost *and* won.

'Hurly-burly'—vulgar—but we have too much respect for ourselves to utter a word against it; even to express our indignation, &c. As to the second, let the paradox speak for itself—*if it can.* Good.—But we must proceed with this heavy performance. [Here say, if your readers knew, &c. all we have to go through, &c. they would compassionate us.]

> *First Witch.* I come, Greymalkin.
> *Second Witch.* Paddock calls—Anon, &c.

This seems to be neither more nor less than the overflowing drivelling nonsense that streams occasionally from the crazed heads of poor old imbecile women. It would be cruelty towards them to utter a single invective against it.

> Doubtfully *it* [the battle] stood,
> As *two* spent swimmers, that do cling together,
> And choke their art, &c.

We shall be happy to offer a moderate reward to any young gentleman who will come forward and furnish us with a reasonable explanation of this riddle. It is utterly beyond our simple comprehension; and with respect to a passage that occurs shortly afterwards about a woman 'sailing to Aleppo' in a sieve, 'like a rat without a tail,' it absolutely confounds our critical faculties. It probably relates to some Northern superstition, and may be imposing and original to many; but to us we confess that it appears to be a simple lump of nonsense beaten out and dilated into six lines by a heavier hammer than that of Thor.

Macbeth is a king of Scotland; and among other valuable sayings we have the following. We are told that it has been admired—in Scotland, we suppose:

> I dare do all that may become a man;
> Who dares do more is none.

If kings ever spoke thus, we may congratulate ourselves on the improvement of royal intellects. We need only refer our readers to the excellent speeches pronounced on the opening of parliament, to satisfy them (by contrast) how perfectly barbarous and absurd were the colloquies of these earlier chieftains. Do but observe the miserable vanity of the first line, and

the utter nonsense of the last. So, because a man does more than becomes him, he becomes—no man: he changes his sex, we suppose, or turns beast or blockhead, or something equally curious.

* * * * *

Mem:—Macbeth contrives to see a dagger floating about in the air—talks to it by the hour—follows it about as though it were a jack-o'-lantern; and in the end sticks his knife into his master's throat, in compliance with the hints of three old women with beards, whom he sees through the suspicious medium of a Scotch mist.—Quere, if whiskey was made in those days? On how small a foundation a tragedy may be built.—Quere, may not the caldron have been a private still, and Macbeth an officer of the revenue?

Well—(here plead fatigue)—at last Macbeth gets the crown, stalks about with it on his head like a man at Bartholomew fair, and, in order to keep his hand in, cuts his friend Banquo's throat, and moralizes thereupon.—Note—Banquo's ghost appears, but (Macbeth) doesn't see it until he has been drinking freely: sees a wood move, 'we suppose,' under the same multiplying and fallacious influence. 'We suppose' the 'last *syllable* of recorded *time*' must mean something or other, but quere what?—Congratulate ourselves and our readers on coming at the end of the tragedy. Too ridiculous for a nursery story: altogether bad: admonish the author, and compliment ourselves on our candour. Usual termination.

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HAMLET,

By William Shakspeare.

THIS play is merely the story of an unhappy young gentleman, who is allowed (very improperly) to walk about without his keeper. He raves and utters the most incoherent absurdities in the funeral tone of an undertaker. We despair of giving even an outline of the tale: indeed, it is out of the reach of common perseverance to get through the story at a sitting. There is a heaviness which comes over us which we are too apt to mistake for meditation, and it is not until we wake that we are altogether aware of the pleasing soporific which Mr. Hamlet had unconsciously prepared for us. There is a ghost in this tragedy, who incautiously chooses to take the air within reach of the guns of the garrison. He may thank Mr. Shakspeare that he is not demolished—'branch and root.'—How lucky it is that authors are omnipotent with respect to their own creations!—A Miss Ophelia (one of the characters) goes mad because her father dies, or because she chooses to go mad, or for some other *reason equally cogent*. She sings songs (like our itinerant market women) about lavender and primroses, &c., and hangs herself, it seems, in order that her brother and Mr. Hamlet may fight about her. Her brother (Laertes) seems a gallant youngster, with no more brains than may be safely ascribed to the *head* of the family; and being puzzled on Mr. Hamlet's inviting him to 'eat a crocodile,' naturally declines making any answer, but fights him instead, with foils tipped with poison. These youths kill each other in an ingenious way, by changing weapons. Half the dramatis personæ die—some weep—some are executed in a summary way—and the tragedy and our lethargy terminate at last.

Some of the other plays of this author call loudly for castigation; more especially a thing called 'The Tempest,' and a sort of puppet-show entitled 'A Midsummer Night's dream,' in which poor little unresisting creatures of about an inch long are pressed into the service of the Tragic Muse, and utter words as large and nonsense as sounding as fools of a larger genus: nay, their absurdities are equally imposing—one man appears with an ass's head, and inclines one to credit the doctrine of metempsychosis, and to think that he has merely returned to his original deformities. But enough. We hope that we have always shown

ourselves to be the friends of true genius; but there is a spurious quality that in some measure approximates itself, which we are anxious at all times to decry. It seems to us to be the case here, and we have accordingly done our best to warn the world against deception. Many silly people have attained a kind of celebrity for a short time, but posterity will not be long or be easily deceived; and its rewards will be eventually heaped only upon those whose pretensions are recognised and adjusted by common sense.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE,

By William Shakspeare.

If the end of tragedy be to make us laugh, then this is a tragedy of the first order. It is writtenby a stable-boy, or rather a link-boy, whom every body recollects, about the theatre, where he is accustomed to hold horses during the performances. Having, by this connexion with the stage, acquired a considerable insight into the tricks and traps by which it is customary to win the good-natured audience into an endurance of the vilest trash, he probably conceived himself qualified for a distinguished votary of the tragic muse. He is reckoned quite a prodigy. But, for our part, we hate prodigies;—we are quite sick of genius growing up in pigsties, cobblers' stalls, and sheep-pens. If a work is not a good one, we care not whether it was written in a palace or a hovel; and are inclined to believe that people who admire it on account of the deficiencies of the author, are little better than blockheads.

'Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent, that they have lost their name.' People, however, still continue to wonder at them, while the real wonder is, not that these stall-fed and stall-bred prodigies arise, but that people still continue to wonder at them. For our part, we repeat, we are quite tired of these prodigies. Of what consequence is it to us, if a man writes nonsense, that he has never had an opportunity of learning to write better? If we want a shoe made, we don't go to a poet; or if we do, we don't make him out to be a wonder, because he has cobbled us a pair of somethings in the shape of shoes. Why then should we go to a cobbler, a stable-boy, or a swine-herd, for our poetry? Every one to their trade is an excellent maxim, and we would advise Mr. William Shakspeare to limit his ambition to holding the reins of mere earthly steeds, rather than aspire to manage the fiery-footed Pegasus. But it is time for us to introduce this curious performance to the reader. It has one merit at least, and that is originality. We will venture to affirm there is nothing like it either in nature, or any of its abominable imitations called stage plays, from the days of the first cart down to the present time. Nothing can equal the plot but the dialogue; and had not the dialogue a parallel in the plot, it would be impossible to find a resemblance to either, in all the story-books extant.

It seems a Moor, that is, a blackamoor, who had distinguished himself in the service of the Venetian state, being admitted into familiarity by a senator, gained the affections of his daughter, in no other way than by telling her long stories about the wars in which he had been engaged. They elope together at night, and the play opens with the bawlings of one of Desdemona's (for that is the lady's name) cast off suitors, a silly fellow of the name of Roderigo, who appears in the street in company with a precious villain, called Iago. Roderigo wakes Signior Brabantio, the father of the runaway lady, by crying out 'thieves, thieves,' most lustily; and Iago, in reply to the senator's inquiry as to what is the matter, thus elegantly lets him into the secret:

> 'Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
> Even now, very now, an old black ram
> Is tupping your white ewe.'

Brabantio, as may be supposed, not being, like our author, bred in the stable, is still in the dark as to the

cause of this uproar, and renews his inquiries. Iago answers again in the genuine language of the author's profession—

> 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians *.'

Was there ever such impiety, indecency, nonsense, and alliteration, combined in so small a compass before? Our author's breeding seems equal to his piety; and, to say the truth, both seem to be excelled by his knowledge of horses. We think, in sober sadness, that he is much better qualified in horse farriery than in tragedy writing, and again recommend him to the stable for a livelihood. Little as we think of the present state of the town, we are apt to believe that it will not easily be brought down to the dead level of such indecent and impious ribaldry.

Brabantio still remains at a loss to comprehend this elegant allegory; and at last Iago tells him in plain English, his daughter has run away with the Moor, and makes use of a phrase, expressive of further illustration, which we will not insult our readers by quoting. The potent signior, as might be expected, will not believe this, and we also confess ourselves incompetent to the reception of so monstrous an outrage upon nature and probability. It is utterly impossible to believe, that this delicate female, the daughter of one of the most distinguished senators of the potent republic of Venice, brought up with all the care due to her rank, and imbued with all the purest principles of virtue, should so far forget herself as to fall in love, and elope, with a blackamoor. And what for? Why, forsooth, because he stole all the absurdities out of old story-books, made himself the hero, and appropriated all the adventures:—he says—

> Of antres vast, and deserts idle,
> Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
> It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
> And of the cannibals that each other eat,
> The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders,' &c. &c.
> 'All this to hear would Desdemona seriously incline;
> She swore in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
> 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful,' &c. &c.

Finally, to cut off a long story which the blackamoor tells to the senators,

> 'She lov'd him for the dangers he had past;'

and thereupon ran away with this intolerable liar, who told of things which no true philosopher believes ever had an existence, except in the story-books with which our author seems so marvellously well acquainted. Setting aside, however, these pleasant rogues, who carried their heads under their arms, we presume after the manner of a chapeau bras, what shall we say to 'vast antres' and 'idle deserts?' We have looked into all the dictionaries for antres, without being able to find it, and will thank our learned author to tell us where he got this treasure of a word. 'Idle deserts,' is neither characteristic nor descriptive, and conveys no idea of a desert. It is pretty plain that it was put in at random, to fill up the measure of the verse, if any such thing may be supposed within the comprehension of a stable-boy. Truly the pretty Venetian must have had a fine taste to be caught with such delightful adventures, related with such appropriate language and imagery. In truth, the whole piece is vitiated by this manifest improbability. It is utterly impossible for any body but the readers of those same story-books, from which our author has borrowed his plot and characters, to conceive that a white woman, of high rank, could fall in love with a blackamoor.

The blackamoor, being acquitted before the senate, where he is brought to answer the charge of using magic, in gaining the love of Desdemona, embarks for Cyprus, against the Turks. A 'segregation,' as our author calls it, 'of the Turkish fleet' takes place, however, and a great storm happens, which is thus described in the genuine language of bombast:

* For the four following lines we refer our readers to Shakspeare's works.

'Do but stand upon the foaming shore—
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shock'd surge, with high and monstrous main
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole,' &c.

This idea of casting water on the red hot bear, and putting out the stars, is truly original, and deserving of reprobation. It is of the highest species of the genuine bombast, and therefore we have little doubt but the author, if he should chance to reach posterity, will be quoted as the great master of this species of writing.

The blackamoor and his wife escape this inimitable tempest, and meet in Cyprus, where a delectable love scene takes place; any audience that can listen to it with patience must be more than mortal. The blackamoor kisses her most uxoriously, in the presence of all his suite, as well as of our friend Iago, who has a great grudge against Othello, because he made him a monster, and would not make him his lieutenant. Iago follows him to Cyprus, to make mischief, by exciting his jealousy against one Michael Cassio, 'a marvellous proper man,' and marvellously hated by Iago, because he got the aforesaid lieutenancy.

An opportunity occurs, or is rather brought about by Iago, to gratify both objects. He and Michael Cassio are appointed to the watch, where the latter, like a trusty lieutenant, gets drunk, kicks up a brawl, and, with the the assistance of Iago, dangerously wounds one Montano, because he will not allow him to kill Roderigo. In the midst of the brawl, the blackamoor, who had been waked by an alarm bell, enters with an enormous toledo, and threatens mortal vengeance upon those who refuse to put up their swords. Cassio is called upon to explain, but, being a little fuddled, makes but a poor business of it, and, in the conclusion, Cassio is disgraced, and Iago appointed lieutenant.

So far, so good—but Iago is not satisfied. He invites Desdemona to intercede for Cassio's pardon, and in the mean time, his wife steals a certain handkerchief, the first gift of the blackamoor to Desdemona, and possessed, it seems, of certain magical qualities, that are thus humorously set forth:

'A Sybil that had numbered in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk;
And it was died in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maiden's hearts.'

What a delicate present to a lady! This wonderful handkerchief Iago drops in Cassio's lodgings, who, not knowing the owner, very naturally picks it up, and appropriates it to his own use.

Thus prepared, he begins to work on the jealous disposition of the Moor, by inuendoes about Cassio; by hints of the precious worth of a good name; and by emphatically bidding him beware of jealousy. The blackamoor begins to be a little uneasy hereupon, and, at a subsequent interview, collars Iago, curses him lustily, and insists upon his being more explicit. Iago then tells of certain confessions of Michael Cassio in a dream, poor Cassio being addicted, it seems, to the dangerous practice of talking in his sleep. These were overheard by Iago, who was kept awake several nights by the tooth-ache. He also farther enrages the poor blackamoor, by telling him, he, that very morning, saw Cassio wipe his beard with the magical handkerchief aforesaid. The blackamoor being now fully satisfied of his fate, threatens most unheard-of vengeance, and upon Desdemona's entrance, begins to roar for the 'handkerchief—' the handkerchief'—' the handkerchief,'—as if his nose were bleeding. Poor Desdemona, not being able to produce it, is treated most discourteously, and makes her exit in great tribulation.

All this is laughable enough; but now comes the tragic part of the story. The blackamoor, being convinced of his dishonour, orders Iago to see Cassio forthwith despatched, and smothers poor Desdemona, not in onions, but with a pillow. Just at this period, the treachery of Iago is discovered, and the blackamoor, finding how egregiously he has been duped, mistakes himself for a 'circumcised dog,' and kills himself in consequence of this genuine Irish blunder.

Such is the rapid outline of this monstrous production. We have no room to remark on the enormous violations of the unities of time and place, with which it every where abounds. It opens at Venice, and closes at Cyprus; and the spectator is expected to believe, in opposition to his own senses, that he has been transported from one place to the other, without knowing any thing about it! Neither will our limits permit us to extract a number of passages, most distinguished either for their vulgar familiarity, or their inflated absurdity. The reader, we hope, will take our word, when we assure him, that for plot, character, and poetry, the tragedy of Othello is without a parallel in the monsters of the modern muse.

Before we conclude, we will take leave to give a few parting words of advice to Mr. William Shakspere—or, *Shakespeare*, as he writes it indifferently, spelling not having formed a part of his education. We are at all times willing to foster the attempts of unfriended genius, when we perceive the least indications in the productions of such persons. But it would be a mistaken kindness towards this young man to encourage him to farther efforts. We will venture to predict, that if he writes till doomsday, he will never write a good tragedy. We have been told he is a native of Stratford upon Avon, whither we would recommend him to make the best possible way. There are doubtless many people who may want a smart lad to take care of their horses; and though he will never make a great play-writer, he may possibly in time become a tolerable composer of ballads for wakes and fairs.

ON THE STOCKS, OR PUBLIC FUNDS.

MR. EDITOR,

As I have no doubt of your desire to contribute to the instruction, as well as the amusement, of every individual among your readers, who pays down regularly his two shillings for your monthly bill of fare, I shall make no apology for troubling you with a few remarks on the subject that stands at the head of this paper. There are few topics of conversation perhaps more frequently introduced, and, at the same time, less generally understood, than that of the Public Funds, and I know few subjects on which the uninstructed can derive so little information from books. Systems of political economy, and profound disquisitions on the national debt, are indeed every day issuing from the press; but in none of these that I have met with, not even in the luminous pages of the Edinburgh Review, which, of all other works, is supposed by its admirers to go to the *bottom* of every subject, will ordinary readers find any explanation of the first simple principles of the Public Funds. It is for the instruction of such readers, then, that I would now beg leave to occupy a page or two of your Magazine; and though I am quite aware, that my observations will cut a very sorry figure beside the pleasantries of your lighter tales, or your nervous translations from the German, I am nevertheless certain, that I shall render a very acceptable service to many, and these not the least respectable of your readers, if I can throw so much light upon the subject as may enable them to understand the prices of the Stocks, as given in the public papers.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark, that in every war in which this country has been engaged since the Revolution, the amount of the an-

nual taxes has been found inadequate to defray the expenses of government. To supply the deficiency, our rulers have generally had recourse to loans, that is to say, they have borrowed money from such individuals as were able and willing to lend it, giving these individuals a security for the payment of a certain annual interest. To explain the nature of this transaction, I shall take a very simple case. Suppose, then, that 100l. is the sum which government borrow, and that an individual offers to lend that sum at an interest of 5 per cent. On paying down the money, the lender receives a bill, bond, or acknowledgment, for the amount; by which acknowledgment, he is entitled to draw yearly, from the public revenue, 5l. of interest, but on the express condition, that he is not to demand repayment of the principal, or sum lent, unless government is willing to repay it. The person who thus possesses the bill or acknowledgment is said to be a *holder of 100l. of 5 per cent. stock,* and the money lent upon that bill constitutes a part of what is called the *national debt,* because it is in fact borrowed by the nation, and the interest is paid out of the taxes. It is obvious, however, that few persons would be disposed to lend money on the condition of never being allowed to demand repayment, even though they were quite certain of receiving annual interest, and of transmitting the right to that interest to their posterity. To remedy this inconvenience, therefore, the lender who wishes to employ the sum which he lent to government in any other way, though he cannot directly demand repayment, is at liberty to sell his bill to any body who will purchase it, and for any sum that another may be willing to pay for it. In doing so, he merely sells to a second person the right which he himself possessed to the annual interest of 5l. and that second person is of course at liberty to dispose of his right to another in the same way. This transaction, in general, is called a *transfer of stock;* and, in the particular case which I have supposed, the one is said to sell, and the other to buy, a 100l. of 5 per cent. stock. If 5 per cent. be considered as a fair and equitable interest for money lent, it is obvious, that such a bill as I have now been speaking of,—or in other words, that 100l. of 5 per cent. stock,—is just worth 100l. sterling. It is possible, however, that in certain circumstances, the holder of that bill may receive more, or be obliged to take less for it than 100l. If two or three individuals, for example, have each a sum of money which they are anxious to lay out at interest, but find it difficult to do so, a competition will naturally take place among them to become the purchaser of the bill in question, which will always secure to the holder 5l. of yearly interest. The possessor of the bill will of course take advantage of this competition, and raise his price, say, to 105l. The purchaser, therefore, pays 105l. for 100l. of 5 per cent. stock, or he lays out his money at an interest of 5l. for every 105l. which is at the rate of something more than 4¾ per cent. If, on the other hand, however, the possessor of the bill or stock is anxious to dispose of it, while few are willing to buy it, he will be forced to offer it for less than 100l. say, 95l. The purchaser, in this case, pays 95l. for 100l. of 5 per cent. stock, or he lays out his money at an interest of 5l. for every 95l. which is at the rate of something more than 5¼ per cent. For simplicity of illustration, I have supposed, that 100l. is the sum borrowed by government, and that of course there is just one bill to be disposed of, or transferred by, the lender. If it be supposed, however, as is really the fact, that the loans generally amount to several millions, the necessity which the lenders are under of selling their bills, or, in other words, transferring their stock, will be more apparent. The transaction between government and the lenders is precisely the same in the case of millions as in that of a hundred, and it is unnecessary, therefore,

again to illustrate the general principle of that transaction. It is evident, however, that even the most opulent merchants, who are generally the lenders, cannot be supposed to have such a command of money as to be able to advance ten or twelve millions to government at once. When they contract for a loan, therefore—that is, when they agree to lend to government the sum required,—they generally pay the money by instalments, or partial payments, at certain intervals, say one million a month, till the whole is advanced. In the meantime they sell, or transfer the bills or securities which they receive from government, to those who may have money to lay out at interest, and who, of course, will be disposed to purchase such bills, so that the sale of the bills of the first instalment may enable them to pay the second. In this way, government securities or bills become articles of commerce, and their price is regulated like that of any other article, according to the supply and demand. If we suppose, as before, that the contractors for the loan, that is, the original lenders, receive from government a 100l. bill for every 100l. sterling that they lend, bearing 5 per cent. they will gain or lose by the transaction, according as they can dispose of these bills, for more or less than 100l. If the buyers are numerous, compared with the quantity of bills,—that is, if there be a great number who are anxious to have their money laid out at interest, they will be tempted perhaps to give, as was before supposed, 105l. for every bill; for though, by doing so, they will have only 4¾ per cent. for their money, still it may possibly be more than they can draw for it in any other way, while the security is better than if they lent their money to private individuals or companies. In this case, the contractors would gain 5 per cent. upon the loan of 50,000*l.* on the whole ten millions. If, on the other hand, however, comparatively few persons are found disposed to lay out their money at 5 per cent., the contractors may be obliged to offer their bills for less than 100l. say, as before, 95l. In this case, the contractors lose 5 per cent. on the loan, or 50,000l. on the whole ten millions. It is easy to see, from this view of the subject, how the price of stock is liable to fluctuation, from accidental circumstances. I shall not attempt to enumerate these; but it may be worth while to point out how it is affected by peace and war, as these two states of the country are generally found to have the greatest influence in raising or depressing the value of stock. In the time of war, then, the price of stock is comparatively *low*, because, in such a state of things, it is likely that government will be under the necessity of borrowing; and as every loan produces new bills, the quantity of those to be disposed of, or, in other words, the supply of the market, will be increased. The price, therefore, will fall, for the same reason that the price of corn falls after a plentiful harvest. In time of peace, again, the price of stock is comparatively *high*, because, in such a state of things, the taxes are likely to be sufficient to defray the expenses of government without any loans, and consequently no new bills are to be disposed of, or the supply, though not positively diminished, ceases to be augmented. For the same reason, the price of stock in the time of war is materially affected by the nature of the intelligence that comes from the scene of action. If that intelligence be unfavourable, stock will fall, because there is a prospect either of protracted warfare, or of the necessity of more vigorous exertions on the part of government; in both which cases, new loans may be necessary, and consequently a new supply of bills will be thrown into the money market. On the other hand, should the intelligence be favourable, the price of stock will rise, because the prospect of a successful termination of the war renders it probable that there will be no new loan, and consequently no new supply of stock.

It is this variation in the price of stock that gives room for the nefarious practice of stock-jobbing. That practice consists in raising and circulating reports, calculated to raise or depress the price of stock, according to the particular views of the individual. If he wishes, for example, to sell his stock or bills, he endeavours to propagate some report or other, favourable to the issue of the war, and the establishment of peace, in order, if possible, to raise the price of stock; and if he wishes to buy, he propagates reports of a contrary tendency. It is painful to think, that this abominable system is sometimes carried on by men, whose rank and station in society, to say nothing of the obligations of morality and religion, might be expected to place them far above any such disgraceful acts; but, in general, I believe it is confined to men of desperate fortune and little character, who subsist by a species of gambling, to which the finance system of this country has opened a wide and extensive field. I allude to those men who make a practice of buying and selling stock, without actually possessing any; and whose transactions, therefore, are nothing more than wagers about the price of stock on a certain day. To explain the nature of the transaction by an example, I shall suppose, that A sells to B a government bill of 100l. or a 100l. of 5 per cent. stock, to be delivered on a certain future day, and that the price is fixed at 102l. If, when the day arrives, the price of stock shall have fallen to 100l. A would be able to purchase the bill in question for 100l. while, in consequence of his bargain, B would be obliged to pay him 102l. for it, so that A would gain 2l. If, however, stock had risen to 104l. B would still be obliged to give only 102l. so that A would lose 2l.; but instead of actually buying and selling the stock, the bargain is generally implemented by A paying to B, or receiving from him the 2l. or whatever may be the sum of loss or gain. In such a case as this, it is obviously A's interest that the price of stock should fall, and as obviously B's interest that it should rise, between the day of the bargain and that of settling, and hence the temptation held out to both to circulate reports favourable to their own particular views. B, or the buyer, is usually denominated a Bull, as expressive of his desire to *toss up;* and A, or seller, a Bear, from his wish to trample upon, or *tread down.* The law, of course, does not recognise a transaction which proceeds on a principle of gambling; but a sense of honour, or what is perhaps nearer the truth, *self-interest,* generally secures the payment of the difference, as the person who refuses to pay his loss is exhibited in the Stock Exchange under the designation of a *lame duck,* a disgrace which is considered as the sentence of banishment from that scene of bustle and business*.

I have, in the preceding remarks, for the sake of simplicity, represented the transfer of stock, as carried on in a way somewhat different from that in which it is really conducted. I have considered the securities which government gives to those from whom money is borrowed as consisting of bills, and these bills as uniformly bearing interest at 5 per cent. Neither of these statements, however, is, strictly speaking, correct, as I shall have occasion more particularly to explain in a future communication; but as my object in this introductory paper was to simplify the subject as much as possible, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with it, I have chosen an illustration that appeared to me most elementary, and which, if well understood, will enable ordinary readers to comprehend with little difficulty the more intricate parts of the subject, to which I shall take the liberty hereafter to direct their attention. To many, I have no doubt, my observations will appear not only sufficiently simple, but abundantly silly, and as containing nothing but

* See Hamilton on the National Debt, notes, p. 182, first edition.

what every body knew before. Now, I do boldly aver, that every body does not know what I have above explained, and I solemnly protest against the sneers and sarcasms of those who do, because it is not for them I write, nor is it their approbation that I care any thing about. I write for the instruction of plain honest country folks, (who, by the way, constitute no inconsiderable proportion of your readers); and if I can assist one old lady in judging when it is most advantageous to invest in, or sell out of the funds, or save one young gentleman from blushing, when he is requested to read and explain the newspaper report of the stocks, I shall not consider my own trouble lost, or the paper of your Magazine wasted. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

T. N.

BAD TEMPER, MEANNESS, AND OTHER DISORDERS.

There is one of the most obvious and commonest analogies, to which we do not pay sufficient attention, though its language is perpetually in our mouths;—we mean that between mind and body. In speaking of these dissimilar but at the same time inseparable and sympathising moieties of our nature, we borrow from each of them, and apply to both indiscriminately, a set of phrases and epithets, which if we reflected upon what we talked, would be of infinite service to us in the treatment of ourselves; but it is the fate of good phrases, as well as good things, to share the odium of common-place in proportion as their utility and popular use have borne testimony to their merits; and the common language of society, made up of all sorts of profound inferences and combinations, would present to a being of a superior nature, a curious instance of a whole race of rational animals talking like philosopers and thinking like fools. Every one is familiar with the epithets which mind furnishes to body, and body furnishes to mind. Such and such a person is said to have a strong intellect,—his mind is well informed, that is, well shaped or fashioned,—his apprehension has a fine tact or touch,—he is a man of taste, a man of sound thinking, a man of parts: then, at the same time, his figure is graceful, his gestures are easy and unaffected, he has an intelligent eye, a lively smile, a decided but amiable countenance. Donne, who suffers no such analogies to escape him, handles this sympathy of mind and body with great elegance, and carries it just as far as it will bear—a great piece of moderation with him. Speaking of a lovely female, he says—

> Her pure and *eloquent* blood
> Shone in her skin, and *so distinctly wrought*,
> That one might almost say, *her body thought*.

Accordingly if the person abovementioned falls sick, if his smile becomes less lively, and his countenance less animated,—if the body, in short, loses its accustomed powers,—the remedy is immediately suggested by the mind:—we must go up to the cause of the disorder; in doing away the cause we do away the effect; and this is the common maxim of physicians. But here the analogy ceases, or rather, the practical application of it. In spite of our common phrases of strong mind and weak mind, of sound mind and distressed mind, people forget that the principle of bodily cure is equally that of mental. It is true, they acknowledge it in their common talk, but it is without thinking. Their philosophers have made a maxim of it, but their philosophers themselves have neglected it; and while every body looks to the cause of his bodily ailments, or calls in the physician, or thanks his friend for giving him advice upon it, the commonest mental infirmity is suffered to increase without notice; the clergyman, who is the constituted doctor on these occasions, would think you mad to apply to him on the subject; and the friend who should advise you to think seriously of the cause of it, would stand a good chance of being turned out of the house. A person, for instance, has a tooth-

ache, or a head-ache, and he immediately begins to consider how he came by it: he says to himself, 'I have been sitting in a draught,' or, 'I was up too late last night,' or, 'I have been drinking too much.' Accordingly it is probable that he finds out the real cause of his complaint, and is enabled to avoid it in future: or should he fail to discover it himself, his physician or his friend may do it for him. But let the same man get the temper, or be seized with a fit of envy, or fall into a habit of stinginess,—all of them maladies of an alarming nature, and a thousand times more tormenting than head-aches or tooth-aches,—and instead of searching into the cause of the disease, he is sure to begin glossing it over to himself, and encouraging its continuance. The spiritual physician does not think of interfering; and friends, who have been officious or honest enough on such occasions to give advice, have generally given it so badly or found it so badly received, that the disorder has grown worse than ever. To probe the wound is in general only to make the patient worse. Tell him that his head-ache is owing to drinking wine, and he will agree with you; but tell him he is ill-tempered because somebody broke his wine-glass, and his sullenness changes into anger. 'Ill-tempered!' he will exclaim:—'I ill-tempered! Come, that's excessively ridiculous. Never was man of a better temper than myself; but the fact is, it is on account of my good temper that I am so treated.' So saying, he becomes twenty times worse, calls his wife 'cursedly obedient,' kicks a dog for being lazy, whom he has taught to lie on a cushion,—slaps his child for doing something which he suffers it to do every other hour of his life; and woe betide the servant or the dependent who happens to be in his reach for the rest of the day. The envious man, in like manner, takes every possible means of persuading himself that in holding up every body as a fool, coxcomb, or knave, he is only justifiably severe or nobly contemptuous: he feels the torment of his disorder; he has no comfort in what gives pleasure to other people; the sunshine of other faces makes him sick; and yet, instead of looking into the cause of his mental soreness, he takes pains to make it worse in proportion as it galls him, and presents as lamentable a spectacle as an invalid who should sit pounding his own bruises or thumping his aching head. The miser's folly we have been accustomed, from our infancy, to hear compared to a dropsical thirst, which increases at every draught; but let us look at the more familiar instance of what is called stinginess, or a habit of mean economy, that is to say, an economy disproportionate to the necessity, and betraying itself as much by what it freely offers as by what it niggardly withholds. Those who are guilty of this vice lead a desperate life, especially if they see any company. No people take so much pains to deceive themselves and others, and no people succeed worse. You know them instantly by their anxious parsimony in great things, and their still more anxious liberality in little. Such persons will practise all sorts of manœuvres to hinder you from drinking wine at dinner, and beg you to fall heartily on the bread and butter at tea. If there is the least excuse in the season, they will have no fruit for the dessert, and be the first to lament the deficiency, or to cry out, with an air of sudden recollection, 'Bless me, I might have preserved some fruit, if I had thought of it.' If there is no such excuse in the season, they heap the table with bad apples and pears, and take a great deal of trouble to assure you that there are no better to be had. If they must surprise you with something decent or seasonable, they are careful to have as small a quantity as possible: and whether accustomed or not to deny themselves good things in private, they contrive to make a merit of eating none of the salmon or the green peas, and forcing upon your plate the remaining spoonful. But at other times,

nothing shocks them so much as the not having enough: to spare what is homely, they think, must betray them at once: and therefore, with lively denunciations against people who serve up small dishes, and ardent entreaties that you will do them the favour of showing a good appetite, they set before you the hugest and coarsest meats; complain all the time that you eat nothing, and finish the dinner with a pie that seems made for a set of paviors, and that almost requires pickaxes to get at the fruit. We say nothing of their more private anxieties—of their side-long vigilance upon butter and sugar, their fortifications of pantry and coal-cellar, their lectures upon humility in general, and the shamefulness of waste in particular, the figures which they and their family cut on ordinary occasions, or the blaze which the wife and daughters make in company, contrasted with the ragged elbows and sullen visages of those who are left at home. It is sufficient, that they are always exposing themselves to contempt, always making it worse with their excuses, and always on thorns from their anxiety to deceive, or their mortified consciousness of not deceiving. And all, for what? What is the cause of this fatal disorder, which cuts up their comfort by the roots, and which they can never be brought to remedy, much less to avow? It is the salvation of a few shillings, which no more makes up for the satisfaction and the respectability which they lose by keeping them, than laying by their hats or gowns could make up for the colds which they would catch, or the ridiculous figure they would cut in the streets. Besides, it is ten to one that the shillings are not saved after all, for though bad meals may not be so heartily eaten as good, yet the saving plan in clothes, furniture, &c. which seduces them to what are called cheap shops, is found to be the most wasteful in the end; and the use of bad provisions, bad wine, bad butter, &c. is most probably revenged by a doctor's bill, which carries away all the shillings so painfully scraped off the table. Here, then, is a disorder as easily remedied as it is painful to themselves and disgusting to others; but give them a hint of its existence—insinuate the least necessity of a cure,—and you only rouse the obstinacy of a self-love, which from the sufferings it persists to endure, might rather be called self-hatred. Yet supposing, for an instant, that a doctor might be called in to mental as well as corporeal maladies, how entirely would he act, in the former cases, upon the principle of remedy in the latter! To the ill-tempered person he would say, 'Sir, your mind is subject to continual fever: we must do our endeavours to make you cooler; and to this end, I must insist that you keep yourself quiet. Avoid much meat, which fills your head with vapours; and much wine, which sets your blood in riot; and when your system is brought down a little, and you get rid of this tendency to delirium, you will no longer turn pale at sight of an ill-roasted joint, or red at every joke that is aimed at you, or grow sullen at kindness, or become enraged at one that treads on your toe, or be fretful all day for having cut yourself while shaving, or wreak your revenge upon objects that cannot resist you, or suffer a pin, a hair, an inuendo, to make you wretched for a week to come; or, in short, drive away all your friends from your infirmity, lest they should catch the contagion; or suffer all sorts of annoyances when you expose yourself.' To the envious person he would say, 'Sir, or madam, your perceptions are all disordered, you are troubled with a spleen, which turns every thing you hear, see, and feel, to a monster, or at least to something which you try to persuade yourself is a monster. Seek the society of your friends, enter heartily into their amusements, and when you hear one of them say a good thing, or play a good tune, or receive a good compliment, try all you can to enjoy it as well as the rest. They will be surprised; they will become as social with you as

with others; and instead of calling their faces ugly, their gestures fantastic, and their heads empty, you will find them very well-looking, decent, and sensible people; or, if their qualities should not amount to so much, you will at least not be disgusted with their manners, or impatient at their ignorance; and, above all, you will no longer be subject to that unhappy trick of fancying that in proportion as your acquaintance appear respectable, you, who are their companion, must seem ridiculous. Thus we shall remove your disorder by going up to its cause; your blood, which is inclined to become stagnant, will circulate freely from your heart; and you will shortly get rid of this intolerable oppression, which is neither more nor less than a waking nightmare.'—To the stingy person, the advice would be short and simple:—'My good friend, your heart's blood is too poor; you must live better; I do not mean richly, which is badly; but always have the best of what is necessary, and instead of laying by a few shillings to be wasted on the apothecary, or to purchase of yourself endless anxieties, throw them at the head of this imaginary necessity which haunts you, and which is a mere bugbear that destroys your comfort, and frightens away your friends.' As to sheer avarice, it is, we fear, an incurable disease: the mortification has taken place; the heart is ossified; and a general rheumatism, locking up the faculties, prevents the wretched sufferer from administering even to the common sustenance of his nature. But if there is any crisis in such a malady, at which the mental physician could interpose, he would say, 'Miserable being, shake off your lethargy, and look about you. To what a state have you reduced yourself! Your feelings have no play; you have no taste for a sound judgment: the eye of your conscience never closes. Nothing can save you but a recurrence to the grand and simple remedies which nature and reason furnish to the unvitiated. Your heart must be set free; it is too much confined in that narrow bosom: it wants air and exercise: it must walk abroad among the beauties of creation, where every thing breathes a glorious enlargement, and where you may regain your spirits for comfort and your appetite for benevolence.'

But it is needless to expatiate on the obstructions which mental patients always present to their own cure with a madness so pertinacious. They will not only deny their disease altogether, but will swear they have not a symptom of it, though every thought, look, and action declare to the contrary. They are like vain persons with shoes too tight for their feet; who, though galled at every step, and rendered ridiculous in every movement, would rather die on the spot than own themselves uncomfortable. Accordingly they carry about their infirmities with a gravity so inflexible, that were we not convinced of their sufferings, their appearance would be altogether ludicrous: especially if we personified the figures they cut by the supposition of a similar behaviour under bodily afflictions. For instance, the man of bad temper may be regarded as one with a whitlow at the end of every finger, which smarts with agony at the slightest touch, and which he nevertheless persists in keeping sore. The envious man is one who, in the height of a fever, is to be satisfied with nothing less than running his head against his neighbour's wall, or hanging himself upon a pear-tree that looks over it, or getting his best friend to beat him about the head and shoulders. The ladies under this affliction resemble those superannuated gallants, who whenever they see a white hand, imagine they feel it smacking their faces or scratching their eyes, and fall into an agony of admiration at every beauty that comes across them,—with this difference however, that the flames and racks, of which the latter talk so ridiculously, are felt in all their misery by the former, and the agony above mentioned does really constitute the torment of

their lives. A person with mean habits of saving, who is continually pinching and shuffling, is as stupid as one who should cherish an affection of the skin, perpetually irritating to himself and disgusting to others: but the confirmed miser is a man positively vain of his wen, and not only so, but anxious to increase it by all possible means to an intolerable burden.

We forbear to follow up the analogy beyond these common and every day maladies, which every body may compare. It is sufficient to know that there is not a single one of them the cure of which is out of our power, if we set ourselves earnestly to look for its origin; but such is the fatality of human folly, and so resolute are rational beings to keep themselves wretched, that they hug disease to their hearts when they would shudder at a chilblain or a cut finger. And yet if people would really think of this origin,—if they would really exercise their reflection upon the causes of the chagrins, the anxieties, the mortifications, the tears, and the agonies that are continually rising from the pettiest and most despicable things, it is hardly possible but that many of them would alter upon self-inspection, even were there nothing more to induce them than a sense of the ridiculous.

Meditating on this subject the other evening, at that still and delightful hour, when it is just too dark to read, but too light to have candles, we got into one of our usual reveries, and fancied ourselves a kind of mental doctor above-mentioned, who, from being overwhelmed with practice, had stolen an hour's slumber after dinner. In the midst of our enjoyment, we thought that a footman came abruptly in to call us to his master, who had been in a dismal way, he told us, ever since the preceding morning,——refusing every kind of solace, and giving symptoms of what was apprehended to be insanity. We asked the footman what he had seen of the disorder; and, while getting ready to go, received the following account: 'Sir,' said he, 'I have always thought that my master was not quite right; but for these two days he has been worse than ever. Such snapping, and snarling, and kicking this thing and kicking t'other, for all the world as if he had been bit! This morning, I only went to give him his shoes, which never can be polished enough to suit him, and he kicked his slippers off in my face, and asked me whether I meant to ruin him in blacking? At dinner yesterday he said that the sweet wine was vinegar; broke one of the tumblers, and kicked the dog under the table for it; swore that the mistress meant to provoke him because she helped him to all the nicest bits at table; and smacked my young lady's cheek for going out of the room, which he said was flying in his face. Afterwards he grew a little quiet, but nobody dared to come near him, or to look that way, or to make the least noise, he was so touchy. In the evening we had company, and then, Lord! sir, to see how pleasant he was, so smiling and good-natured to every one that came! Thinks I to myself, who would take you to be such a devil! All this morning you would have thought there was a corpse lying in the house, every body looked so dismal, and went about like a ghost. We were glad to learn that the fit had not lasted more than two days, since we should not have so much difficulty in tracing it up to its cause, as would have been the case with a longer duration. We proceeded as fast as possible to the house; and on seeing his new visitor, the patient did not favour him with the accustomed smiles; he was aware that we understood his malady; and guessing our object, seemed to resign himself to the scrutiny with a kind of patient impatience. After feeling his pulse, examining what muscles had been most affected in his face, and satisfying ourselves from those about him how he had passed the last forty hours, we were pretty well enabled to follow back the disorder through its various excitements. He was that moment labouring under

a threat of disinheriting his son. We accordingly traced the disorder from the disinheriting to a hat-box belonging to the young gentleman, which happened to have fallen in his way; from the hat-box to a snuff-box, which he had let fall after dinner; from the snuff-box to an uneasy dozing in his chair; from the dozing in his chair to an enormous meal, during which he had abused all that he swallowed; from the enormous meal to a speech made by his wife, who had kindly begged him not to venture so much upon a dish that had disagreed with him; from the speech of his wife to the face of a servant who stood near, and who appeared to him to be laughing in his sleeve: from the servant, after a number of petty turns and stumbling-blocks too numerous for detail, to the well-blacked shoes; from the well-blacked shoes to a hasty mouthful of hot tea; from the hasty mouthful of hot tea to getting up late; from getting up late, which it seems he did half from sleepiness, and half from being ashamed to show his face, to restlessness and peevishness all night; from restlessness and peevishness all night to a hearty supper, which he abused as usual; from the hearty supper to another entreaty on the part of his wife:—here we lost scent for a time, for as the footman had said, he had been uncommonly pleasant during the stay of his company; but we found the link again in the gentleness of his daughter, who had left the room, as the footman related;—from the gentleness of his daughter, who we found was very like her mother, we proceeded with our tracing to the good things to which his wife had helped him at dinner; from the good things to which his wife helped him at dinner, to a glass which he broke in the middle of it; from the broken glass to an agitation of nerves, arising from a refusal which he had just given an old friend who wanted to borrow a little money of him; from the refusal given his old friend to the tears and patience of his family all the morning; from the tears and patience of his family to a long lecture which he had been giving them on their want of attachment to him; from the long lecture he had been giving them to another sulky and peevish breakfast; from the sulky and peevish breakfast to a private, mysterious lecture given to his wife before he came down stairs; and, at last from the private lecture, we came to the grand secret of all,—to the fountain of this Nile of tears,—to the immediate cause of all the taunts, trials, and miseries which a whole family had been suffering for two long days, and which nobody but ourselves dared to mention to the unhappy being.—It was A PIN!—Our hero had taken up the comb to his head, when a pin, which had unluckily found its way between the teeth, and hung at a right angle from it by the head, gave him a light scratch on the pericranium. 'Zounds!' exclaimed the gentleman, turning red. 'Bless us!' ejaculated the lady, turning pale;—and then the said lecture ensued, which put an end to two whole days of good-humour on his part, and an equal holiday of comfort on that of his household.

CHRISTIAN WOLF.

A true Story.—From the German.

CHRISTIAN WOLF was the son of an innkeeper at Bielsdorf, who, after the death of his father, continued till his 20th year to assist his mother in the management of the house. The inn was a poor one, and Wolf had many idle hours. Even before he left school he was regarded as an idle, loose lad; the girls complained of his rudeness, and the boys, when detected in any mischief, were sure to give up him as the ringleader. Nature had neglected his person. His figure was small and unpromising; his hair was of a coarse greasy black; his nose was flat; and his upper lip, originally too thick, and twisted aside by a kick from a horse, was such as to disgust the women, and furnish a perpetual subject of jesting to the men. The contempt showered

upon his person was the first thing which wounded his pride, and turned a portion of his blood to gall:

He was resolved to gain what was every where denied him; his passions were strong enough; and he soon persuaded himself that he was in love. The girl he selected treated him coldly, and he had reason to fear that his rivals were happier than himself. Yet the maiden was poor; and what was refused to his vows might perhaps be granted to his gifts: but he was himself needy, and his vanity soon threw away the little he gained from his share in the profits of the Sun. Too idle and too ignorant to think of supporting his extravagance by speculation; too proud to descend from *Mine Host* into a plain peasant, he saw only one way to escape from his difficulties—a way to which thousands before and after him have had recourse—theft. Bielsdorf is situated on the edge of the forest; Wolf commenced deer-stealer, and poured the gains of his boldness into the lap of his mistress.

Among Hannah's lovers was one of the forester's men, Robert Horn. This man soon observed the advantage which Wolf had gained over her, by means of his presents, and set himself to detect the sources of so much liberality. He began to frequent the Sun; he drank there early and late; and sharpened as his eyes were both by jealousy and poverty, it was not long before he discovered whence all the money came. Not many months before this time a severe edict had been published against all trespassers on the forest laws. Horn was indefatigable in watching the secret motions of his rival, and at last he was so fortunate as to detect him in the very fact. Wolf was tried, and found guilty; and the fine which he paid in order to avoid the statutory punishment amounted to the sum-total of his property.

Horn triumphed. His rival was driven from the field, for Hannah had no notion of a beggar for a lover. Wolf well knew his enemy, and he knew that this enemy was the happy possessor of his Hannah. Pride, jealousy, rage, were all in arms within him; hunger set the wide world before him, but passion and revenge held him fast at Bielsdorf. A second time he became a deer-stealer, and a second time, by the redoubled vigilance of Robert Horn, was he detected in the trespass. This time he experienced the full severity of the law; he had no money to pay a fine, and was sent straightway to the house of chastisement.

The year of punishment drew near its close, and found his passion increased by absence, his confidence buoyant under all the pressure of his calamities. The moment his freedom was given to him, he hastened to Bielsdorf, to throw himself at the feet of Hannah. He appears, and is avoided by every one. The force of necessity at last humbles his pride, and overcomes his delicacy. He begs from the wealthy of the place; he offers himself as a day-labourer to the farmers, but they despise his slim figure, and do not stop for a moment to compare him with his sturdier competitors. He makes a last attempt. One situation is yet vacant—the last of honest occupations. He offers himself as herdsman of the swine upon the town's common; but even here he is rejected; no man will trust any thing to the jail-bird. Meeting with contempt from every eye, chased with scorn from one door to another, he becomes yet the third time a deer-stealer, and for the third time his unhappy star places him in the power of his enemy.

This double backsliding goes against him at the judgment-seat; for every judge can look into the book of the law, but few into the soul of the culprit The forest edict requires an exemplary punishment, and Wolf is condemned to be branded on the back with the mark of the gallows, and to three years hard labour in the fortress.

This period also went by, and he once more dropt his chains; but he

was no longer the same man that entered the fortress. Here began a new epoch in the life of Wolf. The state of his mind may be best learnt from his own words to his confessor:

'I went into the fortress,' said he, 'an offender, but I came out of it a villain. I had still had something in the world that was dear to me, and my pride had not totally sunk under my shame. But here I was thrown into the company of three and twenty convicts; of these, two were murderers*, the rest were all notorious thieves and vagabonds. They jeered at me if I spake of God; they taught me to utter blasphemies against the Redeemer. They sung songs whose atrocity at first horrified me, but which I, a shamefaced fool, soon learned to echo. No day passed over wherein I did not hear the recital of some profligate life, the triumphant history of some rascal, the concoction of some audacious villany. At first I avoided as much as I could these men, and their discourses. But my labour was hard and tyrannical, and in my hours of repose I could not bear to be left alone, without one face to look upon. The jailors had refused me the company of my dog, so I needed that of men, and for this I was obliged to pay by the sacrifice of whatever good there remained within me. By degrees I grew accustomed to every thing; and in the last quarter of my confinement I surpassed even my teachers.

'From this time I thirsted after freedom,—after revenge,—with a burning thirst. All men had injured me, for all were better and happier than I. I gnashed my fetters with my teeth, when the glorious sun rose up above the battlements of my prison—for a wide prospect doubles the hell of durance. The free wind that whistled through the loopholes of my turret, and the swallow that poised itself upon the grating of my window, seemed to be mocking me with the view of their liberty; and that rendered my misery more bitter. It was then that I vowed eternal glowing hatred to every thing that bears the image of man—and I have kept my vow.

'My first thought, after I was set at liberty, was once more my native town. I had no hope of happiness there, but I had the dear hope of revenge. My heart beat quick and high against my bosom, when I beheld, afar off, the spire arising from out the trees. It was no longer that innocent hearty expectation which preceded my first return. The recollection of all the misery, of all the persecution I had experienced there, aroused my faculties from a terrible dead slumber of sullenness, set all my wounds a-bleeding, every nerve a-jarring within me. I redoubled my pace—I longed to startle my enemies by the horror of my aspect—I thirsted after new contempts as much as I had ever shuddered at the old.

'The clocks were striking the hour of vespers as I reached the market-place. The crowd was rushing to the church-door. I was immediately recognized; every man that knew me shrunk from meeting me. Of old I had loved the little children, and even now, seeking in their innocence a refuge from the scorn of others, I threw a small piece of money to the first I saw. The boy stared at me for a moment, and then dashed the coin at my face. Had my blood boiled less furiously, I might have recollected that I still wore my prison beard, and that that was enough to account for the terror of the infant. But my bad heart had blinded my reason, and tears, tears such as I had never wept, leaped down my cheeks.

'"The child," said I to myself, half aloud, "knows not who I am, nor whence I came, and yet he avoids me like a beast of prey. Am I then marked upon the forehead like Cain, or

* In some parts of Germany no man can suffer the last severity of the law, unless he confess his guilt. The clearest evidence is not received as an equivalent. Even murderers have [illegible] to this indulgence, if indeed (considering what they suffer in lieu of immediate [illegible]) indulgence it may be called.

have I ceased to be like a man, since all men spurn me?' The aversion of the child tortured me more than all my three years slavery; for I had done him good, and I could not accuse him of hating me.

'I sat down in a wood-yard over against the church; what my wishes were I know not; but I remember it was wormwood to my spirit, that none of my old acquaintances should have vouchsafed me a greeting—no, not one. When the yard was locked up, I unwillingly departed to seek a lodging; in turning the corner of a street, I ran against my Hannah: 'Mine Host of the Sun,' cried she, and opened her arms as if to embrace me—'You here again, my dear Wolf; God be thanked for your return!' Hunger and wretchedness were expressed in her scanty raiment; a shameful disease had marred her countenance; her whole appearance told me what a wretched creature she had become. I saw two or three dragoons laughing at her from a window, and turned my back, with a laugh louder than theirs, upon the soldiers' trull. It did me good to find that there was something yet lower in the scale of life than myself. I had never loved her.

'My mother was dead. My small house had been sold to pay my creditors. I asked nothing more. I drew near to no man. All the world fled from me like a pestilence, but I had at last forgotten shame. Formerly I hated the sight of men, because their contempt was unsufferable to me. Now I threw myself in the way, and found a savage delight in scattering horror around me. I had nothing more to lose, why then should I conceal myself? Men expected no good from me, why should they have any? I was made to bear the punishment of sins I had never committed. My infamy was a capital, the interest of which was not easy to be exhausted.

'The whole earth was before me; in some remote province I might perhaps have sustained the character of an honest man, but I had lost the desire of being, nay, even of seeming, such. Contempt and shame had taken from me even this last relic of myself;—my resource, now that I had no honour, was to learn to do without it. Had my vanity and pride survived my infamy, I must have died by my own hand.

'What I was to do, I myself knew not. I was determined, however, to do evil; of so much I have some dark recollection. I was resolved to see the worst of my destiny. The laws, said I to myself, are benefits to the world; it is fit that I should offend them: formerly I had sinned from levity and necessity, but I now sinned from free choice, and for my pleasure.

'My first step was to the woods. The chase had by degrees become to me as a passion; I thirsted, like a lover, after thick brakes and headlong leaps, and the mad delight of rushing along the bare earth beneath the pines. Besides, I must live. But these were not all. I hated the prince who had published the forest edict, and I believed, that in injuring him, I should only exercise my natural right of retaliation. The chance of being taken no longer troubled me, for now I had a bullet for my discoverer, and I well knew the certainty of my aim. I slew every animal that came near me: the greater part of them rotted where they died; for I neither had the power, nor the wish, to sell more than a few of them beyond the barriers. Myself lived wretchedly; except on powder and shot, I expended nothing. My devastations were dreadful, but no suspicion pursued me. My appearance was too poor to excite any, and my name had long since been forgotten.

'This life continued for several months. One morning, according to my custom, I had pursued a stag for many miles through the wood. For two hours I had in vain exerted every nerve, and at last I had begun to despair of my booty, when, all at once, I perceived the stately animal exactly at the proper distance for my gun,—

my finger was already on the trigger, when, of a sudden, my eye was caught with the appearance of a hat, lying a few paces before me on the ground. I looked more closely, and perceived the huntsman, Robert Horn, lurking behind a massy oak, and taking deliberate aim at the very stag I had been pursuing—at the sight a deadly coldness crept through my limbs. Here was the man I hated above all living things; here he was, and within reach of my bullet. At this moment, it seemed to me as if the whole world were at the muzzle of my piece, as if the wrath and hatred of a thousand lives were all quivering in the finger that should give the murderous pressure. A dark, fearful, unseen hand was upon me; the finger of my destiny pointed irrevocably to the black moment. My arm shook as if with an ague, while I lifted my gun—my teeth chattered—my breath stood motionless in my lungs. For a minute the barrel hung uncertain between the man and the stag—a minute—and another—and yet one more. Conscience and revenge struggled fiercely within me, but the demon triumphed, and the huntsman fell dead upon the ground.

'My courage fell with him—— *Murderer!*——I stammered the word slowly. The wood was silent as a church-yard; distinctly did I hear it ——*Murderer!*——As I drew near, the man yielded up his spirit. Long stood I speechless by the corpse; at last I forced a wild laugh, and cried, 'No more tales from the wood now, my friend!' I drew him into the thicket with his face upwards! The eyes stood stiff, and staring upon me. I was serious enough, and silent too. The feeling of solitude began to press grievously upon my soul.

'Up till this time I had been accustomed to rail at the over-severity of my destiny; now I had done something which was not yet punished. An hour before, no man could have persuaded me that there existed a being more wretched than myself. Now I began to envy myself for what even then I had been.

'The idea of God's justice never came into my mind; but I remember a bewildered vision of ropes, and swords, and the dying agonies of a child-murderess, which I had witnessed when a boy. A certain dim and fearful idea lay upon my thoughts that my life was forfeit. I cannot recollect every thing. I wished that Horn were yet alive. I forced myself to call up all the evil the dead man had done when in life, but my memory was sadly gone. Scarcely could I recollect one of all those thousand circumstances, which a quarter of an hour before had been suffered to blow my wrath into phrenzy. I could not conceive how or why I had become a murderer.

'I was still standing beside the corpse,—I might have stood there for ever,—when I heard the crack of a whip, and the creaking of a fruit waggon passing through the wood. The spot where I had done the deed was scarcely a hundred yards from the great path. I must look to my safety.

'I bounded like a wild deer into the depths of the wood; but while I was in my race, it struck me that the deceased used to have a watch. In order to pass the barriers, I had need of money, and yet scarcely could I muster up courage to approach the place of blood. Then I thought for a moment of the devil, and, I believe, confusedly, of the omnipresence of God. I called up all my boldness, and strode towards the spot, resolved to dare earth and hell to the combat. I found what I had expected, and a dollar or two besides, in a green silk purse. At first I took all, but a sudden thought seized me—It was neither that I feared, nor that I was ashamed to add another crime to murder. Nevertheless, so it was, I threw back the watch and half the silver. I wished to consider myself as the personal enemy, not as the robber of the slain.

'Again I rushed towards the depths of the forest. I knew that the wood extended for four German miles * northwards, and there bordered upon

* Nearly twenty, English measure.

the frontier. Till the sun was high in heaven I ran on breathless. The swiftness of my flight had weakened the force of my conscience, but the moment I laid myself down upon the grass, it awoke in all its vigour. A thousand dismal forms floated before my eyes; a thousand knives of despair and agony were in my breast. Between a life of restless fear, and a violent death, the alternative was fearful; but choose I must. I had not the heart to leave the world by self-murder, yet scarcely could I bear the idea of remaining in it. Hesitating between the certain miseries of life and the untried terrors of eternity, alike unwilling to live and to die, the sixth hour of my flight passed over my head—an hour full of wretchedness, such as no man can utter, such as God himself in mercy will spare to me—even to me, upon the scaffold.

'Again I started on my feet. I drew my hat over my eyes, as if not being able to look lifeless nature in the face, and was rushing instinctively along the line of a small foot-path, which drew me into the very heart of the wilderness, when a rough stern voice, immediately in front of me, cried, 'Halt!' The voice was close to me, for I had forgotten myself, and had never looked a yard before me during the whole race. I lifted my eyes, and saw a tall savage-looking man advancing towards me, with a ponderous club in his hand. His figure was of gigantic size, so at least I thought, on my first alarm; his skin was of a dark mulatto yellow, in which the white of his fierce eyes stood fearfully prominent. Instead of a girdle, he had a piece of sail-cloth twisted over his green woollen coat, and in it I saw a broad bare butcher's knife, and a pistol. The summons was repeated, and a strong arm held me fast. The sound of a human voice had terrified me,—but the sight of an evil-doer gave me heart again. In my condition, I had reason to fear a good man, but none at all to tremble before a ruffian.

' 'Whom have we here?' said the apparition.

' 'Such another as yourself,' was my answer—' that is, if your looks don't belie you.'

' 'There is no passage this way. Whom seek ye here?'

' 'By what right do you ask?' returned I, boldly. The man considered me leisurely twice, from the feet up to the head. It seemed as if he were comparing my figure with his own, and my answer with my figure——

' 'You speak as stoutly as a beggar,' said he, at last.

' 'That may be——I was one yesterday.'

'The man smiled——' One would swear,' cried he, ' you were not much better than one to-day.'

' 'Something worse, friend—I must on.'

' 'Softly, friend. What hurries you? Is your time so very precious?'

'I considered with myself for a moment. I know not how the words came to the tip of my tongue. ' Life is short,' said I, at last, ' and hell is eternal.'

'He looked steadily upon me. ' May I be d—d,' said he, ' if you have not rubbed shoulders with the gallows ere now.'

' 'It may be so. Farewell, till we meet again, comrade.'

' 'Stop, comrade,' shouted the man: He pulled a tin flask from his pouch, took a hearty pull of it, and handed it to me. My flight and my anguish had exhausted my strength, and all this day nothing had passed my lips. Already I was afraid I might faint in the wilderness, for there was no place of refreshment within many miles of me. Judge how gladly I accepted his offer. New strength rushed with the liquor into my limbs—with that, fresh courage into my heart, and hope and love of life. I began to believe that I might not be for ever wretched, such power was in the welcome draught. There was something pleasant in finding myself with a creature of my own

stamp. In the state in which I was, I would have pledged a devil, that I might once more have a companion.

'The man stretched himself on the grass. I did the like. 'Your drink has done me good,' said I;' we must get better acquainted.'

'He struck his flint, and lighted his pipe. 'Are you old in the trade?' said I.

'He looked sternly at me,—'What would you say, friend?' 'Has *that* often been bloody,' said I, pointing to the knife in his girdle.

'Who art thou?' cried he, fiercely, and threw down his pipe. 'A murderer, friend, like yourself—but only a beginner.' He took up his pipe again.

'Your home is not hereabouts?'—said he, after a pause.

'Some three miles off,' said I.' 'Did you ever hear of the landlord of the Sun at Bielsdorf?'

'The man sprung up like one possessed—'What! the poacher Wolf?' cried he, hastily.

'The same.'

'Welcome! comrade, welcome!' and give me a shake of the hand: this is good, mine host of the Sun. Year and day have I sought for thee. I know thee well. I know all. I have long reckoned upon thee, Wolf.'

'Reckoned on me?—and wherefore?'

'The whole country is full of you, man: you have had enemies, Wolf; you have been hardly dealt with. You have been made a sacrifice. Your treatment has been shameful.'

'The man waxed warm—'What! because you shot a pair of boars or stags it may be, that the prince feeds here on our acorns; was that a reason for chasing you from house and hold, confining you three years in the castle, and making a beggar of you? Is it come to this, that a man is of less worth than a hare? Are we nothing better than the beasts of the field, brother? and can Wolf endure it? I can't.'

'Who can alter these things?'

'Ha! that we shall presently see:—but tell me, whence come you, and what are you about?'

'I told him my whole story. He would not hear me to an end, but leaped up, and dragged me along with him. 'Come, mine host of the Sun,' said he; '*now* you are *ripe*, *now* I have you. I shall look for honour from you, Wolf!—Follow me!'

'Whither will you lead me?'

'Ask no questions. Follow.' And he pulled me like a giant.

'We had advanced some quarter of a mile. The road was becoming every step more thick, wild, and impassable. Neither of us spake a word. I was roused from my reverie by the whistle of my guide. I looked up, and perceived that we were standing on the edge of a rock, which hung over a deep dark ravine. A second whistle answered from the root of the precipice, and a ladder rose, as if of its own motion, from below. My guide stepped upon it, and desired me to await his return. 'I must first tie up the hounds,' said he: 'you are a stranger here, and the beasts would tear you in pieces.'

'Then I was *alone* upon the rock, and I well knew that I was *alone*. The carelessness of my guide did not escape my attention. With a single touch of my hand I could pull up the ladder, and my flight was secured. I confess that I saw this—I began to shudder at the precipice below me, and to think of that depth from which there is no redemption. I resolved upon flight—I put my hand to the ladder, but then came there to my ear, as with the laughter of devils, 'What can a murderer do?' and my arm dropt powerless by my side. My reckoning was complete. Murder lay like a rock behind me, and barred all retreat for ever. At this moment my guide re-appeared, and bade me come down. I had no longer any choice—I obeyed him.

'A few yards from the foot of the

precipice the ground widened a little, and some huts became visible. In the midst of these there was a little piece of smooth turf, and there about eighteen or twenty figures lay scattered around a coal-fire. 'Here, comrades,' cried my guide, leading me into the centre of the group; 'here, get up, and bid the landlord welcome.'

' 'Welcome, good landlord,' cried all at once, and crowded around me, men and women. Shall I confess it? Their joy appeared hearty and honest: confidence and respect were in every countenance: one took me by the hand, another by the cloak;—my reception was such as might have been expected by some old and valued friend. Our arrival had interrupted their repast—we joined it, and I was compelled to pledge my new friends in a bumper. The meal consisted of game of all kinds; and the bottle, filled with good Rhenish, was not allowed to rest for an instant. The company seemed to be full of affection towards each other, and of good-will towards me.

'They had made me to sit down between two women, and this seemed to be considered as a place of honour. I expected to find these the refuse of their sex, but how great was my astonishment when I perceived, under their coarse garments, two of the most beautiful females I had ever seen. Margaret, the elder and handsomer of the two, was addressed by the name of Miss, and might be five-and-twenty. Her language was free, and her looks were still more eloquent. Mary, the younger, was married; but her husband had treated her cruelly, and deserted her. Her features were perhaps prettier, but she was pale and thin, and less striking, on the whole, than her fiery neighbour. They both endeavoured to please me. Margaret was the beauty, but my heart was more taken with the womanly gentle Mary.

' 'Brother Wolf,' cried my guide, 'you see how we live here—with us every day is alike—Is it not so, comrades?'

' 'Every day like the present,' cried they all,

' 'If you like our way of life,' continued the man, 'strike in; be one of us—be our captain. I bear the dignity for the present, but I will yield it to Wolf. Say I right, comrades?'—A hearty 'Yes, yes,' was the answer.

'My brain was on fire; wine and passion had inflamed my blood. The world had thrown me out like a leper—here were brotherly welcome, good cheer, and *honour!* Whatever choice I might make, I knew death was before me; but here at least I might sell my life dearly. Women had till now spurned me,—the smiles of Mary were nectar to my soul. 'I remain with you, comrades,' cried I, loudly and firmly, stepping into the midst of the band—'I remain with you, my good friends, provided you give me my pretty neighbour.' They all consented to gratify my wish, and I sat down contented, lord of a strumpet, and captain of a banditti.'

The following part of the history I shall entirely omit, for there is no instruction in that which is purely disgusting. The unhappy, sunk to this hopeless depth, was obliged to partake in all the routine of wickedness; but he was never guilty of a second murder; so at least he swore solemnly upon the scaffold.

The fame of this man spread, in a short time, through the whole province. The highways were unsafe—nocturnal robberies alarmed the citizens—the name of Christian Wolf became the terror of old and young—justice set every device at work to ensnare him—and a premium was set upon his head. Yet he was fortunate enough to escape every attempt against his person, and crafty enough to convert the superstition of the peasantry into an engine of defence. It was universally given out that Wolf was in league with the devil—that his whole band were wizards. The province is a remote and ignorant one, and no man was very willing to come to close quarters with the ally of the apostate.

on his horse, and borne in triumph back to the town-house.

'Who are you?' said the magistrate, in a stern and brutal tone.

'One who is resolved to answer no questions, unless they be more civilly put.'

'Who are you, sir?'

'What I said I was. I have travelled through all Germany, and never found oppression till now.'

'Your sudden flight excites suspicion against you. Why fled you?'

'Because I was weary of being mocked by your rabble.'

'You threatened to fire——?'

'My pistol was not loaded.' They examined it, and found no ball.

'Why do you carry such weapons?'

'Because I have property with me, and I have heard a great deal of one Wolf that haunts in the woods here.'

'Your answers prove your courage, but not your honesty, friend. I allow you till morning. Perhaps you will then speak the truth.'

'I have already said all.'

'Take him to the tower.'

'To the tower?—I beg you would consider, sir. There is justice in the country, and I will demand satisfaction at your hands.'

'I shall give you satisfaction, friend, so soon as you find justice on your side.'

Next morning the magistrate began to suspect that, after all, the stranger might be an honest man, and that high words might have no effect in making him alter his tone. He was half inclined to think that the best way might be to let him go. He called together the councillors, however, and sent for the prisoner.

'I hope you will forgive us, if we dealt somewhat hardly with you yesterday evening.'

'Most willingly, since you ask me to do so.'

'Our rules are strict, and your conduct gave rise to suspicion. I cannot set you free without departing from my duty. Appearances are against you. I wish you would say something, which might satisfy us of your good character.'

'And if I should say nothing?'

'Then I must send your passport to Munich, and you must remain here till it returns.'

Wolf was silent for a few minutes, and appeared to be much agitated; he then stept close up to the magistrate.

'Can I be a quarter of an hour alone with you?'

The councillors looked doubtfully at each other; but the magistrate motioned to them, and they withdrew.

'Now, what will you?'

'Your conduct yesterday evening, sir, could never have brought me to your terms, for I despise violence. The manner in which you treat me to-day has filled me with respect for your character. I believe you to be an honourable man.'——

'What have you to say to me?'

'I see you are an honourable man. I have long wished to meet with such a man. Will you give me your right hand?'

'What will you, stranger?'

'Your head is gray and venerable. You have been long in the world—you have had sorrows too—Is it not so?—and they have made you more merciful?'

'Sir, what mean you?'

'You are near to eternity—yourself will soon have need of compassion from God. You will not deny it to man. Am I not right? To whom do you suppose yourself to be speaking?'

'What is this?—you alarm me.'

'Do you not guess the truth?—Write to your prince how you found me, and that I have been my own betrayer. May God's mercy to him be such as his shall be to me. Entreat for me, old man—weep for me—my name is WOLF.'

* * * * *

TO THE EDITOR.

By your means I desire to inform the world, that Elizabeth Balance, of the parish of St. Margaret, West-

minster, spinster, with a fortune of 4000l. and no more, has lately (to the great surprise of every body) been so imprudent as to refuse the visits of Timothy Shallow, of the county of Essex, Esq. and one of his Majesty's justices of the quorum, with an estate of 2000l. per annum, though in pity to her ignorance, he was so kind as to let her know how much she ought to think herself obliged for his addresses, since he must be a considerable loser by making her his wife: as a proof of this, he left the *bachelor's estimate of the expenses of a married life* for her serious perusal. But; notwithstanding, this lady has farther the indiscretion to declare, that she shall regard the good sense, probity, and affection of a man, beyond all considerations of wealth, whenever she chooses a companion for life; though, in the present case, she should not think herself at all a gainer. The reason for this her extraordinary conduct and resolution she has given under her own hand, at the entreaty of her friends.

The Spinster's Estimate, or the Calculations of Mrs. Elizabeth Balance, with her Observations on the Bachelor's Estimate.

My fortune is just 4000l. which being placed on good securities at 5 per cent. brings me in, with very little trouble, clearly 200l. per annum.

	£.	s.	d.
I board with a female relation, who is blest with a large estate, and lives in a pleasant country, in the midst of an agreeable neighbourhood, from which in winter she removes to her house in London: though she made me an offer of my board, yet, being unwilling to lie under such an obligation, I pay her yearly	75	0	0
My clothes, linen, and washing, one year with another, cost me	40	0	0
For three years past, (since the death of a favourite maid, who was brought up with me), my cousin rather chooses her servants should give me the little attendance I want, than that I should take another; so that 30l. per annum, which her board and wages came to, might have been saved; but I have been at the expense of learning the French language, and have collected a few books both in that and the English tongue, in the choice of which I have been directed by some ingenious men of my acquaintance. For these purposes, I allot 20l. per annum, which, with 5l. a year in gratifications to the servants of my cousin's family and others, for their extraordinary trouble, makes yearly	25	0	0
My expenses in London at plays, &c. never amount to more than 20l. per annum. I sometimes play at vingt-un, but low, and as often win as lose; but if the latter, it's comprised within the said sum,	20	0	0
The greatest part of the remaining 40l. I lay by, as a reserve, in case of sickness, or any other accident The rest I bestow upon the poor; and how inconsiderable soever it may be thought by some, I assure you, as the world now goes, I pass for a very charitable and generous person,	40	0	0
	200	0	0

Thus I dispose of the income of my own fortune; and what I should gain or lose by marrying the squire (according to the estimator's way of thinking) will best be seen, by considering how in such a case his revenue would be laid out, and how much thereof would come to my share. I must premise that my fortune was in-

[illegible]nded to pay off a *mortgage*, made on the estate, since he came of age: so there would be no addition thereby to his 2000l. per annum.

The unavoidable Expenses of Timothy Shallow, Esq.

	£.	s.	d.
Imprimis, deductions for taxes, parish and county charges, &c.	180	0	0
For housekeeping at least	960	0	0
For his own clothes, I will venture to put down no more than	60	0	0
A coach and horses, with the wages of coachman and footman, and their liveries, cannot be less than	320	0	0
A gardener, and other servants' wages, must be	60	0	0
Hounds, setting dogs, horses, &c. with allowance for horses lost and hurt, bets at races, and other incident charges	120	0	0
Ale, wine, brandy, pipes, and tobacco	80	0	0
Expenses at an alehouse, in private conference with the landlord, the barber, and the exciseman	40	0	0
Journeys to London to get rid of a wife, and expenses there	50	0	0
Books, pens, ink and paper	00	0	0
Apothecary and surgeon after drinking-bouts and hunting-matches	10	0	0
For a steward, to perform the drudgery of receiving and paying money	120	0	0
	2000	0	0

I purposely omit the constant charges for repairs, loss by tenants, clubs, elections, trespasses, quarrels, lawsuits, raking, and its consequences; for the uncertainty, not of the expense, but the amount of it. As these last particulars seldom come into a gentleman's calculation of yearly disbursements, they commonly bring a debt upon the estate, which I am afraid my expenses, how low and reasonable soever, must have increased, unless some of the other articles (which I could not expect) might have been abridged.

In the above, I cannot see any one article purely upon my own account. Though, perhaps, the coach will be charged to me; for, indeed, that is a grievance most complained of, and the first superfluity a husband usually lays aside. But as I have the use of one at present, as often as I please, I cannot possibly set that down as an advantage accruing to me by the match.

It will be objected, that these calculations of mine only suit some few persons; but is the bachelor's estimate more general? His scheme of life, such as it is, is only seen in the Inns of Court, or about Chancery-lane. On the contrary, it must be granted, that although every woman of my fortune cannot live exactly in the same manner with me, yet she may in one very decent and agreeable, without the want of any thing she can with reason wish for. As to the computations, I believe there is, at least, as much exactness in mine as his. And, though the occasion confines me to the expenses of a particular person, yet, I am persuaded, whoever considers the management of most husbands (in other circumstances of life), will find a very small proportion appropriated to the wife's use. But, as to that matter, I am not much disturbed, it being my chief design to show how happily a woman may live, in a single state, with only 400l. and of how little benefit, in the views of the bachelor and his advocates, whose souls are wholly fixed on gain, a marriage, which the world calls advantageous, is likely to be to her.

It is easy to see Justice Shallow's intent was to depreciate our sex, and make the marriage state appear as inconvenient as possibly he could. I should not blame him for advising people to consider well before they marry, and apprising them how, in that condition, their expenses must

necessarily be increased. It is proper every person should be convinced of this, and be prepared to bear it too, before it comes, (I will not say with patience), but with cheerfulness. A single man may be maintained for little, whereas a family demands continual and considerable disbursements; but then, is there no satisfaction in return for this? And what advantage has the wife, whereof the husband has not the better share? But this *pretty gentleman* seems to think himself so valuable, that he expects to get the Lord knows what with a woman, if ever he condescends to honour her with his dear person. I suppose he won't take a farthing less than what he computes he shall expend when married; for why should he contribute any thing? But I believe, as low as the market runs on our side, it may be a long time before this happens; and therefore, in the mean while, I wish him all the felicity which his *chambers* of twenty pounds ten shillings, and his *bed-maker* at fifty shillings a year, can give him.

Thus far Mrs Balance; and I shall trouble you no more than to assure you that I am, sir. Yours, &c.

CURIOUS INCIDENT.

'At a town in the West of England was held a club, of twenty-four people, which assembled once a week to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like Rubens' Academy at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the president's was more exalted than the rest. One of the members had been in a dying state for some time; of course his chair, while he remained absent, remained vacant. The club being met on their usual night, inquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went himself to inquire for him, and returned with the dismal tidings that he could not possibly survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual.

'About midnight (the time, by long prescription, appropriated for the walking of spectres), the door opened, and the form, in white, of the dying, or rather of the dead man, walked into the room, and took his seat in the accustomed chair. There he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to convince all present of the reality of the vision; at length he arose, and stalked towards the door, which he opened as if living, went out, and then shut the door after him. After a long pause, some one at last had the resolution to say, 'if only one had seen this, it would not have been believed; but it is impossible that so many persons should be deceived.' The company, by degrees, recovered their speech; and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home. In the morning, inquiry was made after their sick friend; it was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly at the time of his appearing at the club. There could be little doubt before, but now nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been seen by so many persons together.

'It is needless to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels: for in this case all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact attested by *three and twenty witnesses.* To assert the doctrine of the fixed laws of nature was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be unfixed. Years rolled on; the story ceased to engage attention, and was forgotten, unless when occasionally produced to silence an unbeliever. One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to an old woman, whose profession was attending on sick persons. She told him she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, but

for one thing which lay on her mind—'Do you remember Mr. ———, whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. The night he died I left the room for something I wanted. I am sure I had not been absent long; but at my return, I found the bed without my patient. He was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so freightened that I had no power to stir; but after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room shivering, and his teeth chattering—lay down on the bed, and died. Considering myself as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could contradict all the story of the ghost, I dared not do it. I knew by what had happened, that it was he himself who had been in the club-room (perhaps recollecting that it was the night of the meeting); but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented.'—*Jackson's Four Ages.*

VAUDEVILLE.

FRANCE is indebted for Vaudevilles to Olivier Basselin, of Vire, who lived in the beginning of the 13th century. He was a fuller, and lived in the *Vaux*, or valleys below Vire; where he and his workmen used to sing songs of his composition, as they spread out their cloth along the banks of the river. Some of these songs being published, were called *Vaux-de-Vire*, and afterwards *Vaudeville.*

ON THE DISADVANTAGES OF KEEPING COMPANY WITH GOOD MEN.

MR. EDITOR,

As I know that your mind is not less enlarged than the sale of your publication, I presume to trouble you with my disastrous story. My calamities have been of a kind so uncommon, and so unexpected, that I am afraid I shall be pitied twenty times for once that I shall be believed. But there is a spirit of liberality in the world at present; and no innovator or schemer, however fanciful, is rejected without a hearing. And yet I am sufficiently aware that your readers, as well as yourself, sir, will not be a little surprised when I tell them, that all the misfortunes of a long and chequered life have proceeded from the *best men.*—My connexion with such almost ruined me. Goodness, wisdom, learning, yea, piety itself, have contributed to my downfall; the evils flowing from these amiable qualities have been so rapid in their progress, that I hesitate not to declare, that all the vices, of which devils are said to be possessed, could not so soon have effected my ruin.—But you shall judge for yourself.

What my profession is, or my age, or even my sex, although that may appear in the course of my letter, I do not think it is material to relate. My situations in life have been many, and with every change of situation came a fresh calamity; and all, sir, owing to my unhappy acquaintance with the best of mankind.

The first who did me mischief was a GOOD MAN. What a *good man* was in former days is not for me to determine, but I must affirm, that there is not a more dangerous character now on earth. I entrusted this *good man* with a considerable sum of money, the profits of much industry, and the rewards of much commercial anxiety and fatigue. The *good man* took my money, and gave me receipts for it. Every one said I was peculiarly fortunate in finding such a man to take care of my money. On 'Change, at Lloyd's, every where, he was a *good man.* Within a few months, the *good man* waddled out of the alley a lame duck. But he still was a *good man.* Waddling was not a sin; it did not amount to bankruptcy; there was no commission nor seizure of effects. Yet, when I came to inquire into my trust, I found that I *might have* received fifteen per cent. for my money, had not stocks fallen; but, as that was the case, the *good man* had applied my

money to the *good* purpose of paying his differences, which, however, his *goodness* never accomplished. Mark the sequel—I was carried to the King's Bench—and he is now, a *good man* again.

Tired of *Good Men*, I was recommended to a Great Man. In the words *great man*, I thought there was such an assemblage of the dignities of human nature, that I could not help flattering myself with hopes of success. During my attendance on this *great man* I acquired the arts of adulation and bowing, (indeed, for a time, I never stood straight), and a greater stock of patience than falls to the common lot of humanity; but, after I had consumed many days and much money in paying court to him, he disappointed me at last, by breaking his promise. And yet he was then, is now, and perhaps evermore will be, a *great man*—a *very great man*, who bears on his shoulders the cares of weighty empires.

Good Men and *Great Men* had well nigh ruined me completely, when I happened to hear a man praised for being a Sure Man—a man that knew *what's what*. I jumped at the joyful sound—such a man would soon do my business. A *sure men* was just the man I wanted, and I cheerfully made my applications to him. He was very particular in his inquiries concerning my fortune, and when he found how much it amounted to in *hard cash*, he urged me earnestly to embark with him in a grand scheme that should enrich us both—astonish the bulls and bears, make the bank tremble, and the quaker brokers curse, and even get us paragraphed in the papers. Ever unsuspicious and sanguine, I entrusted my little all to him. The scheme failed—I lost all I was worth. He did not; as he had hazarded but a part. All my golden hopes vanished—we were neither of us enriched—the bulls and bears were not astonished—the bank stood firm—the quaker brokers did not curse—and the newspapers contented themselves with Charles Fox and the Scotch interest. But I had lost irrecoverably: yet, when I requested to borrow a small supply, the author of my distress refused so much as a sixpence. On my complaining of his ingratitude to some friends—"Oh!" said they, "we don't wonder at that—he is a *sure man*!" and to be *sure* (excuse the pun, sir,) he ruined me.

During my confinement in the King's Bench, in which delightful habitation my *friends generously* supported me, I met with an Honest Fellow. Such a man could not fail to recommend himself. Neither *Good Men, Great Men*, nor *Sure Men*, had acted with integrity; but here, thought I, I shall meet with genuine honesty. The *honest fellow*, within the space of two weeks, cost me several pounds in dinners and wine; and, before the month ended, my constitution was so much impaired by keeping company with the *honest fellow*, that I was obliged to sacrifice his honesty to my own health. I complained of this, too; but to what purpose—every one told me he was an *honest fellow*: nay, some added, that he was a *d—ned honest fellow*.

Not yet entirely disgusted with what appeared praiseworthy, I conceived an affection for the company of a Sensible Man. All the world said he was a *sensible man*. "Then he would talk: good Gods! how he would talk!"—But, on my becoming more intimate with this *sensible man*, I found that *sense* was a greater enemy, if possible, than *goodness, greatness*, or *honesty*. After leading me into a thousand scrapes, he and I were taken up for an attempt to storm a round house, in order to rescue a drunken companion. I was set free after a large fine was exacted—but every one said it was a pity that my companion should have been involved, for he was a *sensible man*. The women used to call him *monstrous sensible*—so he was, as far as politics go, or the multiplication table.

Youth, vivacity, and plenty of money, made me, after this, ambitious of the acquaintance of a Man of Spirit. No

character appeared so amiable—But I certainly was born to be destroyed by the angelic virtues of man. This connexion was more pernicious than any of the former, for I learned to curse, swear, act the bully, give challenges, fight duels, and laugh at religion; and yet, when any of my friend's tricks were related, the general voice gave it, that he certainly was a *man of spirit!*

My next connexion was less dangerous, but more troublesome—It was with a WELL MEANING MAN. This man involved me in more difficulties than all my good friends put together; and, what was very provoking, I could never resent any thing, because he always *meant well.* He made me buy lottery tickets, which all came up blanks; and he comforted me with reminding me, that one of the *twenty thousands* was the next number to one of my blanks. He made me likewise buy houses. Two of them were burnt; and we found, though too late, that they had not been insured. If sick, he loaded me with medicines, and filled my house with nurses, apothecaries, pills, and physic phials, until I was almost poisoned by the smell, and ruined by the expense; and yet every body said Mr. ——— was a *well meaning man.* I once despatched him on an embassy to my mistress, giving him two letters; one for her father, and the other for her dear self.—What does he, sir, but deliver the father's letter to the daughter, and the daughter's to the father; so that I was fairly baffled in that quarter. Another time, I had a fall from a horse—I was taken up insensible. While I lay in this situation, he poured half a pint of brandy down my throat, with a view to bring me to myself, as he called it: the brandy threw me into a fever, which had almost cost me my life; indeed, I believe I should have died, but that my evil stars reserved me to be tormented by another good and amiable character.—

A MAN THAT KNOWS THE WORLD. No more destructive characters exists, good as it may seem. As his knowledge extended only to the bad part of mankind and womankind, you cannot wonder that he soon reduced me to a disagreeable situation; and yet, when I opened my distresses to any person, I was always told that he was a man who *knew the world.*

By *learned men,* and *men of genius,* I have suffered in many respects. In their company I have learned to drink and quibble, to be envious and malignant; and from their writings I have imbibed the principles of scepticism, and habits of wrangling, and controverting plain facts.

These, Mr. Editor, are some of the great, good, and amiable characters, which have nearly accomplished my destruction.—*Goodness* robbed me—*Honesty* debauched me—and *Learning* deprived me of my senses. How I extricated myself from all my difficulties may, perhaps, be the subject of a future letter. In the mean time, I may say, that, having made trial of the *good* part of mankind, and found them the most pernicious, I had the happiness to fall in with the *worst,* who have proved the only friends I ever had. If what I have said, sir, be correspondent to the experience of any of your readers, or if any of them can profit by my story, your insertion of it will be a favour done to them and me—

Who am, sir, with respect,
Your most obedient,
BARNABY BEARALL.

Turn-again Lane.

EXTRACT

From that Part of the ABBOT, which the Plate prefixed to this Number is intended to illustrate.

No sooner were they under shelter of the trees, than Seyton let go his hold, and in spite of Roland's efforts to support him, fell at length on the turf. 'Trouble yourself no more with me,' he said; 'this is my first and my last battle—and I have already seen too much of it to wish to see the close.' Hasten to save the Queen—and commend me to Catherine—she



will never more be mistaken for me nor I for her—the last sword-stroke has made an eternal distinction.'

'Let me aid you to mount my horse,' said Roland eagerly, 'and you may yet be saved—I can find my own way on foot: turn but my horse's head westward, and he will carry you fleet and easy as the wind.'

'I will never mount steed more,' said the youth; 'farewell—I love thee better dying than ever I thought to have done while in life—I would that old man's blood were not on my hand.'—

LETTER FROM LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE, AT CONSTANTINOPLE, TO A VENETIAN NOBLEMAN.

[Translated from the French, but not inserted in her Works.]

I AM charmed, sir, with your obliging letter; and you may perceive by the largeness of my paper, that I intend to give punctual answers to all your questions, at least, if my French will permit me; for as it is a language I do not understand in perfection, so I much fear that for want of expressions I shall be quickly obliged to finish. Keep in mind, therefore, that I am writing in a foreign language; and be sure to attribute all the impertinences and triflings, dropping from my pen, to the want of proper words for communicating my thoughts, but by no means either to dulness or natural levity.

These conditions being thus argued and settled, I begin with telling you, that you have a true notion of the Alcoran, concerning which the Greek priests (who are the greatest scoundrels in the universe) have invented out of their own heads a thousand ridiculous stories, in order to decry the law of Mahomet; to run it down, I say, without any examination, or as much as letting any of their people read it; being afraid, that if they should once begin to sift the defects of the Alcoran, they might not stop there, but proceed to make use of their judgment about their own legends and fictions. In effect there is nothing so like as the fables of the Greeks and of the Mahometans; and the last have multitudes of saints, at whose tombs miracles are said by them to be daily performed; nor are the accounts of the lives of those Mussulmans much less stuffed with extravagances than the spiritual romances of the Greek papas. As to your next inquiry, I assure you it is certainly false, though commonly believed in our parts of the world, that Mahomet excludes women from any share in the future happy state. He was too much a gentleman, and loved the fair sex too well, to use them so barbarously. On the contrary, he promises a very fine paradise to the Turkish women. He says, indeed, that this paradise will be a separate place from that of their husbands; but I fancy the most part of them won't like it the worse for that; and that the regret of this separation will not render their paradise the less agreeable. It remains to tell you, that the virtues which Mahomet requires of the women, to merit enjoyment of future happiness, are, not to live in such a manner as to become useless to the world. The virgins who die such, and the widows who marry not again, dying in mortal sin, are excluded from paradise; 'for women,' says he, 'being incapable of managing the affairs of state, or of supporting the fatigues of war, God has not ordered them to govern or reform the world; but he has entrusted them with an office which is hardly less honourable.' Here are maxims for you, prodigiously contrary to those of your convents. What will become of your St. Catherines, your St. Theresas, your St. Claras, and the whole bead-roll of your holy virgins and widows? who, if they are to be judged by this system of virtue, will be found to have been infamous creatures, that passed their whole lives in most abominable libertinism.

I know not what your thoughts may be concerning a doctrine so extraordinary with respect to us, but I can

truly inform you, sir, that the Turks are not so ignorant as we fancy them to be in matters of politics or philosophy, or even of gallantry. 'Tis true that military discipline, such as is now practised in Christendom, does not mightily suit them. A long peace has plunged them into a universal sloth. Contented in their condition, and accustomed to boundless luxury, they are become great enemies to all manner of fatigue. But, to make amends, the sciences flourish among them. The Effendis (that is to say, the learned) do very well deserve this name. They have no more faith in the inspiration of Mahomet than in the infallibility of the Pope. They make a frank profession of deism among themselves, or to those they can trust; and they never speak of their law but as of a politic institution, proper now to be observed by wise men, though at first introduced by politicians and enthusiasts.

If I remember right, I think I have told you in some former letter, that at Belgrade we lodged with a great and rich Effendi, a man of wit and learning, and of a very agreeable humour. We were in his house about a month, and he did constantly eat with us, drinking wine without any scruple. As I rallied him a little on this subject, he answered me, smiling, 'that all creatures in the world were made for the pleasure of man; and that God would not have let the vine grow were it a sin to taste of its juice; but that nevertheless the law, which forbids the use of it to the vulgar, was very wise, because such sort of folks have not sense enough to take it with moderation.' This Effendi appeared to be no stranger to the parties that prevail among us; nay, he seemed to have some knowledge of our religious disputes, and even of our writers; and I was surprised to hear him ask, among other things, how Mr. Toland* did?

My paper, large as it is, draws towards an end. That I may not go beyond its limits, I must leap from religion to tulips, concerning which you also ask me news. Their mixture produces surprising effects. But the experiments of which you speak concerning animals, and which are tried here every day, must be considered as still more surprising. The suburbs of Pera, Tophana, and Galata, are collections of strangers from all countries of the universe. They have so often intermarried, that this forms several races of people, the oddest imaginable. There is not one single family of natives that can value itself on being unmixed. You frequently see a person whose father was born a Greek, the mother an Italian, the grandfather a Frenchman, the grandmother an Armenian, and their ancestors English, Muscovites, Asiatics, &c. This mixture produces creatures more extraordinary than you can imagine: nor could I ever doubt but there were several different species of men; since whites, the woolly and long-haired Blacks, the small-eyed Tartars and Chinese, the beardless Brazilians, and, to name no more, the oily-skinned yellow Nova Zemblians, have as specific differences, under the same general kind, as greyhounds, mastiffs, spaniels, bull-dogs, or the race of my little Diana, if nobody is offended at the comparison. Now, as the various intermixing of these latter animals causes mongrels, so mankind have their mongrels too, divided and subdivided into endless sorts. We have daily proofs of it here, as I told you before. In the same animal is not seldom remarked the Greek perfidiousness, the

* John Toland, who died in 1722, was a native of Ireland, and so virulent an infidel, that he even went the length of denying the plain fact of our Lord having died on the cross. This man was at first of the Romish religion, which he renounced, and for some time affected to be a Protestant. He wrote, among other things, a tract entituled "Nazarenus; or, Jewish, Gentile, and Mahometan Christianity;" the object of which was to represent the spurious gospels which are current in the East as equal in value to our canonical Scriptures.



Walking Dress.



Italian diffidence, the Spanish arrogance, the French loquacity, and all of a sudden he is seized with a fit of English thoughtfulness, bordering a little upon dulness, which many of us have inherited from the stupidity of our Saxon progenitors.

But the family which charms me most is that which proceeds from the fantastical conjunction of a Dutch male with a Greek female. As these are Nature's opposites in extremes, it is a pleasure to observe how the discordant atoms are perpetually jarring together in the children, even so as to produce effects visible in their external form.

They have the large black eyes of the country, with the fat, white, fishy flesh of Holland, and a lively air streaked with dulness. At one and the same time they show that love of expensiveness which is so universal among the Greeks, and an inclination to the Dutch frugality. To give an example of this,—young women ruin themselves to purchase jewels for adorning their heads, while they have not the heart to buy new shoes, or rather slippers for their feet, which are commonly in a tattered condition; a thing so contrary to the taste of our English women, that it is for showing how neatly their feet are clothed, and for showing this only, they are so passionately enamoured with their hoop-petticoats. I have abundance of other singularities to communicate to you, but I am at the end both of my French and my paper.

ENGLISH FEMALE COSTUMES FOR FEBRUARY.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The present cold weather renders warm articles chiefly adopted for out-door costume. Pelisses are generally worn; they are composed of cloth, velvet, or sometimes rich silk, lined and wadded; but this kind of pelisse is principally worn for carriage airings; the material is of the improved twilled sarsenet, or the *gros-de-Naples*, richly faced down the sides, or more usually only round the bottom, with a rich fur, composing a broader trimming this season than we ever before observed them. The collar is elevated, and finished, as are the cuffs, with the same material.

Pelisses are sometimes lined throughout with white sarsenet, but more frequently with warmer colours, such as the provence rose, pink, or pale sky blue. Velvet is likewise in much estimation, particularly for cloth pelisses. Sometimes it is disposed in a broad bias band, which goes all round the pelisse; the cuffs to correspond; and the epaulette is also of velvet, but made full, and richly finished with cord of the same hue. Sometimes the trimming is scalloped or pointed, and in other instances, we have observed pelisses ornamented with a fancy trimming of velvet and satin, which has a very novel and elegant appearance; full bands of the former, decorated with leaves or shells of the latter, placed at regular distances, the space between being filled up by a full raised plaiting of satin to correspond. Poplins, bombazines of chocolate and dark ruby colour, are mostly worn for morning dresses. We have likewise observed rich plain sarsenets of deep purple and puce. Sarsenets are always trimmed with flounces of the same, each flounce headed by a roleau of narrow satin. The other dresses are ornamented with a mixture of satin and velvet, or of Italian net, as the taste of the wearer may direct. For morning dresses, the bodies are mostly made high, but to those that are low, we think the present fashion peculiarly favourable to the display of the shape, being cut so as to improve the breadth between the shoulders, and sloped down at each

side, so as to form a narrow point both in the back and front; the waist rather long and narrow, sometimes headed with a cape of the same; the sleeves not so narrow as in our last, and set in in such a manner as just to touch the point of the shoulders, which gives a breadth to the chest, as well as an appearance of ease and grace to the figure. For our tall and more dignified fair, we would recommend the close robe, which we were favoured with a sight of, and which gives a peculiar elegance to a fine form. The dress was composed of ruby poplin, made half high; the back very narrow at the bottom of the waist, and finished with a broad cape of rich silk velvet of the same colour, disposed in a broad bias, and goes down each side of the dress, and round the bottom, forming a border about a quarter in depth. Boots worn of the same colour.

There is yet little novelty in bonnets; those principally worn are black Leghorn, satin, or a mixture of silk and velvet; the brims to stand out a good deal from the face, and finished on the edge with a full plaiting of figured net, and a fall of broad blond lace; the crowns low, and completed with a plume of feathers, or a mixture of satin and gauze, edged with colours to correspond with the lining. Crimson flowers seem equally in favour for decorating bonnets.

MORNING DRESS.

Composed of a rich fawn-coloured Irish lustre, made high to the throat; the body to fit tight, over which is worn a broad cape of the same, trimmed round the edge with a rich satin of the same colour cut bias way: the sleeves not so tight as usual, and confined at the wrist with a roleau of satin, and a full tuft of lustre. The bottom of the skirt elegantly ornamented with a double piped flounce, above which are two roleaus of rich satin of the same colour. The dress is completed with a broad ribbon tied round the waist. The head-dress, a superb lace mob cap, fancifully ornamented with a wreath of satin ribbon, finished with a full rosette on one side.

EVENING DRESS.

Composed of rich Urling's lace, worn over a white satin slip; the body of white satin made low, over which is a blue satin stomacher; the front elegantly ornamented with small blue rosettes down the centre, and brought to a point, then confined with a broad blue sash round the waist. The sleeves, which are short and full, correspond with the front, and are finished on the shoulders by a full puffing of blue satin. The bottom of the skirt is elegantly finished with a blue satin; it is laid on in three full and superb roleaus, each roleau fancifully ornamented with large rosettes of the same material. The hair worn in full clusters on each side of the face, and on the crown of the head a superb wreath of white roses. Shoes, white satin. Gloves, kid.

POETRY.

THE HUNGARIAN WAR SONG.

Impune bachari, prædari,
[illegible] sanguine tingere se,
[illegible]latus hostile grassari,
[illegible] ferro defendere se:
[illegible]vare dum signa in acie stant,
Gaudere dum classica sonitum dant,
Hoc martis tripudium est,
Hic spiritus militis est

En! Martis acinaces splendent!
Boatum en! tympana dant,
En! bellica classica frendent,
Phalanges en ferreæ stant.
Hoc tacie qui non in aciem it,
Is lepus, is fungus, is femina sit,
Hoc martis, &c.

Propatria vitam qui ponit,
Pro rege qui sanguinem dat,
Pro fide extrema qui subit,
In mortem qui ferreus stat,
Pro aris et focis qui victima fit.
Is Deus, is superis proximus sit,
Hoc martis, &c.

TRANSLATION.

I.

To riot fierce, to seize the prey,
To heap red carnage in the fray,
With champing hoofs the gory steed
'Midst sabres brandished high to lead,
Thro' glittering piles a path to hew,
And roll in battle's sanguine dew,
While hoarse the swelling bugles sound,
And blood red banners flaunt around,
Is all the pride, the joy of war,
The triumph of the bold hussar.

II.

See! from blue sabres flashing bright
Flow the long lines of silver light;
The drum tremendous calls amain
Our iron phalanx o'er the plain,
While swelling trumpets, pealing high,
Speak of death or victory.
Curs'd with a hare, a woman's heart,
Who from the ranks of death shall start!
A mushroom 'midst the sons of war,
While triumph hails the bold hussar.

III.

'Tis his to grasp the glorious prize
Of fame, who for his country dies;
Whose loyal heart its purple flood
Undaunted pours in fields of blood:
And while his life the warrior yields,
All in the pomp of listed fields,
His gallant friends, his country's love,
Attend him in the realms above.
This is the pride, the joy of war,
The triumph of the bold hussar.

SOLILOQUY OF A MURDERER.

Wild, wild my dreams! malignant pain
Says, 'Wretch! thou ne'er shalt sleep again:
Thy murderous tale to darkness tell,
And shudder at the fires of hell,
Which seem around thy bed to glare,
And singe thy terror-lifted hair.'
Let the dull voice of death be still,
His frightful arm is raised to kill;
He speaks! 'I've made thy bed of clay;
Thou art the church-yard reptile's prey:
Soon will they claim thee for their prize,
Twine round thine arms, feed on thine eyes,
And, like a herd of gluttons proud,
Feast on the heart beneath thy shroud!'
Damp with the dews of fear, I've heard
The voice of God in thunders: and the bird
That tells the sick man's coming fate,
To his poor babes and watchful mate,
Has sail'd to my roof on the roaring wind;
While the vex'd cur, in chains confined,
Howl'd, as if witchcraft's steps were nigh,
A wild and horrid prophecy!
I've listen'd to the mighty floods,
That roar'd through rocks and rooted woods,
When frightful was the passing scream
Of the traveller tumbling down the stream!
Then I have thought the dead man's shade
Ran howling through the lonely glade,
Withering the grass where'er he fled,
The sere leaves whirling o'er his head,
While to the moon he told his woes,
With chattering teeth and eyes half closed!'
 But not the voice that tore the cloud,
The raven hoarse, the watch-dog loud,
The raging foam, the muttering sprite,
That glided midst the shades of night,
Could bring such woe, such misery,
As thy dread voice, O Death! to me.
 The priest that taunts the wearied soul,
Arrived at its last earthly goal,
The officed wretch that coolly kills,
Whenever power as coolly wills,
Can never make the gallows-tree
So horrid as thy voice to me!
 Come ye condemn'd to rack and flame,
Come ye who scorn the Great one's name,
Stem'd the red waves of guilt's broad flood;—
Come ye who spilt your fathers blood,
Who laugh'd to scorn your kindred's fears,
Who bade your mothers drink their tears,
And listen, wretches! Hear my tale,
Then stand ye all corrected: In a vale,
Sweet as the first made garden, where
The wild rose blush'd, and lilies fair,
Profusely cluster'd, dwelt a youth,
Whose heart and mind were pure as truth.
Tranquil his life! holy his prayer!
And on his brow the hand of care,
Which oft on honour's front is laid,
Had never cast an envious shade,
Save such as I have seen a cloud
Throw o'er the summer moon, who bow'd,
And, smiling, sent her foe away,
O'er the blue track of Heaven to stray.
 He lov'd, and married: peace and pleasure,
Joy and beauty, form'd his treasure;
And I at length was born.
 Years
Of boyhood, mark'd by smiles and tears,
I pass ye o'er. The age of man
Came on, with growing strength. I ran
Headlong in vice and brutal crime,
On folly's heights was seen to climb,
Blasting the fruit of promise. Long
I mingled with the guilty throng,
Till grinning fortune nipt my heart,
And bade me from her haunts depart;
My father's curse was on my head,
But to his home again I fled
To search his coffers. In the vale
I met that father wild and pale!
And many a weeping friend was near,
The black and slowly-moving bier,
On which my mother, stretch'd by death—
Murder'd—By me—By me!——
 My breath
Heav'd my dark breast. My frantic eye
Was fix'd like hers in the coffin. 'Fly!
Destroyer of a parent's life,
Thou base destroyer of my wife!'
My father seem'd to say. I fled,
Distraction in my heart and head;
Demons before me rode the wind,
God's mighty anger peal'd behind.

And I was cursed indeed! The world
Its deadliest malice on me hurl'd;
Derision, poverty, and shame,
Were my inheritance: My name
Good men would shudder at: I pin'd
In want and wretchedness of mind,
Till famine's tooth was cancerous. Lost
To peace and God, yon hills I cross'd,
And hoped some traveller to surprise,
Though not with blood to feast mine eyes.
The moon was young in the heavens; it smiled
Like the first pleasures of a child
And seem'd to woo the pebbled stream.
I threw me down, and wish'd to dream
The sickening length of life away:
A noise was heard, the feeble ray
Show'd me a horseman. Up I rose,
Swore frantic oaths, and menaced blows,
And bade him yield in peace his gold.—
He spoke not; but with courage bold,
Lifted a weighty hand, which fell
On my vile head.

O fiends of hell!
I drew a dagger from my vest,
And madly plung'd it in his breast!
He sank, a murder'd man. Ere death
Drain'd his poor heart and still'd his breath,
I found it was—my father!

Yes,
A lost and guilty one to bless,
His journey caused; my haunts to find,
And soothe a monster's tortur'd mind,
Had been the hope that cheer'd him on,
When thus he perish'd by his son!
The light of his eyes went out; his blood
Pour'd on my feet an horrid flood!
A start convulsive, and a groan,
Told me that all was past and done,
And the fiery gates were sunder'd!

Deep
I buried him, but could not weep;
For tears too wretched. Here's his grave;
Here every night I stand and rave,
Mock'd by the spirit of him who lies
Below, with fix'd and filmy eyes.
And see! ay now, the earth he breaks;
Glares on his dam[illegible] murderer; shakes
His head, and shows his streaky side;
Murmuring,—By thee, O fiend, I died!
No more I'll see; I'll hear no more:
This steel was clotted with his gore;
This steel shall bid remembrance die.—
There! it has found my heart! Mine eye
Turns to thee, God, for pardon! No—
Deep to the cavern'd flames I go;
Wild spreads the blaze—the furies glare—
And see, my father still is there,
Joining the dreadful curse of Heaven!
Mercy!—there is no mercy———

A COMIC TALE;

FOUNDED ON A RECENT FACT.

Whene'er the sea [illegible]nds a bit of dry land,
Geographers h[illegible]ed the spot an island:
Land, fenced by water, ev'ry body knows
I[illegible] this truth annoys our foes;
[illegible] of invasion were they undertakers,
[illegible] to knock their heads against our
[illegible]akers.
We'll wave that subject till they please to try us,
And when they do, full dearly shall they buy us.

My story on an island though I've cast,
The place to which the subject of it turns ye
Is not this island, by no isle surpass'd,
But one much smaller, which is christen'd
Guernsey;
Yet, like its larger neighbours, it has towns,
Roads, rivers, hills and dales, and ups and downs;
Outs, inns, parks, palaces, and many a steeple,
And a gay playhouse, too, for stage-struck people:
A theatre well managed there's no hurt in,
So, with your leave, we'll peep behind the curtain.

The manager was one of those sharp elves,
Who serve at once the public and themselves;
Each rarity he thought would please the town
Was instantly per boat and stage sent down;
And thus, by turns, his audience receives
Young Roscii, Mother Goose, and Forty Thieves;
Bannister's Budget, Incledon's sweet notes,
Braham and Catalani's warbling throats.
Among those candidates without a name,
Who rather work for bread, than play for fame;
Among the list who managers implore
For meat, drink, washing, lodging, and no more,
Came one, 'so wither'd, wild in his attire,'
So woe-begone a youth did ne'er aspire
With 'concord of sweet sounds the heart to reach,
Or 'cleave the general air with horrid speech.'

Well might an audience pity his presumption;
Ne'er was a child of hungry famine seen
So very pale, so wan, so tall, so lean,—
Not like a rushlight, because that
Can't live without some particle of fat,—
But like a skeleton in a consumption.

Now it so happen'd, on that very day,
That 'Romeo and Juliet' was the play;
The corps theatric were but very few;
Each had his part assigned, and some had two;
One yet remain'd, a little one indeed,
But to the author's plot essential very;
Therefore our hero was engag'd and fee'd
To act the starved apothecary.

Had Shakspeare lived, he would have died with
pleasure
To see how well his pen had taken measure
Of him whose voice and figure did so strike,
So wonderfully he bewitch'd alike
Lords, ladies, peasants, milkmaids, tars, and doxies;
That had not the apothecary play'd,
The manager had only made
'A beggarly account of empty boxes.'

Thus often are the public led on,
By whim, caprice, stage-artifice, and trick,
'As if increase of appetite grew thick
By what it fed on.'
And soon this lucky elf,
Cramming the theatre, so cramm'd himself,
That when good nutriment had plump'd his skin,
Growing too fat, the company grew thin;
Till out of size, the manager's discharge
Left him in truth a gentleman at large.

Of all the habits human beings get,
There's none so hard to lose, by this good light,

As that of eating.—He who once has eat,
Will still be at it morning, noon, and night;
And thus our hero, though the playhouse shut,
Full oft would he most seriously incline,
An hour past noon, on some good dish to dine,
Of fatted capons, fish, or the first cut
Of beef, veal, pork, or mutton, leg or loin;
For which he with the butcher went a-trust;
Till butcher wou'dn't,
And told the actor, 'pay the score he must;'
But actor cou'dn't.

Ale too, and wine, you cannot get for nought:
Lodging and washing to expense will come;
Three pounds sixteen and fi'pence what he bought,
Amounted quickly to a fearful sum;
For 'midst these Islanders a law has risen,
Which doth declare, provide, enact, and say,
'The man who owes a shilling and can't pay
Must go to prison.'

His creditors together having call'd,
His bankrupt statement soon they overhaul'd;
And kindly offer'd, just to serve the man,
(To grant his freedom ev'ry one was willing,)
He should depart upon the lib'ral plan
Of paying poundage, three-pence in the shilling:
And he'd have done it too, but then, odd rot it,
What man can pay it when he hasn't got it?

'Besides,' quoth debtor, 'if from you unbound,
I dare not go to England—tho' you're willing
To take from me but three pence in the shilling,
I can't pay there three ha'pence in the pound!'
The luckless declaration silenced all;
The drooping youth attends the gaoler's call.

When lo! a boat! a letter comes to shore;
Our luckless hero, luckless now no more,
Learns that a lott'ry share he'd quite forgot,
By many thousand pounds improves his lot.
Oh! with what joy, methinks, I see him read,
And may my readers, in the time of need,
Purchase, as he did, and like him succeed!

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG OFFICER.

They tell us that we should not weep
For those who die on glory's bed;
They tell us it is wrong to keep
Sad vigils for the heroic dead.
Vain thought! can grief forget to sigh?
Can fond affection check the tear,
And calmly gaze with unmov'd eye
On rising valour's timeless bier?

The Stoics preach, 'tis wrong to mourn
O'er the high relics of the brave;
O'er friends from life thus early torn,
Because they rest in Honour's grave.'
Alas! can love so calmly part
With all the hopes it held so dear?
And is the mourner's breaking heart
Denied the comfort of a tear?—

No!—when some envied son of fame
In fields of glory finds a tomb,
Th' admiring world his deeds proclaim,
And thronging crowds lament his doom.
But public woe can never last,
A nation's grief is quickly o'er;
The first keen pang of sorrow past,
They feel the hero's loss no more.

But 'tis not thus with friends, who cherish'd
High hopes——alas! how early crost;
Who see their proud best prospects perish'd,
And all their fairy visions lost.
Ah, no!—through many ling'ring years
Their care-worn hearts must mourn his doom:
Weep, mourners, weep!—affection's tears
Can ne'er disgrace a soldier's tomb!

LINES ADDRESSED TO T. MOORE,

By Lord Byron.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But ere I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh for those I love,
And a smile for those I hate;
And whatever sky's above,
Here's heart for any fate.

Tho' the ocean roar around me,
It still shall bear me on;
Tho' a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were it the last drop in the well,
As I gasped on the brink,
Ere my fainting spirits fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

In that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—Peace to thee and thine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

INSCRIPTION

On the Earl of Doncaster's Tomb in the Cathedral of Doncaster.

How—How, who is here?
I, Robin of Doncastere,
And Margaret my feare.
That I spent—that I had;
That I gave—that I have;
That I left—that I lost.

A. D. 1597.

Quod Robertus Byrthe, who in this world did reign
Three score years and seven, but lived not one!

THE INSCRIPTION

On the Richmond Vault, in the Cathedral of Chichester.

"Domus ultima."

The last house.

EPIGRAM ON THE ABOVE.

Did he who thus inscribed the wall
Not read, or not believe St. Paul,
Who says there is—where'er it stands,
Another house not made with hands?
Or may we gather from these words,
That House is not a House of Lords?

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.

A new Tragedy called 'MONTALTO,' has been produced at this Theatre. The following list of dramatis personæ combines nearly the whole tragic strength of the company.

Character	Description	Actor
Montalto,	an Italian Prince, ...	Mr. Wallack.
Michael,	his favoured officers,	Mr. Cooper.
Durazzo,		Mr. Booth.
Antonio,	Officers of Montalto,	Mr. Foot.
Rinaldo,		Mr. Barnard.
Rosano,		Mr Bromley.
Julia, ..	Wife of Montalto, ..	Mrs. W. West.
Laura,	Cousin of Montalto, and wife of Durazzo, ...	Mrs. Egerton.

Outline of the Fable.

During the intestine wars of Italy, Montalto's patron, the father of Laura, and head of one of the contending parties, dying, is succeeded in his command and territorial possessions by Montalto, who acquires great renown by his exploits in war and his victories over his opponents in the lifetime of Montalto's predecessor. Some intention seems to have been entertained of an union between him and his cousin Laura, who appears to have been somewhat in love with him; but shortly after his accession to power, that project is abandoned. Montalto, ere yet the funeral rites of his patron were well closed, is united to Julia, a lady to whom he seems to have been long passionately attached, and who is fondly and tenderly devoted to him. Some time after, Laura is privately married to Durazzo, the highest and most favoured officer in Montalto's service. Glowing with resentment at the supposed slight put upon her by Montalto, and fired with the ambitious project of possessing herself of his domain, to which she conceives herself entitled as heiress of her late father, Laura thirsts for revenge, and seeking to gratify her desires by plotting the overthrow of Montalto, induces Michael, the brother of Durazzo, to participate in her purpose. To this Michael (a perfect Italian villain, rather closely copied from Iago), who burns with a secret passion for Julia, readily consents, in the hope after Montalto's death of possessing himself of his wife, and by the sacrifices of Durazzo and Laura of his power and estates. Durazzo is dragged into a scheme, but being only a half-bred villain, is with much difficulty kept to his purpose. By the united exertions of Laura and Michael, they do however contrive to influence him onward to the end, and through him the mischief is accomplished. Montalto being encamped with his troop at a considerable distance from his castle, wherein he has left his wife, his children, and Laura, under the charge of Durazzo and Michael, the trio of conspirators enter into a secret correspondence with his enemy, Count Bassano (a personage often spoken of, but never seen through the play), for the purpose of betraying him into his power, and form a plan for tormenting him with the pangs of his jealousy. In the working of the latter nearly the whole of the interest of the piece consists. An anonymous letter, couched in ambiguous metaphor, being placed upon the table in Montalto's tent, which induces him to suspect that his wife in his absence entertains some secret lover, causes him suddenly to quit the camp and return to his castle, where he arrives before daybreak. Under the walls he (very unnecessarily, as no use is made of it afterwards) confides his secret to his attendant Rosano, and charges him to watch Julia closely; which done, a numerous retinue, with Laura at their head, issue from the castle, and rather unexpectedly, we believe, finding Montalto and Rosano together near the gate, assume the appearance of having come out to receive them. Montalto, with jealous feelings, expresses his surprise that Julia does not come to meet him; Laura pleads the suddenness of his appearance and the unusual hour, as an excuse for her non-attendance. Michael takes an early opportunity of being alone with Montalto, and by dark and mysterious hints, couched under a veil of blunt honesty, of a correspondence carried on between Julia and some unknown person without the castle, heightens his jealousy, and his efforts are admirably seconded by Laura, who is overheard by Montalto in conversation with Julia to mention his name as he enters the apartment. Antonio and Rinaldo having discovered that a secret correspondence has for some time been carried on with Bassano by somebody within the castle, and that a lady in the castle is at the bottom of the plot, determined to acquaint Montalto with the circumstance forthwith, and accordingly wait in the gallery, into which his bed-chamber opens, for that purpose. Julia is then seen to retire to rest, and Montalto soon after approaching with the same intent, is by them informed of their discovery; when, in the height of his jealousy, which drives him nearly to frenzy, he supposes Julia to be the lady in the correspondence, and that Bassano, whom he remembers to be her father's friend, is her secretly favoured lover. Fired with this thought, after dismissing his informants, he at length works himself up to the resolution of putting her to death: with that in-

tention he proceeds to the chamber where she is sleeping, but observing her to smile as he looks on her asleep, his resolution is staggered, and he rushes out of the room. Quickly, however, his jealousy reverts to that sleeping smile as the effect of associations in her dream with Bassano, and resuming his dire intent, he is about to enter the chamber with uplifted dagger, when Julia, having awoke, and feeling surprised at his absence, meets him on the threshold; she fondly complains of his absence and his gloom, and urges him to reveal its cause. As she is pleading to him, the dagger which he had hidden beneath his cloak falls at his feet: imagining that he had intended self-destruction, she, in reply to his eager demand of the dagger, throws it away, and clinging round his neck, tenderly remonstrates with him on his supposed purpose, and affectionately entreats him to impart to her the cause of his grief and his sufferings; until at length softened and nearly overcome by her fondness, he suffers her to lead him into the bedchamber, but without unfolding his suspicions. In the dead of the night, while all the other inmates of the castle are buried in sleep, Michael, having intoxicated the guard, Durazzo, after some struggles with his conscience, is induced by the united persuasions of Michael and Laura to complete their undertaking, by opening the gates and going out to meet the advancing troops of Bassano, which he leads into the castle, opposed only by Antonio and a few followers. The alarm having sounded, Montalto awakes, and being informed of the entrance of Bassano's troops, through the treachery of Durazzo, after some deep imprecations upon Julia, he issues to the combat, in which, after killing Michael, Durazzo having thrown away his own life by rushing into the thickest of the fight, he is defeated, and mortally wounded; in this state he is borne into the armoury by his attendants. While he is charging Rinaldo to carry the news of his death to Julia, and to repeat to her his dying curses, she, having been told that he was killed, rushes in half distracted with her child. In the agony of death, aggravated by the workings of Jealousy, he calls upon Heaven to register the curse of a dying husband upon his wife; but scarcely has he uttered the imprecation, when Rosano entering, informs him that Laura, in a paroxysm of mingled remorse and grief for the fall of Durazzo, had confessed to him that his suspicions of Julia, as also his betrayal to Bassano, were entirely the result of her machinations. Upon hearing this, he changes his cursings into blessings, and entreating to be forgiven, falls dead at the feet of Julia, who drops lifeless on his corpse.

From the Times.

A new Tragedy, called *Montalto*, was represented here last night. The story consists of a few incidents, but so buried under the prolixity of the dialogue as to be with difficulty intelligible. It may be described in brief as a plot against the honour and life of an Italian prince, by creating doubts of the fidelity of his wife, so as to induce her destruction by his own hand, and by the treacherous introduction of a foreign force to deprive him of his dominions. The design partly succeeds. Montalto perishes, but the agents in the plot also fall its victims; the wife of Montalto is alone preserved. The tragedy has merit, but it is of a nature better adapted for the closet than the stage. Nearly the first three acts are consumed in narration; and the action which occupies is hurried and improbable. The whole has the air of a *cento* from Shakspeare, though it were to be wished that a little more of his spirit had been imbibed: the imitation is chiefly to be traced to his Othello. The principal characters were well sustained by Wallack, Booth, Cooper and Mrs. Egerton. Mrs. Edwin delivered the epilogue at least as well as it deserved; and the tragedy was given out for repetition this evening amidst considerable opposition.

A new candidate for fame, a Miss Wilson, made her first appearance at this theatre, in the character of *Mandane*. She is a pupil of Mr. T. Welsh, and has sung with approbation in the most fashionable circles; but her voice, though rich and powerful, certainly wants cultivation. This, however, is a trifling defect in a lovely young girl, who has life before her. She may be what she pleases, and it is her own fault if she is not the best among the good. In the mean time we must be allowed to protest against all puffing and quackery, which ought to be left to the minor theatres, and which are a degradation to our national establishments. Miss Wilson is a lovely girl, but she is not a saint to be emblazoned in the red letters of the theatrical calender—we mean the daily bills. The sooner this vile habit is laid aside the better: the young lady's merits are of the first order and she may safely trust herself to the unbiassed judgment of an English public.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Mirandola.—This Tragedy contains the following *dramatis personæ*:—

John Duke of Mirandola,	Mr. Macready.
Guido, his son,	Mr. C Kemble.
Hypolito, son of Isabella,	Miss Boden.
Casti, friends of Guido,	Mr. Abbott.
Julio, friends of Guido,	Mr. Connor.
Gheraldi, a Monk,	Mr. Egerton.
Isidora, Duchess of Mirandola,	Miss Foote.
Isabella, sister of the Duke,	Mrs. Faucit.

The story bears some resemblance to that of *Schiller's Don Carlos* Isidora, the wife of the Duke of Mirandola, has been previously betrothed to his son Guido, but induced to transfer her hand to his father by false representations of his death. The deceit has arisen from the machinations of Isabella, who is a sort of a female Iago, aided by the monk Gheraldi, and their view is the making her son Hypolito next heir to the sovereignty of Mirandola, the

Duke being too old to have issue, and Guido, their destined victim evades the obstacles opposed to him, and unexpectedly arrives in the court of his father. The design is then changed to making the son the object of the father's jealousy, rendered sufficiently easy by his former attachment to Isidora: they are long unsuccessful, the love of the Duke for Guido counteracting his suspicions; but the ends of treachery are at length accomplished. Guido and Isidora are surprised by the Duke in the gardens of his palace, where the vows of love having moderated to those of friendship, they are taking farewell of each other. Mirandola, whose suspicions had been gradually raised by the artifices of Isabella, now considers them confirmed. He grows frantic with rage, and orders, in a whisper, his officers of the guards to convey his son to an adjoining spot, and put him to death. Meantime Casti, the friend of Guido, has discovered the iniquitous designs of Isabella and Gheraldi, and rushes into the presence of the Duke with the proofs of their guilt, and the innocent attachment of the lovers; the Duke issues a mandate to arrest the execution, but in that moment the fatal volley is heard behind the scenes, and the Duke expires, distracted with the horror of having deprived a beloved son of life.

The design of the author, in this tragedy, seems to have been to try the effect of natural dialogue on the stage, and to bring down the serious of drama from its natural elevation without endangering its dignity. In this he has been successful, nor has he essentially lowered the dialogue by the colloquial ease he has introduced into it.

The performance by C. Kemble was as spirited as the conception of the part; we have never indeed seen him to more uniform advantage. Macready, in Mirandola, deserves the same general praise, with the exception of the last scene, where he fell into the very unusual error with him of overacting his part. Miss Foote, Mrs. Faucit, Abbott, and Egerton, displayed their usual excellence and attention to the business of the play. The first scene of the piece is in prose, and seems intended for a trial essay in comic writing, but is something worse than indifferent.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 4th inst. at No. 5, Tavistock-square, the wife of John Braham, Esq. of a daughter.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. Edward Lawford, of Bloomsbury-square, of a daughter. At Birmingham, the Lady of V. H. Morris, Esq. 6th dragoon guards, of a son.

On the 11th inst. the Lady of Thomas Sillins, Esq. of a son. In Piccadilly, the Lady of H. P. Fuller, Esq. of a son. In Grosvenor-square, the Lady of William Mount, of Waring Place, Berks, of a daughter.

On the 12th inst. at Chiswick, the Lady of William Humble, Esq. of a son.

On the 14th inst. at Serjeant's Inn, Mrs. Edward Laws, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 1st inst. at All Saints, Southampton, by the Rev. T. Mears, William Ferdinand Wratislaw, Esq. of Rugby, Warwickshire, to Charlotte Anne, youngest daughter of John Kiete, Esq. of Hythe.

On the 2d inst. at Chesham, Bucks, the Rev. John Hall, of that place, to Mary Law Maurice, eldest daughter; and Mr. John Stanway Jackson, of Stockport, Cheshire, to Rebecca, second daughter of the late Rev. William Maurice, of Fetter lane, London.

On the 4th inst. at Lewisham church, by the Rev. Hugh James Pindoet, William Austius, Esq. of Camberwell, Surrey, to Miss Mary Anne Pollard Plucknett, only daughter of Mrs. Anne Plucknett, of Blackheath-hill. At Thorpe, near Norwich, by the Rev. Justin Pastle, Rector of Eingsfield the Rev. F. Leaths, Rector of Livermore, Suffolk to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. T. B. Thompson, of the former place. At St. Andrew's Undershaft, Mr. Thomas John Gore, of Chiswell street, surgeon, to Isabella, third daughter of the late Mr. Wm. Jones, of Leadenhall-street. At St. Mary, Lambeth, Robert Johnstone, Esq of the Upper Road, Brixton, to Ann Iverson, eldest daughter of Thomas Hayter, Esq. of Brixton. At St. Bride's, Mr. John Goland, of the New Kent Road, to Miss C. D. Haynes, author of the Castle Le Blanc, Foundling of Devonshire, and several other works.

DEATHS.

On the 3d inst. Edward Nash, Esq of Duchess-street, Portland-place, in his 43d year. At his house in Lamb's Conduit-place, Ambrose Lyon Poynter, Esq. after a severe illness.

On the 4th inst. at her house in Sloane-street, Mrs. Row after a severe and lingering illness. At Harmondsworth, Mrs. Thurlins, relict of the late William Thurlins, Esq. brewer, of that place

On the 5th inst. at Blandford, in Dorsetshire, the Rev Henry Field, nearly 60 years pastor of the protestant dissenting congregation in that place.

On the 6th inst. at his house, Pimlico, the Rev. David Law, aged 85. At Hoddesdon, Herts, in his 83d year, William Winter, Esq.

On the 8th inst. at his house in West square, Lambeth, highly esteemed and respected, Lieutenant Colonel Handfield, of the Royal Engineers, in the 43d year of his age.

On the 11th inst. Jenny, wife of Richard Lomas, Esq. of West square. At the house of her brother Mr. Meadows, 15, St. Martin's-le-Grand, Mrs. Elizabeth Meadows in her 68th year.

THE

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TRANSLATION OF A MANUSCRIPT, FOUND AMONG THE BAGGAGE OF A FRENCH OFFICER KILLED AT WATERLOO.

Whether the lines I now scrawl may ever fall into other hands besides my own, I know not. If not, the knowledge of my crimes and misery will go with me to the grave; yet I should wish it otherwise, because a relation so fatal as mine might be of use to others, who, like myself, are the slaves of passion. A true and faithful relation it shall be in every particular, because I have sworn to myself to conceal nothing. Names only are altered; not from any fear of the world's reproach falling upon myself, to whom it could do no greater injury than has already befallen me; but because I am unwilling that others, who were innocent, should come in for a share in that reproach.

I was born in a village within a few miles of Bourdeaux, of respectable, though not rich parents. My father had been in trade, and was unfortunate, and, having saved as much from the wreck of his fortune as would support his family with tolerable comfort in privacy, he wisely resolved not to risk his all upon the doubtful prospect of making it better. He accordingly retired to a small country house, with my mother, myself, and four daughters, and there devoted his life to the care and education of his children.

Having learned by experience, that the commerce of France was not in so flourishing a state as to secure wealth to every speculator, and as his circumstances were not such as could authorise his sending me into the army, he determined to breed me up to the profession of medicine, hoping that I might soon acquire a competency, and so be enabled to provide a home for my mother and sisters, in case he should die before them. Would to God he had bound me apprentice to the meanest mechanical trade, or had suffered me to follow my own inclination, and gone as a volunteer into the service! But I am digressing. With this view I was instructed in the learned languages, and at the age of seventeen was sent to Paris for the purpose of studying my profession. O that I had died before I reached it, and thus escaped the guilt and wretchedness which were my lot! But it was otherwise ordained, and I reached the metropolis full of all those delighted sensations which every youth experiences on first entering into life. Yet I was studious and regular in my habits;

for though I was naturally as much inclined to gayety and dissipation as any of my companions, I knew that my father was poor, and could with difficulty support me at the university at all. This knowledge, and the extreme love I bore to the most indulgent of parents, kept a continual restraint over my inclinations; and I beheld my class-fellows go to balls, masquerades, and plays, without joining them; not indeed with indifference, but with resignation. In this state of innocence four months glided past, during which, though I was not without many moments in which chagrin and discontent were the prevailing feelings in my breast, I never felt for any length of time what it was to be seriously unhappy. But at the end of that time a change took place in my circumstances, which to any other man would have been the cause of real and permanent happiness, and which to me was the cause of acute and permanent misery.

I was returning one night from a late lecture, through one of those dark by streets with which our capital abounds, when the cry of murder alarmed me. I ran towards the spot from whence the noise seemed to proceed, and observed a single man struggling with three others, who had got him down, and were trampling upon his body. Being armed with a heavy cudgel, I immediately flew to his assistance, and with a blow stretched one of his assailants on the earth. The other two, terrified by the fall of their comrade, and believing, I suppose, that more aid was at hand, took to their heels; and whilst I was employed in lifting the wounded stranger, the third likewise made his escape.

Why should I enter so minutely into the particulars of a transaction, which only serves to throw my future deeds into a darker shade? The man whom I had saved was the Chevalier St. Pierre, one of the most noble, most generous of human beings. He was returning from the Theatre of Feydeau, when the robbers attacked him; and having warily defended himself, he was not severely hurt in the scuffle. I conducted him to his lodgings in the Place Vendome, and having promised to wait upon him next morning, I left him to the care of his servant, and took my leave.

On the morrow I did not forget my promise, and I was received with every mark of affectionate regard. St. Pierre was just three years older than myself, and was a captain in the 16th hussars. He was a man of good family and connexions, and being likewise blessed with a heart of more than human mildness, he imagined himself under obligations to me too great for him ever to repay. He accordingly declared himself my friend, and offered to assist me to the utmost of his ability in any way which I should desire. My predilection for the army still continued; I told him of it; and in a few days I was appointed a cornet in the same regiment with my friend.

Conscious, however, that I had taken too decisive a step without consulting my father, I immediately wrote to him a full account of the whole affair; not forgetting to dwell at great length upon the mighty interest of the Chevalier, and upon the glorious prospects which were now before me. The result of this letter I awaited with some anxiety; but it was favourable, and my transport was complete. All was now joy and delight with me. St. Pierre insisted upon my sharing his lodgings, and as my excellent father, together with his approval of my conduct, had sent me all the money he could raise, both by his own funds and by his credit, I was speedily equipped in such a style as not to disgrace my new friend. By him I was introduced to the gay circle of his acquaintances —I was received amongst them much to my own satisfaction; and in a few days the quiet retired student of physic was converted into the polite and fashionable Cornet Dumain, of the 16th hussars.

About a week after this change had taken place, I was conducted by my

friend to the house of Madame St. Omar It was a fête in honour of her daughter's birth-day, who had just completed her seventeenth year. The apartments were brilliantly illuminated, and crowded with beauty and fashion; but from the moment of my entering them I saw nothing save Julia St. Omar. I was introduced to her by St. Pierre himself as his preserver, and she extended her hand to me with a smile—O such a smile!—Years have elapsed, but it has never faded from my memory. I danced with her; St. Pierre was still too ill to dance; I spoke to her of fifty things, but my conversation returned always to the same subject. I watched her during the whole evening, and once or twice saw a blush upon her cheek when our eyes chanced to meet. I beheld St. Pierre pay her the most marked attention, and a throb of jealousy beat at my heart; but I repressed it, because I thought she received his attentions with coldness. I returned to my lodgings madly in love.

'You remember that lovely girl with whom you danced?' said St. Pierre, as we sat together next morning at breakfast.

'Remember her!' cried I; 'I shall never forget her.' St. Pierre looked grave. 'She is to be mine, my friend, on Monday.' 'Yours on Monday!' cried I, in a voice of anguish. 'Yes, Dumain,' replied he. 'Does it grieve you to learn that your friend is to be so soon made happy with the hand of the woman he adores?' 'Oh, no, no!' I replied, scarce articulately; 'I am happy, very happy, to hear you are so fortunate.'

I rose and left the room, for I could not dissemble with him, and walked out into the air, to cool my brain and resolve upon something. To be unfaithful to my benefactor was impossible. I determined to stifle my passion in the bud, see her only once more, and set off next day to join my regiment now on the Spanish frontier. Oh, that I had gone without seeing her!

In the evening I went to Madame St. Omar's, without communicating my intention to St. Pierre. Madame St. Omar was from home, but Julia was within. It was a balmy evening in May—she was sitting in an apartment which commanded a beautiful prospect of the garden of the Thuilleries—the casement was open, and the twilight was approaching. I besought her to sing, and accompany herself upon the harp. She did so. The song was of love, and I heard her voice tremble at that part where the poet says,

> 'Even in another's arms,
> I'll think of thee alone.'

I was leaning over her entranced. It was too much for me. The arm which rested upon her chair slid insensibly round her waist, and I told my fatal secret. Oh, God! what shall I say were my feelings when I found my love returned! At first they were of rapture alone; but the next moment the recollection of my friend and benefactor came upon me, and I shrunk from her in dismay. She looked horror-struck. 'But you are another's,' I cried, 'and that other is my friend. Oh, Julia, let us be unhappy, but we shall never be guilty!' So saying, I snatched up my hat, and hurried out of the house.

I flew to our lodgings, but my conscience struck me so, I could not face St. Pierre. Fortunately he was out, and was not to return till late next day. I sent him a hurried note, mentioning that I had received a sudden order to join; and leaving it upon his table next morning, I threw myself into a voiture, and, without once stopping to rest, arrived at Bayonne.

Here I passed some weeks in great uneasiness of mind, which was not relieved either by the silly conversation of my brother officers, or the account of St. Pierre's marriage, which he in due time communicated. This last piece of intelligence, indeed, came upon me like a death-blow; for though I knew it must come, yet even that certainty did not lighten it. In this state I continued, without any comfort, except what I derived from the rumours now afloat, that our regiment was soon to

join our brave army in driving the English out of Spain.

In about a month after I had quitted Paris, St. Pierre arrived, bringing with him an order to cross the Pyrenees. All was now bustle and preparation; but for me, new troubles awaited me. To drown my sorrow I had plunged into dissipation, and was now so much in debt that I could not move. What to do I knew not. I could not apply to my relations, because they had not the means of extricating me from my difficulties. St. Pierre saw my distress; for having left Julia behind him, we once more occupied the same lodgings. By inquiring among the other officers, he soon discovered the cause of at least part of my chagrin; and this most noble of men, most generous of friends, discharged my bills, and set me at liberty to march with the regiment.

My business is not to describe scenery, nor to give a detail of the events of a campaign. With my own feelings alone am I concerned. Our march was long; but, partly from the constant change of place, partly from the anticipations of glory I now experienced, the period which it occupied was to me like a gleam of sunshine in a stormy day. I was almost happy, that is to say, I forgot my sorrows for the time, and entered with cheerfulness into the sports and merriment of those about me. St. Pierre and I occupied the same tent. We were constant companions even on duty—for I was the cornet of his troop; and we now loved each other as friends have seldom loved.

At length we reached the army. We found it in front of the lines of Torres Vedras, whither the English had retreated; and we confidently expected that our first assault upon these lines would drive them into the sea. We were disappointed; for they maintained their position, and compelled us to retire. St. Pierre and I were together during the whole d y, till towards the close of the action, when the throng of flying troops separated us. When at last we halted, I eagerly inquired for him. A soldier informed me he was killed. In the depth of affliction I sought the regiment, and what was my joy when I found myself locked in his arms! His horse had been shot under him, and his fall had given rise to the soldier's story.

In this manner nearly two years elapsed. At the close of every action St. Pierre and I sought each other, and met as those who love do meet when both have escaped impending danger. Our troops fought bravely; but what could they do against a superior force, and an exasperated populace? We were driven from post to post; our baggage was plundered and our wounded slain by the Guerillas; till, finally, our generals were changed, and a retreat in form was begun. It was long and toilsome. Not a moment was given for repose—not a position was seized, though many strong positions were passed over; and we who brought up the rear were harassed by continual skirmishes. At length we halted upon the heights of Vittoria, where we trusted that at least some time should be given for recruiting our exhausted strength. But we were deceived. The English attacked us when we dreamt not of being attacked, and our army was routed almost without resistance. The greater part of the cavalry had been already sent off to join the Emperor. Ours was almost the only regiment left, consequently upon us much of the toil of this day devolved. We did what we could to check the pursuing enemy; but what could our exertions avail against odds so tremendous? After charging six times, we likewise fled. The enemy's horse followed. St. Pierre's troop rallied and charged, and I fell covered with wounds. St. Pierre would not leave me. He sprang from his horse, placed me before him, and holding me on, for I could not keep my seat, cut his way with me through the middle of the enemy.

It was night before we stopped, or my wounds could be dressed. I had fainted from loss of blood, and when

the surgeon examined my hurts, he shook his head. There were two sabre cuts on my head, and a ball through my right arm. From a state of insensibility I was quickly recovered, and put to bed; but I was given to understand that there was no chance of my recovery. Oh, that these prognostications had been realized! But let me proceed.

St. Pierre watched me with more than a brother's care; he sat by my bed-side, administered with his own hands whatever was ordered by the surgeon, and wept over me when he saw me writhing in agony. On the third day I felt so great a diminution of pain, and so overpowering a lassitude steal over me, that I took it for granted the mortification had already commenced. Believing therefore that my last hour was approaching, I called for St. Pierre. He drew back the curtain—for he was watching beside me.

'St. Pierre,' I said, in a feeble tone, 'I cannot die without confessing to you my villany and ingratitude. I love Julia—I have loved her from the moment you introduced me to her; and though I knew she was your bride, I told her of my love.'

'My dear Dumain, cried the noble St. Pierre, 'I know it all already. Julia, the morning after our marriage, confessed the whole transaction. Had I but known it sooner, she should have been yours.

This was too much for me. I burst into tears, and, overcome by my feelings, I fainted. In dropping my head upon the pillow, the bandages gave way, and my wounds bled afresh. St. Pierre ran for the surgeon—he was not to be found; but accidentally meeting another, he brought him to my chamber. On beholding the manner in which my hurts were dressed, this surgeon lifted up his eyes in amazement; and stripping off all the bandages, he re-dressed them himself, declaring that in a few days I should be able to travel. Before they elapsed I had recovered my senses—nor can I say whether the sensations I experienced, on hearing that my life was not really in danger, were agreeable or the reverse. Now, indeed, I know well what they might have been.

I shall not dwell longer upon my convalesence. In a fortnight I was declared out of danger; but, at the same time, I was desired to return to my native place for the benefit of my health. For this purpose leave of absence was given me, and along with it I was presented with a troop vacant in the corps.

The evening before my departure, St. Pierre entered my chamber. 'Dumain,' said he, 'let us forget the conversation which passed between us some time ago. I cannot now make you happy, neither am I happy myself; but let not any circumstance break off our friendship. In you I have the most unbounded confidence. In Julia my confidence is equally great. To convince you of this, I have desired her to pay a visit to an aunt of mine in Bourdeaux: you will therefore see her when you return thither. Tell her that I envy you your wounds, as they have been the means of sending you to her.'

What could I say in return for conduct so noble? I wrung his hand, but answered not a word. Oh, that he had put less trust in a villain!

I was received by my relations with the warmest affections. My battles, my wounds, my honours, my renown, were the sole subjects of conversation in the village. Julia, too, who was now with the Countess of ——, sent to inquire after my health. I waited upon her next day.

When I entered the saloon, I was introduced to the countess, who soon retired, leaving us together. I trembled all over to find myself again alone with Julia. 'Dumain,' said she, 'I have long wished for such an opportunity as this of speaking a few words to you. You have acted like a man of honour. There is now an insuperable bar between our loves, but we shall still be friends. Though I may not regard you with any warmer feelings, be assured of my lasting

esteem and respect.' She held out her hand to me with a countenance little moved, except that a faint blush partly overspread it. I grasped it warmly, but immediately checked myself. 'Yes, Julia,' I replied, 'we shall indeed be friends, and our friendship shall be refined by the recollection that, had not circumstances intervened, it might have borne a dearer title.' Oh, vain, delusive thought, that where love has once been, it can ever give place to friendship!

No matter. We fancied ourselves friends, and nothing more. We sought each other's society with all the eagerness of lovers; and as my connexion with St. Pierre was well known, the scandalous world spoke not out against us. Weeks passed on in this delightful state. We were still innocent, yet we were every day more and more convinced of the real state of our sentiments.

I had been several months at home, and the period of my leave was fast expiring. The day of my departure was at length fixed—I had but one other week to remain. Would that I had died before that week came!

Let me not think of what followed. The thin veil which had hitherto hung over our eyes, the thought of a separation tore from them. We again confessed a passion doubly guilty, and, Oh God! Oh God! my friend was dishonoured.

When once guilty of such a crime as I had committed, how does the mind of a man become thoroughly depraved! I now thought of St. Pierre with aversion: I even wished that, on my return to the army, I might find him no more. With this was joined a terrible apprehension for the consequences of my intrigue, and I left Bourdeaux with the thoughts of a demon rather than of a man. Poor Julia was, like myself, completely wretched. O guilt! thy pleasures are short-lived; thy tortures are eternal.

On my return to the regiment, I found St. Pierre promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and loaded with honours. Our regiment was dismounted, and formed part of the force destined for garrisoning Bayonne, which it was every day expected would be invested. It was here I rejoined it. St. Pierre met me with open arms. He inquired after Julia with all the fondness of an affectionate husband, but I thought he looked suspicious while he spoke. Yet it might have been no more than the whispers of my own conscience which gave him that appearance. Certain it is, however, that he was much changed. He was pale and thin, and though he still smiled beautifully when he spoke, it was languidly.

I had not been above six weeks in Bayonne, when I received a letter from Julia, giving the most fatal intelligence. My fears were but too dreadfully realized. She was pregnant! I gazed upon the letter in a stupor. She conjured me to save her from infamy and death; she hinted some fearful things, but she proposed no plan For me, my thoughts were too confused to arrange any thing like a plan. I thought of quitting my regiment, and flying with her to some foreign country. God! I even thought of assassinating St. Pierre. The former idea, however, was generally prevalent, but I had no time to realise it; for our garrison was driven within the walls, and the English army sat down before the place.

Let those who can, imagine what were now my feelings. Cut off from all communication, even by letter, with the woman whom I loved more than soul and body, and whom I had ruined—ignorant even of her situation, and without the hope of being able to see her again, perhaps for ever; at all events, till it was too late to assist her. Half mad, I sometimes thought of deserting to the enemy; but what would they have done for me? A deserter would not be trusted with his liberty. Yet I was forced to continue thus for upwards of a month. It was then we learned, for the first time, of the change in the government.

When the news arrived, St. Pierre

came to me with a face lighted up with transport. 'I shall soon be with Julia again,' cried he; 'and then I shall be the happiest man on earth.' I turned away my face, for I dared not look at him. I attempted to speak, but the words died upon my lips. I rushed from the apartment.

I flew to the southern rampart, with the intention of escaping, if possible, through our own guards, and those of the enemy. It was evening; and just as I had reached the gate, I was met by an aid-de-camp, who told me what immediately caused an alteration in my plan. We were that night to make a sortie.

I hastened back to St. Pierre, whom I found busy in preparing for the business of the night. The order which he had received had effaced all recollection of the scene between us in the morning. The regiment was already under arms, and at midnight was to advance. What horrible ideas now rushed upon my brain! I even prayed that St. Pierre might fall.

At the appointed hour we attacked. There was no light, except what the stars emitted, till the heavens were illuminated by the flashes of our guns. The slaughter was great, because the combat was obstinate. At length we began to fall back. We were in the rear of the whole column. St. Pierre and I were together in the rear of all, mingling every now and then with the enemy. Yet neither of us was hurt, though I hoped that every bullet was destined for the heart of my friend. My wishes, however, were vain. We reached the gate. St. Pierre turned to me. 'Now, Dumain,' cried he, 'all is over. No more chances of being separated from Julia.' The name wrung in my ears—a frenzy seized my brain—my pistol was in my hand —I fired—and St. Pierre fell dead at my feet.

Stupified with horror, I stood still, and the gate was shut upon me. The enemy surrounded me; they disarmed me without resistance; and I was conducted to their camp, a prisoner and a murderer. Oh what would I not have given for any weapon of destruction, that I might have at once ended my miserable existence! But they had taken mine away, and watched me so closely, that I could not lay my hand upon any other. My thoughts dwelt upon no other object but my murdered friend, till at last my intellect gave way, and I became a maniac.

How long I continued in this state I cannot tell; but when I came to myself, I found myself in my father's house. There were several letters for me from Julia, which alone prevented me from putting my original intention of suicide into force. She was in retirement not far from Paris, where her situation could be perfectly concealed; and as her husband's death was known, her seclusion was not wondered at. She had heard of my illness, and only lived till she should know my fate, when, be it what it would, she was resolved to share it. If I lived, she would live for me; if I died, she would follow me to the grave, and sleep beside me there.

'Beloved of my soul!' I exclaimed, when I had finished the perusal, 'I shall live, hateful as life is, for thy sake. Murderer, villain, as I am, with thee I may yet be—oh no, not happy; but I may live.'

Being now determined to preserve myself for the sake of her who was so soon to make me a father, I grew rapidly better, and was soon able to set off for her retreat. I found her within two months of being a mother. She knew not the circumstances of her husband's death; nay, she heard that I was taken in striving to defend him. 'My own, my generous, my gallant Dumain,' she said, 'would have preserved the life even of his rival.' Oh, there were ten thousand scorpions in those words!

Time passed, and the great Napoleon again entered France. Devoted to the service of this master of war, I determined instantly to join his standard; but Julia besought me not to do so till we were united. I agreed to this, and lived in quietness whilst the army was collecting on the frontiers

of Flanders. Did I say quietness? O no! the ghost of my murdered friend for ever haunted my imagination, sleeping and waking; nor did I ever know a moment's ease, except when I was listening to the harmony of Julia's conversation.

It was now within a very short time of the period of her confinement, when one morning we walked out together into a green field adjoining the house where she lived. There had been cattle in that field all along, through the middle of which we were accustomed to walk without apprehension. But, unknown to us, a savage bull had lately been put in. When we were about the middle of the field, it came towards us, growling, and pawing the earth. Julia was alarmed; nor did I feel very comfortable, as I had not even a stick with which to defend her. At last, after tearing up the grass with its hoofs, and lashing its sides with its tail, it ran at us. I seized Julia's arm, and placed her behind a tree, entreating her, in a hurried manner, to keep that between her and the bull. I myself ran to meet him, and threw my hat in his face. It had the effect of turning him; but when I came back to Julia, I found she had fainted. I bore her to the house, but the fright, and the injury she had received, together brought on a miscarriage; and before medical assistance could be procured, she was a corpse. The child was still-born, and I was left like a blasted and branchless oak upon a common.

I saw in it the hand of an avenging God;—the prize for which I had waded through blood, through the blood of the best of friends and benefactors, was snatched from me, just as I had fancied it within my reach. I gazed upon her lifeless body, still beautiful even in death, with all the calmness of a fixed despair. I took my hat, and quitted the house.

Mounting my best horse, I made all haste to the frontier, and arrived this morning in the camp. To-morrow is fixed upon for the day which shall determine the fate of France, and to-morrow shall my eternal fate be fixed. It is now midnight; the night is tempestuous.

Here I broke off, for the ghost of St. Pierre that moment appeared to me. He has told me that I shall fall to-morrow; but why did he? I had already so determined it. My blood runs cold! my hair stands on end! O, can I be forgiven? No, no! the murderer, the adulterer, has nothing to look for, except——

Here the manuscript abruptly ends. All that can be said in conclusion is, that the body of the unfortunate writer, covered with gashes, was recognised by one of his old companions next morning. He has gone to his last account; but he has done well in leaving this recital as a warning to others.

ON THE STOCKS, OR PUBLIC FUNDS.

MR. EDITOR,

In a former communication on this subject, I had proceeded so far as to explain the general principle of the transactions between government and the original lender, who advances money for the public use, as well as the manner in which the latter transfers or sells to others the bills or securities which he receives for the money so advanced. For the sake of illustration, I conceived it necessary to take a very simple case, though in doing so I was under the necessity of representing the transaction in a somewhat different point of view from what actually takes place. Presuming, however, that such of your readers as really desire information upon the subject have made themselves masters of my former communication, I shall now, with your leave, proceed to give a more particular, as well as a more correct account of the public funds, and of the transactions to which they give rise.

If, as was formerly supposed, the bills or securities, which the lender receives for his money, uniformly bore interest at 5 per cent. on the sum specified in the bill, it is obvious that

the whole national debt would consist simply of 5 per cent. stock, because it is these securities that constitute what is called government stock. Our rulers, however, for reasons afterwards to be explained, have thought it expedient to grant securities to the public creditor, bearing a lower rate of interest, viz. 4, but in most cases only 3 per cent. on the sum specified in such securities; and it is this circumstance that has given rise to the various denominations of 3, 4, and 5 per cent. stock. But though government thus fixes the rate at which its own securities are to bear interest, it must not be supposed that it actually borrows money at 3, or even at 4 per cent. Notwithstanding the superiority of government credit to that of companies, or individuals, the minister who transacts the loan, on the part of the state, is seldom able to borrow at a rate much below the legal interest of 5 per cent.*; and in proportion as he lowers the rate at which the securities are to bear interest, in the same proportion must he increase the nominal amount of the securities granted. To explain this by an example, let it be supposed that government wishes to borrow 100l., and that the bills or securities to be granted are to bear interest at 4 per cent. on the sum specified in the bill; but that the lender refuses to take less than 5 per cent. for the money that he advances. It is obvious, that the only way in which a bargain can be concluded is, by government granting to the lender, for the 100l. borrowed, an acknowledgment for such a sum as at 4 per cent. will yield an annual interest of 5l. Now, at 4 per cent., it will require 125l. to yield 5l. of interest; and consequently, for every 100l. sterling borrowed on 4 per cent. securities, government actually grants to the lender an acknowledgment for 125l.; or, which is the same thing, for every 80l. sterling borrowed, an acknowledgment is granted for 100l. In like manner, when the government securities bear only 3 per cent. the lender receives an acknowledgment of 100l. for every 60l. sterling which he advances, and in both cases actually lends his money at the rate of 5 per cent. interest. These two species of securities constitute what are called 3 and 4 per cent. stock, and their price is affected in the same way, and by the same circumstances, as that of the 5 per cent.

The term stock, in its proper acceptation, denotes that capital with which a trading company, as the Bank of England or East India Company, carries on trade; and a stockholder or partner is one who has advanced a certain share of that capital, and is thereby entitled to draw a proportional share of the concern. The term, therefore, cannot, strictly speaking, be applied to government securities, because then the capital or sum advanced is not employed in bringing in an immediate return of profit, but is actually expended without the smallest prospect of being recovered. At the same time, the public creditor is in a situation in many respects so similar to a partner in a mercantile concern, and the word stockholder has been so long and so generally applied to him, that the application may now be considered as sanctioned by use. The term fund is sometimes substituted for that of stock, and the person who purchases government securities is said to invest his money in the public funds. This expression is perhaps the more correct of the two, provided the word fund be applied, not to the securities themselves, but to the taxes or revenue out of which the interest of these securities is paid. It was formerly the practice with government, in negotiating a loan, to set apart certain taxes for the payment of the interest of that loan; and the taxes thus set apart were considered as a separate fund, distinguished by a particular name according to the rate of interest, and the particular purpose for which that loan had been raised. As the loans were multiplied, however, the number of funds necessarily created con-

fusion; and to remedy this, a great proportion of those bearing the same interest were consolidated or thrown into one general fund. Hence the terms 3 per cent. and 4 per cent. consolidated funds, which are usually contracted into 3 per cent. and 4 per cent *consols*. About the year 1757, the public creditors, who held certain government securities bearing interest at 4 per cent., received from government their choice either to have their capital paid up, or to reduce their interest from 4 to 3 per cent. The latter being accepted, the fund has since been denominated the 3 per cent. reduced, and is generally written 3 per cent. *red.* The two funds, 3 per cent. consols, and 3 per cent. red., have accumulated so as to comprehend the greater part of the national debt; or, in other words, a great proportion of the taxes is divided into two funds, out of which is paid the interest of almost all the loans that have been contracted for many years past. The interest of both funds is of course the same, but that of the consols is payable on the 5th January and 5th July, and the reduced on the 5th March and 10th October.

When government raises a sum of money by loan, and the interest of that sum is charged on the permanent taxes, the sum itself becomes a part of the permanent national debt; and in this case, the lender, instead of actually receiving a bill or acknowledgment for the money advanced, as I have hitherto supposed, is simply entered in the books of the Bank of England as a public creditor, and when he sells his stock, it is transferred from his name to that of the person who purchases it. This, however, does not make any essential difference in the principle of the transaction, as I have already explained it, though it gives rise to a division of the public debt into *funded* and *unfunded*. The funded debt is composed of the various kinds of stock mentioned above, of which the public creditor cannot demand payment, but for which he is entitled to a certain annual interest, according to the sum placed to his credit with the Bank of England. The unfunded debt consists of certain bills issued by government to such as will advance money upon them, and of which the holder is entitled to demand repayment at a certain period. These are chiefly Exchequer Bills, Navy Bills, and Ordnance Bills and Debentures. They are issued for the purpose of supplying the place of taxes that have not been forthcoming, or to meet contingencies for which no provision had been made, and receive their names from the particular service to which they are applied. Instead of being paid off when they fall due, the holders sometimes receive their value in stock; and the bills are then said to be funded, or they constitute a part of the permanent debt.

I have already observed, that when government borrows money on the 3 per cent. fund, the lender receives an acknowledgment or credit in the public accounts, to the amount of 100l. for every 60l. sterling advanced. In some cases he receives credit even for more, but seldom less. Now, though to him it is only 5 per cent. on the money lent, because the interest of 100l. at 3 per cent., is [illegible] equal to the interest of 60l. at 5 per cent., still it may appear strange, perhaps, to some of your readers, that government should grant an acknowledgment for a greater sum than it actually receives, or that it should borrow nominally at 3 per cent., when it is actually paying nearly 5, or even upwards of 5. This will appear more strange still when it is considered, that if government ever proposes to pay off the national debt, it must pay not the sum received, but the full amount of the nominal capital for which the stockholder has received credit in the public accounts—that is, 100l. at least for every 60l. that has been borrowed in the 3 per cent. funds. The only explanation that can be given of this plan of borrowing, must be on the supposition that it is not in the con-

templation of government ever directly to pay off the national debt, and that its object, therefore, is to borrow on the lowest interest possible. Now, the plan that has been adopted will certainly enable it to do so, better than paying on the sum borrowed such an interest as the lender would be willing to accept. It was formerly shown that, in time of peace, or when the amount of government securities ceases to accumulate, while the demand for them increases, the price of stock may, and does actually, rise higher than what it cost the original lender. This will take place on all kinds of stock, but in a greater degree on 4 per cents. than 5 per cents., and on 3 per cents. than 4 per cents. Though government cannot oblige the public creditor to take less, in payment of his capital, than 100l. sterling for 100l. stock, it can at all times oblige him to take that sum, whatever the nature of his stock may be. Whenever stock, therefore, reaches *par*—that is, whenever 100l. of any sort of stock rises in the market to 100l. sterling, a stop is necessarily put to a farther rise of price; because the purchaser, who gives more than 100l. sterling for it, may be called upon the next day to give it up to government for 100l. Now, as 100l. of 5 per cent. stock is worth 100l. sterling, while 100l. of 4 per cent. is worth only 80l. sterling, and 100l. of 3 per cent. stock only 60l. sterling, reckoning that price their true value which yields 5 per cent. to the purchaser, it is obvious that 5 per cent. stock cannot rise above its true value, without making the purchaser run the risk of being paid off with less than it cost him; while 4 per cents. may rise 20l., and 3 per cents. 40l., before the purchaser runs any such risk. The prospect, then, of this rise induces the lender to advance money to government on easier terms than he would be disposed to do if there were no such prospect; and though, with all this advantage, government has seldom been able to borrow at a lower rate than 5 per cent., there is no doubt that the loans have been procured on more favourable terms than they would have been, had the interest been paid on the actual sum borrowed, and not on a nominal capital. It is for the same reason, that when stock rises above its true value (meaning always, by its true value, the price at which the purchaser has 5 per cent. for his money,) the 3 per cents. are higher in proportion than the 4 per cents., and the 4 per cents. than the 5 per cents. Thus, on a late occasion, when the 3 per cents. were at 75, the 4 per cents. were at 93, and the 5 per cents. at 106; whereas had the two last risen in the same proportion with the 3 per cents., according to their respective interests, the 4 per cents. would have been at 100, and the 5 per cents. at 125. The latter, indeed, would seldom or ever rise above par were it not understood, or rather had it not been at different times enacted, that the holders of this stock should not be obliged to take payment of their capital till such time as a certain quantity of the other kinds of stock be paid off.

When a loan is negotiated, the public creditor sometimes receives his securities all in one sort of stock or fund. Thus, in 1808, when eight millions were raised by loan, the lender had assigned to him 118l. 3s. 6d. of 4 per cent. stock, for every 100l. sterling that he advanced, being at the rate of 4l. 14s. 6d. per cent. of interest on the sum borrowed. In general, however, the security granted to the lender, or the capital for which he receives credit, consists of a quantity of stock of different kinds. Thus, in the loan of twenty-two millions in 1812, the lenders received 120l. of 3 per cent. red. and 56l. of 3 per cent. consols, for every 100l. sterling advanced. Now, 120l. at 3 per cent. yields 3l. 12s., and 56l. at 3 per cent. yields 1l. 13s. 7d., consequently the lender had 5l. 5s. 7d. per cent. for his money. While the loan is going on—that is, before the last instalment is paid up, the lender or contractor is at liberty to sell or transfer to another,

at once, the different kinds of stock which he himself receives, and in the same proportion as he receives them. Thus in the loan of 1812, mentioned above, the contractor had it in his power, so long as his instalments were not all paid up, either to sell the 3 per cent. red. and the 3 per cent. consols, separately, or to transfer them together, as he received them, in the proportion of 120l. of the one and 56l. of the other. These two sums, taken together, constitute what is called the *omnium* of that loan; and as they cost the contractor exactly 100l. sterling, he would either gain or lose by the contract, according as he could get more or less than 100l. for them. If he sold them for 101l., omnium would be said to be at a premium of 1l.; and if for 99l., it would be at 1l. discount. At the time the loan is contracted, omnium is generally at a premium, and that premium is called the *bonus* to the contractor.

There is still another circumstance connected with the manner of negotiating a loan, which it may be necessary to explain. When the minister is prepared to contract for any given amount, he intimates to the principal bankers or monied men, that he wants such and such a sum in loan, that he will give so much of one or more sorts of stock for every 100l. sterling advanced, and that the *bidding* is to be in another kind of stock. The meaning of this will be best explained by an example. In 1812, when 22 millions were borrowed, the minister gave notice to the bankers that he was prepared to give for every 100l. advanced, 120l. of 3 per cent. red. stock, together with an additional sum of 3 per cent. consols. The bankers were then required to give in each a sealed offer, stating how much consols they would require in addition to the 120l. red., and the individual of course was preferred who offered to advance the money for the least additional sum of consols. In the case alluded to, the offers or biddings were all the same, none being willing to advance 100l. for less than 56l. consols in addition to the 120l. red. Sometimes the bidding takes place, not on any kind of stock, but on a certain annuity, which is to terminate in a given number of years. Thus, in the loan of 12 millions in 1811, it was intimated to the contractors, that for every 100l. sterling which they advanced, they should receive 100l. of 3 per cent. red., 20l. of 3 per cent. consols, and 20l. of 4 per cent. consols, together with an addition of an annuity, to continue $49\frac{3}{4}$ years, and the bidding, or point of competition among the contractors, was, who would lend the money for the least annuity in addition to the fixed amount of stock. The lowest bidding on this occasion was 6s. 11d. of annuity; so that the omnium in that loan consisted of the following items—100l. of 3 per cent. red., 20l. of 3 per cent. consols, 20l. of 4 per cent. consols, and 6s. 11d. annuity, to terminate at the end of $49\frac{3}{4}$ years. The interest at which the money was borrowed was 4l. 14s. 11d. per cent during the first 49 years, and 4l. 8s. 0d. after that period, being considerably below the legal interest. That loan, however, was considered at the time unusually favourable to the public.

I shall now apply the preceding remarks to the explanation of the newspaper reports of the stocks, and shall take an example from the papers at random. On the 20th of Oct. 1818, the following report was given of the price of stocks for that day:

Bank stock -	$273\frac{1}{2}\frac{3}{4}$
3 per cent. red. -	$76\frac{1}{4}\frac{3}{8}$
3 per cent. consols -	$77\frac{1}{4}\frac{1}{8}\frac{1}{2}$
$3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. -	$86\frac{1}{8}$
4 per cent. -	$95\frac{3}{4}6$
5 per cent. -	$107\frac{5}{8}\frac{7}{8}$
Long ann. - -	$20\frac{1}{8}$
Omnium -	$0\frac{7}{8}$, $0\frac{1}{2}$d.

The number in the above table, opposite each kind of stock, expresses in pounds, and a fraction of a pound sterling, the price at which 100l. of that stock was sold on the day mentioned. The first, viz. Bank stock, $273\frac{1}{2}\frac{3}{4}$,

means that 100l. share of the Bank of England sold at an early part of the day for 273½l., or 273l. 10s. 0d. sterling, and afterwards rose to 273¾l., or 273l. 15s. 0d. A 100l. of 3 per cent. red. sold at first for 76l. 15s. 0d., and afterwards fell to 76l. 7s. 6d. A 100l. of consols sold in the morning for 77l. 5s. 0d., then rose to 77l. 7s. 6d., then to 77l. 10s. 0d., and at last fell to 77l. 2s. 6d. A 100l. of 4 per cents sold first at 95l. 5s. 0d., and then rose to 96l., and so of the others. The article Long Ann. means the annuities granted in the loan of 1811, mentioned above, and at various other times, payable to the public creditor till 1860, when they drop. They are bought and sold at so many years purchase, in the instance above at 20⅛ years—that is, a long annuity of 100l. cost on the 20th of October, 1818, 2012l. 10s. 0d. Omnium on that day was at a discount, first at 17s. 6d. and afterwards at 10s. per cent.; or, in other words, the contractor was obliged to sell for 99l. 2s. 6d. and 99l. 10s. 0d. what originally cost him 100l.

It appears, from the above table, that the 3 per cent. consols on the 20th of October were from one-half to one per cent. higher than the 3 per cent. red. This difference is owing, not to the interest which they bear, for that is the same in both cases, but to the different periods at which the interest is payable. The half yearly interest, or dividend on the red., was paid on the 10th of October, and that on the consols on the 5th of July. On the first, therefore, there was only ten days of interest on the 20th, but on the second there was three months and a half, and as the purchaser buys not only the stock, but also the interest due upon it at the time, the consols were more valuable than the red., by about three months interest, or 15s. When it is said that the purchaser buys not only the stock but the interest due upon it, it is meant that at whatever time he purchases, he is entitled to draw the next half year's dividend, though it should fall due a few weeks after. For some days previous to the payment of the dividends, no sale, or rather no transfer, can be made at the bank, in order to give leisure for the payment of the interest. That particular kind of stock is then said to be *shut*.

In judging what kind of stock it is most advantageous to purchase, various circumstances are to be taken into account, according to the price and the particular views of the purchaser. When all the stocks are at their true value, that is, 3 per cents at 60l. 4 per cents at 80l., and 5 per cents at 100l., they will each yield to the purchaser 5 per cent. for his money, and if he intends therefore to invest permanently, it is of little consequence what sort he purchases, because his interest is not to be affected by any subsequent rise or fall in price. If he has the prospect, however, of selling out again, he should prefer the 3 per cents, because, for the reasons already mentioned, they are likely to rise higher in proportion than any other. When all the stocks are above their true value, the purchaser who buys for the purpose of laying out his money permanently at interest, should prefer the 5 per cents, because they will yield the highest interest. Thus, in the above table, taking the price of the 3 per cents at 77, the 4 per cents at 95, and the 5 per cents at 107 in round numbers, the following is the rate of interest which the purchaser draws for his money in cash. In the 3 per cents, he draws 3l. for every 77l. invested, being at the rate of about 3l. 18s. per cent,—in the 4 per cents, he draws 4l. for every 95l. invested, being at the rate of 4l. 4s. 2d. per cent—and in the 5 per cents, he draws 5l. for every 107l. invested, being at the rate of about 4l. 13s. 5d. per cent.

I intended at one time to have constructed a table, exhibiting at one view the different rates of interest which each of the stocks yield at different prices, but the following general rule will perhaps be as acceptable to most of your readers. To find the rate of interest which the 3 per cents will

yield at any given price, divide 300 by the price of the stock, and the quotient will be pounds, multiply the remainder by 20, and divide again by the price, the quotient will be shillings, multiply the next remainder by 12, and divide as before, the quotient will be pence—and these pounds, shillings, and pence are the interest drawn for every 100l. sterling invested at that price. Thus, to take the above example, 300 divided by 77, according to the rule, gives 3l. 17s. 11d. or nearly 3l. 18s. If the stock be 4 per cents, divide 400 by the price; if it be 5 per cents, divide 500 by the price, and the quotients will be the interest required.

There is still another point connected with the subject of the stocks, on which some of your readers, perhaps may wish to have some information,—I mean the Sinking Fund. I have already trespassed so long, however, that I cannot now enter at length upon the subject, and shall therefore simply state the general principle of its operation as a means of redeeming or cancelling the national debt. When government borrows a sum of money, taxes of course are imposed for paying the interest of that money, but to a greater extent than are barely sufficient for the payment of that interest. The surplus constitutes what is called the sinking fund, and is put into the hands of certain commissioners appointed by parliament. These commissioners employ it in purchasing stock on account of government, and draw at the Bank of England the half yearly dividends on that stock, in the same way as any other public creditors. These dividends, or interests, are again laid out in the purchase of new stock, for which they draw interest, and employ it again in the same way, so that the original sum with which they commenced their purchases goes on accumulating at compound interest. The stock thus purchased may be considered as so much of the national debt redeemed, because though the public derives no immediate advantage from it, so long as the commissioners draw the interest of their stock (it being a matter of no consequence whether the interest is paid to them or other public creditors), yet as the sum purchased by them is purchased for government, the latter becomes its own creditor to that amount, and may cancel or leave off paying the interest of the same whenever it thinks proper. Were the commissioners allowed to go on purchasing, and no great accumulation of new debt to take place, *it is possible* that they might in time get the whole of the government stock into their hands, and of course the whole national debt would be paid off. During the war this event was perhaps impossible, and even now various circumstances concur to protract it to an indefinitely distant period. In 1813, the commissioners had purchased to the amount of 236 millions, the whole debt being about 700 millions. In that year the operations of the commissioners were stopped, and instead of allowing them to draw the interest of the 236 millions for the purchase of new stock, that interest was employed either for the current services of the year, or for paying the interest of new loans. Though a sinking fund, on this principle, is obviously, in certain circumstances, a powerful engine towards the redemption of debt, it has not hitherto produced all the effects which were at first expected from it. At the same time it is undeniable that it has been productive of many good consequences, both direct and collateral, and is in many respects worthy of the distinguished statesmen to whose firmness and decision it owes all its efficacy. Such of your readers as wish for more information on this subject may consult 'An Inquiry into the Management, &c. of the National Debt,' by Dr. Hamilton of Aberdeen; and if my present and former communications shall tend in any degree to facilitate their study of that profound work, I shall consider them as not altogether useless.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

T. N.

TRISTAN D'ACUNHA, &c.

Jonathan Lambert, late Sovereign thereof.

[Mid way, in the Southern Atlantic, between the Cape of Good Hope and the Brazil coast, is situated a small group of three islands, named Tristan d'Acunha, after the Portuguese admiral who first discovered them. Nothing can be more wild and dismal than the aspect of these islands; and in stormy weather, which is common in the winter season, a tremendous sea roars and foams against the rocky shores. The names given to the three islands are, Tristan d'Acunha,—Inaccessible,—and Nightingale Islands, the two latter of which are so wild and rugged as to defy all approach.

EDITOR.]

TRISTAN D'ACUNHA is about seven leagues in circumference, of a square shape, formed by hilly ridges with deep valleys, and appears to have originated from a volcanic eruption. The only level ground of consequence is on the N. E. side, at the foot of a mountain rising upwards of 8000 perpendicular feet from the flat, in extent about five miles; the principal part of which may be cultivated easily, having been cleared of the brushwood by fires, and left in a state to receive the plough or spade.

The island seems to be inaccessible on the other parts. Probably, in moderate weather, and a smooth sea, boats may land; but the only road across would be over the mountains: to walk round is impossible, the sea beating in many places against the perpendicular cliffs.

Stone for building to be had; but none of the kind the lime is produced from could be seen. A very good sort of reed for thatching grows in abundance.

The common tree of the island appears a species of gum-tree, very sappy, and only of use for firewood and common purposes.

The island is well supplied with water. Three falls run near the habitable part; one convenient for ships, who may fill casks in their boat with a hose.

The seasons are described as being irregular; the climate very good, and particularly healthy. The spring commences the latter end of September, and the winter in April, which is mild, never too cold to hurt the vegetation. Snow is seen on the mountains from April till September. Prevailing winds from S. E. to W. N. W.; seldom wore to the eastward; but when from that quarter, it blows with its greatest strength.

It rains moderately throughout the year, and never at any time to hurt the ground. Ice has never been seen; thunder seldom heard.

When Buonaparte was sent to St. Helena, it was deemed expedient to examine these islands, and, if necessary, to take possession of them. The Falmouth frigate was despatched for this purpose, and arrived there in August, 1816. Two men were found living on the island, who, it appeared, had been on this desolate spot for some years, and who were both overjoyed in placing themselves under the protection of the British flag. One of these men, of the name of Thomas Currie, gave the following account of of his coming to the island.

'My first coming to the island was in an American ship called the Baltic, Captain Lovel, belonging to Boston. We arrived from Rio de Janeiro, 27th December, 1810.

'I came under an agreement to remain one year, and to have a passage found me to the Cape of Good Hope, in case I should not wish to remain on the island. My agreement was 12 Spanish dollars per month, besides the one-third of 20 per cent. on all produce during the time I might remain.

'The man I agreed with was not Captain Lovel, but Jonathan Lambert, an American, who intended to make a settlement on the island. He remained on it till the 17th May, 1812, when he and two other Americans, under pretence of fishing and collecting wreck, took the boat and left the island. I never heard of them since; but I must not omit mentioning, that the said Jonathan Lambert took possession of the three islands of Tristan d'Acunha in a formal manner.

'I never received either money or any other remuneration from Lambert for all my labour. I suffered the greatest distress from want of clothes and provisions. I have been constantly robbed by the Americans, whether vessels of war or merchantmen. They took away my live stock, and the produce of the land, which I had cleared with my own hard labour and industry since my first arrival.'

Thomas Currie has fifteen or twenty acres of ground cultivated, sown with vegetables, which were thriving very well, and three huts thatched with reed.

The other person on the island (a lad whom he called his apprentice), came from an English ship, having agreed to serve two years for wages: is a native of Minorca.

The stock on the island belonging to Thomas Currie consisted of

Forty breeding sows, } of the wild
Two boars, } breed.

No fowls or ducks left; the last taken away by the American privateers.

He stated that, in the mountains, there were many wild pigs and goats.

The following is the document left by Jonathan Lambert on the island, by which he constituted himself sole monarch of this group of islands:

'Know all men by these presents, that I, Jonathan Lambert, late of Salem, in the state of Massachussets, United States of America, and citizen thereof, have this 4th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1811, taken absolute possession of the island of Tristan d'Acunha, so called, viz. the great island, and the other two, known by the names of Inaccessible and Nightingale Islands, solely for myself and my heirs for ever, with the right of conveying the whole, or any part thereof, to one or more persons, by deed of sale, free gift, or otherwise, as I, or they (my heirs), may hereafter think fitting or proper.

'And as no European, or other power whatever, has hitherto publicly claimed the said islands, by right of discovery, or act of possession: Therefore be it known to all nations, tongues, and languages, that from and ever after the date of this public instrument, I constitute my individual self the sole proprietor of the above-mentioned islands, grounding my right and claim on the rational and sure principle of absolute occupancy; and, as such, holding and possessing all the rights, titles, and immunities properly belonging to proprietors by the usage of nations.

'In consequence of this right and title by me thus assumed and established, I do further declare, that the said islands shall, for the future, be denominated the islands of Refreshment, the great island bearing that name in particular; and the landing-place on the north side, a little to the east of the cascade, to be called Reception, and which shall be the place of my residence. The isle formerly called Inaccessible shall henceforth be called Printard Island; and that known by the name of Nightingale Isle shall now be called Lovel Island.

'And I do further declare, that the cause of the said act, set forth in this instrument, originated in the desire and determination of preparing for myself and family a house where I can enjoy life, without the embarrassments which have hitherto constantly attended me, and procure for us an interest, and property, by means of which a competence may be ever secured, and remain, if possible, far removed beyond the reach of chicanery and ordinary misfortunes.

'For the above purpose, I intend paying the strictest attention to husbandry, presuming, where it is known in the world, that refreshments may be obtained at my residence, all vessels, of whatever description, and belonging to whatever nation, will visit me for that purpose, and, by a fair and open traffic, supply themselves with those articles of which they may be in need.

'And I do hereby invite all those who may want refreshments to call at Reception, where, by laying-by, op-

posite the Cascade, they will be immediately visited by a boat from the shore, and speedily supplied with such things as the islands may produce, at a reasonable price.

'And be it further known, that by virtue of the aforesaid right and authority above-mentioned, I have adopted a flag. This flag is formed of five diamonds, which shall for ever be the known and acknowledged flag of these islands.

'And that a white flag shall be known and considered as the common flag for any vessel in the merchant service, which may now or hereafter belong to any inhabitants of these islands.

'And, lastly, be it known, that I hold myself and my people, in the course of our traffic and intercourse with any other people, to be bound by the principles of hospitality and good fellowship, and the laws of nations (if any there are,) as established by the best writers on that subject, and by no other laws whatever, until time may produce particular contracts, or other engagements.

(Signed) 'J. LAMBERT.'

'Witness to this signature.
(Signed) 'ANDREW MILLET.'

The following is a copy of the last letter written by the unfortunate sovereign of Tristan d'Acunha, before his disappearance from the seat of government.

'*Great Island, Tristan d'Acunha*,
'*21st December*, 1811.

'Captain John Briggs.

DEAR SIR,—Compliant to your desire, when I saw you last year at Rio Janeiro, I now drop you a few lines, to be sent by the first vessel stopping here. I should have written by Captain Lovel, on his return from this place; but as I had nothing worth communicating, I reserved myself until I could, by a year's residence, give you some account of my situation, and of the soil, clime, and productions of this island, and the surrounding waters. But however I have classed them above, I shall begin with the climate, which is very healthy, being neither hot nor cold, but exceeding temperate. It never freezes, nor is there heat enough for ripening melons; I think, at least, not without enclosures, of which I have none. It is rather windy, but no severe gales as yet. In the winter and spring it rains often, rendering it very disagreeable to us, who have but a sorry *Jack-straw's* hut, thatched with coarse grass, without floor, &c. But we have weeks together as fine weather as summer, and vegetation goes on finely through the year. All the hardy kinds of kitchen garden stuff flourish better in winter than summer, as in the latter they are apt to run for seed, such as cabbage, French, Lapland, and round turnips, beet, carrots, parsnips, pease, raddish, lettuce, onion, parsley, &c. Potatoes suit the soil, which is a light one, and composed, for the most part, of vegetable mould. A stream of water, which might vie with many celebrated streams. There are three constant streams on this north side of the island. The land is covered with wood quite up to the mountains, but of a creeping kind of shrub, many of the size of an apple-tree. Ships may procure what wood and water they may want for all culinary purposes. Of land fit for cultivation, I think there are 3 or 400 acres on this side, including a fine meadow of about 12 or 15 acres: on this cattle may feed the year round. I have a small flock of geese, which give me no trouble to feed, as they find abundance of green herbage throughout the year; and as I do not mean to kill any of them, except, perhaps, some spare ganders, until I have 50 breeding geese, I may expect in a little time to have a good stock of them. Dunghill fowls breed three or four times a year. I have one now sitting for the fourth time, and think she will make out to bring the fifth set of chickens before winter. Of ducks I have only ten; having lost all my turkeys, Muscovy ducks, and all of the English ducks.

except three, by their eating fish-guts last winter. I have a piece of ground, about 10 or 12 acres, containing two ponds, where the sea elephants abound; here I have 8 sows, and 4 boars quite tame; all of which, save 5, we have caught on the island, of which there are many more; some we have shot, and some knocked down, &c. All this stock, together with ourselves, live at present on the flesh of the elephant. The pigs, however, may live altogether on *herbage* where they are; for which purpose, indeed, I put them down there; but I give them an elephant once in ten or fifteen days, to keep them in heart. The dandelion grows here in the greatest luxuriance, and very abundant. All the wild pigs live on those, and on a very pleasant smelling strawberry-leaved kind of geranium. We have shot a few wild goats, of which there are, I suppose, 12 or 16 left. I want a few sheep, tame goats, and rabbits, to stock the island with game. We have the little black cock in great numbers, and, in the fall, are very fat and delicate. We caught some hundreds last year with a dog, but I have none proper for them, such as a terrier would be. The mountains are covered with albatross, mollahs, petrals, sea-hens, &c.; and a great deal of feathers might be had, if people we e to attend to it.

'For the waters, they are well furnished. Fish are had at any time for the trouble of taking them, whenever the sea is smooth enough to fish from the rocks. We have no boat, and of course cannot have them so often as we want them; but on a kind of raft of six pieces we push off on a smooth time, and take many sheephead cray-fish, gramper, and large mackarel. From the rocks, which is the mode we are obliged to take, we supply ourselves sometimes, but are obliged to use a large piece of elephant meat to entice them near enough the rock. A boat would be victuals and drink to us. In the deep waters there are large fish; as cavallas, and a kind eat as salmon; and I have no doubt but very large gramper are to be found there. Sea-elephants are plenty, and they pup yearly, coming up in the months of August and September for that purpose. About a month or five weeks they take the male, and then go off to feed, and in six weeks come up, and remain a month or two to shed their old coat, and get a new one, and from that time are, for the most part, lying in the sun asleep. The males, however, stay off longer, as they are more exhausted by their commerce with the females, and are three times longer, of course require a longer period to feed. Their food is chiefly kelp, but I have found squid in their stomach. During the pupping season, the black-fish are very numerous, and equally rapacious, always on the look-out for the elephants, great or small, young or old. I have seen them attack *old ones*, and carry young ones off. They run themselves aground on the beach very often, so that we lance them frequently, and shoot into them. This last season I think 1000 pups were brought forth on this island, and as many more on the other two; and I suppose, when I passed near those islands, in the passage out to Bengal, in the Grand Turk, they must have been almost innumerable, seeing some parties or other have been oiling here ever since, and so many yet remain. If they are not disturbed for two or three years, the increase must be great and profitable, especially if their skins are attended to, and salted. We have killed about 80 since we landed, and suppose we shall kill about two a week through the year. We have made about 1000 gallons of oil, for the purpose of buying a boat if possible. Of seals we have not taken a dozen. Our situation, like all new settlers, has not been very comfortable. We have not ate bread these six months; that parcel you supplied me with lasted about that time; but turnips have been bread to us. I hope to have as many potatoes in three or four months as will always stand by us while we remain on the island, but cloth I shall want, and must

depend upon vessels for a supply of them. The prospect of one day making something of the oil and skins of the elephant and seals, from the fish and other matters, consoles me for all other privations. I shall now submit, for your consideration, a proposal which may perhaps be feasible, and which you may, on reflection, adopt, viz. to join me in the business of making oil and skins on these islands. The mode I shall recommend will be simple, and the least expensive that can be undertaken, that is, to buy a small fishing schooner of about 50 tons, such as may often be had in the spring, or late in the fall, in Cape Cod, for 500 S., and if you wish to give your brother Jonson employment for a year or two, send him here in her with ten or twelve men. Two or three of those kind of boats called at Cape Cod half boats; a kind of whale boat which cost about 25 S. there, with provisions enough for twelve months. For the purpose of saving the oil, a cistern, as they have at the Cape of Good Hope, should be made; stones enough are on the spot: lime and a mason or two (many of a roving disposition may be found, in these times, cheap.) with a frame suitable to the size of the cistern, with boards, &c. to cover and make it tight. A pland flooring to support the casks, which should be filled from a small wooden pump let down into the cistern. The building would answer for the men to live in. Some hhds. salt, which at Cape D. cost 50 per hhd., and two or three asses to carry blubber and skins from a distance for the greatest part of the work of the oilers is to carry the blubber to the coppers. Two boilers of iron, holding from 60 to 90 gallons each, with ladle, skimmer, cooler, strainer, knives, steel, grindstone, beaming knives, a clank for beams, &c. By the time a vessel gets here, I shall be able to supply a considerable part of their daily food from my pigs, potatoes, and other vegetables, besides fish, &c. A cistern, 40 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 10 feet deep, would contain from 1000 to 1100 barrels, which may be made in fifteen months, if the boilers are kept properly going. And as the elephant in general makes about a barrel of oil, though some of the males will produce 100 gallons, of course there would be as many skins as barrels of oil, besides, at least, 1000 pup skins, which are very fine and pretty, and would, no doubt, average a dollar each. The oil in the cistern would require barrels to carry it to market, but if it remained for some time it would be always safe, and growing better for standing to settle; and, as the cistern would last many years, the expense once defrayed, either by oil, skins, &c., it may be always kept full at very little expense, and ready to ship whenever a market was to be found for it. If the proposal should be relished, I should like to be jointly concerned in it; but, as I have no money to advance, I could only, at first, lend my assistance towards completing the business, while it would be your part to furnish the means to get it once *under way*.

'I do not in the above estimates include the seal-skins, but there are many about these islands; and perhaps 1000 or 1200 might be taken in fifteen or eighteen months, without neglecting any other part of the business, or costing a farthing to obtain them. Fish would be an article worth attending to, as they are, when salted and dried, very fine, and such as I have seen at the Isle of France for S 6 the 110lbs.; that however, and the seal skins, may remain in the back-ground, making use of them when occasion may require to fill a small vessel with an assorted cargo of oil, skins, fish, &c for the Rio market, if it be thought proper. Oil was worth 50 cts. when you were there, and that is more than it is worth in America, and a much nearer market. Empty pipes are plenty at Rio, and cheap, and, put in proper order, might be stowed in the hold, and filled from the cistern by means of btts. or half-btts., and carried on board with great ease and safety, and the casks always fresh furnished, if the

oil sold at Rio. Even if the oil sold at Rio for 30 cts. per gallon, it would be worth pursuing; for the cistern only once filled, could, with very little aid from men and a few asses, be always kept full, and the small craft may make what speed she pleases to take it away, besides the means of being so readily furnished with casks, and the vicinity of the market to the cistern. Elephant skins, I have seen in an English paper, sell well in London; why then may not Rio furnish a market for them also, when well salted and dried, seeing so many English merchants and agents are constantly buying up every thing which will answer as remittances, &c.? and surely, being a Roman Catholic country, the fish would sell as well as in most places. Upon the whole, I feel satisfied, that a voyage (if a voyage it may be called, the interest of which would not cease with the end of that voyage) of the kind would in the present times answer very well,—and your brother Jonson would find it abundant opportunity and encouragement for his well-known talents and abilities. At any rate, the oil fit would not be great, say S. 2000, and the benefit would be lasting to you. The men may be had upon shares; and when the cistern becomes full, new arrangements can be made with the crew; if necessary, bear in your mind that one ass is equal to two men in carrying blubber, consequently four or six asses, with three men, would equal a crew of ten or fifteen men, eight or ten of whom would require very different provision from asses, the latter finding food at every step. Two men at the boiler, and one to load the asses and drive them, would be the work of many men, and save great expenses in provisions and shares of the oil as wages.

'I leave it now to your consideration now far it will suit you to enter into a concern of the kind. At any rate, the business should begin small, in order to see first what may be done (there is no doubt in my mind but it will succeed, and become very lucrative): what I have related above respecting the elephant, seal-fish, &c. may be relied upon; and I could, with two or three more men, procure in a season a ton of feathers equal to any in the market. Should any vessel be bound to the Cape, or round it, do drop me a line to inform me of the receipt of this if it comes to hand. Respects to your brother Jonson; and believe me, with great respect, your obedient servant, J. LAMBERT.

The original of this letter is in my possession;—it was brought by Captain Belville from Tristan d'Acunha after the death of Mr. Lambert.
ALEX. WALTON.

Plants on the island of Tristan.

1. Dock.
2. Celery.
3. Parsnip.
4. Fern.
5. Sweet Herb.
6. Geranium.
7. Wormwood.
8. Grass, called Tussue.
9. Do. small.
10. Do. round Species in Tufts.
11. Ice Plant.
12. Creeping Moss.
13. Berry Bush.
14. A Trailer like Sweet Briar.
15. Ditto.
16. Samphire.
17. Dandelion.
18. A plant growing like Fern.
19. Tree.

DISTRESSES OF A MODEST MAN.

'I LABOUR under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I will give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

'My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to

give me that advantage which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here, having but small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You must know, that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life; particularly when I reflected, that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct; I therefore had resolved on living at the university and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

'This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by those whose education has been better than their parents, that my poor father's ignorance and vulgar language had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of that, which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which he used to brag would make a nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now, sir, behold me at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me as the wealthy learned clown.

'I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in (what is called) a fashionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families, (especially by those who have marriageable daughters): from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations, and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full intent to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

'However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one, whose open easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining to that I purchased; he has two sons, and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly-Hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a

professor, who teaches 'grown gentlemen to dance;' and though I at first found wonderous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner; not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerablei ntrepidity: but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw: at my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly. But unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease, after so painful an accident.

'The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be: Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, (as I suppose) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me, there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet; and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell which at first so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

'In walking through the hall, and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident, rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of sudden fomentation, and

for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

'I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-seller; rather let me hasten to the second course, 'where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.'

'I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me: in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony, my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness: but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth already flayed and blistered: totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters: for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration, which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

'Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like 'a goblin damn'd.' The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel whenever this adventure shall be mentioned: perhaps by your assistance, when my neighbours know how much I feel on the occasion, they will spare a bashful man, and (as I am just informed my poultice is ready) I trust you will excuse the haste in which I subscribe myself, yours, &c.'

THE EGYPTIAN THIEF.

Rhampsinitus was the richest prince that ever sat on the Egyptian throne. In order to secure his treasures, to have them at the same time near him, and produce their effect upon the public mind even when invisible, he had a great stone tower built, which was connected with the palace by a wall. In this tower, which seemed as blind as it was strong, (for the light was admitted only on the side looking into one of the palace gardens) —in this tower were the cups and the goblets, and the golden bars, and the costly stuffs, and the colours, and the spices, and the precious stones, and the pillars of emerald, and the curious

carved images, and thousands upon thousands of talents of gold. The people looked up to the great tower, and thought of its many rooms, and considered the shining treasure which illuminated the other side of those stone walls like the light of a divine presence; and they walked about awe-stricken as the stranger at the sight of the pyramids, and said humbly to themselves, 'Great is the glory of Rhampsinitus.'

But a wonder was to fall upon Rhampsinitus himself; and he became perplexed beyond the poorest of his subjects. He found his golden money diminishing, and it was impossible to conjecture how it could be. The architect who built the tower had contrived it with such skill that not an entrance could be thought of or forced, besides the one by which the king entered; and it was clear that nobody entered there. The key was solitary of its kind; the door always sealed with the royal signet; and the passage lay through the royal chamber. Yet day after day more money disappeared. The diminution even took place in the the very strongest room of the whole building.

The king's mind was greatly astonished; nor could the priests and soothsayers relieve him. They feared that the circumstance was ominous to Egypt; and that the overflow of the Nile, the season for which was now approaching, would not take place. But the river performed its mighty part as usual, and every Egyptian heart was gladdened but the king's. Application was made to the god Apis to know if it was the deity himself that diminished the pride of Rhampsinitus; but upon some of the gold and jewels being offered to the sacred beast, he blew the breath out of his nostrils at them indifferently, and turning to his ivory manger, took a pull of the sacred hay.

It was the opinion of the priests that the offering to the god had not been large enough; gods, they said, having great ideas, and size being necessary to move them to any acknowledgment of a sensation. Rhampsinitus, however, contented himself with setting traps round the plundered vessels; and it was the talk all night in the palaces both of the king and of Apis, whether the plunderer would turn out to be a common mortal. It is remarkable that more priests than civil officers thought he would; and they told the king's people so, when their opinion was asked; but added, that it would only show itself so much the more remarkably to be a judgment of heaven.

This opinion was greatly corroborated by the singularity of the event; for, in truth, a common mortal was found caught in one of the traps, but when they came to look who he was, he had no head. 'It is very extraordinary,' said Rhampsinitus. 'It would be so,' said the priests, 'were it not supernatural.' A search was made all over the room and tower, and the king began to incline to their opinion. Not a crevice or flaw was to be found.

The king ordered the body to be hung up in the most public part of Memphis, and gave directions to the guards who watched it to seize any one who should exhibit symptoms of distress at the spectacle. The next morning a report was made to him that the body was gone. None of the guards knew whither. All that could be gathered was, that towards nightfall a man came driving some asses by the spot, laden with skins of wine; that the pegs, by some means or other, became loosened from the skins, and set the wine floating over the ground; that the man, seeing this, tore his hair and made vehement outcries for assistance; that assistance however being given him, and among others by the guards, he abused those who helped him, and refused for a long time to be pacified; that having at last got over his confusion of mind, and finding not so much wine lost as he supposed, he made a present of a flask to the guards; and lastly, that after they had all made merry, and he had driven his asses away, they were astonished to find the

dead body gone also. The king saw plainly that the last part of the account wanted a good deal of the truth. He saw that some ingenious person had succeeded in making the guards dead drunk; and with all his anger, he could hardly repress a feeling of admiration for the unknown, when, on having the soldiers brought before him, he found they had time and courage to shave all their right cheeks in derision.

'Who can this extraordinary person be?' thought Rhampsinitus. 'It is he that must have been the accomplice of the first thief, and cut off his head to prevent detection. He were a man to do wonderful things against the enemies of a king, if he were his friend. He shall see what a terrible thing it is to mock the king and be his enemy.' The Egyptian monarch, in the rage and plenitude of his will, commanded his daughter to admit the addresses of men indiscriminately,—a thing, however, not so scandalous in those times as in others. There was only this condition annexed,—that every one who enjoyed the company of the princess should tell her the most cunning and the most wicked thing he had ever done in his life. A day had only passed, when she brought him news of the robber. A man had told her that the most wicked thing he had ever done in his life, was the cutting off his own brother's head in order to prevent his being known as a robber of the king's treasury. 'And the most cunning thing,' asked the monarch. 'The most cunning thing, sir,' added the princess, 'was his having made your guards drunk with wine in order to carry off his brother's body, his mother having threatened to come and disclose the whole affair, in case the body remained exposed.'—'And where is this impudent-souled traitor?' exclaimed the king. 'Alas, sir,' answered the princess, 'I know not.' 'Did I not bid you catch his arm,' said the king, 'the instant you discovered him?' 'I did, sir,' replied the lady; 'but what was my astonishment on finding it detach itself from his body, while he glided away in the darkness of the night!' 'How!' cried the prince:—'why this is a sorcerer, or—what sort of man is he?' 'A young man,' said the princess, 'with sparkling eyes, and a world of wit.' 'The artful impostor,' said the king, 'has beguiled you of your heart, and taught you this tale to deceive me.' 'Pray look in this box, sir,' said the daughter, lifting up the lid of the lyre-case. It contained a human arm; and the king, by certain marks, plainly knew it to be one of the arms of the dead body. This audacious man, therefore, whoever he was, must have come prepared with it, and presented it to his fair detainer in the dark instead of his own.

The king, having satisfied himself of the robber's personal qualities from his daughter, and finding that he would as much grace a court as a cabinet, fairly lost his rage in delight. He made public proclamation, that upon the offender's appearing in the royal presence, he would not only pardon but reward him; and, the proclamation had not been made for more than the sinking of an inch of Nile-water, when the prodigious thief appeared. He was, as the princess had described him, a young man with a lively countenance, and he was not slow in showing his wit, for on the king's asking him why he had plundered his property, he said he had not done so; because, by the laws of justice, every man can make use of his own; but the king's property was too large for any one man to make use of; therefore, by the same laws, it was not his own. On being further asked who he was, he said 'he was the son of the man who built the Tower of Treasure; that his father had contrived one of the stones of it in such a way, that they who were in the secret could remove it at will; that the old man on his death-bed communicated the information to his sons, who used always to plunder in company; that it was by his brother's own request he cut his head off, and carried it away

in order to prevent the ruin of them both and their aged mother; and finally, that if the king would be pleased to bestow the intended reward on the old woman, he, for his part, would be happy to serve him in any capacity which the royal wisdom might be pleased to point out.' Rhampsinitus gladly took him at his word. He enriched the old mother; united the young man to his daughter; and increased from that time forward in a power of a less oppressive kind to his subjects than the amassing of wealth.

ACCOUNT OF THE DRUSES.

On the coast of Syria is a nation known only by name, but which merits our serious attention. Its laws, customs, and religion, are peculiar to itself, and form a people very different from any other with whom we are acquainted. However obscure they may be, they, nevertheless, enjoy the inestimable blessing of liberty, which they have taken care to preserve, even though surrounded by tyranny; the glory of which circumstance alone renders them highly interesting, and worthy the attention of philosophy.

The Druses reside upon the mountains known by the names of Lebanon and Antilebanon, separated from each other by a fertile plain of twelve or thirteen leagues in length, and four or five in breadth; divided in its whole extent by the river Kasmie, the source of which is near Balbec, and its mouth about three miles to the north of Sour (the ancient Tyre). Their maritime coast stretches for fifteen leagues from the river Sidon to Gebail; where begins the pachalick of Tripolis. The country which they possess is held in fief, one part from the government of Sidon, and the other from that of Damascus; which renders them tributary to these two pachalicks.

Their finest possessions, and those which form the principal force of their dominions, are surrounded by the Lebanon and the Kesraon, which belong to the district of Sidon; this is properly the principality of the Grand Emir, and Dair-Kamar is its capital. The annual tribute which it pays to the pacha of Sidon is 350 purses. Antilebanon, in which is situated the plain of Bekaa, is held in fief from Damascus, and forms another principality, possessed by a Drusian family, allied to the Grand Emir. Hasbeia is its capital. The same blood, the same interests, the same desire to shake off the Ottoman yoke (which they submit to with impatience) unite them on all occasions.

The government of the Druses is feudal; a prince, to whom they give the title of Emir, occupies the first station in quality of lord paramount: he receives from them fealty and homage; but his power is confined within narrow limits; it extends not to making new laws, or over-awing the people.

His finances consist only in the revenues of his personal estates, the produce of the customs, and the farm of the country appropriated to his peculiar profit. These riches are, however, sufficient to maintain a pomp and retinue which dazzle the eyes of a people unacquainted with luxury. Responsible to the Porte for the miri of the mountain, he is charged to exact the payment. This tribute is assessed with equity, and without variation, on all the possessors of lands.

Next to the emir are the great vassals; they consist of seven, among whom we distinguish three principal families, whose forces and riches might dispute for power with the reigning emir. They are the families of Chek Ali Gembilat, Keleib, and D'Abou Selame.

These great vassals, who, in the Arabic language, are called El Sebaa Tavaif, enjoy a noble privilege, which has never been infringed, on any occasion, not even in case of rebellion. The emir cannot pronounce sentence of death against them; the only punishment he can inflict is to send troops to burn the house of the guilty, lay waste his lands, and cut down his mul-

berry-trees; but the constitution permits him not even to attempt his liberty.

When harmony and concord reign in these mountains, the Druses are in a condition to make themselves respected. They have often resisted, with vigour, the united forces of the pachas of Damascus, of Tripoli, and of Sidon, leagued against them by command of the Porte.

The emirs of the Druses in general make Dair Kamar the place of their residence; a village situated in the interior parts of the mountains, ten or twelve leagues distance from Baruth. There their councils are held, and all the great affairs of the nation decided.

The Druses have no fortress in their country; but their mountains, inaccessible and impenetrable to an enemy, are a sufficient defence. The most celebrated is that of Kesroan. This is the name of that part of Lebonon which extends from Gebrail to the river of Chier, the mouth of which is four leagues from Baruth.

The mountains of Lebanon are every where intersected by valleys, of which the labour and industry of the Druses have formed most delicious gardens. Water melons, cucumbers, melongenes, banias, and all sorts of garden vegetables grow there, under the shade of fruit-trees of every kind, and recompense with profusion the care of the cultivator.

The laborious Druse knows how to derive advantage from the most ungrateful soil. He possesses not an inch of land, proper for cultivation, on which he does not attempt to raise a tree or produce some plant more useful. The stony soil is destined for the cultivation of rye or tobacco; and the plains for that of wheat, necessary for the support of their inhabitants. Although the Bekaa produces most abundant crops, they are nevertheless obliged to import a large quantity to supply the ordinary consumption.

But the principal riches of these mountains are its mulberry-trees, which are every where cultivated with the greatest success. At the latter end of autumn they lop off all their branches, which, in the spring following, shoot out with a profusion of tender succulent leaves, on which the silk-worm feeds with rapacity. In the interior parts of these mountains this valuable insect is nurtured within doors; but in the territory of Baruth in the open air, under sheds, covered with briars and brambles; the only care necessary is cleanliness. This occupation belongs to the women. As they do not hatch before the end of the rainy season, and when thunder is no more heard, their general increase is prodigious. Those brought up under the shelter of a good house produce yellow silk; those under the sheds, white. The annual products are all collected by and in the month of August; and in a divan or council, where the emir presides, the price of the silk is fixed, according to its plenty or scarcity and the demand of foreign markets. The price stated regulates the payment of those duties which the cultivator owes to the emir, or to his respective cheik, and which they pay, at their option, either in kind or money. The public market is afterwards opened at Baruth, where the French merchants, established at Sidon, either go or send brokers to execute their commissions.

The produce of silk is amply sufficient to pay the miri to the Grand Signior; to purchase rice and linens from Egypt, which are absolute necessaries; and to procure to the happy inhabitants of these mountains the several articles of pleasure and convenience with which they are supplied by the French.

When the harvest of silk is over, the women employ themselves in spinning cotton and raw silk: the last is sent into Egypt; the former serves to make coarse linens and dimities for common use. This is also a branch of industry which contributes to the enjoyments of the inhabitants of these mountains.

The Druses are a very numerous

people; the tranquillity which they enjoy, joined to the beauty and temperature of their climate, attract, in crowds, the Christians of Syria, who fly from the tyranny of the pachas.—This nation can with ease raise 50,000 men, tolerably capable of undertaking the defence of their mountains and defiles. But this militia, assembled in haste, and without any kind of discipline, never achieved any thing glorious whenever they left their mountains to descend into the plains; where the little order they observe gives too great an advantage to the cavalry of their enemies.

These armies are never any expense to the emir; either the hope of pillage engages them to follow their leaders, or critical circumstances, such as the danger of the state, induce them to take up arms for the defence of their country. They then convoke the general assembly of the state; every cheik, whether Druse or Christian, is obliged to repair to the rendezvous, at the head of the young men of their respective villages. The chiefs only are on horseback. Every one comes armed with a musket, a battle-axe, a sabre, and a pair of pistols; and it is understood that he is to furnish himself with powder, ball, and provisions. They encamp in the defiles through which the enemy may penetrate, and have a great advantage by the agility with which they limb the mountains, and their knowledge of the paths and remote passes. Their provisions are but little incumbrance; they consist of bread and cheese only, which every soldier carries in a small leathern bag hung to his side. These numerous armies keep the field only a few days; as they are never called together till the near approach of the enemy.

The manner of assembling them is sufficiently singular to merit being related. The emir sends heralds to all the villages, in which they cry—'Honour calls you!' He who hastens not at the sound of his voice is a man without honour. At this proclamation all the women of the village assemble in the market-place; and, to encourage the young men to fly to the defence of their country, they demand arms for the same purpose.

The right of asylum is sacred amongst the Druses. A man pursued by the vengeance of government, if he can reach the mountains, is sure of his life; neither promises nor threats can force a culprit from the hands of an emir, or chiek, who has promised him his protection.

Hospitality is greatly honoured by this people, though they treat their guests with great parsimony. Temperance is one of their virtues. It is customary with every family to lay in such a stock of provisions as is necessary for the current year; and, when an unexpected guest arrives to share with them, after his departure they take care to diminish their daily consumption, till by economy they have recovered what they had expended.

Their provisions consist in general of burgoo, wheat boiled, and afterwards dried in the sun, with which they make soup; a fat sheep, which they cut in very small pieces and preserve in butter, after having roasted it quite brown and crisp. They make much use of pillaw (rice baked with butter or fat), but above all of eggs, which they dress whole, between two plates, or dishes, and which they call maklabaid. The utensil they make use of is very singular: it is a dish made of cows-dung kneaded with earth. The more it has been used the more it is held in estimation. Amongst the furniture, which composes the marriage fortune of the girls, a dish of this kind is never wanting.

To these essential provisions they add rice, greens, honey, and dried fruits. They seldom eat fresh meat, as their country does not abound in pasturage for the nourishment of their flocks.

In those villages where fire-wood is scarce, it is customary to supply the want of it by the dung of their domestic animals, and the truddles of their goats, which they knead up with their straw.

Every house makes its own bread; the oven is a great earthen vessel, in which they light a fire. When it is hot, they apply to its inner edge, with a little leathern bag, a very thin cake of dough, which is baked in an instant; but this bread is good only when fresh.

The marriage of the Druses, like that of the Turks, is merely civil; they contract in the same manner and under the same conditions. The cadi, or judge of the place, draws up a deed, in which is specified, first, the dower which the husband gives his wife, then the sum he is to receive in case of her death or repudiation.

The Druses carry their precautions and jealousies to greater lengths than the other people of the East. Their wives live very retired: even their nearest relations are excluded from their society. They cannot legally be seen but by their fathers, brothers, and children:—even a brother is not permitted frequently to visit his brother's wife. And should it be proved that a girl had been deficient in her duty, she would find no mercy: she must be sacrificed to the honour of her family.

The Druses apparently profess, but in their hearts detest, Mahometanism. Interest obliges them to keep well with the Turkish government and the established religion; this forces them to have recourse to dissimulation, which may prove advantageous to them, and which their principles do not consider as illegal.

To judge of them by their conduct with respect to the Christians, we might be induced to believe they were not averse to Christianity; but in their hearts they abhor its dogmas and doctrines. The apparent respect they show them proceeds from their indifference for all religions, which they equally reprobate; without endeavouring to accelerate the time fixed by destiny for their total destruction.

The Christians enjoy amongst them the most perfect tranquillity; and there are more Christians at present, in their principality, than Druses. They are both governed by the same laws, and enjoy the same privileges.

The emirs have more confidence in the Christians than in the Druses themselves; it is from among them they choose their stewards, their guards, and their domestic servants. To them they entrust the education of their children. For these reasons, the greatest part of the emirs, in secret, profess Christianity. The reigning emir Jussef is said to be a Christian. The Druses have more than once shown their discontent at the ascendance which the Christians have obtained in their mountains; but, being no longer the strongest, they are obliged to suppress their resentment.

THE FAIR REVENGE.

Agasippus, king of Argos, dying without heirs male, bequeathed his throne to his only daughter, the beautiful and beloved Daphles. This female succession was displeasing to a nobleman who held large possessions on the frontiers; and he came for the first time towards the court, not to pay his respects to the new queen, but to give her battle. Doracles (for that was his name) was not much known by the people. He had distinguished himself for as jealous an independence as a subject could well assume; and though he had been of use in repelling invasion during the latter years of the king, had never made his appearance to receive his master's thanks personally. A correspondence, however, was understood to have gone on between him and several noblemen about the court; and there were those who, in spite of his inattention to popularity, suspected that it would go hard with the young queen, when the two armies came face to face.

But neither these subtle statesmen, nor the ambitious young soldier Doracles, were aware of the effects to be produced by a strong personal attachment. The young queen, amiable as she was beautiful, had involuntarily baffled his expectations from her

courtiers, by exciting in the minds of some a real disinterested regard, while others nourished a hope of sharing her throne instead. At least, they speculated upon becoming each the favourite minister; and held it a better thing to reign under that title and a charming mistress, than be the servants of a master, wilful and domineering. By the people she was adored; and when she came riding out of her palace, on the morning of the fight, with an unaccustomed spear standing up in its rest by her side, her diademed hair flowing a little off into the wind, her face paler than usual, but still tinted with its roses, and a look in which confidence in the love of her subjects, and tenderness for the wounds they were going to encounter, seemed to contend for the expression,—the shout which they sent up would have told a stouter heart than a traitor's, that the royal charmer was secure.

The queen, during the conflict, remained in a tent upon an eminence, to which the younger leaders vied who should best spur up their smoking horses to bring her good news from time to time. The battle was short and bloody. Doracles soon found that he had miscalculated his point; and all his skill and resolution could not set the error to rights. It was allowed, that if either courage or military talent could entitle him to the throne, he would have had a right to it; but the popularity of Daphles applied her cause with all the ardour, which a lax state of subjection on the part of the more powerful nobles might have denied it. When her troops charged, or made any other voluntary movement, they put all their hearts into their blows; and when they were compelled to await the enemy, they stood as inflexible as walls of iron. It was like hammering upon metal statuary; or staking their fated horses upon spears rivetted in stone. Doracles was taken prisoner. The queen, re-issuing from her tent, crowned with laurel, came riding down the eminence, and remained at the foot with her generals, while the prisoners were taken by. Her pale face kept as royal a countenance of composed pity as she could manage, while the commoner rebels passed along, aching with their wounded arms fastened behind, and shaking back their bloody and blinding locks for want of a hand to part them. But the blood mounted to her cheeks, when the proud and handsome Doracles, whom she now saw for the first time, blushed deeply as he cast a glance at his female conqueror, and then stepped haughtily along, handling his gilded chains as if they were an indifferent ornament. 'I have conquered him,' thought she: 'it is a heavy blow to so proud a head; and as he looks not unamiable, it might be politic as well as courteous and kind in me to turn his submission into a more willing one.' Alas! pity was helping admiration to a kinder set of offices than the generous-hearted queen suspected. The captive went to his prison, a conqueror after all; for Daphles loved him.

The second night, after having exhibited in her manners a strange mixture of joy and seriousness, and signified to her counsellors her intention of setting the prisoner free, she released him with her own hands. Many a step did she hesitate as she went down the stairs; and when she came to the door, she shed a full, but soft, and as it seemed to her a wilful and refreshing flood of tears, humbling herself for her approaching task. When she had entered, she blushed deeply, and then turning as pale, stood for a minute silent and without motion. She then said, 'Thy queen, Doracles, has come to show thee how kindly she can treat a great and gallant subject, who did not know her;' and with these words, and almost before she was aware, the prisoner was released, and preparing to go. He appeared surprised, but not off his guard, nor in any temper to be over-grateful. 'Name, said he, 'O queen, the conditions on which I depart, and they will be faithfully kept.' Daphles

moved her lips, but spoke not. She waved her head and hand with a deadly smile, as if freeing him from all conditions; and he was turning to go, when she fell senseless on the floor. The haughty warrior raised her with more impatience than good will. He could guess at love in a woman, but he had but a mean opinion of both it and her sex; and the deadly struggle in the heart of Daphles did not help him to distinguish the romantic passion, which had induced her to put all her past and virgin notions of love into his person, from the commonest liking that might flatter his soldierly vanity.

The queen, on awaking from her swoon, found herself compelled, in very justice to the intensity of a true passion, to explain how pity had brought it upon her. 'I might ask it,' said she, 'Doracles, in return;' and here she resumed something of her queen-like dignity; 'but I feel that my modesty will be sufficiently saved by the name of your wife: and a substantial throne, with a return that shall nothing perplex or interfere with thee, I do now accordingly offer thee, not as the condition of thy freedom, but as a diversion of men's eyes and thoughts from what they will think ill in me, if they find me rejected.' And in getting out that hard word, her voice faltered a little, and her eyes filled with tears.

Doracles, with the best grace his lately defeated spirit could assume, spoke in willing terms of accepting her offer. They left the prison; and his full pardon having been proclaimed, the courtiers, with feasts and entertainments, vied who should seem best to approve their mistress's choice; for so they were quick to understand it. The late captive, who was really as graceful and accomplished as a proud spirit would let him be, received and returned all their attention in princely sort; and Daphles was beginning to hope that he might turn a glad eye upon her some day, when news was brought her that he had gone from court, nobody knew whither. The next intelligence was too certain. He had passed the frontiers, and was leaguing with her enemies for another struggle.

From that day, gladness, though not kindness, went out of the face of Daphles. She wrote him a letter, without a word of reproach in it, enough to bring back the remotest heart that had the least spark of sympathy; but he only answered it in a spirit, which showed that he regarded the deepest love but as a wanton trifle. That letter touched her kind wits. She had a paper drawn up, leaving him her throne in case she should die; but some of her ministers, availing themselves of her enfeebled spirit, had summoned a meeting of the nobles, at which she was to preside in the dress she wore on the day of victory; the sight of which, it was thought, with the arguments which they meant to use, would prevail upon the assembly to urge her to a revocation of the bequest. Her women dressed her; while she was almost unconscious of what they were doing, for she had now began to fade quickly, body as well as mind. They put on her the white garments edged with silver waves, in remembrance of the stream of Inachus, the founder of the Argive monarchy; the spear was brought out, to be stuck by the side of the throne, instead of the sceptre; and their hands prepared to put the same laurel on her head, which bound its healthy white temples, when she sat on horseback, and saw the prisoner go by. But at sight of its twisted and withered green, she took it in her hand; and looking about her in her chair with an air of momentary recollection, began picking it, and letting the leaves fall upon the floor. She went on thus, leaf after leaf, looking vacantly downwards; and when she had stripped the circle half round, she leaned her cheek against the side of her sick chair; and shutting her eyes quietly, so died.

The envoys from Argos went to the court of Calydon, where Doracles then was; and bringing him the diadem upon a black cushion, informed him at once of the death of the queen, and her

nomination of him to the throne. He showed little more than a ceremonious gravity at the former news; but could ill contain his joy at the latter, and set off instantly to take possession. Among the other nobles who feasted him, was one who, having been the particular companion of the late king, had become like a second father to his unhappy daughter. The new prince observing the melancholy which he scarcely affected to repress, and seeing him look up occasionally at a picture which had a veil over it, asked him what the picture was that seemed to disturb him so, and why it was veiled. 'If it be the portrait of the late king,' said Doracles, 'pray think me worthy of doing honour to it, for he was a noble prince. Unveil it, pray. I insist upon it. What? Am I not worthy to look upon my predecessors, Phorbas?' And at these words he frowned impatiently. Phorbas, with a trembling hand, but not for want of courage, withdrew the black covering; and the portrait of Daphles, in all her youth and beauty, flashed upon the eyes of Doracles. It was not a melancholy face. It was drawn before misfortune had touched it, and sparkled with a blooming beauty, in which animal spirits and good-nature contended for predominance. Doracles paused, and seemed struck. 'The possessor of that face,' said he, inquiringly, 'could never have been so sorrowful, as I have heard?'—Pardon me, sir,' answered Phorbas; 'I was as another father to her, and knew all. 'It cannot be,' returned the prince. The old man begged his other guests to withdraw a while, and then told Doracles how many fond and despairing things the queen had said of him, both before her wits began to fail, and after. 'Her wits to fail?' murmured the king: 'I have known what it is to feel almost a mad impatience of the will; but I knew not that these—gentle creatures, women, could so feel for such a trifle.' Phorbas brought out the laurel crown, and told him how it was that the half of it became bare. The impatient blood of Doracles mounted, but not in anger, to his face; and breaking up the party, he requested that the picture might be removed to his own chamber, promising to return it.

A whole year, however, did he keep it; and as he had no foreign enemies to occupy his time, nor was disposed to enter into the common sports of peace, it was understood that he spent the greatest part of his time, when he was not in council, in the room where the picture hung. In truth, the image of the once smiling Daphles haunted him wherever he went; and to ease himself of the yearning of wishing her alive again and seeing her face, he was in the habit of being with it as much as possible. His self-will turned upon him, even in that gentle shape. Millions of times did he wish back the loving author of his fortunes, whom he had treated with so clownish an ingratitude; and millions of times did the sense of the impotence of his wish run up in red hurry to his cheeks, and help to pull them into a gaunt melancholy. But this is not a repaying sorrow to dwell upon. He was one day, after being in vain expected at council, found lying madly on the floor of the room, dead. He had torn the portrait from the wall. His dagger was in his heart; and his cheek lay upon that blooming and smiling face, which, had it been living, would never have looked so at being revenged.

DEBSCHELIM, KING OF THE INDIES.

Debschelim, king of the Indies, possessed a library so large, that it required a hundred Bramins to revise and keep it in order, and a thousand dromedaries to carry the books. As he had no intention to read all it contained, he commanded his Bramins to make extracts from it, for his use, of whatever they judged most valuable in every branch of literarture. These doctors immediately undertook to form such an abridgment, and, after twenty years labour, composed from their se-

veral collections a small Encyclopedia, consisting of twelve thousand volumes, which thirty camels could scarcely carry. They had the honour to present this to the king, but were astonished to hear him say he would not read a work which was a load for thirty camels. They then reduced their extracts so that they might be carried by fifteen, afterwards by ten, then by four, and then by two dromedaries. At last no more were left than were sufficient to load a mule of ordinary size. Unfortunately, Dabschelim had grown old while his library was abridging, and did not expect to live long enough to read to the end this master-piece of learning. The sage Pilpay, his vizir, therefore, thus addressed him: 'Though I have but an imperfect knowledge of the library of your sublime majesty, yet can I make a kind of analysis of what it contains; very short, but extremely useful. You may read it in a minute, yet will it afford you sufficient matter for meditation during your whole life.' At the same time the vizir took the leaf of a palm-tree, and wrote on it, with a pencil of gold, the four following maxims:

'I. In the greater part of sciences there is only this single word, *perhaps*: in all history but three phrases; *they were born, they were wretched, they died.*

'II. Take pleasure in nothing which is not commendable, and do every thing you take pleasure in. Think nothing but what is true, and utter not all you think.

'III. O ye kings! subdue your passions, reign over yourselves, and you will consider the government of the world only as recreation.

'IV. O ye kings! O ye nations! listen to a truth you never can hear too often, and of which sophists pretend to doubt. There is no happiness without virtue, and no virtue without the fear of the Gods.'

ARSACES AND ISMENIA.

A Tale from the French of Montesquieu.

At the end of the reign of Artamenes, Bactria was agitated by civil discords. This prince died overwhelmed with troubles, and left his throne to his daughter Ismenia. Aspar, first eunuch of the palace, had the principal direction of state affairs, a man who wished much the welfare of the kingdom, and was but little anxious for power. He knew men, and judged well of events: his disposition was naturally conciliating, and his soul seemed to expand towards all others. Peace, which they had no longer dared to hope for, was re-established. Such was the influence of Aspar, that each returned to his duty almost ignorant that he had ever quitted it. Without effort and without eclat he knew how to effect great ends.

The peace was troubled by the king of Hyrcania. He sent ambassadors to demand Ismenia in marriage; and, on her refusal, entered Bactria. This entry was singular. Sometimes he appeared completely armed, and ready to combat with his enemies; at another you saw him habited as a lover, whom love conducts to the feet of his mistress. He brought with him all that would have been proper for a celebration of nuptials; dancers, musicians, buffoons, cooks, eunuchs, and women; and also a formidable army. To the queen he wrote the most tender letters, while on the other side he ravaged the country: one day was employed in festivities, another in military expeditions. Never had they before seen such an union of war and peace, so much irregularity, and so much discipline. While one village fled from the cruelty of the conqueror, another was the seat of dancing and merriment; and by a strange caprice he sought two things incompatible—to make himself equally the object of their love and terror. He was neither feared nor loved. They opposed an army to his, and a single battle finished

the war. One soldier, who had newly entered into the army of the Bactrians, performed prodigies of valour; he forced his way to the place where the king of Hyrcania was combating valiantly, and took him prisoner. He gave this prince to the care of an officer, and, without telling his name, strove to mingle with the throng; but followed by acclamations, he was brought off in triumph to the tent of the general. He appeared before him with a noble confidence; he spoke modestly of his own action. The general offered him recompenses; he showed himself insensible to them: he wished to load him with honours; to those he appeared accustomed.

Aspar judged that such a man was of no ordinary birth. He made him come to court; and, when he saw him, he was still more confident in this idea His presence inspired him with admiration; even the sadness which appeared on his countenance produced respect; he praised his valour, and said the most flattering things to him.

'My lord,' said the stranger, 'excuse an unfortunate man, the horror of whose situation renders him almost incapable of feeling your kindness, and still less of answering it.' His eyes filled with tears, and the good eunuch was moved. 'Be my friend,' said he to him, 'since you are unhappy. I before admired, I now love you; I wish you to make use of my reason and your own to console you. Come and take an apartment in my palace; those who inhabit it love virtue, and there you will be no stranger.'

The morrow was a festival for all the Bactrians. The queen came from the palace, followed by her whole court: she appeared in her car in the midst of her people. The veil, which covered her face, left her charming figure distinctly visible; her features were hid, but the love of the people pierced the thin covering.

She descended from the car, and entered the temple. The grandees of Bactria were around her: she prostrated herself and adored the gods in silence; then raising her veil, she collected herself, and speaking aloud, said—'Immortal Gods! the queen of Bactria returns you thanks for the victory you have given her. Crown your favours by never permitting her to abuse them. Grant that she may have neither passions, weaknesses, nor caprices; that her only fear may be to do evil, her only hope to do good; and since she cannot herself be happy——,' she added, with a voice interrupted by sobs, 'grant at least that her people may.' The priests finished the ceremony prescribed for the worship of the gods; the queen quitted the temple, reascended her car, and the people followed even to the palace.

Some moments after, Aspar returned home he sought the stranger, and found him a prey to the deepest melancholy. He seated himself near him, and having dismissed his attendants, said to him, 'I conjure you to open your mind to me. Believe me, a troubled heart can find no consolation equal to that of confiding its woes; it is as if they reposed in a more tranquil place.' 'I must then,' said the stranger, 'relate to you all the events of my life.' 'It is that I would ask of you,' answered Aspar; 'you speak to one who can sympathize with you: hide nothing from me, for every thing is important to friendship.'

It was not solely a sentiment of tenderness and pity which excited this curiosity of Aspar; he wished to attach this extraordinary man to the court of Bactria; he desired to fathom the mind of a man who was already formed for his designs, and whom he destined in his thoughts to great things.

The stranger recollected himself a few minutes, and then began thus:

'Love has made all the happiness and all the misery of my life: at first his pleasures were mingled with his pains; but he has left nothing behind but tears, complaints, and regrets.

'I was born in Media, and I can

boast illustrious ancestors. My father gained great victories at the head of the army of the Medes. I lost him in my infancy, and those, who have brought me up, taught me to consider his virtues as the noblest part of my inheritance.

'At the age of fifteen they gave me an establishment; but they did not fill my palace with incitements to voluptuousness, as is usually the case in the dwellings of noble Medians: they wished to teach me that, if the wants of the senses were bounded, those of the heart were still more so.

'Ardasire was not more distinguished from my other women by her rank than by my love. She had a pride mingled with her tenderness; her sentiments were so noble, so different from those, that an eternal restraint engenders in the minds of the women of Asia: she had, besides, so much beauty, that my eyes could see none but her, and my heart was ignorant of all others. Her countenance was ravishing; her figure, the graces of her manner, the sound of her voice, the charms of her conversation, all enchanted me. I was never tired of seeing and hearing her. There was nothing for me so perfect in nature; my imagination had never pictured to me all that I found in her; and when I thought of what happiness mankind was capable, it was of my own I thought.

'My birth, my fortune, my age, and some personal advantages, determined the king to give me his daughter. It is an inviolable custom with the Medes, that those who receive such an honour dismiss all their women. I saw only in this great alliance the loss of all that was most dear to me upon earth, but I was obliged to hide my tears, and affect gaiety. While the whole court felicitated me on the honours with which I was loaded, Ardasire never asked to see me; and for myself, I dreaded, yet sought her presence. I went to her apartment: 'Ardasire,' I cried, 'I lose you, and am in despair.' —But she kept a profound silence, neither reproaching nor caressing me, neither raising her eyes nor shedding a tear; a mortal paleness was in her face, and I saw indignation and despair blended on the pallid features.

'I would have embraced her; she seemed frozen, and I felt no movement but a slight struggle to escape from my arms.

'It was not the fear of death that made me accept the princess; and if I had not trembled for Ardasire, I should without doubt have exposed myself to the most terrible vengeance. But when I reflected that my refusal would be the signal of her death, my soul was dismayed, and I abandoned myself to my misfortune.

'I was conducted to the king's palace, and was not permitted again to quit it. I saw that place made for the subjection of the many, and the delight of one alone; that place where, notwithstanding the silence, the sighs of love are scarcely heard; that place where melancholy and magnificence reign, where all that is inanimate is smiling, all that has life is gloomy.

'I was presented the same day to the princess; she might overwhelm me with her looks, and I was not permitted to raise mine. Strange effect of greatness! If her eyes might speak, mine dared not answer; two eunuchs had a poniard in their hands ready to punish with death the affront of looking at her.

'What a state for a heart like mine, to be wedded to the slavery of a court, suspended between endless caprices and proud disdains; to feel no more than respect, and to lose for ever that which would sweeten even slavery--the happiness of loving and being loved!

'But what was my situation, when an eunuch from the princess brought me the order to sign, which was to dismiss from the palace all my women! 'Sign,' said he; 'and feel the kindness of this command: I shall recount to the princess your promptness in obeying her!' My eyes were filled with tears; I began to write, but paused. 'Have pity,' said I to the eunuch; 'wait a few

moments, or I die!'—'My lord,' replied he, 'your life and mine are at stake; I ought to be on my return.' My trembling hand (for my mind was absent) traced the characters, more fatal to me than any I could form.

'My women were carried away on the day of my marriage; but Ardasire, who had gained over one of my eunuchs, disguised a slave of her height and air under her veil and habits, and secreted herself. She had told the eunuch that she wished to retire among the priestesses of the gods. Ardasire had too high a mind to submit to a law, which, without any cause, deprived legitimate wives of their rank. The abuse of power could never make her respect that power, and she appealed from that tyranny to nature, and from her helplessness to her despair.

'The ceremony of this marriage was performed in the palace, after which I conducted the princess to my home: there concerts, dances, and festivity, all seemed to express a joy which my heart was far indeed from feeling.

'Night being arrived, the court took leave of us. The eunuchs conducted the princess to her apartment. Alas! it was that in which I had breathed so many vows to Ardasire. I withdrew into my own chamber in the agonies of rage and despair. The midnight hour arrived. I entered unconsciously that corridor, by which love had so frequently conducted me; alone, pensive, sad, I wandered through the door, when on a sudden I started at the light of a torch. Ardasire, a poniard in her hand, stood before me. 'Arsaces,' said she, 'haste, say to your new wife that I perish here: tell her that I have disputed your heart to the last sigh.' She was about to plunge the weapon into her bosom when I seized her hand. 'Ardasire' I exclaimed, 'what horrible spectacle have you designed for me?' I threw open arms: 'Begin, however, by striking him who first yielded to a law so inhuman.' I beheld her turn pale, and the poniard dropped from her hand. I embraced her, and I knew not by what charm my soul seemed to become calm. I clasped the dear object of my affections, and gave myself wholly to the pleasures of love. All, even the idea of my wretchedness, vanished from my mind; I deemed myself in possession of Ardasire, and it seemed an impossibility that again I should ever lose her. Singular effect of love! my heart had but warmed, and my mind became tranquil.

'The words of Ardasire recalled me to myself. 'Arsaces,' said she, 'let us fly; let us quit these unfortunate abodes. What should we fear? We know how to love and how to die!' 'Ardasire,' I replied, 'I swear that you shall be always mine; I will never separate myself from you. I call the gods to witness that you alone shall form the happiness of my life;—you propose to me a generous design; love has inspired me with it: he will still inspire me by you; you shall soon see if I adore you.'

I quitted her, and, full of impatience and love, went every where to give my orders. The door of the princess's apartment was fastened. I took all the gold and jewels that I could carry. I made my slaves take different roads, and set out alone with Ardasire, in all the horrors of night, hoping all, fearing all, losing sometimes my natural audacity, agitated by contrary passions, sometimes even by remorse, not knowing if I followed my duty, or love, who teaches us to forget it.

'I will not tire you with relating the numberless dangers we encountered. Ardasire encouraged me, spite of the weakness of her sex; she was dying, yet she still followed me: I fled from the presence of men, for all men were become my enemies: I sought only deserts. I arrived in those mountains which abound in lions and tigers. The presence of these animals reassured me. 'It is not here,' I said to Ardasire, 'that the eunuchs of the princess and the guards of the king of Media will come to seek us;' but at last those ferocious beasts became so numerous, that I began to

fear: I killed with my arrows those who approached too near, for instead of encumbering myself with the necessaries of life, I was furnished with arms which could every where procure us food. Surrounded on all sides, I struck fire with some flints, and set light to the dry wood, near which I passed the night, making a noise with my arms. Sometimes setting fire to the trees of the forest, I chased before me those intimidated beasts, and I entered into a more open country. Here I admired the sublime repose of nature: it represented to me that time when the gods were born, and when beauty appeared the first amongst those gods; love warmed her, and all was animated.

'We quitted at last the boundaries of Media. It was in the cabin of a shepherd that I thought myself master of the whole world, and that I could say I was now entirely Ardasire's, and that Ardasire was mine.

'We arrived in Margiana; we were there joined by our slaves. There we lived in a delightful solitude, far from the noise and troubles of the world, mutually charmed with each other: our present happiness was doubly sweet by our past misfortunes.

'Ardasire related to me what had been her sentiments during the time that they had torn us from each other, her jealousy while she thought I no longer loved her; her grief when she saw that I still did love her; her fury against a law so barbarous; and her anger against me for submitting to it. She had at first formed the design of immolating the princess; she rejected the thought, she had found pleasure in the idea of dying before my eyes; she did not doubt but that I should be moved. When I was in her arms; when she proposed to me to quit my country; she was already sure of me.

'Ardasire had never been so happy; she was delighted. We did not live in all the pomp of Media, but our manners were more sweet and simple. She saw in all we had lost, the great sacrifices that I had made to her; she alone was with me. In the seraglios, in those delightful abodes, they always find the idea of a rival; the more we love the more easily are we alarmed.

'But Ardasire had not any distrust; heart was assured of heart. It seemed that love like ours gave a smiling air to every thing around us, and that when one object pleases us it is ordained that all nature should please; it seems that such a love should be that amiable infancy before whom every thing sports, and who is ever smiling.

'I feel a species of pleasure in speaking to you of that happy time of our life. Sometimes I lost Ardasire in the woods, and I found her again by the accents of her melodious voice. She adorned herself with the flowers that I had gathered; and I decked myself with those of her gathering. The song of the birds, the murmur of the fountains, the dances and the concerts of our young slaves, a sweetness every where diffused, were the continual witnesses of our happiness.

'At one time Ardasire was a shepherdess, who, without gorgeous apparel and without ornaments, appeared before me in her native simplicity; again I saw her such as she was when I first adored her in the seraglio of Media.

'Ardasire occupied her women in various works: they spun the wool of Hyrcania, they employed the Tyrian purple; all the household tasted a pure joy. We descended with pleasure to the equality of nature; we were happy, and we wished to live with people who were equally so.

'False happiness renders men harsh and vain-glorious, and that happiness is never communicated to others. The true happiness makes them kind and feeling, and that happiness diffuses itself towards all.

'You will perhaps be surprised, that exiled and proscribed from Media, having had but a moment to prepare for departure, not being able to take with me more gold and jewels than those I found near at hand—I should have riches sufficient to have a palace in Margiana, a great number of slaves,

and all the luxuries of life. I was surprised myself, and I still am.

'By a fatality that I cannot explain to you, I did not see any resource, yet every where gold and jewels presented themselves to my eyes: it was chance, you will tell me. But chance so reiterated and perpetually the same, could scarcely be called chance. Ardasire believed at first that I wished to surprise her; and that I had brought riches with me that she knew not of. I in my turn suspected the same of her; but we soon saw that we were both in an error. I frequently found in my chamber purses containing several hundred dariques: Ardasire found here caskets full of jewels. One day that I was walking in my garden, a little coffer full of gold struck my sight, and I perceived another in the hollow of an oak beneath which I generally reposed myself. I pass over the rest; I was sure that there was not one man in Media who had any knowledge of the place to which I had retired; and besides I knew that I had no aid to hope for from that side. I perplexed myself in divining from whence those succours came: all the conjectures that I made destroyed each other.'

'They tell us,' said Aspar, interrupting Arsaces,' wonderful stories of certain powerful genii, who attach themselves to men, and enrich them; none that I have heard ever made any impression upon my mind before, but what I now hear astonishes me: you tell me what you have yourself experienced, not what you have heard.'

'Whether those succours were human or supernatural,' replied Arsaces, 'certain it is they never failed me; but I will resume my narration.

'The passion of Ardasire, and mine for her, took the impressions of our different education and different characters. Ardasire existed but to love; her passion was her life, her whole soul was love. It was not in her power to love me less; it was impossible that she could love me more. For myself, I appeared to adore with more vehemence, because my passion was irregular. Ardasire alone was capable of occupying me, but other things often appeared to distract my attention from her. I chased the stags in the forests, and destroyed the ferocious animals.

'Soon I began to imagine that I led too obscure a life: I am now, I said, in the states of the king of Margiana; why should I not go to court? My father's renown offered itself to my remembrance. It is a heavy burthen that a great name has to sustain; it seems that the engagements that others make for us should be stronger than those we ourselves make. When I was in Media, it was necessary that I should lower myself, and that I should more carefully hide my virtues than my vices: if I were not the slave of the court, I should be of its jealousy. But now that I am master of myself, that I am independent, because I am without country, free as the lion in the midst of forests, I shall begin to have a common soul, if I remain any longer a common man.

'I accustomed myself by degrees to those ideas. It is inherent in our nature, that in proportion as we are happy we wish to be more so: the soul is impatient even in felicity. It is that as our mind is a succession of ideas, our heart is a succession of desires: when we feel that our happiness cannot be augmented, we wish to give it a new form. Sometimes my ambition was inflamed even by my love: I hoped to become more worthy of Ardasire; and in spite of her tears and entreaties, I quitted her.

'I need not speak of the violence I did myself. I was a hundred times on the point of returning: I wished to throw myself at the feet of Ardasire; but the shame of appearing inconsistent, the certainty that I should not again have strength to quit her, the habit I had of tasking my heart with difficulties—all made me persist in my intention.

'I was received by the king with every kind of distinction. Scarcely had I time to perceive that I was a stranger. I was included in every party of plea-

sure; they preferred me to all those of my age, and there was no point of rank or dignity in Margiana that I could not have attained.

'I had soon an opportunity of justifying this partiality. The court of Margiana had enjoyed for many ages profound peace: news now arrived that a great number of barbarians had made a descent on the frontiers; that they had cut to pieces those that had opposed them, and were marching rapidly towards the capital. If the town had been already taken by storm, the court could not have fallen into a more terrible consternation. A council was assembled in haste, and as I was always near the king, I was admitted to this council. The king was lost in amazement, and his counsellors had still less command of their senses. It was obvious that it was impossible to save them without I could recall their courage. The first minister began to speak: he proposed to save the king, and then to send the keys of the town to the enemy's chief. He was proceeding to give his reasons, and the whole council seemed inclined to yield to them. I rose while he was speaking, and addressed him thus:—'If you breathe another word, I will kill you. It shall never be suffered that a magnanimous king, and all the brave men that are here assembled, should lose time so precious in listening to your pernicious counsels:' and turning towards the king, 'Sire,' I said, 'a great state does not fall with a single blow. You have infinite resources; when you have lost them all, you can deliberate with this man whether you ought to die, or follow his cowardly advice. Friends, I swear with you, that we will defend the king even to our last sigh. Follow me then; let us arm the people, and endeavour to inspire them with our courage.'

'They put the town in a state of defence: I myself took possession of one of the out-works, with a choice troop of men, composed of Margians, and some of my own people. We put to the rout several of the enemy's parties: one body of cavalry we effectually prevented from ever returning to them alive. They had no engines with which they could besiege the town; our army increased every hour: they were forced to retire, and Margiana was delivered.

'In the noise and tumult of this court, I tasted none but false joys.—Ardasire was every where wanting, and my heart always turned towards her. I had known my happiness, and I had fled from it; I had quitted real pleasures, to seek for fancied ones.

'Ardasire, since my departure, had not a single feeling that was not at first opposed by another. She wished to be silent; she wished to complain; she took the pen to write to me; disdain made her reject the idea: she could not prevail on herself to show me any sensibility, still less indifference; but at length the grief of her heart fixed her resolution, and she wrote to me this letter:—

''If you preserved in your breast the least sentiment of pity, you would never have quitted me; you would have returned a love so tender, and respected our misfortunes; you would never have sacrificed me to such vain ideas: cruel! you should have believed that in losing a heart which beat but for you, you sustained an irreparable loss. How could you know if, seeing you no more, I should have the courage to sustain life? And if I die, barbarian, can you doubt that it is by you? O heaven! by you, Arsaces! My love, so industrious in afflicting itself, had never made me fear this species of torment. I believed that I should never have to weep but for your misfortunes, and that I should be all my life insensible to my own.'

'I could not read this letter without shedding tears: my heart was pierced with grief, and to a sentiment of pity was joined the cruel remorse of having caused the unhappiness of her who was dearer to me than life.

'It occurred to me to prevail on Ardasire to come to court, but I did not retain this idea a moment.

'The court of Margiana is almost the only one in Asia where the women are not prohibited from mixing in society with the men. The king was young, and I thought that he also might love: Ardasire would perhaps please him; and this idea was to me more terrible than a thousand deaths.

'I had no other course to take than to return to her. You will be astonished when you know what prevented me.

'I every day expected the most brilliant tokens of the king's gratitude. I imagined that by appearing before Ardasire with greater éclat, I should more easily justify myself to her. I thought that she would love me more, and tasted in advance the pleasure I should feel in laying my newly acquired fortune at her feet.

'I informed her of the reason which made me defer my departure, and it was that itself which flung her into despair.

'My favour with the king was so rapid, that they attributed it to the liking that the princess, sister of the king, appeared to have for me. It is one of those things that when once heard is always believed. A slave that Ardasire had placed near me wrote to her that which he had heard said: the idea of a rival was mortifying to her. It was still worse, when she learned the actions I had achieved, for she did not doubt but that so much glory could not augment my love. 'I am not a princess,' she exclaimed in indignation; 'but I feel well that there is not any one on earth who merits that I should yield to her a heart which ought to be wholly mine.'

'After a thousand thoughts, she took this resolution. She got rid of the greater part of her slaves, and choosing others, sent them to prepare a palace in the country of the Sogdians. She disguised herself, took with her the eunuchs who were not known to me, and came secretly to the court. She had an interview with the slave whom she had trusted, and concerted measures with him for carrying me away on the morrow. I was accustomed to go and bathe every day in the river: the slave led me to that part of the shore where Ardasire waited for me. I was scarcely undressed, when they seized me; they threw over me a woman's robe, and having made me enter a close litter, they marched day and night. We had soon quitted Margiana, and we arrived at length in the country of the Sogdians. They confined me in a superb palace, and informed me that the princess, who, the king said, had an esteem for me, had caused me to be carried off, and conducted secretly to an estate in her province.

'Ardasire did not wish to be known; she sought to amuse herself with my error. All those who were not in the secret took her for the princess; but a man shut up in her palace would have injured her reputation. They suffered me, therefore, to remain in my female habit, and it was believed that I was a woman newly purchased, and intended for her service.

'I was in the seventeenth year of my age; they said that I had all the freshness of youth, and complimented me on my beauty, as if I had been a young girl.

'Ardasire, who knew that a thirst for glory had caused me to quit her, wished to enervate my courage by all the means in her power. I was put into the hands of two eunuchs. They passed the days in dressing me, and whitening my skin; I never quitted the palace: they taught me to work at my own apparel; and above all, they wished to accustom me to that perfect obedience which the women yield in all the great seraglios of the East.

'I was indignant at seeing myself treated thus. There was nothing that I would not have dared to break my chains; but, without arms, surrounded by people who were always watching me, I did not fear the danger, but the failure, of the enterprise. I hoped that in time I should be able to bribe one of the slaves, and escape from that confinement, or die.

'I own even that a curiosity to see

the end of all this diminished my eagerness. In the midst of my shame, grief, and confusion, I was surprised that I did not feel yet more bitterly. My mind formed a thousand projects; but a secret charm, an unknown force, detained me in the palace. C. B.

(*To be continued*)

THE TWO SONS.

[*Abridged from the Story of that Name in Mrs. Opie's Tales of the Heart.*]

IN a village on the borders of Westmoreland lived an exciseman with his wife and two sons. The elder of these was named John, the younger Ronald; and as nature had given the beauties of person to the elder, and the beauties of mind only to the younger, John was of course the favourite. The consequence was that, when grown up, John was the tyrant of his parents, while Ronald was the great favourite of old and young.

They were about the age of manhood when an accident occurred, which showed the disposition of Ronald in its fairest light.

A house in the village, which had long been uninhabited, at length found a tenant; and the new inhabitant wished to have a vault or drain wholly removed. Accordingly four men were hired, who foolishly descended the dark steps all together. But they had not been down five minutes, when they answered not to the signals made to them, and great apprehensions were entertained for their lives. Alarm now spread through the village, and the wives and children of the poor men came clamouring and lamenting around; for who would have courage and benevolence enough to risk his own life to preserve theirs? No one could be expected to do it; and all hope for the unhappy victims was at an end, when Ronald Douglas, who was passing near the spot, came to ask what was the matter. They informed him; and, melted by the tears and agonies of the mourners, he determined to save them if possible.

He desired them to procure directly a rope, a jug of vinegar, and a light in a lantern, and finding him resolved, they gave him what he required. Armed with these, he courageously descended to the bottom of the gloomy abyss, but was so suffocated by the vapours from it, that he scarcely had power to throw a little vinegar about, when he fell nearly fainting to the ground. But gathering new strength from the danger of delay, he applied the vinegar to his nostrils, and threw a great part of it into the darkness before him. As he expected, the pestiferous damp dispersed, and he was able to distinguish the four men lying at the foot of the steps. He instantly reascended for a grappling-hook; and returning, he tied the rope to the man nearest him, and called to those above to drag the rope up. They did so; and, encouraged by his success, Ronald descended three successive times for the others, but the fourth was deeply sunk in the water. However, he persevered, and he succeeded in restoring him to light, but not to life. All animation was extinct; and Ronald felt his joy incomplete, because he had not been able to preserve them all. Disengaging himself from their oppressive thanks and praises, he escaped along a by-path to his father's garden, and entering it unseen, threw himself under a favourite tree, and burst into tears—the result of contending feelings.

He had saved the lives of three of his fellow-creatures, and was rich in the consciousness of not having lived in vain; but bitter was the drawback to his joy,—for instead of his parents participating in his triumph, he knew that they would receive the story with indifference, if not with blame.

When the poor men were able to speak and inquire how they had been preserved, those around hastened to relate Ronald's heroic conduct.

'Where is he? Where is the noble youth?' burst unanimously from their lips. 'We will go to his house; we will

carry him in triumph round the village;' and shouting and huzzaing, they led the way to Ronald's dwelling.

The procession attracted the attention of two travellers, and they stopped to inquire the reason of what they saw. Those to whom they spoke were as willing to tell as they were to hear.

'How I should like to see this noble boy!' exclaimed the lady and gentleman, with one voice. On hearing this, the good schoolmaster begged they would join the party.

I shall pause in my narrative to give some account of these travellers.

The husband, Mr. Fullarton, left Edinburgh, the city of his birth, to go as a writer to India. He went reluctantly, for he was in love; but as he had no fortune, independent of his father, he was forced to earn the power of marrying the chosen mistress of his affections. To industry like his, fortune could not long remain a stranger, and Grace Douglas was soon summoned to India. Mr. and Mrs. Fullarton had but one drawback to their felicity; they had an only child, who died just as they were about to return to Scotland, whither he was recalled by the death of his father. They were on their way from Scotland to London, previous to re-embarking for India, when they came through the village of L—— time enough to witness a scene truly in unison with their benevolent minds.

But to return. Ronald's father and mother were roused from their afternoon's sleep by the noise which these unexpected visitors made; and the father starting up, ran to the door. 'We want your son,' cried they; 'we want to carry the brave lad in triumph round the village.'

He went immediately to call John, who followed his father eagerly down stairs. 'Not you; it is your brother we want,' said one of them: 'where is he?'

'I think I saw him enter the garden.' Into the garden they all went, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Fullarton, and seized upon Ronald, who would have fled, when he knew for what he was wanted, had not Mr. Fullarton gently assured him that he ought not to deny his friends the gratification of expressing their love for him.

Ronald bowed respectfully, but remained silent. Mr. Fullarton then told the wondering parents the whole story. The prayer and blessings of the rescued men, as they pressed round him, were too much for Ronald; and, invited by the sympathy which Mr. Fullarton's countenance expressed, he threw himself on his shoulder and wept aloud.

'Ronald, what are you about?' said his father: 'the boy quite forgets himself.'

'No,' replied his protector, sternly, as Ronald withdrew from his embrace, 'he only remembers too well, and knows that the heart of a stranger expanded to meet him, while his parents remained unmoved: but from this moment I will be his father.'

Ronald was too much overwhelmed with all he saw and felt to be able to reply, and suffered himself to be carried off on their shoulders; while John Douglas, shut up in his own room, muttered curses as the acclamations, now lessening in the distance, came at intervals upon his ear.

The benevolent Mr. Fullarton, enthusiastic in his admiration of Ronald, and seeing how little his virtues were appreciated by his parents, offered to take him as a writer to India; and, spite of John's violent opposition, his father for once was firm, and it was settled that Ronald should follow them to London in a few days.

On the morning of his departure, he rose early and visited all the scenes of his dearest recollections; called on all his neighbours and friends, except the men whose lives he had saved; the clamorous expressions of their gratitude his delicacy shrunk from.

When he took leave of his parents, perhaps for ever, he experienced the most violent grief; for their present kindness had totally effaced the remembrance of their past harshness.

'Ronald, my dear, ill-treated boy,' said his father as he gave him his blessing, 'all I ask of you is to think as little ill of us as you can.' He answered only by his tears, and hurried to the coach that was to convey him to London.

He was received by the Fullartons with the warmest kindness, and the intervening time was employed in procuring every thing necessary for his passage. The summons to Portsmouth arrived, and in a short time Ronald and his benefactors bade a long farewell to their native land.

Before the ship reached its destination, Mr. and Mrs. Fullarton had the satisfaction of observing that Ronald's modest, yet frank, demeanour had procured him the admiration and good-will of all on board.

Six months after their arrival in India, Mrs. Fullarton gave birth to a daughter. Ronald loved this child to such an excess, that when at the age of eight years it was sent to England, to finish its education, his grief almost exceeded that of the parents.

Ronald by his own unceasing industry, assisted by his patron's experience, soon amassed a considerable fortune, and he was too good a son to remember his parents otherwise than with interest and affection: he therefore sent regular remittances to them, accompanied by the most sincere protestations of his continued love and duty; in answer to which he received the kindest letters from his father and mother, and even from John, who soon became his only correspondent, as his mother, he informed him, had become blind, and his father had sprained his right hand. This was a severe mortification to Ronald; but he continued to send money and presents for them. At length he ceased to receive any answers, and as years rolled on, he became inexpressibly anxious, and determined to revisit England.

Accordingly, after a parting of the most affecting nature with his benefactors, who promised to follow him in a short time, and pass the remainder of their lives in their native land, in the society of himself and their beloved daughter, followed by their prayers, Ronald set sail, and landed safely in England, after an absence of sixteen years.

His first visit was to Grace Douglas, that engaging child, whom he had loved from the hour of her birth. She now resided with a maiden aunt, who was equally prepared to admire her niece's hero. Ronald, forgetting the lapse of years, started when, instead of the blooming child that he remembered, he beheld a tall elegant girl; and with a respectful bow he paid his compliments. But her eyes filled with tears when he addressed her as Miss Fullerton; and she insisted upon his calling her dear Grace, as he was wont to do. The delighted Ronald complied, and gradually losing his embarrassment, the rest of the day, and several ensuing ones, passed in the most unreserved intercourse. But he soon found that his future happiness and integrity alike forbade the continuance of his visits to that fascinating girl; and summoning all his resolution to his aid, he took leave of her with apparent calmness, and set off on horseback for the village of L——. As soon as he caught a glimpse of the well-known spire, glittering in the beams of the setting sun, he checked his pace, and endeavoured to collect himself, and resist the feeling of sadness that was fast stealing over his soul; but it would not be; and, impatient of suspense, he spurred his horse, and stopped not till he reached the door of what had once been his home; for the modest tenement which he had left on that spot was now converted into a handsome brick mansion, and bespoke such wealth as could not yet belong to his parents.

'So, then, they are not there!' cried Ronald, sighing deeply as he reflected that the churchyard was, perhaps, their silent dwelling; and, unknowing what to do, he continued to ride slowly through the village.

But Ronald was not quite well when he began his journey; and as

the agitation of his mind had not tended to make him better, he was now conscious of great exhaustion; and feeling rather faint, he beckoned to a little girl, who had a milk-pail on her arm, and was entering a cottage door. While she drew near, Ronald took off his hat, to wipe the damps of fatigue from his brow *; and as he stooped to speak to the girl, and getting off his horse, requested a draught of her new milk, he was unconscious that he was surveyed with the most scrutinising attention by a middle-aged woman at the cottage door. But the moment he spoke, the woman bounded forward, exclaiming,

'Oh! 'tis Ronald! I am sure it is Ronald!'

'Ronald!' cried the girl; and she ran away to tell every one she saw that Ronald was come. In a few moments he was surrounded by the whole village, eagerly striving who should first shake hands with him. His heart was too full for utterance; but, struggling with his emotions, he at length said, 'Where are my poor father and mother?'

At first, no one answered; but seeing his evident agony, his old master hastened to tell him, that they had left the village; he also informed him, that the money he had sent only induced John to launch out into greater extravagance: still they had not the heart to complain of him; they, therefore, gladly suffered John to write for them; but at length they ceased to receive either letters or money.

Soon after, his father lost his place of exciseman; for it was discovered that John was connected with a gang of smugglers, and that they made the garden a deposit for their goods. It was in vain that the poor old man protested his innocence; his reputation was destroyed, and he gladly consented to accompany his unworthy son to London; but, upon his reproaching him for bringing an infamous woman as a companion for his mother, this unnatural wretch turned the both out of doors, and nothing had since been heard of them. C. B.

(*To be continued.*)

* The Plate refers to the passage

THE BLACK GONDOLA.

The mock trial of the crooked shoemaker by the doge of Venice*, only exhibited the ready talent for stratagem and deliberate spirit of revenge often found in the lowest order of Italians. The sequel displayed those national characteristics in a higher and more fatal degree.

Count Annibal Fiesco, by whom that mock trial had been instigated, was secretly suspicious of the high chamberlain's share in the catastrophe, and severely piqued at the ridicule it had called upon him. He baffled the jest in the most graceful way he could, by being foremost in laughter, at his personal resemblance to the grotesque cobbler, and by representing him at masked balls as his favourite character. On one of these occasions, as he returned from a midnight entertainment in the attire of Crispin's disciple, a man started from an obscure corner of St. Mark's-square, and whispered, 'You have been dangerously late; we have waited for you more than an hour.'

Though the speaker wore a lazzaroon's loose and squalid apparel, the count knew the voice and features of his enemy, the doge's chamberlain. Believing this the beginning of some intrigue, he was not unwilling to seize what might retort the jest; and imitating the cobbler's voice with his usual perfection of mimicry, he replied, 'Give me my business, and let me finish it before day-light.'—'Take this ring, Raffaelle,' returned the chamberlain, 'and make haste to the Villa Salviati—if the man you meet under the gateway says, '*Yes*,' give him the ring, and he will trust you with a letter—if '*No*,' return here to me, and I shall have other employment for you.'

It was safest to make no answer.

* [illegible]



Annibal took the ring, now well convinced that his adversary held intimate correspondence with the knavish shoemaker; and satisfied by the right of retaliation which this certainty seemed to give him, he went courageously to the gateway of the villa, and said to the man who stood under its shadow 'Yes or No?'—'No!' was his answer, without lifting his head; and Fiesco, disappointed by not seeing the face of the intrigue's other agent, returned to St Mark's Place, determining to pursue the adventure, and trusting to his talents as a mimic to prevent his own detection.

Martini, the doge's chamberlain, stood where he had been left, and showed a joyful gesture when he saw his messenger return. Not a word was exchanged, except the monosyllable *No*, and Martini beckoned the supposed cobbler to follow him. They went through various obscure by-ways to the back door of a house, from whence Martini brought a large package, which he gave to his companion; and taking another himself, made him a second sign to follow. Count Fiesco began to dislike his enterprise, and to fear it was not connected with ordinary gallantry, or that it was another stratagem to render him ridiculous. But when his conductor stopped at the garden door of a palace occupied by the French ambassador, his ideas changed. He knew how jealously the Venetian republic viewed any intercourse between its subjects and the agents of a foreign power, and he therefore knew that an officer of state in Venice would not hazard a private visit to an ambassador without some motive more powerful than a jest. His adversary was a young and gallant man; and the probability so strongly favoured his first suspicion of an intrigue, that Fiesco once more determined to understand the matter, and convert it, if he could, into a means of retrieving his own lost credit. The door was opened, not, as he expected, by a muffled duenna, but by the ambassador himself, wrapped in a plain coat, with a lantern in his hand. He looked at his visitors as if he expected a third; and shutting them within his garden-door, asked if all was concluded. 'Your excellency's word is sufficient,' said the chamberlain; 'and here is a farther pledge of my employer's good faith.' He took from Fiesco's shoulders the package they bore, and laid his own on it. 'But where is the other deposit?' inquired the Frenchman—'Can we not finish the affair to-night?—Notwithstanding the convenient indisposition of your doge, I can defer my audience of leave no longer.'—'Not to-night, Monseigneur, unless——but in a matter of such high importance, we shall be able to amuse the senate with excuses for delaying your last audience till this secret treaty is settled.'—'And,' answered the ambassador, 'it will be, I hope, a preamble and preparation for public treaties still more expressive of your master's trust. I give him, on my own behalf, a guarantee of the friendship which my sovereign wishes to exist between our nations.'—'I am only authorised,' said Martini, in an agitated voice, 'to seal this compact—you are a French nobleman, and will not forget its secrecy or its sacredness.'—'Neither,' rejoined the envoy; 'nor shall I forget that I received it from a noble Venetian, an officer of state, and a prime counsellor of the doge.'

Martini opened the red box he had brought, without replying. It contained jewels and some papers, which the envoy eyed with a glance of triumph; and, closing the lid, put his seal upon it. Fiesco saw the secret glance; and the feelings of a politician rose within him, mingled with those of his private enmity. Martini was concluding a negotiation with the crafty minister of a rival nation, and had probably compromised the welfare of Venice for some purpose connected with his own ambition. Here, indeed, was an unexpected opening to the revenge which Fiesco's soul had claimed as a right till it thirsted for it

at a banquet. The conversation he heard implied some acquiescence on the doge's part, and he felt a sullen pleasure in finding that the patron who had sacrificed him for a jest was not incapable of sacrificing his country. While he hesitated between that vindictive pleasure, and the more generous impulse which tempted him to throw off his disguise and arrest Martini, the envoy cast on him a significant glance, and the chamberlain directed him to depart, and wait his return in the square of St. Mark.

This was the crisis of Fiesco's fate. He stopped an instant on the threshold after the garden gate had been closed upon him, and strove to overhear their farther conversation. But he only heard the envoy repeat the words he had before addressed to Martini, and they renewed the worst passions in the count's inmost heart. 'An officer of state!—prime counsellor of the doge!'—these titles might have belonged to him if the ingenious mischief of his rival had not supplanted him. He had never been any thing more than the favourite jester of the court, and he loathed the doge even for loving what he knew to be only his lowest talent, and for not discovering the many nobler ones which he felt in his possession. Thus stung by private pique and political jealousy, and justified as he believed by both, he returned to St. Mark's square; not to await Martini's return, but to lodge an accusation against him of traitorous intercourse with the minister of France. Then throwing his cobbler's coat and other apparel into the canal, he made haste, muffled in an ordinary cloak, to his own mansion. On the door, in large letters written with red chalk, he saw this alarming sentence—'*Let those who visit foreigners beware.*'

Had he been watched and detected by some spies of the state-inquisition, or was the whole a farce concerted by his enemy to annoy him? Whatever might be the truth, he had acted indiscreetly. He might be proved to have visited the envoy himself, and the doge, whether he was Martini's dupe or his accomplice, was sufficiently powerful to sacrifice him. But Fiesco's spirit was too proud and his appetite for vengeance too keen to be checked by vague apprehension. Both were roused, rather than repelled, by the mysterious danger which threatened him: and boldly effacing the inscription, he entered his palace, prepared to await the result.

In less than an hour Martini returned from the French minister's rendezvous, and found the crooked cobbler waiting for him in the square of St. Mark. They went together with long strides to the chamberlain's palace, and had no sooner entered his private cabinet by a back-door, than the cobbler spoke. 'You are betrayed. Fiesco has made a worse use of his likeness to me now, than when he cheated me of my wife. He has dropped a letter into the lion's mouth, and the officials will be here in an hour. I saw him, and by the blessing of St. Mark, they will see something on his door too, unless he rubs out my red chalk.'

Martini stood stupified, without listening to Raffaelle Goldo's long explanation of the accident which prevented his own attendance at the appointed time. 'There is no leisure for groans, monseigneur,' he added, with a grin which showed how well mischief agreed with his nature, though he hated the inventor:—'let us take the chance we have. Give me the deposit you talked of, and I will carry it through fire and water to the Frenchman's.—If there be any thing else in the house not safe for the knaves of office to find, a torch will do the business better than a stiletto.'

Martini clenched his hands in agony. He put his ear to another door in the cabinet, listened eagerly, and grew pale as ashes—'Not yet!' he muttered—'not gone yet!—then there is no hope—but I can—' and he cast a glance of desperate meaning at his own sword, which lay on the table.

Gobbo's prompt eye caught the intelligence of his; and putting both his hands firmly on Martini's, he exclaimed, 'No, you are right; it is not yet time for you to use it. I have a shorter and a quicker blade, and it shall never flinch from the service of a man who hates my enemy.' Martini answered by a ghastly look of hesitation and dismay.—'There is no use now for torch or stiletto,' he said, instinctively recoiling from the deformed dwarf's grasp—'a gondola!—a gondola would save us all.'—Gobbo grinned with the glee of a goblin, and sprang out of the window at the same instant that the door was burst open by the officers of the state-inquisitors. They arrested Martini by virtue of their secret warrant; and seizing his sword, demanded admittance into the interior cabinet. His countenance had recovered its firmness from the moment of their entrance. Turning resolutely towards the balcony, he pointed to it, and said, with an unfaltering voice, 'Gentlemen, if I had meditated escape, the way was open, and the leap easy; but there can be no need of flight where there is no consciousness of crime. I have committed none, and know of no right you have to violate my private chambers. There is the door—here is my poniard, and the first man who enters shall know its temper." He sprang suddenly from their hold as he spoke, and placed his back against the door with a gesture which proved his determination; but one of the officials, more daring and crafty than his companions, instantly threw himself out of the window, and, calling for a ladder, prepared to climb into the balcony of the next room. The crisis was desperate. Martini, believing that his own flight would force these men's attention from their other purpose, made an audacious leap after him, and ran towards the canal. All the officials followed, forgetting the mysterious cabinet in their zeal to prevent his escape; and his plunges into the labyrinths of his wooded garden again drew them from the banks of the canal. His own escape, he knew, was utterly impossible, but he prolonged the struggle in the darkness of his groves till the dashing of an oar informed him that his point was gained. Slowly, and with difficulty, he suffered himself to be overcome, and was carried, covered with wounds, to the state-prison of the republic. His violent resistance had given force to the charge exhibited against him; and though neither papers nor any suspicious articles could be found in his cabinet when rigorously searched, the correspondence he had held with a foreign minister, contrary to the letter of Venetian law, was too clearly manifest. The physician of the French envoy had been often seen in his company, and the most severe and artful examination could extort no confession from him. Neither affirmative nor denial escaped his lips, and the cruel question warranted by national custom was applied without success. An appeal was made to the ambassador, requesting him to permit the physician of his household to appear before the secret council; but his reply was a positive refusal, grounded on his privileges, and followed by his departure with all his suite from the Venetian territory. The promptness of this removal, and the ceremonious caution of his answer, indicated, or seemed to indicate, the political importance of the fact. No one knew, though a few of his friends suspected, the cause of Martini's disappearance from court, and none, except Count Fiesco, rejoiced to observe it. Even his gloomy rejoicing was not unmingled with fears for his own safety, excited by the writing on the wall, and he remained at his villa in cautious inactivity. A summons to attend the doge brought the cowardice of conscious guilt to his heart; and not daring to disobey, lest his hesitation should convict him in a share of Martini's downfall, he entered his patron's presence. The quiet sadness in the aspect of the good old doge re-

lieved him from fear, and even revived the sullen pleasure of vengeance; but that dark and brief feeling sunk into remorse when the doge squeezed his hand, and wept. 'I sent for you, Fiesco, because I know your affection for me is strong enough to vanquish your dislike to a man I cannot forsake. Here is a testimonial in his favour, written and signed with my own hand, which I require you to read for him in the presence of the council. From no one but yourself have I a right to expect such an effort of courage, and from no other man would it have such force. You are his avowed opponent, therefore you can be suspected of no prejudice in his favour; you have been always high, perhaps highest, in my esteem, therefore you have nothing to gain by his release, except the honour of serving justice and befriending an enemy.'

Fiesco's spirit melted at this appeal, and he knelt to kiss the hand which offered him the paper. 'Promise nothing till you have read it, count!—Go, and return to me with your determination.'—He would have been unable to form a reply, and retired eagerly to read the contents in the next chamber. They were short, and in this frame of words:—

'The doge of Venice cannot appear as a witness before the supreme council of his government, nor assent to their decision as a judge, without acknowledging himself a party in the cause.

'Perhaps his selection of Martini to fill the high office of his chamberlain and public secretary has offended some competitor of more eminent birth and enterprising spirit. Such a competitor has probably been the writer of the anonymous accusation, and the discoverer of Martini's supposed conspiracy with a foreigner. Had this discoverer known all the secrets of the court he has been so ready to disgrace, he would have remembered the disappearance of the doge's daughter. Ippolita's innocent levity of heart led her to the verge of a marriage she secretly repented. On the eve before its completion, her father detected her correspondence with his secretary, and their plan of flight together. The gondola was in waiting at the steps of his terrace, when the doge seized his daughter, and confessed himself the father of her lover. She plunged in despair into the canal, and was saved by the desperate efforts of her brother. What was their miserable father's resource?—His only daughter's life was preserved, but her reason seemed to have forsaken her. There were no witnesses of this dismal scene, and he resolved to circulate a rumour of her death, and consign her to the care of her unfortunate brother. The gondola was ready, her ravings were stifled, and Martini conveyed her to the retirement of his villa. No one doubted her accidental death, or no one ventured to contradict the tale she and her confidantes had contrived to deceive her father. The scarf and veil were found among the sedges of the canal, and the scheme she had devised to cover her elopement by pretended death served as a refuge for her misery. The physician of the French embassy had well known skill and integrity, and the doge of Venice submitted to the grievous necessity of trusting to them. The ambassador agreed to charge himself with the sick princess, and to seclude her safely in a noble convent if her afflicted spirit revived. *Had that cruel spy, who debased himself to watch Martini, understood the purport of his conversation, he would have pitied the anguish of a brother obliged to surrender his sister to a stranger; his sister made insane by the criminal reserve of an erring father, and the too vivid sense of her own virtue. Had the messengers of the council entered his cabinet, which he defended at the risque of his life, they would have seen that miserable father weeping over his only daughter, striving to recall her recollection, and entreating her to accompany him to the asylum he had prepared for her. They would

have seen him forced at last to hide her in the gondola brought by a poor faithful wretch, and to leave her while she clung to him in the helplessness of idiotism. Could he publish her misfortune to a cruel and misjudging world?—Can he blame the noble courage of a son and brother willing to sacrifice both his life and honour to preserve his family's?—Shall he see it recompensed by a shameful death, or by tortures and imprisonment, without convincing the council how deeply the remorse of a father is felt, though too late, by the doge of Venice?'

Fiesco read no farther. He returned into the presence of the doge, and threw himself at his feet, crying —'No, my lord, it is my task to clear Martini, since my accusation has been the cause of the misery. I have visited the ambassador,—I can take on myself the whole odium of the offence without exposing the secret of your family. Let me prove my love for Ippolita's fair fame equal to Martini's. —Ah! my lord!—in this, at least, I deserved to be your son also.'

The doge rested his grey hairs on Fiesco's shoulder, and clasped his hands over his head. The strong ague of mental agony shook his whole body as he answered—'Ye had the same father—Ippolita has two brothers.'—Fiesco was silent and stiff as in death; and, after a long pause, his distressed parent added—'But I have not injured thee, my son; go and atone for me and thyself.'

'For myself!' said the count, rousing himself with the fire of sudden frenzy in his eyes—'am I, who have been your other victim, to be your advocate?—Shall a father, whose blind pride or untimely caution educated me in ignorance of my birth, call on me now to atone for the mischief caused by his false shame? Was it the deformity of my figure or the beauty of my brother's that raised him to your council, and debased me to the station of your court buffoon? Why was I tempted to love and hate without measure, by living as a stranger among my kindred? Should I have been seduced by opportunity to disgrace my rival, had I known he was my brother?—or to endanger my prince, had I been permitted to reverence him as a father?—But I will not sacrifice my sister's honour, and my brother's blood shall not rest on my head.'

Fiesco disappeared, leaving the paper among the burning ashes on the hearth, and his father frozen with dismay and horror. That night the Council of Three passed sentence of death on Martini, for whom no advocate appeared, and ordered his immediate execution. But the black gondola, employed to convey the state's secret victims to the fatal lagoon, was seen hastening towards the Adriatic coast rowed by two goblin dwarfs, and returned no more. A stone in the cemetery of a Bolognese convent bears the name of Ippolita, and was permitted also to cover the remains of an unknown soldier, who fought and died in the army of the doge of Venice.

ORATOR HENLEY.

Of Henley's absurdities much has been said, but they had their rise in an adoption of that manner which he knew would be agreeable to his audience, rather than in ignorance. When he addressed the brewers, he stiled them *Viri cel—e—ber—imi;* the distillers he called *Viri cel—e—brandi.*

The following anecdote will show that he was a man of much humour. 'I never,' said a person who knew but little of the doctor, 'saw Henley but once, and that was at the Grecian Coffee-house, in the year 1746; when a gentleman with whom he was acquainted coming in, the following dialogue took place between them:—

Henley. Pray, sir, what is become of our old friend Dick Smith? I have not seen him for several years.

Gentleman. I really don't know. The last time I heard of him he was at

Ceylon, or some other of our settlements in the West Indies.

Henley. (with some surprise.) At Ceylon, or some other of our settlements in the West Indies! My good sir, in one sentence you have made two mistakes. Ceylon is not one of our settlements, it belongs to the Dutch; and it is situated not in the West, but in the East Indies.

Gentleman. (with some heat.) That I deny.

Henley. More shame for you! I will engage to bring a boy of eight years old, who will confute you.

Gentleman. (in a cooler tone.) Well, be it where it will, I thank God I know very little about these things.

Henley. What, you thank God for your ignorance, do you?

Gentleman. (in a violent rage.) Suppose I do, sir;—what then?

Henley. Why then, sir, you have a great deal to be thankful for.'

Henley being one day in his *Oratory*, in Portsmouth-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, was hard pressed in argument by an actor; upon which he said,—'What signifies talking to you, sir? you are but a player.'—'A player, Mr. Henley!' replied he; 'why, sir, you are not so good as a player.'—'I beg your pardon, sir,' rejoined the orator;—'did I say you were a player? No, sir, indeed you are not, and never will be one, I assure you.'

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

In his Universal History, M. de Thou gives the following account of the wonderful escape from death of a gentleman, who was wounded at the assault of Rouen, on the 13th of October, 1562, when that city was besieged by the detestable Charles the Ninth. 'In this assault,' says he, 'a remarkable event occurred. Francis de Civile, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, in the flower of his age, vigorous in health, and exceedingly brave, was stationed with his company among those who defended the city between the gate of St. Hilary and Bihorel. Having received a ball, which passed through his right jaw, and penetrated to his neck, he fell from the rampart. Immediately the pioneers, who were digging a trench a little below, and who believed him to be dead, stripped him, along with another, who was also half dead, and buried him; but they threw very little earth on his body. It was noon. In the evening, the combat being over, the servant of Civile, who waited upon his master with his charger, inquired if it were true that he was killed. Montgomery replied that he was dead, and that he himself had ordered him to be buried. The servant begged as a favour that he might be shown the place where the body was put into the ground, that he might take it out and carry it home to the family of the deceased. Montgomery ordered John de Clare, his lieutenant of the guard, to conduct the servant to the spot. When they both arrived there, the servant removed the earth, and finding only corpses disfigured and deformed by the blood and the wounds which they had received in the face, and not being able to recognise his master, though he had stretched out the bodies on the meadow to examine them better, he replaced them in the pit, and covered them over again with earth, but in such a manner that a hand of one of them remained visible. After they had both gone away some paces, they chanced to look behind them, and perceived the hand. Fearing that the sight of this would tempt the dogs to tear out the bodies, for the purpose of devouring them, humanity prompted the lieutenant and servant to go back, in order to cover the hand. While they were performing this act of charity, the light of the moon shone on a diamond which Civile wore upon his finger, and which the pioneers had overlooked. By this mark the servant recognized his master, though he had not been able to discover him by his face. Bending down his face close to the mouth of Civile, he perceived that he still breathed.

and he found also that he had not yet lost all his natural warmth. He immediately put him on the horse which he had brought, and carried him to the hospital for the wounded, which was established at the monastery of St. Clare. But the surgeons, not willing to lose their time in dressing a man whom they considered as dead, excused themselves from doing any thing, on the ground that all remedies were useless, and that they had already more wounded than they could attend to. The servant, therefore, took the resolution of carrying him to his inn, where Civile languished for four days without eating or drinking. At last, William Guerente and Le Gras, physicians, having been called in, they forced open his teeth, which were closed by spasm, and made him swallow some broth. They then washed his wound, and applied the needful remedies. His powers returned by degrees: his eyes opened; he seemed to hear the noise which was made around him: and at length he who had been believed to be dead began to speak. After the taking of the city, some persons, who had long been enemies of his brother, came to the inn, and not finding the brother, they wreaked their fury upon this unfortunate man. They pulled him from his bed, and threw him out of the chamber window, into a court-yard which was below. God a second time assisted him. In the court-yard, there was fortunately a heap of dung, on which he fell. He remained there three days more, deserted by every body, without victuals or drink, till Du Croisset, his relation, caused him to be secretly removed by the soldiers, and carried to a country house, where he was cured at leisure. After so many deaths, he recovered his health so perfectly, that he is alive at the period at which I write this history, though it is forty years since he received the wound.'

ENGLISH FEMALE COSTUMES FOR MARCH.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The fashionable world gives but little scope for the indulgence of fancy at present, yet we must say, that we have seldom seen ingenuity and taste more displayed than in the form of millinery dresses and trimmings now worn. The pelisses still continue chiefly to be made of cashmere of light colours, lined with bright pink satin, mostly ornamented down the front with pink bows, and a high French collar; but as the season now fluctuates, and gay spring approaches, we find our lovely votaries of fashion assume the more elegant pelisse composed of *gros-de-Naples*, of various hues, principally of a dark worm and rich plain colour, but rather lighter: this is lined with white, with a broad fur at the bottom of the black squirrel; or of velvet cut bias to form a band down the fronts and round the bottom of the dress. Spensers of almost every kind are in high favour: the colours mostly admired are cream colour, trimmed with pink, and rich braidings on the back. Another is the regina blue, variously ornamented with swan's-down, or with blue plush silk. Epaulettes to spensers are also much worn; the backs plain, and finished by a short jacket rounded at the hips; the collar a moderate height, and to stand out from the throat. Bonnets have changed very little; those most fashionable are black velvet, the *gros-de-Naples*; and plush silk is also the favourite material for both carriage and morning walks: there is little

variety in the shape, excepting that the crowns are cut very low, and the brims stand out much from the face over the forehead. Feathers are in greater request than ever, but we observe that the brush feathers are most in estimation. The brims of bonnets are still profusely trimmed, but they offer little variety, as a deep fall of fine lace, surmounted either by a full quilling or puffing of net, or a plain or twisted roleau of satin, is universally adopted. Gowns for half dress continue to be made partially high; and the neck concealed by a thread net, or fine Indian muslin (ficha). Coloured bombazines are much worn for morning dresses, mostly of plum colour, or lavender grey, ornamented with several flounces of the same material; or bands of satin, edged with pipings of satin. We have observed in some the corsage uncommonly tasteful; we mean those formed like a cuirass; and the cross plaitings are confined by horizontal stripes of satin. *Gros-de-Naples* are generally trimmed with plush or satin.

Ball dresses are so various, according to the taste and fancy of our fair leaders of the modes, that we find it difficult to describe any one as being the most tasteful: those principally worn are net or transparent gauze over white satin, ornamented with foldings of rich gossamer, and artificial flowers; some with elegant bouquets of flowers, interspersed with rosettes of satin or wheat ears, formed of pearls. Satin boddices, laced down the front with silk cord, and brought to a point. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

Head-dresses are now particularly becoming to female beauty, being brought square off the forehead, and arranged in massy ringlets à-la-Vandyck.

WALKING DRESS

Is composed of rich poplin made high. A pelisse of kerseymere cloth, in colour Egyptian brown: the body about the common length; the back, broad at the top, but tapering down at each side, forms the shape to great advantage; the collar is high and stands out from the throat; the sleeve long, and rather narrow, finished at the cuff with three pipings of narrow satin. The skirt is trimmed with great novelty and beauty; down the fronts and round the bottom is a broad bias satin of the same colour, laid on in four separate divisions, which goes all round the pelisse; between each bias satin is a plait in the cloth, headed with a rich cord. The bonnet is composed of velvet and satin; round the edge of the brim are three separate pipings of satin, ornamented with small bows of the same material, placed at small distances; the crown interspersed with leaves of the same, and finished with a superb plume of feathers on one side.

EVENING DRESS.

Composed of pale pink satin: the corsage is cut low and square to the bosom; is moderately long in the waist and tight to the shape. A trimming of puffed gauze goes round the back; the sleeve is blond over the satin, and is very short and full at the shoulder, but drawn tight to the bottom, and is terminated by a narrow fall of blond lace. The full puffs of the sleeve are confined by straps of pink satin, placed at regular distances, and separately confined in the centre by small rosettes of ribbon. The waist confined with a broad ribbon tied behind in small bows; ends long. The skirt is less gored than usual, and the fulness hangs in easy folds round the figure; the bottom finished with a full flounce of rich Valenciennes lace, above which are two roleaus of satin, ornamented with artificial flowers placed at regular distances. The hair dressed in full ringlets behind the ears, and the crown finished with feathers, or more usually a coronet of hair.





POETRY.

STANZAS.

O tell me not a sun will break
Above my path, and gild its way;
That where I tread the flowers will wake,
And woo the sunny beam to stay:—

No, there's a cold and hovering cloud
Approaching, o'er my fate to cast
A sullen gloom, a deathly shroud,
And mar each beam of brightness past.

Yet has this heart a sacred string,
That can be touch'd, and touch'd so truly,
My soul seems ready to take wing,
As birds that have been feathered newly.

And while the dear vibration lives,
With all its soft, celestial sweetness,
The heart it wakes almost forgives,
To sullen fate, its magic fleetness.

And while I deem that life will yield,
At intervals, so bright a minute,
I'll brave the strife that strews its field,
And spurn the foes I may meet in it.

M. LEMAN REDE.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER COMING OF AGE.

November 29, 1820.

Corroding Time steals on apace,
His march no hindrance feels;
As many a pleasing form and face
Reluctantly reveals.

Love, friendship, every thing that's dear,
Or yields the soul delight,
Eclips'd by his magic pow'r severe,
Too soon recedes to night.

Each gilded monument of fame,
Each pyramid of power,
Shall soon confess his ruthless name,
Torn like the blighted flower.

Happy are they whose only trust,
(Eternal bliss in view,)
Reposing on th' Allwise and Just,
Still virtuous paths pursue.

Let thus, dear girl, thy days be spent,
As thou hast well begun,
Devote to Heav'n, with firm intent,
Each year from *Twenty-one*.

TO MY DAUGHTER SLEEPING.

Sleep on, my child! and dread no danger near,
Thus softly cradled on thy mother's knee:
Oh! that such love as mine could ever guide
Thy dangerous passage through life's stormy sea!

Sleep on, my child, whilst all around thee strive
With tender care thy little life to bless;
Oh! in the morning of thy youth enjoy
The bright but transient sun of happiness.

The time must come, should heaven thy life allow,
When these fond eyes must close on thee below,
And thou must journey through a dangerous world
Begirt by many a false one—many a foe.

Oh! may'st thou, happy in thy mother's fate,
Yet find some kind benignant spirits there,
Ah! like her, too, may one dear wedded heart
Thy happy home of tranquil pleasure share.

My daughter! such for thee thy mother's vows—
Better for one so loved could she prefer?
A loved, tried partner of thy smiles and tears,
And children dear to thee, as though to her.

ADA.

FORGET ME NOT.

Forget me not, when beauty's smile
Pours on thy soul its witching light;
When art would seek, with winning wile,
To wrap thee in illusions bright;
When the dark eye, to all so soft,
Its softest glances turns on thee;
When the bland smile, repeated oft,
Responds to thine most tenderly.

Forget me not—recall the form,
Whose humble charms are all thine own;
Recall that heart, unchanging, warm,
Whose pulses glow for thee alone.
Soothed by some other love may be
The trifling fair that thou forsakest;
But oh! what art can solace me,
Or cheer the lonely heart thou breakest!

Thou art the hope to which I cling,
My bosom's sole supporting ray,
Thy form alone can fancy bring,
My dream by night, my thoughts by day.
Memory can dwell but on thy truth,
Thy vows, thy love, to cheer and bless:
Hope cannot paint in dreams of youth
Aught sweeter than thy tenderness.

ADA.

SONG.

As Memory once reclined
Within her breezy bowers,
She tastefully entwin'd
A wreath of fairest flowers:
''Tis for life's fav'rite child,'
She then exclaim'd 'I've dressed it,'
At which young Valour smil'd,
And for the prize contested.

When Friendship next appear'd,
Whose wishes seem'd the purest,
By hope and candor cheer'd,
He thought his claim the surest—
When Love so young and fair,
With sweetness came advancing;
Soft pleasure in his air,
His eyes with rapture glancing.

'Oh! Love,' then Mem'ry cried,
'Thy joys tho' oft the fleetest,
'Altho' to some denied,
'They still are found the sweetest.
''Tis on thy brow alone
'The light of life is shining:
'Then be this wreath thy own,
'O, Mem'ry's fond designing.'

SONNET.

Departing year! thy days are nearly told,
Thy dying moan is trembling in the blast,
Thy fleeting end will soon be overcast.
Stern winter claims thee, clad in icy cold,
Prepared another volume to unfold,
And thou wilt soon be number'd with the past.
Oft have I griev'd as thou hast onward roll'd,
For those, alas! for ever gone, and to behold
Myself bereft of all, and left the last,
To watch the op'ning of another year,
A lonely being on the wide world cast,
No friendly smile—no ling'ring hope to cheer.
Time, which in happier days had sped too fast,
Now heavy hangs upon the prospect drear,
Since I have none to pay the tribute of a tear.
14th Dec. 1820. G. C. M.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF MILTON.

"He, though he dwelt in seeming night,
Scattered imperishable light
Around; and to the regions of the day
Sent his winged thoughts away,
And bade them search the ways on high
For the bright flame of poetry.
['Tis to adventurous spirits given
Alone, who dare themselves obey,
And look at the face of the inmost heaven.]

He saw the burning fire that keeps,
'In the unfathomable deeps,
Its powers for ever: and made a sign
To the morning prince divine,
Who came across the sulphurous flood
Obedient to that master call,
And, in angel beauty, stood
Proud on his star-lit pedestal.

Then, the mighty limner drew,
And tinted with a skyey hue,
The king of all the damned; the same
Who headlong from the empyrean came,
With all his fiery cherubim
Blasted, (and millions fell with him!)

He saw the dreary regions where
Eternal Chaos sate, and there
Learnt secrets of the whispering gloom,
And faced the father of the tomb,
Orcus, and many an awful thing
That come, in wild dreams hovering.

Tumult, and Chance, and Discord—Fame—
And heard and saw the "dreaded name
Of Demogorgon;" and his soul
Felt the shadowy darkness roll
From Night's throne, and then he told
To man those signs and wonders old.

THE WAVE.

How thoughtless seems yon rippling wave
Dancing o'er many a seaman's grave,
Flaunting in bright and glitt'ring dyes
To catch the wand'ring gazer's eyes;
How like the gay, the peerless one,
Who trifles with my misery!

Yet now 'tis chang'd, and seems to swell
With sighs it vainly strives to quell:
And now tow'rds me, with anxious haste,
It sweeps along the wat'ry waste:
Oh! could she know a change like this,
How would my bosom throb with bliss!

But women, like the Ocean, show
A smiling face, or face of woe,
Just as their various suitors' signs
Cause joy or sadness to arise;
So change the waters of the deep,
As loud or soft the breezes sweep.

MARY, LOVE ME!

By the kiss so truly tender,
When the fond tear struggles out;
By the thousand sighs we render,
When convulsed with maddening doubt—
Mary, love me, only love me,
Love me tenderly and true;
Oh but love me, only love me,
As, my Mary, I love you.

By the feeling tinge of sadness,
O'er thy brow so dearly dealt;
By the melancholy madness,
You and I so oft have felt—
Mary, love me, only love me,
Love me tenderly and true;
Oh but love me, only love me,
As, my Mary, I love you.

By the softness so endearing,
O'er thy form and features shed;
By the light of love, careering
In thine eyes and round thy head—
Mary, love me, only love me,
Love me tenderly and true;
Oh but love me, only love me
As, my Mary, I love you

TO M———

In the hour of dreams I've look'd on heav'n
'Till I had lost all thought of earth:
And words, though from the spirit given,
Were poor to yield such feelings birth.

But oh! when I have gaz'd on thee,
On thee, Maria, my heart's own bride,
Thy blue eyes beaming lovelily
Like morn upon the ocean's tide—

Oh I have felt, in that sweet hour,
All that hope tells of Paradise:
And cradled in love's air wrought bower,
Have felt the thought that never dies

The thought that links the soul to soul,
When absence from the flow'r we love
Seems like division of a whole,
The space that limits earth from skies above.

Oh thou art fair—words cannot speak how fair!
Thy lips are like the opening rose,
But sweeter than the roses are
When the first shower of April flows.

And that blue eye—that soft blue eye,
Bright as the morning, blue as ocean,
But pure as is the summer sky
When not a leaf on earth has motion.

That form, which in its lightness seems
The lily waving to the breezes,
Lovelier than fancy's wildest dreams
When life is young and no pulse freezes—

Oh, that I could but hear those lips
Breathe the sweet words I love thee—ever—
Drink thy warm breath as daylight sips
The dews when night and morning sever;

Feel on my heart thy head recline,
Like a rose bent to earth by night;
Our fingers like the jessmine twine,
When earth is warm and heaven is bright:

Thy heart to mine so near—so near,
Its pulse might seem my own heart's beating:
Oh! one such moment—but one here—
Were worth an angel's kiss of greeting.

And then to die—upon thy breast
To breathe the soul away in love,
For earth beyond that hour so blest
Has but the hope of heaven above.

Then come to me—oh come, my sweet—
We'll live a thousand years in one!
Yes; though old Time has winged feet,
We'll live more quick than he can run.

G. S——E.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY-LANE.

Thursday, February 22d.—A new Tragedy, bearing the title of 'Conscience, or the Bridal Night,' was last night produced at this Theatre. The principal characters were thus cast.

Lorenzo	Mr. Wallack.
Arsinio	Mr. Cooper.
Gulio	Mr. Barnard.
Rodolpho	Mr. Foote.
Alfiero Antonio	Mr. Powell.
Elmira	Mrs. W. West.

The plot is shortly told.—Lorenzo, a young Venetian of high family and fortune, had had the misfortune of being placed, by his father's will, beneath the guardianship of a ruffian named Rinaldo, by whose treachery and devices he is successively stripped of all his property, and is defrauded of all the hopes he had entertained of being united in marriage with Elmira, the daughter of Arsinio, who is Rinaldo's brother. Rinaldo dies suddenly; and Arsinio, as his next heir, becomes possessed of all his wealth. Lorenzo still cherishes his love for Elmira, by whom he is in return beloved; but her father, entertaining an implacable hatred towards the youth, drives him from his presence, and commands his daughter to fix her affections upon a wealthier suitor. The disobedience of daughters, under such circumstances, has long been the theme of poetry, and Elmira is not more dutiful than thousands have been before her. By the contrivance of Rodolpho, a stolen interview is effected between the lovers, which is followed by a secret marriage. Elmira seeks the forgiveness of her father, but is repulsed with curses; then seeks her husband, and retires with him to a place of refuge, provided by the affection of his friend Gulio. The party, in their progress through a wood, are surprised by robbers, and Elmira borne to a cavern, whither she is followed by her husband and his friend, who resolve to rescue her, or to perish. A deadly conflict is about to commence, when the captain of the robbers suddenly recognises Lorenzo, and commands his party to abstain from violence, while in a mysterious manner he claims him as an acquaintance. Lorenzo displays considerable agitation at this discovery. The robbers are surprised by a body of soldiers, and all resign their swords; Alfiero, in a solemn and threatening manner, requiring Lorenzo to preserve their lives. Gulio, for his friend's sake, undertakes to intercede for them with the senate, but he is refused admittance to the senate-house, and Alfiero is about to be led to execution, when he announces that he is possessed of an important secret, and prays permission to reveal it to Arsinio. To him he relates in private, that Lorenzo had poisoned Rinaldo. Arsinio, exulting in the thoughts of vengeance, would immediately wreak its fullest force upon Lorenzo, but is restrained by anxiety for his daughter, and seeks an interview with Lorenzo, in the hope of inducing him to renounce her and Italy for ever. Lorenzo succeeds in compelling Arsinio and Alfiero, by threats of instant death, to commit themselves to a secret cavern, where he shuts them up; but is himself immediately taken before the senate to account for their disappearance. His explanation does not prove satisfactory to the senate; he is sentenced to undergo the torture—this he despises, but he is informed that his wife, Elmira, is accused of conspiring with him to destroy her father's life, and to preserve her fair fame, he commands his friend Julio to give his accuser liberty. An attempt on the part of Lorenzo to obtain the silence and forgiveness of Arsinio is unsuccessful; but the entreaties of Elmira in the following scene prove more fortunate: she avows that she will not survive her husband, and her father at length retracts. Lorenzo is brought in, but the intelligence of his accuser's mercy comes too late. The wretched man has already drank poison, his wife sinks broken-hearted, and Lorenzo dies beside her.

COVENT-GARDEN.

A new Farce, under the title of A Figure of Fun, was produced at this Theatre on Friday the 16th, and unequivocally condemned by the audience, who did not on this occasion make a very generous use of the arbitrary power lodged in their hands by custom. But, indeed, no maxim seems to be more generally true than that the abuse of authority is inseparable from its possession; alas, for poor human nature! in this respect kings and subjects, ministers and patriots, are universally the same. The opposition to the piece began at an early period of the second act, and, when the curtain dropped, a vociferous band remained behind who called loudly for the manager and apology. Mr. Fawcett at last came forward, and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, your will is our law; if it be your pleasure that this piece should not be repeated, it shall certainly be withdrawn.'—A hundred voices replied 'certainly,' and the manager bowed acquiescence to a mandate that was more just in its principle than its expression. —The plot of this ill-fated piece, as nearly as we could follow the action, situated in a tumultuous part of the Theatre, is as follows An old citizen, who has successively attained the highest civic honours, retires to Richmond with his daughter, whose hand he resolves to give to the son of an old friend. The young lady, however, falls in love with an officer, and having made her escape with him, does not reappear till the end of the piece, when, as nearly as we could make out, she is married to her lover. The under-plot is composed of the adventures of Mr. Mazard, the husband intended for her by her father, but who is supposed to have fallen in love with a Miss Prog, while on a visit to her aunt. The French apothecary of the family, who is in the captain's pay, treacherously presuades his ci-devant friend, Mazard, to engage himself as a figure with one Puffwell, the manager of a mechanical exhibition, and in that disguise exposes him to the contempt of his intended father-in-law, the Alderman; but whether Mazard is more fortunate with Miss Prog we cannot tell, thanks to our noisy neighbours. Mr. Yates played the Frenchman, Mr. Liston Mazard, Mr. Blanchard the Alderman, Mr. Duruset the Officer, Mr. Emery the Showman, Miss Love the Alderman's daughter, and Miss Beaumont Miss Prog. It is scarcely necessary to say that the farce was admirably acted: Liston, Emery, and Blanchard, might well have carried through a worse production, and we cannot but think that a second trial would have been attended with a more favourable result. The author of the piece remains unknown, or at least untold; yet we think we could give a pretty shrewd guess: but as the farce has failed, it would be wanton cruelty to bring his name before the public.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

In Mecklenburgh-square, Mrs. E. R. Comyn, of a son.

Mrs. Thomas Warne, East End, Finchley, of a son.

At his house in Fitzroy-square, the Lady of C. S. Chauncery, Esq. of a daughter.

In Dublin, the Lady of George Bryan, jun. of Jenkinstown, Esq. of a daughter.

At Clapham Rise, Mrs. J. H. Butterworth, of a son.

At Edinburgh, Mrs. John Gibson Lockhart, of a son.

At Albury Park, Lady Harriet Drummond, of a son.

The wife of Joseph Phillimore, LL. D. and M. P. of a son.

At Grinstead-hall, in Essex, the Lady of Major Ord, Royal Artillery, of a daughter.

At Powis Castle, Lady Lucy Clive, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Redborn, Herts, Mr. Henry Harling, Little James-street, Bedford-row, to Miss Bayly, of Redborn Vicarage.

At St. Andrew's, Holborn, by the Rev. W. H. Coleridge, A. M. Robert Willis, Esq. to Jane A'Court, second daughter of Joseph Tucker, Esq. Commissioner of his Majesty's Navy, John-street, Bedford-row.

At St. Clement Danes, by the Rev. William Gurney, Mr. Samuel Hawkins, of Colney, Herts, to Lucy Anne, daughter of Mr. John Wilkinson, Devereux-court, Strand.

At St. Mary's church, Whitechapel, John Allen, jun. Esq. of Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, to Miss Louisa Stacy.

At St. Mary's Whitechapel, Mr. James Lancefield, of Holborn, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Mr. F. A. Fenton, of Whitechapel.

DEATHS.

At Chelsea, Middlesex, aged 68, Benjamin Mathew, Esq. and late of Wellingborough, Northamptonshire.

At Hall End, Walthamstow, William George, the infant son of William Cox, Esq. aged eleven months.

Mr. George Pearman Blake, aged 30, of the Custom House.

At Kensington, Major J. William Harrison, late of the 60th infantry.

The wife of Wm. Emerson, Esq. of Euston-square.

At her house, South Lambeth, Mrs. Miller, formerly of Turret-house, Clapham.

At Maria-place, Southampton, aged 14, Henry, eldest son of Wilson Lomer, Esq.

At his lodgings in Chiswell-street, Mr. William Luke, late of West Smithfield.

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THE CYPRESS WREATH, A TALE.

By the Baroness Carolina de la Motte Fouqué.

The promises of peace, which for many months had been depending, came at last to be fulfilled. The army returned home; with seriousness and solemnity they entered once more the liberated and wonderfully rescued capital.

It was a Sunday morning. Since day-break, young and old had been pressing through the streets towards the gates. The guards could with difficulty keep any degree of authority in the storm of unrestrained and irresistible joy.

Crowded, squeezed, and as it were, twined and twisted through each other, stood this expectant assembly; and as the wished-for moment approached, became the more deeply and inwardly affected. There was scarcely a sound audible in the multitude, when at last the powerful yet melancholy voice of the trumpets gave their first greeting from afar. Then tears fell from a thousand eyes; many a breaking heart was chilled; and on the lips of all, low and anxious whispers trembled. Now shone the first gleams of armour through the open gates. Scattered flowers and garlands flew to meet them; for every tree had paid its tribute; every garden had granted a share from its variegated treasures. A lovely child, stationed in a high bow-window, raised its round white arms on high, and receiving from its weeping, averted mother a coronet of leaves, threw it down among the passing troops beneath. A lancer, who happened to be the first to notice this occurrence, good-humouredly took up the wreath on his lance, while he playfully nodded to the fair little angel above. He had his eyes still directed in this manner, when his commanding officer, riding on, exclaimed, 'Ha! Wolfe!—a cypress wreath! How came you by such a thing—it may be thought an unlucky omen!' Wolfe put the crown on his right arm, however, and not without some discomposure, rode on.

After a long tedious delay, employed in putting up the horses in the regimental stables, giving them water and provender, the quarter-billets at last were distributed. Wolfe, on receiving his ticket, had the mortification to perceive that it directed him to the house of a well-known rich butcher! His comrades wished him

joy—rallied him on the good eating which awaited him; and profited by the opportunity to invite themselves frequently to become his guests. He, meanwhile, took off his *schako** in silence, twisted the billet among its gold tassels, and twice passing his hand through its luxuriant locks, he said, not without considerable vexation, 'This, forsooth, is rare luck! No doubt the rich miser is well enough known!—I heartily wish, however, that I had been quartered anywhere else!' 'Ha, ha! what a silly fellow you must be!' cried a bold knowing comrade—'what is it to you, pray, if your host is a miser or a spendthrift? Only let him be rich enough—then a soldier is sure to be well off. However, you must begin with politeness and address—every thing depends on good management.' 'That is very true, I grant you,' said Wolfe, as he threw his knapsack over his shoulder—'but there are a set of people in the world on whom all politeness is thrown away, and who have no heart nor feeling for man or beast. If ever I meet with a butcher's waggon in the streets, full of miserable animals tied and bundled together, and see how the poor beasts lie there over and under one another, groaning sometimes, so that it cuts one to the heart, and mark how the fellows plod on behind the cart in utter indifference—whistling perhaps all the time, I have much ado to withhold myself from falling on, and beating the scoundrels heartily. Besides, to say the truth, I have had enough of blood and slaughter, and begin to be disgusted with the whole trade.'

'Oh!' cried his laughing companions, 'Wolfe cannot bear the sight of blood—Thou chicken-hearted fellow!—And when did this terror come upon thee?'—'Don't talk nonsense,' replied Wolfe angrily—'in battle, when man stands against man, and besides, when there are different motives for action, (laying his hand on his iron cross) one looks neither to the right nor the left; but in a soberer mood—well then, I shall not deny it, whenever I pass by a butcher's stall, and see the bloody axe, and hear (or fancy that I hear) the groans of agony, I feel inwardly, as if the fibres of my heart were torn—and therefore, I do wish that I had been quartered any where else!'

His comrades began to laugh at him more than ever, though they did not venture it till he had gone a little way. He then looked round at them, and shook his lance, half jesting, half angry. They made faces at him in return, but soon began to disperse, and Wolfe proceeded on the road to his quarters.

He had not gone far when he found the street and the number. Already at a distance he saw a gigantic man in his shirt-sleeves, standing under the door-way. His countenance of a dusky yellow complexion, was quite shaded over by coal-black bushy projecting eyebrows; the small eyes, devoid of intellect, appeared to watch the rolling vapours of a short pipe: one hand was placed in the waistcoat pocket, the other seemed to dance up and down the silver knots of the pipe, which rested ever and anon on his goodly person. Wolfe saluted him courteously, and, with a modest bow, showed him his billet; upon which the man squinted at him sidewise, and without attending any further to his guest, he pointed, with his thumb bent backwards, to the house—at the same time adding, in a gloomy and indifferent tone—'Only go in there, sir! my people know already.' Wolfe bit his lips, and entering somewhat abruptly, his sabre that rattled after him, happened to inflict a pretty sharp blow across the legs of Mein-herr John, his landlord. 'What the devil in hell!' grumbled the butcher; Wolfe, however, did not allow himself to enter into any explanation or dispute, but passed on, and came into the court. He found there a pale and sickly-look-

* The square cap worn by the Prussian Lancers.

ing girl carrying two buckets of water. Wolfe, drawing near to her, inquired if she was the servant of his landlord? The girl remained silent, and as if terrified standing before him. She had set down the two buckets on the ground, and looked on him with large rayless eyes unsteadily. Her complexion seemed always to become more pale, till she resembled a marble statue more than an animated being. Meanwhile, as Wolfe renewed his question, she let her head sink upon her breast, and taking up the buckets again, she said, with her eyes fixed on a short flight of steps that led by a servant's door into the house, 'Come up here; and immediately at the first door on the right hand you will find your chamber.'

Wolfe looked after her awhile quite lost in thought, then climbed up the narrow stairs, and found all as she had told him. The room was small and dark; the air oppressive and suffocating. From the rough smoky walls large pieces of the lime had fallen away, and here and there were scraps of writing, initials, and figures of men and women, and beasts' heads, drawn with pieces of coal, or a burnt stick. Right opposite to the half-blinded window stood a miserable bed; and near it he saw a red rusty nail, sticking a long way out of the walls. Wolfe hung his cypress crown upon it; placed his lance and sabre in a corner; threw his knapsack upon the table; and more than once grumbling within his teeth, 'What lubberly fellows these rich misers are!' he kicked aside two broken stools, went and leaned out of the window, and by degrees whistled his anger away.

Over the court and neighbouring buildings was visible a fine large garden, which '*looked out*,' fresh and fragrant through the bluish-grey atmosphere of the town. *There*, dark avenues twined their branches on high, in arches like those of a Gothic cathedral over the solitary places; golden sun-flowers waved on their limber stalks over long labyrinths of red and white roses; walks and thickets surrounded the whole. *There*, all was silent; the rich luxuriance of the domain seemed like that of an enchanted wood, that no mortal foot had ever violated. Wolfe surveyed this garden with extraordinary pleasure, and would almost have given the world for the privilege of walking through a region of so much beauty and stillness; but however this might be, he became quite reconciled to his apartment on account of its having such a prospect.

He kept himself quiet through the rest of the day, giving himself little concern about what might be going on in the house. Towards evening his military duties called him abroad. He returned just after it had begun to grow dark. The window still remained open. He drew a chair towards it, filled his pipe, seated himself, and rolling out ample volumes of smoke into the serene air, resigned himself to the voluntary flow of his thoughts and recollections.

The solitary garden, the obscure canopy of the trees, the bright moonshine that gleamed over them—all these things harmonised wonderfully together, and awoke in his mind infinite trains of long-lost associations. He thought of his home, and of his aged mother; and by degrees became altogether oppressed and melancholy. It occurred to him that he was here absolutely without any one who took an interest in his fate; and all at once he felt an extraordinary longing and anxiety for his brother, who had now for a long time roamed about the world, and of whom no satisfactory intelligence had for many years been received. He had at first been a baker's apprentice—had afterwards entered into an engagement as a chaise-driver—and at last all traces of his name and fortune had, among strangers, vanished quite away. 'Perhaps,' thought Wolfe, 'he has also become a soldier; and now, when peace has come, and every nation is tranquil, news may have in all probability arrived at home of my poor brother Andrew.'

With this persuasion he endeavoured to console himself; but could not help wishing immediately to write home for information; the recollection of his brother had so suddenly and deeply agitated his heart.

Wolfe now, for the first time noticed, with great vexation, that they had given him no light. *This* at least he resolved to demand. He got up therefore, (not without a soldier-like oath) and dressed as he then happened to be, in a short linen waistcoat, and without a neckcloth, went out. According to his custom when much irritated, he passed his hands over his head several times, raising his luxuriant locks in such manner as to give a considerable wildness to his *toute ensemble*, and cautiously groped his way down stairs. In the lobby there glimmered a dusky lamp. Wolfe stepped into the circle of the uncertain radiance, looked about for some means or other of obtaining his object, and searched with his hand for the bell-rope. At this moment Mein-herr John happened to return home from his evening recreation at the ale-house; and with glowing complexion and glistening eyes (not being aware of Wolfe's presence) gave the accustomed signal with a hard knotted stick on the door. Wolfe perceiving this, stepped up to meet him, carrying his head very high (while the light, such as it was, shone full upon him,) and said, in a commanding tone, 'Must I always sit in the dark?' Mein-herr John started as if he had been struck with a thunder-bolt, let the cudgel fall out of his hands, looked about wildly and aghast, then rushed in and passed by Wolfe, uttering a deep groan of indescribable terror. 'Is he mad or drunk?' said our hero, who at this strange behaviour, grew more irritated, applied himself resolutely to the bell, and stood prepared to raise a still greater disturbance, when the pale interesting girl, Louisa, stepped out timidly, and, on hearing his demand, excused her negligence, and, with a light in her hand, hastened up stairs before him. She then set the candle on the table, shut the window, wiped the dust from the chairs, and, in her silent and quiet manner, employed herself for a while in the room.

Wolfe was very reserved and modest with ladies—he hated scandal; and, on the whole, perhaps had not much confidence in the house. For these reasons, the presence of the girl rather vexed him. He kept himself turned away, and drummed with his fingers against the window. Louisa stood at the bed, with spread hands, smoothing and arranging the bed clothes. Wolf heard her sigh deeply, and involuntarily looked after her, as she retired sobbing and hanging down her head with an expression of the deepest melancholy. All this vexed him to the soul. 'What then can she weep for?' said he to himself—'Has my rough manner terrified her? or, in my hurry, have I used to her some harsh words?' He had already the light in his hands, and anxiously hastened after her—'Stop, stop, my dear!' cried he aloud; 'it is as dark as pitch on the stairs!—you may do yourself a mischief!'—Louisa was still standing on the first steps. Wolfe leaned over the railing and lighted her down. She thanked him with emotion, and her humid eyes were lifted up to him with an expression of unaccountable grief. Wolfe beheld her with silent perplexity, not unmingled with pleasure, for he now perceived that she was very pretty; and a fine, but rather hectic red played alternately over her interesting features. He took her hand respectfully—'My dear,' said he, 'you are so much agitated—have I offended you?'—'Oh heavens! certainly not,' answered she, beginning to weep anew. 'Then, surely,' said Wolfe, earnestly, 'some one else has done something to distress you?' Louisa folded both hands, pressed them to her eyes, and slightly shook her head—'God has so willed,' said she; 'you also have been sent hither; good Heavens! all was so well—so tranquil—now all my afflic-

tions are renewed!' She made signs to Wolfe that he must not follow her; wiped the tears with her apron from her eyes; and went silently down the steps.

Wolfe having returned to his room, sat for a long time right opposite to the candle, leaning his head on his hands; and, without being able to account for the extraordinary and mysterious emotion by which he was overwhelmed, all his thoughts involuntarily became more and more dark and melancholy, just as if some fearful and heavy misfortune were about to fall upon him. He could not command his thoughts so as to bring them into any regular order: so deeply had the voice of the weeping Louisa penetrated into his heart. Her accents were now inwardly renewed, and divided, as it were, into a thousand echoes. In listening to her, it had not been without difficulty that he had refrained from tears; her touching sorrow almost broke his heart; and his own fate seemed unaccountably involved with her misfortunes.

Thus wholly occupied and lost in deep thought, he began to engrave with a penknife, (which lay near his tobacco-pouch, and had served for clearing his pipe), all sorts of lines and angles on the crazy old wooden table at which he sat. Without knowing or intending it, he had engraven on the already hacked and disfigured boards Louisa's name, which he had overheard frequently called aloud through the house. On observing what he had done, he almost started; and then drew the knife several times across the letters to obliterate the name. As he was then more fully made aware of what he had done, all at once there appeared to him, clearly and undeniably, traces of the very same name, and in his own handwriting, on several corners of the table. Wolfe again started, rubbed his eyes, and stared at these characters, comparing in them the well known so hard to be formed great L, and the other letters, with his own writing. 'Am I bewitched?' cried he, trying to recollect whether he had not absolutely and really written these other inscriptions himself—but his arms could not have reached so far; and as yet he had not sat at any other side of the table.

'Yet all this must be d——d nonsense!' muttered he; at the same time looking about rather timidly through the obscure chamber. The fallen down broken places in the wall, especially near the bed, diversifying the black distorted faces traced with charcoal—the general uncouth desolation of the neglected apartment appeared, in the uncertain scanty light, in a high degree disquieting and formidable. To Wolfe it seemed even as if the rudely-traced caricature faces were known to him. He shuddered involuntarily, and hastily extinguished the light, in order to escape, if possible, from such hobgoblins and preternatural impressions. Besides, it had become too late to think of writing any more. For a moment he wished to breathe the free air, for, without, he thought it would be cool and refreshing. He opened the window again therefore. All appeared still and slumbering; and the cool breath of night saluted him. From a neighbouring cellar, however, even now, rays of light were shining forth; and soon after Wolfe heard the hammers ringing loudly on the anvil. 'Poor soul!' thought he, 'thou art already making the most of these midnight hours, which to thee begin a week of hard labour.' The glowing iron now brightly scattered its sparks, as if from the bowels of the earth, into the lonely gloom of the night. 'He probably sharpens knives and hatchets for the butcher,' continued Wolfe to himself; 'that suits Mein-herr John exactly, and is quite convenient and useful for both. How all trades assist one another, and depend on each other, in this world!'

He had once more become tranquil, and looked for a long time into the beautiful garden, which at night ap-

peared for the first time inhabited; for Wolfe now plainly marked some one slowly moving up and down through the obscure walks. Sometimes the form stood still, and lifted its arm, as if beckoning to some one to follow. Wolfe could not distinguish the figure narrowly enough—for the rising veil of vapours often concealed it as if in long white robes; and the more anxiously he fixed his eyes upon it, the more faintly and glimmeringly one object, as it were, melted into another. At last Wolfe came from the window, and, leaving it open, threw himself into bed. The now dry leaves of his cypress wreath, which hung upon the wall, fluttered, and rustled over him in the draught of the window. Wolfe started up at the sound, calling ing out, 'Who's there?' and he bethought himself, but half awake, where he was. His eyes now chanced to rest upon the window, and *there* he could not help believing, that he beheld the same form that had before appeared in the garden looking in upon him. 'Devil take your jokes!' cried our hero, becoming quite angry, not only with this intruder, but still more with himself, for the death-like tremor which came over him. He then drew his head hastily under the clothes, and from fatigue fell asleep under the loud audible beating of his heart.

One hour, as he believed, (but a longer interval, perhaps, in reality,) had the mysterious influences of the world of dreams reigned over his senses, when a strange noise once more alarmed him. The moon was still contending with the light of day, of which the faint grey dawn was visible; and now a low moaning sound was again heard close to our hero. He instantly tore the clothes from his face, and set both his arms at liberty. Then with one hand stretched out, and the other lifted up for combat, he forced his eyes wide open and stared about him. He was at first not a little terrified, on beholding a great white dog, with his two fore feet placed upon the bed, and stretching up his head, with large round eyes fixed upon him, and gleaming in the twilight. This unexpected guest however wagged his tail, and licked the hand that was stretched out to drive him away—so that Wolfe could not find in his heart to fulfil his intention; the dog, always fawning, came nearer and nearer; and, as if through customary right, remained at last quietly in the same position. 'Probably he must belong to some one here,' thought our hero, stroking him on the back; 'and now believes that I am his master. Who knows what inhabitant may have left this apartment to make room for me?' Scarcely had he said these last words, when the dreams, out of which he had just awoke, regained all their influence, and he could not help believing that there had really been some important and preternatural visitant with him in his chamber. Reflection on this subject, however, was too painful and perplexing to be continued. He therefore sprang out of bed, and, as it was already daybreak, he began to put his accoutrements in order, and prepared himself to go to the stables. The dog continued snuffling about him, and attentively watched and imitated his every look and movement. Wolfe twice showed him to the door, which the troublesome animal had opened in the night, and which still stood open; but he showed not the slightest inclination to retire from the presence of his new master.

In the court all was now alive and busy. The butcher's men went gaily about, whistling and singing, some of them pious songs, and others, such as they had learned at the alehouse. Wolfe stood at the window, and brushed the dust from his foraging cap, now and then looking down at the mock-fighting, wrestling, and other practical jokes of these rude sturdy companions. One of them, who appeared somewhat older than the rest, and moreover wore a morose and discontented aspect, drew from the stable a poor old withered hack, buckled on

a leathern portmanteau, threw himself into a faded shabby great coat, and with a large whip in his hand, twisted his fingers through the mane and bridle; fixed one foot in the stirrup, and endeavoured to bring up the other with a violent swing. However, the poor-worn out animal, who had not recovered from the effects of his last journey, kicked and plunged to prevent himself from being mounted; while the awkward horseman, in a rage, checked and tore him with the reins, kicked him with his feet in the side, and with his clenched fist on the head. 'Infamous scoundrel!' said Wolfe, whose blood boiled with indignation, 'if the fellow can't ride, what business has he to meddle with horses!—It is a miserable thing to see a fellow in this situation, who has never been a soldier!' At last, the despicable rider got himself seated in the saddle, drew a white felt cap over his eyes, and jogged away, bending his body almost double as he passed under the outward gateway. Wolfe was glad when he was thus fairly gone; yet his absence had not continued long, when our hero again heard the long-legged old grey horse trampling over the stones. The rider had forgotten something. He shouted, whistled, and cursed alternately: then rode up with much noise to an under window, and demanded, 'if no one had seen Lynx?' This honest creature now lay growling at Wolfe's feet, and showed his teeth angrily, every time the well known voice called him from below. Wolfe was by no means inclined, on account of his new friend, to enter into any quarrels; however, as he stood at the window, and patted Lynx on the head, he took the trouble of calling out—'If it is the great white dog that you want, here he lies in the room with me. I did not bring him hither, and do not wish to keep him; but he will not go away.' The bawling fellow stared at him, with his mouth wide open; once more pulled down his cap; and, without saying another word, rode away about his business. 'So much the better,' thought Wolfe—stroking smooth the bristly rough hair of Lynx. 'Stay thou here, my good old dog, and take care of my knapsack whilst I am absent.' The dog looked at him, as if he understood every word—drew his hind legs under him, and with the forelegs stretched out, he laid himself across the threshold of the door, with his head lifted up, and keeping watch attentively.

Wolfe then went about his professional duties, endeavouring to forget the painful night that he had passed; and assumed an appearance of merriment, which he was in reality far from enjoying. In currying and rubbing down his horse, however, he sang one song after another, while his comrades about him, in the meanwhile, had much to complain of in their reception, and wished for the return of better days. 'There he is, in high spirits,' said they, pointing to Wolfe. 'But then,' added they, 'a bird that sings so early in the morning, the vulture will catch before night!' 'It may be so!' said Wolfe gravely; for from the first he had expected nothing good from his residence with the butcher; and it always seemed as if there was yet to come a violent dispute and quarrel with his host. 'Well now,'—said another, 'thou say'st nothing all this while about thy quarters, and how thou hast been entertained. Now is the time to speak out!'—'What's the use of talking?' answered Wolfe, 'that will not make one's vexations a whit less. I knew very well before, the people here use so many high-sounding words—and try to appear so polite and important; but unluckily most of them lag devilishly behind in making good all their professions. 'Soldiers billeted?' think they—'that gives us no trouble—we can entertain them in our own way—for no one knows or inquires any thing about them—and as to what the poor hungry devils themselves may say—no one will believe them. For such gentry, in their own opinion, there is never any thing good enough!' 'Very true!' cried they, all

laughing. 'There you hit the nail on the head. So it is, indeed!' 'But,' continued one, 'with the green trumpery—the leaves and flowers that they threw to meet us—*there* they were quite profuse and splendid. But not even a horse—much less a man, could live on such provender—yet one cannot feed on the air—*this* they should know still better than we do.' 'Let all this alone,' interposed Wolfe, 'and don't make such a fuss about a few morsels, which, when they are once swallowed, are forgotten.' 'Nay, nay,' said a non-commissioned officer, 'it is for the want of due respect and honour that we find fault. A soldier ought to be respected.' 'Respect!' replied Wolfe, 'that indeed is an idea which would never enter into their heads. Out of mere shame, they are full of poison and gall, and would, therefore, wish to degrade us even in their own eyes: therefore a bayonet or sabre appears to them like a sword of justice; and out of sheer vexation they become insolent.' 'All this will soon have an end,' interrupted the serjeant; 'you, my good friends, will be paid off; then every one will live on his money as well as he can.' 'Thank God!' exclaimed our hero; 'I shall gladly, with my sixpence a day, *buy off* their long faces and sulky tempers.' 'Ay, ay!' shouted a jovial merry companion, 'then we shall have enough for ourselves, and spend it freely, and give these gentry a share of our wealth as long as it lasts!' He then struck up the old song—

'And if then our cash and our credit grow low,
'Fair ladies, adieu!—through the world we must go!' &c. &c.

All laughed at the song, (of which we have given but the first two lines) and Wolfe among the rest; for indeed it now seemed to him as if an overpowering weight had been lifted from his breast. 'In a few days,' thought he, 'all will be well. Our present restraints and difficulties will be at an end.'

Through the day he avoided being too much at his quarters. Louisa, at all events, would not let herself be visible; and as to the rest of the household, he had no wish to meet any of them.

It was now late in the evening, when he stood under the door-way, and looked about him through the street. Not long after arrived the savage rider, who had excited his indignation in the morning. He came in at a short jog trot; and, without perceiving Wolfe, rode straight forward to the stable, whither the poor old hack, of his own accord, was steering with all his might. Having dismounted,--shaken himself two or three times, —and beat his old slovenly boots together, this elegant squire at last betook himself to the low parlour within doors, to wait on Mein-herr John. Wolfe had now stepped out into the street, and walked up and down before the house. In a short time he heard loud voices within, and involuntarily looked up to the window—the fellow seemed in violent altercation with his master —he held an empty leathern purse in one hand, and beat with it violently now and then on the table that stood before him. Mein-herr John, meanwhile, walked up and down with gestures of evident mortification and perplexity, while the other exclaimed in a loud voice, 'What the master wastes on cards and dice, must never be reckoned or thought of!—*that* one of us must be driven to make up for; but he had better not begin with me; for on my soul I won't suffer it!' The butcher would now have interfered again; but the fellow, over and over, with the red flush of anger in his countenance, persisted: 'What the devil! shall I allow myself to be abused in this manner for such a paltry sum—I that have helped you, in my day, to gain so much?'—'Now, now, this is all very well,' said the butcher, in a conciliatory tone; his opponent, however, came a step nearer to him, and holding up his clenched fist in his master's face—'Do you forget another time,' cried he, 'that I have you in my power, and, whenever I please, can make you as cold as a dead dog!'

To Wolfe it now seemed as if an ice-cold sepulchral hand had been drawn over him.—He ran up to his apartment, and locked himself in; for he felt exactly as if he had fallen into a den of murderers. His faithful adherent Lynx now came up to him crouching;—he caressed the animal as a companion in adversity, and looked into his honest open eyes for consolation.

It was plain, that ever since our hero came under the roof of his present abode, a heavy, resistless, and unaccountable weight had pressed upon him. He could enjoy nothing,—had no command over his thoughts,—and could not apply to any pursuit for pastime. Mechanically he measured the small room with his steps a hundred times over; and did not lay himself for the first time to sleep till it was late in the night.

When, on the following morning, the trumpet blew for feeding the horses, with a feverish timidity and trembling, he started from his sleep, out of the obscure world of dreams, by whose influences his senses, in a kind of half consciousness, had been ruled and agitated. He sprang disordered out of bed; the small fragment of a mirror that he had in his knapsack exhibited his countenance, pale as death, and the features swollen, relaxed, almost metamorphosed, on which the traces of a miserable internal conflict were still but too obvious. Even through the whole succeeding day his endeavours to recover himself were in vain. His comrades looked at him anxiously and perplexed; asked questions, and urged him for an answer—but he remained invincibly reserved, and would by no means enter into any explanation. Meanwhile he went about all his affairs and professional duties as if he were in a dream, managed (or mis-managed) every thing under the greatest distraction; and encountered the reprimands, that he received for such conduct, without shame, and indeed with apathy.

So passed over the whole day. In the evening he sat with several of his comrades on a bench before the guard-house. It was now very misty, and a thick oppressive sky hung over them. All seemed in good humour, and occasionally joined together in the chorus of several excellent old songs. Wolfe listened, or seemed to listen, in truth without perceiving any thing that passed around him; but when at last his next neighbour started up, and said, 'Now it is time, every one must to his quarters!' his heart began to beat, and his knees tottered under him, so that he could hardly support himself. His comrade, however, had been observing him for a long while; and believing that he was certainly ill, now seized him by the arm, and they loitered along for a considerable distance together. When they had come at last to the neighbourhood of the butcher's house, Wolfe suddenly stood still, and, inwardly shuddering, heaved a deep sigh. 'No!' said he to himself, 'I shall no longer bear undivulged these obscure and horrible thoughts, which have rendered my conduct so reserved and extraordinary; and which, buried in my heart, torment me to death!' 'Now then,' cried the other, 'only resolve boldly.—Come! out with it from the heart, fresh, and without any reserve or qualification!—What have you to tell?' 'Don't laugh,' said Wolfe, 'it was a dream, such as might render you and me and every one insane that hears it!' The wild eyes and faltering voice of our hero involuntarily startled his comrade—both looked fearfully and pale at one another. When at last they had arrived at the butcher's house, and entered together the mysterious apartment; 'Here then,' said Wolfe, 'look attentively round you. In this room has appeared to me now, for these two nights past, a grey white spectre, with features blood-stained and emaciated, worn and gnawn away by the mouldering damps of the grave. This apparition seats itself on that chair before my bed; and with its head leaned on its hands, looks at me im-

ploringly. I wake not—I sleep not—I feel and see, and yet cannot move a limb. After a while, the figure makes signs to me, and points to that garden, which you may perceive yonder over the walls. The spectre moves not its lips, and yet it appears to me as if I heard a voice directing me: '*There, near the ruined ice-house, under the two lime trees, growing out of one stem, shalt thou go and search!*' It ceases not to make signs, and to supplicate, till the day-light once more glimmers on mine eyes; and I awake—I cannot say to self-possession, for these horrible impressions are indelible!'

Both, for some time, remained thoughtful and in silence; while, from the doubt and perplexity of his companion, Wolfe found himself, by contrast, growing more energized and resolute. 'Should it appear again tonight,' said he, 'I will follow the ghost. I must cut this mysterious knot with one bold stroke, otherwise it will continue to fetter and enervate both soul and body.' 'Indeed! are you determined?' said his comrade.—'Why not?' said Wolfe. 'This requires consideration,' said the other. 'Who knows what you may come to see there?' 'That's all one,' said Wolfe; 'I must know the secret import of this visitation, otherwise I can have no rest.' His comrade played with the tassels of his laced helmet, and was silent. It now lightened at a distance, and began also to rain. Wolfe stepped to the window—'You must go now!' said he to his comrade; 'for, at all events, your presence cannot be of any service to me in this affair. A ghost seldom deals with more than one individual at a time.' He took leave of his friend, therefore, after having escorted him to the door; and said, at parting, 'Have no fears on my account—the goodness of Heaven will support me!' He had scarcely uttered these words, when, with great emotion, he recollected how visibly near to him Providence had frequently been in battle; and how often, amid difficulty and danger, a short tranquil prayer had stilled the anxiety of his heart, and recalled his wandering senses. When he had returned from seeing his comrade down stairs, scolded Lynx into quietness, and summoned all his self-possession, he extinguished the light, kneeled in a corner of the room, and with heartfelt devotion, said a pater-noster. After this, his tranquillity was perfectly restored. He had even a degree of pleasure in listening to the majestic thunder that sublimely rolled over the yet living town, and attracted the attention of its varied inhabitants, whose eyes, from time to time, were dazzled and blinded by the sudden and vivid lightning.

Towards morning (though there was yet no day-light) Wolfe began to close his eyes, exhausted and harassed. Not long after, his nightly visitant once more placed itself near him. Its gestures were now most earnest and anxious; and it appeared to Wolfe, in his sleep, as if Lynx barked very loud, and seized and dragged him by the arm. He was fearfully agitated, in a vain strife between sleep and waking, with the inability at first to break from his dream. At last a frightful gleam of lightning filled his apartment, and forced him out of this almost deadly combat. Instantly he sprang out of bed—rain and wind rattled violently on the windows—the garden opposite seemed wrapped in flames.—Wolfe beheld nothing around him but fire and devastation—yet the loud thunder gave him courage. He took his mantle from the wall, wrapped himself in it, carried his sabre under his arm, whistled for Lynx, who, terrified by the thunder, ran moaning backwards and forwards, and, trusting in God, proceeded on his way.

In the house, all, on account of the storm, were awake. He found the door half open, and stepped into the court. The louring clouds swept over him—it seemed almost as if the spirit of the storm were riding through the air on audible wings. The rain came pouring down, and for a moment he had nearly lost his resolution. Lynx, how-

ever, now recovered from his fright, sprang with unwieldy gambols around him, and led him onwards, sometimes barking aloud, and glaring with his eyes as if animated by some extraordinary design. In this manner our hero was drawn onwards towards a neighbouring wall, in which he at last perceived a small entrance gate. He tried the lock in different ways till it opened, and he now found himself within the beautiful garden which he had admired so much.

The trees shook their drenched heads, and saluted him with those deep rustling sounds, by which they responded to the violent attack of the storm. He went rapidly onwards beneath their agitated canopy, while his labouring heart became so anxious and oppressed, that he could hardly breathe. Meanwhile the relentless tempest beat the flowers one against another, crushed their tender heads to the earth, and drove great whirls of red and white rose leaves through the perturbed atmosphere. At length a stream of lightning flashed through the clouds, and Wolfe found himself before the ruined moss-covered ice-cellar, where the two lime trees, exactly as they had been described to him in his dream, stretched their withered branches, as if pointing, with long black fingers, to the low broken door of the entrance— Wolfe instantly drove away this barrier. In his mind there was now no trace of fear. All inferior solicitude yielded before the increasing impulse here to realize some extraordinary discovery. He had become excited to such a degree, that notwithstanding the interruption of the storm, he followed the directions received in his dream, by searching thoroughly among the raised-up rubbish and mould with scrupulous attention. His faithful attendant, Lynx, assisted him with more than instinctive perseverance in this labour, scratching and turning up the earth with its snout, till, at last, he barked vehemently, and stood as if riveted to one spot. Wolfe bent over him, while the thunder rolled at a distance, and a pale gleam of one solitary star fell through the dark mantle of the night. Wolfe started back as the light fell upon an AXE OF HATCHET, that lay at his feet. 'What may this import?' said he; and lifting it up, he stepped out of the dark shades of the cavern into the free air. The solitary star was reflected on the steel; but, at the same time, Wolfe beheld, with horror, deeply rusted stains of blood, which irresistibly agitated his heart, and, full of obscure apprehensions, he exclaimed, 'Murder! a secret, dark, and barbarous murder!' His whole frame trembled with indignation, and the desire of just vengeance; and taking the hatchet under his mantle, without having determined what course to pursue, he returned back to his quarters.

The weather had now become comparatively tranquil; the thunder clouds had sunk beneath the horizon, like a worn-out volcano; the daylight already dawned; and light fringes of red adorned the yet lingering vapours in the east. Wolfe came, with great strides, back towards the court—his white cloak fluttering in the wind—his upraised hair staring and wild over his angry contracted brows; and his eyes, too, considering the temper in which he was, must have looked sufficiently formidable. He now happened to encounter Mein-herr John, who quietly looking at the weather, was smoking his morning pipe under the gate-way. 'Look here, master,' cried Wolfe, drawing the hatchet from under his cloak, 'see what I have chanced to find this morning!' The tobacco pipe fell from the butcher's hands—his eyes became wild, and his lips quivered; then murmuring in a hollow voice, 'blood will have judgment; I am doomed at last!' he clasped his hands, and fell down dead, with his face to the earth, in a fit of apoplexy.

Wolfe stood as if rooted to the spot, still holding the axe with uplifted arm, when Louisa looked over his shoulder, and in a piercing voice exclaimed, 'Oh heavens! that is Andrew's own hatchet

—there is his name on the handle—Andrew Wolfe!'—Then the whole connexion of events flashing with the rapidity of lightning on her mind, she clasped her hands together, and, almost breathless with horror, exclaimed, 'That is his blood!—They have murdered him!'

The alarm had brought together all the inhabitants of the house, who thronged about Wolfe, and urged him to unravel the frightful mystery. To him it appeared, as if his head and breast were loaded with a weight of iron. Words and thoughts both failed him, as if frozen up, motionless and dead, within his soul. He stared at the letters upon the hatchet—his brain whirled, as if a wheel were within it—suddenly tears burst from his eyes—then the spirit of vengeance returned—he fell upon the prostrate butcher, and violently lifted him from the ground, exclaiming, 'Thou hellish blood-hound, hast thou murdered him?' The cold, pale lips, however, opened not again, for death had finally sealed them. Wolfe drew back, therefore, after having let the stiffening corse slowly sink down; then looking wildly around him, rushed from the house towards the garden. The spectators, perceiving his design, followed him with shovels and pick-axes, with which they assisted him to search, until they had at last drawn from the grave the remains of a dead body, now reduced to a skeleton, so that nothing more was recognizable but a silver ring, which, uninjured, still adhered to one of the withered fingers. On beholding this, Louisa, with trembling lips, could only pronounce, 'It is he—'twas I who gave him the ring!' And Wolfe, on hearing this, immediately fell down in a state of insensibility, from which they were not able to recover him.

After our hero, under the influence of frightful nervous spasms, had been carried to an hospital, where he fell sick of a mortal fever, the legal authorities of the city found evidence to prove, that, seven years before, a stout, young, active lad, by name Andrew Wolfe, had entered into the service of Mein-herr John, the butcher. He was a ready penman and accountant, and soon became indispensable to his master, whose business, after Andrew's arrival, was rapidly improved, and he himself was reconciled with customers; who, for a long while, had been estranged. Mein-herr John therefore moderated, in some degree, the usual roughness of his temper and demeanour; and Andrew himself bore much with patience on account of the sincere love which he cherished for Louisa. Their attachment was mutual; and as the good diligent youth had gathered together a little capital of his own, he hoped in a short time to be able to undertake some business for himself, and provide for the worldly comfort of his intended bride. He had just made up his mind to disclose those intentions to his master, when one evening the wicked Martin, a graceless journeyman, in whom no one had any trust, contrived to entice him into a game of hazard, in which Mein-herr John also joined, and both tacitly conspired together to pillage the poor lad of the little fortune he had so anxiously saved. Contrary to their expectations, however, he won from both; and when it grew late, on Louisa making signs to him to go, he broke off at last, and retired to his apartment, having first hastily embraced his mistress, and whispered her, that to-morrow all would be finally arranged for their marriage, and that she should have no fears for the future. Several people in the house had overheard Mein-herr John whispering that same evening with Martin on the stairs, and seen them afterwards go up to Wolfe's chamber. The following day Andrew had disappeared, no one knew where or how. His master gave out that he had deserted to the French army, and had marched away with them.

After these disclosures were made, it was found that the villain Martin was missing; and, on inquiry, it appeared, that in the morning early he had fled on horseback, no doubt, sooner

or later to be overtaken by merited judgment.

Louisa, with calm resignation, attended Wolfe in his illness, who in lucid intervals was still able to converse with her, and often folding his hands with deep sighs, said, 'God has avenged us, and we must forgive the guilty!' These indeed were his last words, and in uttering them he closed his honourably-unstained existence. Louisa laid the Cypress Wreath (which she had taken down from the nail in his apartment) upon the coffin, and she and Lynx followed at a distance, when his comrades bore him to the grave, and deposited his remains beside those of his brother, who had previously been interred with Christian rites.

Often Louisa still weeps over their grave; yet her heart is more tranquil, for Andrew was not faithless, and God has judged his murderers. With pious submission waits this poor drooping flower, till the storm of life shall wholly lay it in the dust, and refuge is found at last in the night of the grave.

ARSACES AND ISMENIA.

(Concluded from page 97.)

The feigned princess was always veiled, and I never heard her voice. She passed almost all the day in watching me from a latticed window contrived in my apartment: Sometimes she made me come to her chamber; there her women sung the most tender airs, that seemed to express her love for me. I was never sufficiently near her; she was occupied for ever with me; there was always something to adjust in my dress; she disordered my hair to arrange it again; she was never content with that which she had done.

One day they told me that she permitted me to come and see her. I found her on a sofa, her veil still covered her, her head was gently declined, and she seemed to be in a soft languor. I approached, and one of her women said to me, 'Love favours you; it is he who caused you to be brought here under this disguise. The princess loves you: all hearts submit to her, and she wishes but for yours.'

'How,' replied I, sighing, 'can I give a heart which is no longer mine? My dear Ardasire is its sole mistress; and will ever be.'

I did not remark the emotion that Ardasire was in at these words, but she has since told me that she had never felt so much delight.

'Silence, rash youth!' said the attendant, 'the princess ought to be displeased, like the gods, when we are unhappy enough not to adore them.'

'I render her,' I answered, 'all due homage; my respect, my gratitude are unbounded: but destiny, cruel destiny will not permit me to love her. Great princess,' I added, throwing myself at her feet, 'I conjure you by your glory, to forget a man, who by an eternal love for another can never be worthy of you.'

I heard her heave a profound sigh, and I perceived that she was weeping; I reproached myself for my insensibility; I wished that which was not possible, to be faithful to my love, and yet preserve hers from despair.

They reconducted me to my apartment; and some days after I received this billet, written in a hand which was not known to me:—

'The princess's love is violent, but it is not tyrannical: she will not complain even of your refusal, if you prove to her that it proceeds from constancy: Come then, and tell her the reasons you have to be so faithful to this Ardasire.'

I was conducted to her; I related all the events of my life. When I spoke of my love, I heard her sigh—She held my hand in hers, and at those tender relations she pressed it as if unconsciously.

The next day I received another billet:—

'I can appreciate your love, and I will not exact the sacrifice of it. But

are you sure that this Ardasire still loves you? Perhaps you refuse, for an ungrateful woman, the heart of a princess who adores you.'

I returned this answer :—

'Ardasire loves me to such an excess, that I cannot ask of the gods to increase her passion. Alas! perhaps she has loved me but too well! I remember a letter that she wrote to me some time after I had quitted her. If you had seen the violent, yet tender expressions of her grief, you would have been moved; and I now fear that while I am detained in this place, the despair of having lost me, and her distaste for life, will have made her commit an act that will consign me to the tomb.'

This is the answer I received :—

'Be happy, Arsaces, and give all your love to the beauty who loves you: for myself, I wish but for your friendship.'

The next day I went to her apartment. There every thing contributed to intoxicate my senses and mislead my heart. The princess reclined on a couch, canopied with garlands of flowers, which diffused through the chamber the most agreeable perfumes. She gave me her hand, and made me sit near her. Every thing, even the veil which covered her face, was disposed with grace. A simple robe displayed to me the beauty of her form. She perceived the admiration which my eyes expressed, and gently pressed my hand. My trembling lips confessed my love, when by a vehement effort she freed herself from my arms, and I lost her.

I returned to my own apartment, surprised myself at my inconstancy. On the morrow when they entered my chamber they returned me my own habits, and in the evening they conducted me to her whose idea still enchanted me. I approached and threw myself at her feet transported with love, but I found a strange alteration; she appeared frozen; and when she had sufficiently discouraged me, that she might enjoy my embarrassment, she spoke, and I for the first time heard her voice: 'Have you no wish to see the face of her that you love?—' The sound of her voice petrified me, and I remained motionless; hoping, yet fearing to find that it was Ardasire. 'Take off this veil,' she said: I obeyed. It was indeed Ardasire! I wished to speak, but the words died away on my lips—love, surprise, joy, and shame, by turns possessed me. 'You are then Ardasire!' I at length exclaimed. 'Yes, perfidious man,' she replied, 'I am.'—'Ardasire,' said I, in a broken voice, 'why do you sport thus with an unhappy passion?' 'Sir,' she answered, 'you are my master, and can command all here. Punish me, if you wish to do so, for that which I have done. Alas, I had hoped to find you more faithful. Arsaces,' she added, weeping, 'you do not deserve my love.'

'Do not drive me to despair, my dear Ardasire; could you wish that I should have remained insensible to the charms I have always adored? Was it not you that I loved?' 'Ah,' said she, 'but you would have loved any other.' 'I should never have loved any one but you,' I replied; 'you must forgive me: reflect that of all the infidelities that can be committed, mine is without doubt the least.'

I knew by the langour of her eyes, and the gentleness of her voice, that she was no longer irritated. I held out my arms to her, she sank into them, and I once more felt the happiness of holding in my arms her that I loved more than my life.

Ardasire, recovering herself, said to me, 'My dear Arsaces, the love that I have had for you has caused me to do many strange things: an overwhelming passion will submit to no rules. In the name of the gods, do not again quit me; what can you require more? You are happy if you love me; you are sure that no mortal has ever been so much beloved: swear to me then to remain here.'

I made a thousand vows, interrupted only by my embraces; she believed them, and was satisfied.

We continued to live in Sogdiana in the greatest felicity. I had remained but a few months at the court of Margiana, and I was already cured of my ambition. I had enjoyed the favour of the king; but I soon perceived that he could not forgive me my courage, as contrasted by his own terror. My presence embarrassed him; he could not then love me. His courtiers perceived it, and from that time they took great care not to esteem me too highly; and because I had preserved the state from the impending destruction, every body at court decided that it had never been endangered.

Thus equally disgusted with slavery and its slaves, I knew no other passion but my love for Ardasire, and I esteemed myself happier by remaining in the only dependence that I could love, than entering into another that I could not but despise.

It soon appeared that the genius had not abandoned us; we found the same abundance, and each day brought new prodigies.

A fisherman sold us a fish; in the inside of it, we found a ring of immense value.

At one time, wanting money, I sent some jewels to be sold at the neighbouring town; they brought me the money for them, and some days after I saw the jewels on my table.

We wished to tempt the genius, and we asked him for an immense sum. He soon made us perceive that our wishes were indiscreet. We found in my room the smallest sum that we had yet received: we could not refrain from laughing when we saw it. 'The genius mocks us,' said Ardasire. 'Ah, no,' I exclaimed, 'the gods dispense wisely: the sufficiency that they give us is of more value than the treasures that they refuse.'

Thus we passed our life in joy, innocence, and peace; but on a sudden my happiness vanished, and I experienced the most cruel reverse.

The king of the country was a tyrant, capable of every crime; but nothing rendered him so odious as the continual outrages he committed against a sex to whom it was not even permitted to raise the eyes. He learnt by a slave that had quitted the seraglio of Ardasire, that she was the most beautiful woman of the East. He needed no more to determine him to take her from me. One night a troop of soldiers surrounded my house, and in the morning I received an order from the tyrant to send him Ardasire. I saw the impossibility of saving her. My first idea was to kill her while she was yet buried in sleep. I took my sword, and rushed to her chamber; I drew back the curtains, but when I beheld her, the sword dropped from my powerless hand, and I recoiled with horror from the deed. A new rage seized me, and I wished to throw myself into the midst of those satellites, and immolate all that opposed me; but a moment's reflection suggested to me a more practicable design, and I became calm. I resolved to resume the dress that I had worn for some months; to enter, as Ardasire, into the litter that the tyrant had destined for her; and suffer myself to be carried to him: besides, having no other resource, I felt a secret pleasure in doing a courageous action under the same habits with which blind love had before degraded my sex.

I executed all this with the utmost coolness. I ordered them to conceal from Ardasire the danger that I encountered, and that as soon as I had departed they were to convey her to a place of safety. I took with me a slave on whose courage I knew I could rely, and delivered myself to the women and eunuchs that the tyrant had sent. I was not more than two days upon the road; and when I arrived, the night was already far advanced. The tyrant had given an entertainment to his courtiers. He was in that stupid gaiety that debauchery gives when it is carried to excess: he ordered me to be brought to him. I entered the festive hall, and he placed me by himself, and I was obliged to disguise the fury and disorder of my soul. My

mind was actuated by contrary desires. I wished to attract the looks of the tyrant, and yet whenever he turned towards me, I felt my rage redouble. 'Because he believes me to be Ardasire,' I said within myself, 'he dares to love me.' The guests departed; we were alone in the gardens of the palace, when I plunged my sword into his breast, exclaiming, 'This sword shall teach thee, that I am a man. Die, and say to the infernal host, that the husband of Ardasire has punished thy crimes.'

He fell lifeless at my feet, and in that moment the door of the apartment opened, and my slave entered; for as soon as he had heard my voice, he killed the eunuch who guarded him. We fled; but we were bewildered in the gardens; at length we encountered a man, whom I seized. 'I will plunge this poniard in your heart,' I said to him, 'if you do not show me a way to escape from this place.' It was a gardener: trembling with fear, he led me to a door which he opened; I made him close it again, and ordered him to follow me.

I threw off my female attire, and took a mantle from my slave: we wandered in the woods, and by an unhoped-for happiness, when we were completely overcome by fatigue, we found a merchant who was feeding his camels, and compelled him to carry us from that fatal country.

In proportion as I removed from danger, my heart became less tranquil. I felt a thousand fears for Ardasire: her women and eunuchs had concealed from her the horror of our situation; but, seeing me no more, she believed me culpable; she imagined that I had broken all the vows I had made to her: though she could not conceive the barbarity of sending her away without saying a single word. Life became insupportable, and she swallowed poison: it did not take effect suddenly. When I arrived I found her dying. 'Ardasire,' I exclaimed in an agony of grief, 'you die, and I lose you for ever! Alas, cruel Ardasire, what have I done to merit this?' . . . She burst into tears: 'Arsaces,' said she, 'a few moments before death seemed to me delicious; since I again see you, it appears terrible. I feel that I wish to live for you; and that my soul wings its flight reluctantly. Respect my memory: if I find that it is still dear to you, my spirit will repose quietly in the shades. I have at least the consolation, my dear Arsaces, of dying in your arms.'

She expired. I know not how I ever survived her loss; they tore me from Ardasire, and I felt as if they deprived me of life. I fixed my eyes on her, and remained motionless; I was become stupid with grief. They hid from my sight this terrible spectacle, and my soul resumed its sensibility. I turned my eyes towards the fatal object of all my grief; I would have given a thousand lives to see her once more, but they dragged me away. I then became furious—I would have plunged my sword into my heart, but they prevented me. My brain was distempered: I ran into the woods, filling the air with my cries. When I became more tranquil, the despair of my soul was redoubled; it seemed that nothing remained for me in the world, but my grief and the name of Ardasire. This name I repeated in a terrible voice, and then relapsed into silence. I was resolved to deprive myself of life, but a sudden recollection inspired me with fresh fury. 'You wish to die,' I said within myself, 'and Ardasire is not avenged! the son of the tyrant is in Hircania; he yet lives to revel in delights, and you wish to die!'

I set out to seek him. I learned that he had declared war against you. I hastened to join your army; I arrived three days before the battle; the result you know. I could have killed the tyrant's son; but I preferred making him a prisoner. I wished that he should drag on in chains and disgrace an existence as miserable as my own. I own, however, that I do not find myself more happy from the gratification of my revenge; and I feel well convinced

that the hope of vengeance pleases more than vengeance itself. The action that you have seen, the applause of the people, even your friendship, cannot return to me that which I have lost.

The surprise of Aspar had commenced almost from the beginning of the recital. As soon as he had heard the name of Arsaces, he recognised the husband of the queen. State reasons had obliged him to send Ismenia, the youngest daughter of the late king, to reside among the Medes, and he had caused her to be carried away secretly under the name of Ardasire. He had married her to Arsaces; he had always had slaves whom he could trust in the seraglio; he was the genius who by these slaves dispensed so much wealth in the house of Arsaces, and who by the most simple means had made them imagine that they were so many prodigies.

He had many reasons for concealing from Arsaces the birth of Ardasire: Arsaces, who had a great deal of courage, would perhaps have asserted the rights of his wife to the throne of Bactria. But these reasons no longer subsisted; and when he heard Arsaces' recital, he was a thousand times about to interrupt him, but he thought that it was not yet time to acquaint him with his fate. A minister, by accustoming himself never to yield to his first impulse, will always act with prudence.

Some days after, a report was spread that the eunuch had placed on the throne an impostor.

They soon passed from murmurs to sedition. The enraged populace surrounded the palace, loudly demanding the head of Aspar. The eunuch caused one of the gates to be opened; and, mounted on an elephant, he advanced into the midst of the multitude. 'Bactrians,' he exclaimed, 'hear me!' and as they still murmured, 'Hear me! I say. If you can destroy me now, you can as easily destroy me a few moments hence. Here is a paper written and sealed by the hand of the late king: prostrate yourselves; I am going to read it.'

He read thus:

'Providence has bestowed on me two daughters, who resemble each other so exactly that all eyes may be deceived. I fear that this will occasion the most fatal wars. I order you then, Aspar, light of the empire, to take the youngest, and convey her secretly into Media, and that you suffer her to remain under a feigned name, while the welfare of the state demands it'.

He placed this writing above his head, and bowed down to the ground; then resuming his discourse, he related how he had confided the young Ismenia to the care of two old eunuchs, who had carried her under a feigned name into Media, where he had married her to a prince of that country; and that at length the illness of the queen had determined him to bring her back secretly to the seraglio, and that after the death of her sister he had placed her on the throne.

As the waves of the stormy sea are stilled by the zephyrs, in like manner the people became calm at the words of Aspar. Nothing was heard but acclamations of joy, and the temples resounded with the name of the young Ismenia.

Aspar inspired the queen with a wish to see the stranger who had rendered so great a service to the state. He was resolved that all the nobles and the people should be assembled at this audience. The queen was on her throne, superbly habited; her head was adorned with jewels; and, according to the custom of these solemnities, she raised her veil, and discovered a face of incomparable beauty. Arsaces appeared, and the people rent the air with their acclamations. Arsaces, his eyes cast down from respect, remained silent for a moment; then addressing himself to the queen:—

'Madam,' said he, in a low hesitating voice, 'if any thing could restore tranquillity to my soul, and console me for my misfortunes . . .'

The queen did not suffer him to finish; she had at first thought that she recognized the features of Arsaces,

but his voice convinced her. Wild with joy, and forgetting every thing but him, she sprang from her throne, and threw herself at the feet of Arsaces.

'My misfortunes have been greater than thine, my dear Arsaces. Alas! since the fatal moment that separated us, I believed that I should never again behold you.' Then, as if she thought the impetuosity of her manner improper, she raised herself suddenly, and a modest blush appeared on her face.

'Bactrians,' said she, 'it is at the feet of my husband that you have seen me. It is my glory to have shown my love before you. I have descended from my throne, because he did not share it with me; and I call all the gods to witness, that I will not again ascend it without him.'

Scarcely could the last words of the queen be heard; the whole palace echoed with the names of Arsaces and Ismenia.

All this time Arsaces stood entranced. He wished to speak, and his voice died away; he wished to move, and he remained motionless He saw neither the queen nor the people: he heard the acclamations; but joy had so much disordered him, that his soul could not feel all its felicity. But when Aspar had made every body retire, Arsaces flew to the queen.

'Ardasire, you live! you live, my dear Ardasire! while I have been dying with grief. How have the gods restored you to life?'

She hastened to relate to him, that one of her women had substituted for the poison a powerful sleeping potion. She had lain three days without motion; when they had brought her to life, the first word she uttered was the name of Arsaces; her eyes opened but to look for him; she had made them seek, she had herself sought every where for him. Soon after, Aspar had caused her to be carried away, and upon the death of the queen he had placed her on the throne.

Arsaces enjoyed a happiness which appeared to him inconceivable. Ardasire, whom he had believed dead, was restored to him again; Ardasire was Ismenia; Ardasire was queen of Bactria, and had made him king. He passed from the contemplation of his grandeur to that of his love. He loved that diadem which, far from being a sign of independence, reminded him incessantly that he belonged to her.

Ismenia tasted for the first time the pleasure of being a great queen. Before the arrival of Arsaces, her heart had been incapable of feeling it: in the midst of her court she found herself alone; millions knelt at her feet, and she believed herself abandoned.

Arsaces caused the prince of Hircania to be brought to him.

'You have appeared before me,' said he to the prince, 'and the chains have fallen from your hands. There ought not to be one man unfortunate in the empire of the happiest of all mortals: though I conquered you, I do not believe that you yield to me in courage, but I hope you will allow that you are my inferior in generosity.'

'Pardon me,' said Ismenia to the Prince of Hircania, 'for not having returned your love; but the wife of Arsaces could not be yours—you ought to complain only of destiny.'

'I am,' replied the prince, 'overwhelmed with so many misfortunes, and so many benefits, that I know not if I am an example of good or bad fortune. I took arms against you to avenge myself for a disdain that you felt not for me. I am going to return into Hircania; there I shall soon forget all my misfortunes, except that of having seen you, and being condemned to see you no more. Your beauty shall be celebrated throughout the East; it will render the age in which you live more renowned than all others; and in future times, the most flattering titles for faithful lovers will be the names of Arsaces and Ismenia.'

C. B.

SECRET OF FORTUNE-TELLING.

An Austrian officer, the Baron Von W., who served in 1788 in the war with the Turks, lived a few years at B. He was fond of relating the various adventures of his military life, and among others the following, which we give in the Baron's own words.

'In the spring of the year 1788, I set out from Miclosvar, in Transylvania, to conduct a number of recruits to my regiment, which then lay in the vicinity of Orsowa. In a village near the army lived a gipsy, who carried on the trade of a sutler. My new soldiers, who were extremely superstitious, asked her to tell their fortunes. I laughed at them, and at the same time held my hand to the gipsy.

' 'The 20th of August,' said she, with a very significant air, and without adding another syllable. I wished to obtain some explanation, but she repeated the same words; and as I was going away, she called out to me in the same tone, 'the 20th of August.' It may be easily supposed that this date remained impressed upon my memory.

'We joined the army, and shared its fatigues and dangers. It is well known in this war, the Turks gave no quarter. Their chiefs offered a premium of a ducat for every head that should be brought into the camp, and neither Janissaries nor Spahies neglected any opportunity of earning this reward. This arrangement was particularly fatal to our advanced posts. There was scarcely a night but what the Turks came in superior numbers to seek for heads; and at day-break it was often found that part of the camp had been guarded only by decapitated trunks. The Prince of Cobourg resolved to send every night strong piquets of cavalry beyond the chain of videts, for the purpose of protecting them. These piquets were composed of one or two hundred men; but the Turkish generals finding their troops disturbed in their retail trade, sent still more numerous detachments against our piquets, which procured them still more considerable profit. The service of the piquets was consequently of such a nature, that those who were appointed to perform it always put their affairs in order previous to their departure.

'Things were in this state in the month of August. Several battles had not changed the position of the army. A week before the 20th, my fortune-teller, of whom I had frequently purchased provisions, again made her appearance. She entered my tent, requested me to leave her a legacy, in case I should die on the day she predicted, and offered, in case I did not, to make me a present of a hamper of Tokay; this wine is a rarity in the army. The gipsy appeared to me not to have common sense; in the situation in which I then was, a speedy death was not improbable, but I had no reason to expect it precisely on the 20th of August. I acceded to the proposal, staking two horses, and fifty ducats, against the old woman's Tokay; and the auditor of the regiment took down our agreement in writing, but not without laughing.

'The 20th of August came. There was no probability of an engagement. It was indeed the turn of our regiment to furnish a piquet for the night, but two of my comrades were to go out before me. In the evening, as the hussars were preparing to set off, the surgeon of the regiment came to inform the commandant, that the officer named for the piquet was taken dangerously ill. The one next to him, and who preceded me, received orders to take his place. He dressed himself in haste, and was proceeding to join his men; but his horse, a gentle, quiet creature, suddenly began to prance and caper in such a manner, that he at last threw his rider, who broke his leg in the fall. It was now my turn. I set off, but I must confess not in my ordinary humour.

'I commanded eighty men, and was joined by one hundred and twenty belonging to another regiment, making in the whole two hundred men. Our

post was about a thousand paces in front of the line of the right wing, and we were supported by a marsh covered with very high reeds. We had no advanced sentinels; but not a man was suffered to leave the saddle: our orders were to remain with drawn sabres and loaded carbines till day-break. Every thing was quiet till a quarter before two o'clock; when we heard a noise, which was succeeded by shouts of *Allah!* and in a minute all the horses were thrown to the ground, either by the fire, or by the shock of seven or eight hundred Turks! An equal number fell on their side, from the impetuosity of their charge and the fire of our carbines. In the confusion that succeeded, I received eight sabre wounds, as well from friends as enemies; my horse was mortally wounded; he fell on my right leg, and pinned me to the ground.

'The flashes of pistols threw a light on the scene of carnage.

'I raised my eyes, and saw our men defending themselves with the courage of despair; but the Turks, intoxicated with opium, made a horrible massacre of them. Very soon not a single Austrian was left standing. The victors seized the horses that were still fit for service; first pillaged the dead and wounded, and then began to cut off their heads, and put them into sacks which they had brought expressly for the purpose. My situation was not very enviable. In the regiment of Szekler we in general understood the Turkish language. I heard them encourage each other to finish the business before any succours should arrive, and not to leave a single ducat behind, adding, that there ought to be two hundred. Hence it appears that their information must have been very accurate. Whilst they were passing over me, while legs, arms, and balls were flying over my head, my horse received one, which caused him to make a convulsive motion. My leg was disengaged, and I instantly conceived the idea of throwing myself, if possible, among the reeds of the morass. I had observed that several of our men who had attempted it were taken; but the firing had slackened, and the darkness inspired me with hope. I had only twenty yards to go, but had reason to apprehend that I should sink in the morass. I nevertheless leaped over men and horses, knocked down more than one of the Turks, who extended their arms to catch me, and made several blows at me with their sabres; but my good fortune and my agility enabled me to reach the marsh. I sunk at first no higher than my knees; in this manner I proceeded about twenty paces among the reeds, and there stopped exhausted with fatigue. I heard a Turk exclaim, 'An infidel has escaped; let us look for him!' 'It is impossible he can be in the morass,' replied the other. I know not whether they continued their conversation, but I heard nothing more; I fainted away with the loss of blood, and in this state I remained several hours; for when I came to myself the sun was already high.

'I had sunk into the morass up to the waist: my hair stood erect when I recollected the image of the night, and the 20th of August was one of my first ideas. I counted my wounds, which were eight in number, but none of them dangerous; they were given with sabres, on the arms, the breast, and the back. As the nights are very cold in that country, I wore a very thick pelisse, which had deadened the blows. I was, however, extremely weak: I listened; the Turks had been long gone. From time to time I heard the groans of wounded horses on the field of battle; as to the men, the Turks had taken care of them.

'I attempted to extricate myself from the place in which I was; and this I accomplished in about an hour. The footsteps I had left behind me on entering guided me out again. Though a war with Turks blunts the edge of sensibility, I felt an emotion of fear, lonely as I was, when I cast my eyes beyond the reeds. I advanced—my eyes were directed towards the scene of massacre; but words are inadequate

to express my terror, on feeling myself suddenly seized by the arm. I turned my head, and beheld an Arnaut, six feet high, who had come back to see if he could pick up any thing else. Never was hope more cruelly disappointed. I addressed him in the Turkish language: 'Take my watch, my money, my uniform,' said I, 'but spare my life.' 'All those belong to me,' said he, 'and your head into the bargain.' He immediately untied the string of my hussar cap, and then my cravat. I was unarmed, and incapable of defending myself; at the slightest movement he would have plunged his cutlass into my bosom. I threw my arms round his body, supplicating his compassion, whilst he endeavoured to uncover my neck. 'Have compassion on me,' said I: 'my family is rich; make me your prisoner, and you shall have a large ransom.' 'It will be too long to wait for that,' replied he: 'only hold yourself still a moment, that I may cut;' and he was already taking out my shirt pin. Meanwhile I still hung round him; he did not prevent me, because he relied on his strength and his weapons; and even perhaps from a motive of compassion, which was not strong enough to counterbalance the hope of a ducat. While he was disengaging my shirt pin I felt something hard at his girdle. It was an iron hammer. He again repeated, 'Hold yourself still.'

'These would have been the last words I should ever have heard, had not the horror of such a death inspired me with the idea of seizing his hammer. He did not perceive what I was doing, and already held my head in one hand and his cutlass in the other; when disengaging myself by a sudden movement, I gave him a blow on his face with the hammer with all my strength. The Arnaut staggered; I repeated my blow, and he fell, at the same time dropping his weapon. It is unnecessary to add, that I seized it, and plunged it several times into his body. I ran to our advanced posts, whose arms I perceived glittering with the sun, and at length reached the camp. Our people shunned me as they would a spectre. The same day I was attacked with a violent fever, and conveyed to the hospital.

'In six weeks I recovered from my fever and my wounds, and rejoined the army. On my arrival the gipsy brought me her Tokay; and I was informed, that during my absence different circumstances had come to pass exactly as she had foretold, and had procured many consultations and many legacies. All this was very extraordinary.

'Not long afterwards, two deserters from the enemy came over to us. They were Christians of Servia, who had been employed about the baggage of the Turkish army, and deserted to avoid a punishment they had incurred. They no sooner saw the gipsy than they knew her, and declared that she frequently went at night to the Turkish camp, to give the enemy an account of our movements. This astonished us greatly; for the woman had performed for us various services, and we had even admired the address with which she executed the most perilous commission. The deserters, however, persisted in their testimony, adding, that they had several times been present, when this woman described to them our projects, and encouraged them to make attacks which had actually taken place. A Turkish cypher served for her passport. This convincing proof being found upon her, she was sentenced to suffer death as a spy. Before her execution, I questioned her on her prediction relative to me. She acknowledged that by acting as a spy to both parties, which procured her double profit, she had often learned the designs of both; that those who secretly consulted her on their future fortune had made her acquainted with many circumstances, and she was likewise under some obligation to accident. As to what regarded me in particular, she had selected me to make of me a great example, capable of confirming her credit, by fixing so long beforehand

the fatal moment. At its approach, she instigated the enemy to make an attack on the night of the 20th on the post of our regiment. From the intercourse which she had with the officers, she learned that there were two to go out before me; to one, she sold adulterated wine, which made him very ill; as for the other, at the moment of his departure, she went up to him, as if to sell him something; and found means, unperceived, to introduce very high into the nostrils of his horse a piece of burning tinder.'

THE TWO SONS.

[*Abridged from the Story of that Name in Mrs. Opie's Tales of the Heart.*

(Concluded from page 100.)

RONALD listened to this relation with the deepest horror and distress, and determined to find his unhappy parents, if he travelled through England in the search.

The next morning, after taking an affectionate leave of his friends, he set out for London. He stopped but one night on the road; and impatient to see Grace Fullarton, he drove in directly to the house of Miss Douglas; but heard, to his great surprise, that she and her niece were gone to a country house near Southgate.

On his first arrival he had taken a house on the borders of Enfield Chase; thither he hastened, and upon inquiry found that their house was only half a mile distant from his own.

They received Ronald with the utmost affection, while his own emotion on again beholding Grace filled him with dismay. For two days after he did not call on the ladies, as he was resolved to struggle with a passion which his delicate mind considered dishonourable to his benefactors; but on the third day he went to them in the evening. Grace looked dejected, and Miss Douglas kindly reproached him with his long absence, inviting him to dinner on the following day.

But Ronald was engaged to dine and spend the night at the house of a gentleman who lived in Surry.

Accordingly he set off for Surry; and spite of his hopeless attachment, and his anxiety for the fate of his parents, he could not help being attracted by the variety of external objects on the road. His attention was arrested by the sight of two persons sitting on the bank; one of whom, a fine old man, with an erect person, got up as the carriage approached, and held out his hat, requesting charity for his poor blind wife.

To the voice of distress Ronald was never deaf; but there was something in the tone of the supplicant which thrilled to his soul. He gazed eagerly on the old man, who was now close to him; then hastily bidding the postilion stop, he jumped from the carriage, and sprang upon the neck of the beggar,—It was his father!

The poor old man stood motionless with surprise; but the ear of his mother instantly recognised the voice of her child, and she screamed out—'’Tis Ronald; I am sure ’tis Ronald—Oh guide me to him!'

Ronald now released his agitated father, and clasping to his bosom his sightless parent, remained for some moments lost in the agony which their miserable appearance excited. But recollecting himself, he assisted them into the carriage, tenderly promising his mother that he would never leave her again. He then ordered the wondering postilion to drive back to his house, where after he had partaken with them of a comfortable dinner, he persuaded them to go to bed; and praying for blessings on him, the exhausted couple lost in a temporary oblivion the consciousness of their past sorrows and present happiness.

Ronald then hastened to his friends: 'I have found them!—I have found my parents!' cried he, as he entered the room; and his auditors sympathised with his emotion. He then told them that his father and mother did not wish to be seen till they were properly dressed, lest they should disgrace him;

upon which Grace insisted upon accompanying him to a warehouse, and selecting clothes for them.

Ronald succeeded in persuading his mother, who could deny him nothing, to submit to the operation of couching. The operation was performed with success, and when the delighted old woman was permitted to remove the bandage and behold her son, she hung upon his neck in a transport of grateful affection, and was never tired with gazing on him.

Still, Ronald was not happy, for every fresh interview strengthened his hopeless attachment; but his misery was increased by Miss Fullarton's receiving proposals of marriage from three gentlemen, one of whom was a young nobleman of considerable merit. He at length summoned resolution to ask Miss Douglas if she thought her niece loved this nobleman; but all self-possession forsook him, upon her replying that she thought not, but had every reason to believe she loved the man of her parents' choice; then, seeing his agitation, she added, 'Here is a letter from my sister, which I will leave with you while I go in search of Grace.'

Ronald took the letter, but a mist came over his eyes, and he was for some moments unable to read. However he did read it; but the first paragraph was sufficient for his happiness.

After stating that they would soon return to England, she expressed her hope of finding her daughter the wife of Ronald; adding, for we would rather see her married to him than to the first peer of England.

Surprise, joy, and gratitude overpowered the susceptible heart of Ronald; and he threw himself on the sofa, almost incapable of feeling his felicity, till the door opened, and the soft voice of Grace said, 'I thought my aunt had been here.'

He instantly started from his recumbent posture, and seizing the hand of the astonished girl, breathed in her willing ear the tale of his authorised attachment; but too delicate to presume on what Miss Douglas had said, he put her mother's letter into her hand, and awaited the result in trembling impatience.

When she had read it, she extended her hand, and smiling through her tears, said, 'I am sorry you showed me this letter, as you may suspect that I love you merely from a sense of duty.'

Ronald could not desire a more explicit avowal, and before he left her it was settled that the marriage should take place in a few days.

On the evening before the appointed day, as Ronald was returning home, two footpads started out upon him, one of whom presented a pistol to his breast. Ronald's involuntary movement was to resist: with a powerful arm he struck the pistol from the ruffian's hand, and with a blow levelled him to the earth. Then springing upon the other, he threw him on the ground. His gardener, who was returning home from work with his men, now approached; and the first assailant, on perceiving him, made his escape; but the man whom Ronald kept down in his athletic grasp was unable to fly, and was dragged struggling into the house; where, for his better security, they led him to an upper apartment, and fastening the hands of the wretched man behind him, left him alone with their master.

As he approached him, the man looked up, uttering a cry of horror: Ronald leaned against the wall, and hid his face with his hands. His wretched brother, for it was indeed John Douglas, laid his head on the table and groaned aloud.

A pause of agonizing silence ensued. It was broken by the criminal, who said in a surly tone,

'Well, I conclude I am safe now, however; for your own sake you will not appear against me.'

'Nor for yours either, John: quit England directly, and I will allow you a comfortable income.'

He then showed him that he might escape by the chimney, and drop from the top of the house, when its inmates

were buried in sleep; and unbinding his arms, he presented him with bank notes to a considerable amount; then forcibly shaking his brother's hand, which however responded not to the pressure, he hastened to his own apartment.

He remained at the window listening, till he distinctly heard John drop from a projecting parapet; and relieved from that anxiety, he had leisure to reflect and mourn over the destruction of all his bright hopes of happiness; for he was resolved never to subject the woman he adored to the disgrace of finding herself the wife of a man, whose brother was justly doomed to an ignominious death.

Upon hearing his relation, the generous Grace insisted upon becoming his wife; but Ronald remained firm, till at length softened by the tears of his mistress, he consented to abide by the decision of her parents, who were expected home in a short time.

Ronald's suspense was at length terminated by the arrival of the Fullartons, who, delighted with the proof of his honour and disinterested affection, gloried in having the power to reward him by bestowing on him the hand of their daughter; and the marriage was to take place immediately, as Mr. Fullarton feared that Ronald's life was in danger, for he had discovered that his brother still lurked about the neighbourhood.

His fears were but too well founded. John's hatred for his brother was increased by the knowledge of his prosperity; and eager to possess his riches, which, if he died unmarried, he imagined he might easily claim, as he never supposed that Ronald would confide to any one his interview with him, this unnatural wretch determined to assassinate his brother. On the night preceding the marriage, Ronald set out, unattended, on his return home; but yielding to the entreaties of Mr. Fullarton, rather than to his own fears, he was armed with pistols.

He was within sight of his own house, when he heard a shrill whistle, and his horse suddenly recoiled on his haunches, for a rope was held across the road; but the animal instantly recovered himself, and clearing it at a bound, placed his master beyond the reach of his assailant's fire, and the bullets spent their force on the air.

The ruffians now approached, and Ronald thought it best to dismount and defend himself on foot. As he did so, he looked earnestly at the men, and perceiving that they were strangers to him, he drew his pistols from his belt, and fired at the men, who feeling themselves wounded, fled hastily from the conflict. One ruffian alone remained to be contended with, and he had hitherto stood aloof from the scene of action: but he now eagerly drew near, and fired at him with a trembling arm; the ball missed him, and seeing this, the villain suddenly closed upon his intended prey, and deadly was the struggle which ensued. In vain did Ronald bid his antagonist forbear; and he found that he must either conquer or die.

By this time the sound of the firearms had reached the ears of Ronald's father; and snatching a loaded pistol from his apartment, he flew to his assistance, just as Ronald, paralysed by agony of mind as well as fatigue of body, fell beneath the weight of his triumphant assailant.

At this moment the moon burst through the cloud above them; and the old man beheld the knife of the ruffian aimed at the bosom of Ronald! But he fired, and his aim was mortal; for uttering a fervent prayer for mercy, the unhappy man fell a bleeding corpse across his intended victim.

'I have saved my child!' cried the exulting parent, clasping the grateful but wretched Ronald in his arms; and he was thankful that the broken accents of the dying man, which had carried an agonized conviction to his soul, had fallen unnoticed on the ear of his father.

The servants now came with lights; and one of them wishing to see if he yet lived, pulled aside the crape which concealed his face. Ronald's phrensied command to let it remain on came too

late :- the crape was removed, and by an involuntary impulse the old man stooped to gaze on the features of his victim. He looked, and he recognised those features once so beautiful, and once so dear!

He spoke not one word, but gave Ronald such a look of complicated meaning!—then cast an imploring glance to heaven, and with a deep convulsive sigh, fell back, a lifeless corpse, in the arms of his son.

For many years after, though the beloved husband of the woman he adored, and the cherished son of his earliest friends, Ronald's existence was embittered by the recollection of this dreadful scene. But the sorrows of the virtuous yield surely, though gradually, to the influence of time; and those pangs only are lasting and memorable which are inflicted by a self-reproving conscience. C. B.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF THE CENCI FAMILY.

FRANCESCO Cenci was the only son of a Roman lord, who had been Treasurer to Pope Pius the Fifth, and who left him a clear annual income of a hundred and sixty thousand scudi.* Besides this, our miserable inheritor of wealth and impunity married a rich woman. After the death of this lady, he took for his second wife Lucrezia Petroni, of a noble family in the same city. By the former, he had seven children. By the latter none.

Francesco hated these children. It is a dreadful thing to say so in so many words: but the cause is easily seen through. He led a life of the most odious profligacy, and was as full of sullenness as vice. His children were intelligent; their father's example disgusted them; and he saw, and could not bear this contrast. The account of his ill-treatment of them begins with his refusing his sons enough to live decently upon, while pursuing their studies at Salamanca. They were obliged to return to their miserable home; and here he treated them so much worse, denying them even common food and clothing, that they applied in despair to the Pope, who made him allow them a separate provision, with which they retired to another dwelling. Previously to this period, Cenci had been convicted of a crime twice over, and been suffered to compound for it with the Pope in two several sums of a hundred thousand scudi, nearly two-thirds of his annual income. His third mortal crime now took place; and the sons by this time were so embittered by the constant wretchedness and infamy in which he kept his family, that they entreated the Sovereign Pontiff to put an end to his life and villanies at once. The Pope, says the narrative, was inclined to give him the death he merited, but not at the request of his own offspring; and for the third time he allowed him to make his usual composition of a hundred thousand scudi.

The wretched man now hated his children worse than ever, as he had some better reason to do. But not content with cursing his sons, he visited his two daughters with blows, and otherwise so trampled upon their feelings, that not being able to bear his treatment longer, the elder one applied to the Pope, begging him either to marry her according to his discretion, or to put her in a nunnery. The Pope took pity on the unhappy girl, and married her to a gentleman of rank named Carlo Gabrielli; making the father at the same time give her a suitable dowry.

This event so gnawed into Cenci's mind, that fearing his other daughter would follow her sister's example when she grew old enough, he cast in his diabolical thoughts how he might prevent it most assuredly, short of taking away her life. It has been thought by some, that Mr. Shelley's tragedy must

* We know not the precise value of this coin, which does not appear among the current money of Italy; nor can we refer to books for it at this moment. But there were *scudi* of gold; and Cenci's fortune was accounted enormous.

be an exaggeration. The fact is, that the historical narrative is much worse. The details of his conduct fill up the poet's outline with horrors not to be thought of. We cannot repeat what this mad and grey-headed horror (for he was now an old man) both preached and practised in order to break down his daughter's virtues as well as heart; but he first kept her locked up in a solitary apartment, where none saw her but himself, and where he brought her stripes as well as food: and his last action——

About this period the terrible old man received news of the death of two of his sons, Rocco and Cristofero, who by some means or other both came to violent ends. He welcomed it with delight, saying that nothing could make him happier but to hear the same thing of all his children; and that whenever the last should die, he would keep open house to all comers for joy. To show his hatred the more openly, he would not give the least pittance towards interring them.

Beatrice was now beyond despair. She collected her thoughts, and sent off a letter to the Pope, which the author of the Manuscript describes as excellently written. Let us stop here a moment, to speak more particularly of the extraordinary girl. 'Beatrice,' says the close of the narrative, 'was of a make rather large than small. Her complexion was fair. She had two dimples in her cheeks, which added to the beauty of her countenance, especially when she smiled, and gave it a grace that enchanted all who saw her. Her hair was like threads of gold; and because it was very long, she used to fasten it up; but when she let it flow loosely, the wavy splendour of it was astonishing. She had blue eyes, very pleasing, of a sprightliness mixed with dignity: and in addition to all these graces, her conversation, as well as all that she did, had a spirit in it, and a sparkling polish (un brio signorile) which made every one in love with her. She was then under twenty years of age.'

The letter to the Pope had no effect The MS. says that it was found in the office of the Secretary of Memorials; but supposes that it never could have been laid before his Holiness. The reader may be allowed, under all the circumstances to suspect otherwise. Cenci was still rich and powerful; and there is no knowing how many thousands of scudi he may have had to pay now.

What renders the conduct of the Pope the more suspicious is, that the criminal somehow or other got intelligence of the application. It made him more furious than ever; and besides locking up his daughter, he incarcerated in the same manner, and apparently in the same room, his wife, her mother-in-law, who had already drank largely of the family cup of bitterness. Finding every avenue of relief shut against them, and taught by the old man himself, as well as their own awful thoughts, to forego the ties of relationship, they finally resolved upon dispatching him.

There was a visitor in the Cenci Palace, a young prelate of the name of Guerra, who, says the MS. was a 'young man of an agreeable presence, well-bred, and one that easily accommodated himself to any proposal, good or bad.' He was well acquainted with the wickedness of Cenci, who hated him for the attentions he paid his family; so that he used to come there at such times only as he knew the old man had gone out. How he gained admittance to the wife and daughter in the present instance does not appear; but he did; and finding their miseries augmented at every visit, his interest in their wretched state increased in proportion. The MS. says that he was not without a love for Beatrice; but it does not appear that she returned it. Be this as it may, having gathered their intentions about the old man from some words which Beatrice let fall, he not only approved them, but declared his willingness to co-operate in the catastrophe. The design was then communicated to Giacomo, one

of her brothers, who instantly fell in with it. He had felt his father's ill treatment still more than the rest of his sons, having a wife and children, whom the stipend, assigned him by the Pope, was insufficient to support.

Cenci had taken for the summer residence of himself and his family a castle called the Rock of Petrella. The first plan of the conspirators was to hire a banditti to surprise and kill him in his way thither. The banditti were hired accordingly, but the notice of Cenci's coming was given them too late, and he got into the castle. Neither did they lurk in the thicket about the place to any purpose; for being now seventy years of age (and probably aware of the state of the neighbourhood, no unusual thing in those times), he never stirred out of doors. It was therefore determined to put him to death in the castle. For this purpose, they hired two of his vassals, named Marzio and Olimpio, who either had or thought they had cause of offence with him. The reward offered for the deed was a thousand scudi; one third to be paid beforehand by Monsignor Guerra, and the remainder by the ladies when all was over. The assassins were introduced into the Rock on the 8th of September, 1598; 'but as it happened to be the day of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, Signora Lucrezia restrained by her veneration for that solemn anniversary, put off the execution, with the consent of her daughter-in-law, till the day following.' On the evening of that day an opiate was put into Cenci's drink. He went to bed, and fell into a profound sleep; and at midnight, Beatrice herself took the assassins into his chamber. Having told them what to do, she retired into an anti-room where her mother was waiting. In a little while, the assassins returned, and said that their compassion had overcome them, and that they could not conquer their repugnance to kill in cold blood a miserable old man who was sleeping. Beatrice heard them with scorn and indignation. 'If you are afraid,' said she, 'to put to death a man in his sleep, I, myself, will kill my father; but your own lives shall not have long to run.' The men, intimidated at this, returned to the chamber. In a little time they came back. The deed was done. The assassins received the rest of their reward; and to Marzio (for what reason does not appear, probably because he had been the least backward), Beatrice gave a mantle laced with gold. The body was thrown over a terrace into the garden, so that it might seem to have fallen by accident, while the old man was moving about in the night-time.

The women next day affected great sorrow. A sumptuous burial was given to the deceased; and the family, after a little stay, returned to Rome, where they are described as living in tranquillity for some time. In the meanwhile, the youngest son of Cenci died, so that there remained but two, Giacomo and Bernardo.

The Court of Naples, however, whose interference at this point of time is not accounted for, unless the banditti, who were from that kingdom, had let the secret transpire, sent a commissioner to make inquiries into the nature of Cenci's death. The usual petty circumstances of suspicion came out, and were laid before the court of Rome; yet the latter took no further steps for several months. Guerra, who was afraid that the assassins might turn evidence, hired others to get them out of the way; but Marzio escaped. He got imprisoned however at Naples; and having made an ample confession, was sent to Rome. Here he was confronted with the Cenci, who denied all that he said, particularly Beatrice. Her extraordinary firmness and presence of mind are described as so astonishing the man, that he retracted every thing he had deposed at Naples; and rather than confess chose to expire under the torment.

The law being now perplexed how to proceed, the Cenci were transferred to the Castle, where they lived uninterruptedly for several months. Unluckily, one of the bravoes who had

killed Olimpio was taken up, and confessed that he had been employed by Monsignor Guerra. Timely notice, by some means or other, was given to the bishop, and he escaped. He had difficulty in doing so, because he was a remarkable looking man with a fair face and hair, and the officers were on the alert: but he contrived it. He changed clothes with a coal-man, smutted his face and shaved his head; and driving two asses before him, with an onion and a piece of bread in his hand, passed out of the city under their very eyes. He encountered with equal good luck the officers who were on the look out in the neighbourhood; and got safe into another country.

The flight of the prelate, however, together with the confession of Olimpio's murderer, brought the hand of the law heavily upon the Cenci. They were now put to the torture. The courage of the men was prostrated at once ('cederono vilmente,' says the Manuscript), and they remained convicted. 'Signora Lucrezia, a woman of fifty years of age, and large in person, not being able to resist the torment of the cord—(Here the original is wanting)—But not one single criminating word,' continues the document, 'either by fair means or foul, by threats or by tortures, could be got out of the lips of Beatrice. Her vivacity and eloquence confounded even the judges.' One of them, Signor Ulisse Morcati, represented the matter to the Pope, who suspected him of having been overcome by the sufferer's beauty, and appointed another in his room. The new judge ordered a fresh torture to be applied, called the Torture of the Hair; and when she was tied up ready for it, the rest of the family were brought in, and entreated her to confess. At first she refused. 'You would all die then,' said she, 'and extinguish our honour and our house? This ought not to be; but since it pleases you, so be it.' She then turned to the officers to let her loose, and asked for copies of the several examinations; adding, 'What I should confess, I will confess:—what I should approve, I will approve:—what I should deny, I will deny.' After this fashion, says the MS., she stood convicted, though she did not confess.

The affair rested here again in a very extraordinary manner. Probably (though the MS. is far from hinting such a thing), some money matters were under the consideration of his Holiness,—deep questions as to the difference of fines and confiscations. The parties were separated from each other for five months. They were then allowed to meet one day at dinner, and then again they were divided. At length, the Holy Father, after having seen them all confronted, and examined the confession, sentenced them to be drawn at the cart's tail and beheaded.

Great interest was made, by princes and cardinals, for allowing the criminals a legal defence. The Pope, who had shown himself hostile from the first, answered these requests with severity, and asked, 'what defence Cenci had, when he was so barbarously murdered in his sleep.' At last he yielded the point, and gave them five-and-twenty days to look about them. The most eminent advocates in Rome prepared the defence, and appeared before him at the proper time with their respective papers. The first that spoke was impatiently interrupted by his Holiness, who said he was astonished to find in Rome children so barbarous as to kill their father, and advocates so bold as to defend such a villany. At these words all the counsel were struck dumb, with the exception of the Advocate Tarrinacci, who replied, 'Holy Father, we are not here at your feet to defend the brutality of the deed itself, but to save the lives of such as may be innocent nevertheless, if your Holiness will listen to us.' The Pope, upon this, listened patiently for four hours. Tarrinacci's defence proceeded upon the only possible ground, and appears to have contained a strength and eloquence worthy of his spirit. He balanced the wrongs of father and children against each other. The sons

were made out to be the least concerned, and the weight of the murder thrown purposely upon Beatrice, who had been so atrociously and unspeakably outraged. The Pope sat up all the following night with one of the Cardinals, considering the defence point by point; and the upshot was, that he gave the criminals a hope of escaping death, and ordered that they should again be at comparative liberty.

Unfortunately for this new and unexpected turn in their affairs, a nobleman of the name of Paolo Santa Croce assassinated, at this point of time, his own mother, for not bequeathing him her inheritance. This renewed the Pope's bitterness against those who had set an example of parricide; and what increased it was the flight of Santa Croce, who eluded the hands of justice. He sent for the governor of the city, and ordered the Cenci to be publicly executed forthwith. Many of the nobility hastened to his different palaces to implore at least a private death for the ladies; but he would not consent. They could only obtain the pardon of Bernardo, whom the MS. calls 'the innocent Bernardo.' and whose treatment both past and to come is thus rendered inexplicable.

The sentence was executed next day, Saturday, the 11th of May, 1599, on the bridge of St. Angelo. Beatrice, on receiving news of the sentence, felt, for the first time, her young heart fail her; and burst into bitter and wild lamentations on the necessity of dying. 'Oh God!' she cried out, 'how is it possible to die so suddenly?' Her mother-in-law, whose greater age and perhaps less hope of escaping death, had softened more into patience, comforted her in the most affectionate manner, and got her quietly into the chapel. Beatrice soon recovered herself, and behaved with a gentle firmness proportionate to the wildness of her first grief. She made a will, in which she left fifteen thousand scudi to the confraternity of the Sacred Stigmas (the Wounds of Christ,) and the whole of her dowry to portion fifty female orphans in marriage. Lucrezia left a will in the same spirit. They then recited psalms, litanies, and other prayers; and at eight o'clock confessed themselves, heard mass, and received the sacrament. The funeral procession called for them on its way, having already taken up the two brothers; to the younger of whom the Pope's pardon was announced, informing him at the same time that he must witness the executions. Beatrice and Lucrezia were habited like nuns. On their way to the scaffold a striking thing was observed. Lucrezia's handkerchief was continually employed to wipe away her tears; Beatrice's only to dry up the moisture on her forehead.

When the procession arrived at the scaffold, and the criminals withdrew for awhile to a chapel, the poor young Bernardo, condemned to see his nearest relations executed before his very eyes, fell into an agony and fainting fit, and was recovered only to be placed opposite the block. The first who mounted the scaffold was Lucrezia. In preparing for death, the drapery was discomposed about her bosom, which, though she was fifty years of age, was still beautiful. She blushed, and cast down her eyes, but raised them again in prayer; and then adjusting herself to the block, was in the act of repeating the words in the 51st psalm, 'According to the multitude of thy tender mercies,' when her head was struck off. While the block was being prepared for Beatrice, a place on which some of the spectators stood broke down, to their great hurt. Beatrice hearing the noise, asked if her mother had died well, and being told she had, knelt down before a crucifix, and said, 'Thanks without end be to thee, O most merciful Redeemer, for having given in the good death of my mother a sure proof of thy pity towards me.' Then rising on her feet, 'all courage and devotion,' she walked towards the scaffold, putting up prayers as she went with such a fervour of spirit, that all who heard her melted into tears. Having ascended the scaffold,

she accommodated her head to the block, and looking up once more towards heaven, prayed thus:—'O most affectionate Jesus, who, abandoning thy divinity, didst become human; and didst will, in thy love, to purge from its mortal blot even this my sinful soul with thy precious blood; ah, grant, I pray thee, that that which I am now about to shed, may suffice before thy merciful tribunal to do away my great misdeeds, and to save me from some part of the punishment which is justly my due.' Having said thus, she laid down her head again on the block, and began the 130th psalm—'Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears—' At these words her head was severed from her body. The latter underwent such a violent convulsion, that one of the legs is said to have almost leaped up. At sight of his sister's death, Bernardo swooned away again, and did not recover his senses for a quarter of an hour. It was now the turn of the last sufferer, Giacomo. He first gave a steadfast look at Bernardo, and then said aloud, that if he went into a state of bliss instead of punishment, he would pray for the welfare of the Pope, who had remitted the tormenting part of his just sentence, and saved his brother's life; and that the only affliction he had in his last moments, was that his brother was compelled to look upon a scene so dreadful: 'but,' added he, 'as it has so pleased thee, O my God, thy will be done.' He then knelt down, and was killed with a blow of a leaded club. The executions being over, Bernardo was taken back to prison, where he fell into a long and violent fever. He was kept there four months, 'when at the request of the venerable Arch-Confraternity of the Most Holy Crucifix of St. Marcello he obtained the fa[illegible] being set at liberty, after payi[illegible] the hospital of the Most Holy Trinity of the Pilgrims the sum of 25,000 scudi.' He lived to have a son, named Cristoforo, at the time [illegible]n the MS. was written but we know not how long the family stock survived.

Thus ended this dreadful tragedy of mistakes; in which the most privileged were made fiends, the most virtuous murderers, and the customs that undertook to punish them were the cause of all.

THE VENETIAN GIRL.

The sun was shining beautifully one summer evening, as if he bade sparkling farewell to a world which he had made happy. It seemed also by his looks, as if he promised to make his appearance again to-morrow; but there was at times a breathing western wind, and dark purple clouds came up here and there, like gorgeous waiters on a funeral. The children in a village not far from the metropolis were playing however on the green, content with the brightness of the moment, when they saw a female approaching, who instantly gathered them about her by the singularity of her dress. It was not very extraordinary; but any difference from the usual apparel of their country-women appeared so to them; and crying out 'A French girl! a French girl!' they ran up to her, and stood looking and talking. She seated herself upon a bench that was fixed between two elms, and for a moment leaned her head against one of them, as if faint with walking. But she raised it speedily, and smiled with great complacency on the rude urchins. She had a boddice and petticoat on of different colours, and a handkerchief tied neatly about her head, with the point behind. On her hands were gloves without fingers; and she wore about her neck a guitar, upon the strings of which one of her hands rested. The children thought her very handsome. Any body else would also have thought her very ill, but they saw nothing in her but a good-natured looking foreigner and a guitar, and they asked her to play. 'Oh che bei ragazzi!' said she, in a soft and almost inaudible voice,

—'Che visi lieti*!' and she began to play. She tried to sing too, but her voice failed her, and she shook her head smilingly, saying 'Stanca! Stanca†!' 'Sing:—do sing,' said the children; and nodding her head, she was trying to do so, when a set of school-boys came up, and joined in the request. 'No, no,' said one of the elder boys, 'she is not well. You are ill, a'nt you,—Miss?' added he, laying his hand upon hers as if to hinder it. He drew out the last word somewhat doubtfully, for her appearance perplexed him; he scarcely knew whether to take her for a common stroller, or a lady strayed from a sick bed. 'Grazie!' said she, understanding his look:—'troppo stanca: troppo.'‡ By this time the usher came up, and addressed her in French, but she only understood a word here and there. He then spoke Latin, and she repeated one or two of his words, as if they were familiar to her. 'She is an Italian;' said he, looking round with a good-natured importance; 'for the Italian is but a bastard of the Latin.' The children looked with the more wonder, thinking he was speaking of the fair Musician. 'Non dubito,' continued the usher, 'quin tu lectitas poetam illum celeberrimum, Tassonem; § Taxum, I should say properly, but the departure from the Italian name is considerable.' The stranger did not understand a word. 'I speak of Tasso, said the usher,—'of Tasso.' 'Tasso! Tasso!' repeated the fair minstrel,—oh—connosco—Tàs-so; ‖ and she hung with an accent of beautiful langour upon the first syllable. 'Yes,' returned the worthy scholar, 'doubtless your accent may be better. Then of course you know those classical lines—

> Intanto Ermmia infra l'ombrosy pianty
> D'antica selva dal cavallo---what is it?'

The stranger repeated the words in a tone of fondness, like those of an old friend:—

> Intanto Erminia infra l'ombrose piante
> D'antica selva dal cavallo è scorta;
> Ne più governo il fren la man tremante,
> E mezza quasi par tra viva e morta.*

Our usher's common-place book had supplied him with a fortunate passage, for it was the favourite song of her countrymen. It also singularly applied to her situation. There was a sort of exquisite mixture of silver clearness and soft mealiness in her utterance of these verses, which gave some of the children a better idea of the French than they had had; for they could not get it out of their heads that she must be a French girl;—'Italian-French perhaps,' said one of them. But her voice trembled as she went on like the hand she spoke of. 'I have heard my poor cousin Montague sing those very lines,' said the boy who prevented her from playing. 'Montague,' repeated the stranger very plainly, but turning paler and fainter. She put one of her hands in turn upon the boys affectionately, and pointed towards the spot where the church was. 'Yes, yes,' cried the boy;—'why she knew my cousin:—she must have known him in Venice.' 'I told you,' said the usher, 'she was an Italian.'—'Help her to my aunt's,' continued the youth, 'she'll understand her:—lean upon me, Miss;' and he repeated the last word without his former hesitation.

Only a few boys followed her to the door, the rest having been awed away by the usher. As soon as the stranger entered the house, and saw an elderly lady who received her kindly, she exclaimed, 'La Signora Madre,' and fell in a swoon at her feet.

She was taken to bed, and attended with the utmost care by her hostess, who would not suffer her to talk till she had had a sleep. She merely heard

* Oh what fine boys! What happy faces!

† Weary! Weary!

‡ Thanks:—too weary! too weary!

§ Doubtless you read that celebrated poet Tasso.

‖ Oh—I know Tasso.

* Mean time in the old wood, the palfrey bore
Erminia deeper into shade and shade;
Her trembling hands could hold him in no more,
And she appear'd betwixt alive and dead.

enough to find out that the stranger had known her son in Italy; and she was thrown into a painful state of guessing by the poor girl's eyes, which followed her about the room till the lady fairly came up and closed them. 'Obedient! Obedient!' said the patient: 'obedient in every thing: only the Signora will let me kiss her hand:' and taking it with her own trembling one, she laid her cheek upon it, and it stayed there till she dropt asleep for weariness.

> ——————— Silken rest
> Tie all thy cares up!

thought her kind watcher, who was doubly thrown upon a recollection of that beautiful passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, by the suspicion she had of the cause of the girl's visit. 'And yet,' thought she, turning her eyes with a thin tear in them towards the church spire, 'he was an excellent boy,—the boy of my heart.'

When the stranger woke, the secret was explained; and if the mind of her hostess was relieved, it was only the more touched with pity, and indeed moved with respect and admiration. The dying girl (for she was evidently dying, and happy at the thought of it), was the niece of an humble tradesman in Venice, at whose house young Montague, who was a gentleman of small fortune, had lodged and fallen sick in his travels. She was a lively good-natured girl, whom he used to hear coquetting and playing the guitar with her neighbours; and it was greatly on this account, that her considerate and hushing gravity struck him whenever she entered his room. One day he heard no more coquetting, nor even the guitar. He asked the reason, when she came to give him some drink; and she said that she had heard him mention some noise that disturbed him. 'But you do not call your voice and your music a noise,' said he, 'do you, Rosaura? I hope not, for I had expected it would give me double strength to get rid of this fever, and reach home.' Rosaura turned pale, and let the patient into a secret; but what surprised and delighted him was, that she played her guitar nearly as often as before, and sung too, only less sprightly airs. 'You get better and better, Signor,' said she, 'every day; and your mother will see you and be happy. I hope you will tell her what a good doctor you had?'—'The best in the world,' cried he, and as he sat up in bed, he put his arm round her waist, and kissed her. 'Pardon me, Signora,' said the poor girl to her hostess; 'but I felt that arm round my waist for a week after:—ay, almost as much as if it had been there.' 'And Charles felt that you did,' thought his mother; 'for he never told me the story.'—'He begged my pardon,' continued she, 'as I was hastening out of the room, and hoped I should not construe his warmth into impertinence: and to hear him talk so to me, who used to fear what he might think of myself,—it made me stand in the passage, and lean my head against the wall, and weep such bitter and yet such sweet tears! But he did not hear them:—no, madam, he did not know indeed how much I—how much I—' 'Loved him, child,' interrupted Mrs. Montague; 'you have a right to say so; and I wish he had been alive to say as much to you himself.' 'Oh, good God;' said the dying girl, her tears flowing away, 'this is too great a happiness for me,—to hear his own mother talking so.' And again she lays her weak head upon the lady's hand. The latter would have persuaded her to sleep again, but she said she could not for joy: 'for I'll tell you, madam,' continued she; 'I do not believe you will think it foolish, for something very grave at my heart tells me it is not so; but I have had a long thought (and her voice and look grew somewhat more exalted as she spoke), which has supported me through much toil and many disagreeable things to this country and this place; and I will tell you what it is, and how it came into my mind. I received this letter from your son.' Here she drew out a paper which, though carefully wrapped up in several others, was

much worn at the sides. It was dated from the village, and ran thus:—'This comes from the Englishman whom Rosaura nursed so kindly at Venice. She will be sorry to hear that her kindness was in vain, for he is dying: and he sometimes fears, that her sorrow will be still greater than he could wish it to be. But marry one of your kind countrymen, my good girl; for all must love Rosaura who know her. If it shall be my lot ever to meet her in heaven, I will thank her as a blessed tongue only can.' As soon as I read this letter, madam, and what he said about heaven, it flashed into my head that though I did not deserve him on earth, I might perhaps, by trying and patience, deserve to be joined with him in heaven, where there is no distinction of persons. My uncle was pleased to see me become a religious pilgrim: but he knew as little of the contract as I; and I found that I could earn my way to England better and quite as religiously by playing my guitar, which was also more independent; and I had often heard your son talk of independence and freedom, and commend me for doing what he was pleased to call so much kindness to others. So I played my guitar from Venice all the way to England, and all that I earned by it I gave away to the poor, keeping enough to procure me lodging. I lived on bread and water, and used to weep happy tears over it, because I looked up to heaven, and thought he might see me. I have sometimes, though not often, met with small insults; but if ever they threatened to grow greater, I begged the people to desist in the kindest way I could, even smiling, and saying I would please them if I had the heart; which might be wrong, but it seemed as if deep thoughts told me to say so; and they used to look astonished, and left off; which made me the more hope that St. Mark and the Holy Virgin did not think ill of my endeavours. So playing, and giving alms in this manner, I arrived in the neighbourhood of your beloved village, where I fell sick for awhile, and was very kindly treated in an outhouse, though the people, I thought, seemed to look strange and afraid on this crucifix,—though your son never did,—though he taught me to think kindly of every body, and hope the best, and leave every thing except our own endeavours to heaven. I fell sick, madam, because I found for certain that the Signor Montague was dead, albeit I had no hope that he was alive.' She stopped awhile for breath, for she was growing weaker and weaker; and her hostess would fain have had her keep silence; but she pressed her hand as well as she might, and prayed with such a patient panting of voice to be allowed to go on, that she was. She smiled beautifully, and resumed:—'So when——so when I got my strength a little again, I walked on and came to the beloved village; and I saw the beautiful white church spire in the trees; and then I knew where his body slept; and I thought some kind person would help me to die with my face looking towards the church, as it now does—and death is upon me, even now: but lift me a little higher on the pillows, dear lady, that I may see the green ground of the hill.'

She was raised up as she wished, and after looking awhile with a placid feebleness at the hill, said in a very low voice—'Say one prayer for me, dear lady, and if it be not too proud in me, call me in it your daughter.' The mother of her beloved summoned up a grave and earnest voice, as well as she might, and knelt, and said, 'O heavenly Father of us all, who in the midst of thy manifold and merciful bounties bringest us into strong passes of anguish, which nevertheless thou enablest us to go through, look down, we beseech thee, upon this thy young and innocent servant,—the daughter, that might have been, of my heart,—and enable her spirit to pass through the struggling bonds of mortality and be gathered into thy rest with those we love:——do, dear and great God, of thy infinite mercy; for we are poor weak creatures both young and old'—here her voice melted away into a

breathing tearfulness; and after remaining on her knees a moment longer, she rose, and looked upon the bed, and saw that the weary smiling one was no more.

PARTICULARS OF THE DEATH OF MESSIEURS CINQ-MARS AND DE THOU, AT LYONS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1642.

BY A CITIZEN OF LYONS.

THE Marquis D'Effiat de Cinq-Mars had been introduced at an early age to the favour of Louis 13th, by the Cardinal de Richelieu, in the hope that he might always have a creature of his own near the monarch's person. This young man, having been early preferred to the post of master of the horse, was desirous of becoming also a member of the council; but the cardinal having opposed it, Cinq-Mars became his implacable enemy, and was the more encouraged to form plots against him, from having often heard the king, in hours of familiar and unreserved conversation, complain with great acrimony of de Richelieu's pride and ostentation. Having however also to endure the capricious humours of the monarch himself, who would frequently, from the pinnacle of favour, banish him from his presence, &c. the high spirited Cinq-Mars soon felt equally disgusted with the monarch and the minister, and succeeded in establishing a correspondence with the Duke de Bouillon, who had before (from hatred to Richelieu) conspired against his sovereign, and been forgiven, and with Gaston Duke of Orleans, the king's brother, who from the same cause was always ready to take a part in any conspiracy which had for its object the removal of that powerful minister. In the name of the Duke of Orleans, a treaty was concluded with the Spanish Count-Duke D'Olivarez, which in its consequences would have proved fatal to the existing monarchy of France; but the cardinal, always sagacious in discovering plots against himself or the state, succeeded in procuring a copy of the treaty, which he immediately laid before the king. The Duke of Orleans got out of the scrape, as he had repeatedly done before, under similar circumstances, by accusing his accomplices. Monsieur de Cinq-Mars underwent the same punishment, was beheaded, and Monsieur de Thou, merely for having known of the conspiracy, and not revealing it. The Duke de Bouillon preserved his life by giving up the fortress of Sedan, which was of importance to the state, as in times of insurrection it frequently afforded a retreat to its disaffected and rebellious subjects.

We have this week been spectators of the last act of a mournful tragedy, in which two persons suffered an ignominious death, whose lives might have been longer preserved with honour, had not their crime precipitated them into inevitable destruction.—We saw the favourite of the greatest and most just of kings lose his head on a scaffold, at the age of twenty-two, with a degree of fortitude which can scarcely find its parallel in any of our histories: —we also beheld a counsellor of state die like a saint, after the commission of a crime which men cannot justly pardon. All who knew of their conspiracy against the state must have thought them deserving of death, but there were few who were acquainted with their rank in life, and the fine qualities with which nature had endowed them, who did not sincerely pity their misfortune. The following is an undisguised and faithful narrative of their last words and actions, as related by those who saw and heard them, of many of which I was myself a near and ocular witness—we may without offence to justice applaud their penitence, while we detest their crime.

On Friday, 12th September 1642—the chancellor entered the presidial court at Lyons, about seven in the morning, accompanied by the commissioners, deputed by the king, (in number fourteen), for the trial of Mes-

sieurs Cinq-Mars and de Thou. When they had entered the council chamber, the commander of the patrole was sent with his company to the Chateau de Pierre-Cize, to bring up Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, who was conveyed to the court about eight o'clock in a hired carriage. On his entrance, he said, 'whither have you brought me?' and being told, he asked no further question, but ascended the stairs with a good deal of resolution. He was then called into the council chamber before the judges, where he remained about an hour and a quarter; and on coming out, showed some agitation of mind, while he looked around him, saluting all whom he met on his way. He walked two or three times from the great hall of audience, to the chamber opposite to it, which looks out upon the river. The lieutenant of the guards du corps, who had charge of his person, having desired him not to go out of the great hall, he answered, 'well then, here I will remain;' and he continued to walk up and down with quick steps, sighing sometimes, and lifting up his eyes to heaven.

About nine o'clock, the chancellor sent the captain of the patrole to convey Monsieur de Thou in like manner from the Chateau de Pierre Cize, in the same hired coach—in the mean time, Monsieur le Grand, being a second time called to appear before his judges, said, on entering, 'will these examinations never be over?' but when he came out, he showed much greater firmness of mind than before. Some time after, Monsieur de Thou being arrived, desired to have some wine brought to him, and then entered into the chamber.—'Tis said, that on his being interrogated whether he knew of the conspiracy of Monsieur Deafiat, he answered as follows: 'Gentlemen, I might absolutely deny having known of it, and it is not in your power to convict me of falsehood, Monsieur de Cinq-Mars alone being able to give any information on this subject, as I have never either spoken or written concerning it to any other man in the world; now Monsieur de Cinq-Mars being accused as an accomplice, cannot have it in his power as a witness to convict me, since by our laws two irreproachable witnesses must be found to affect my condemnation—you must therefore be sensible that my life or death, my conviction or acquittal, depend solely upon myself; nevertheless, gentlemen, I have resolved for two reasons to confess that I knew of this conspiracy, and that I am therefore guilty:—my first reason is, that during the three months of my imprisonment, I have studied the nature of death, and have closely considered the possible advantages of life, and am clearly convinced, that whatever might be my future term of mortal existence, it must necessarily be unhappy. Death appears to me much more desirable, and under this conviction, which I embrace as a proof of my predestination to glory, and a token of the divine favour, I should perhaps hereafter regret the having lost so favourable an opportunity of effecting my salvation. The second reason which leads me to condemn myself, is, that if my crime be considered under a certain point of view, it will neither be found so black nor so enormous as it at first appears to be—it is true, I knew of this conspiracy, but I did my utmost to prevent it, by dissuading Monsieur de Cinq-Mars from carrying it into execution. He thought me his faithful and perhaps his *only* friend, and as such, having trusted all to me, I would not betray him—for this I deserve death, and meet it self-condemned.'

Monsieur le Grand was then called in to be confronted with Monsieur de Thou, and they remained in the chamber more than an hour; after which, Monsieur de Laubardemont, counsellor of state, and Monsieur Robert de St. Germain, counsellor of the parliament of Grenoble, were sent to prepare the prisoners to receive their sentence, and they found them firm and resolute, acknowledging their guilt, and the justice of their condemnation. Mon-

sieur de Thou, turning to Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, said with a smile, 'According to the common judgment of mankind, I might, sir, complain of you; you have accused me, and are the cause of my death, but God is witness to the sincerity of my attachment to you—let us die with firmness, and enter together on the joys of Paradise!'—They afterwards thanked the commissioners, assuring them that they felt no regret in dying, as they hoped that death would prove to them the commencement of eternal happiness. The *Greffier criminel* being then called to pronounce their sentence, Monsieur de Thou exclaimed, 'Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona!' and then falling on their knees, with their heads uncovered, they heard their sentence, by which it was declared, 'that the said Desfiat Cinq-Mars and de Thou, having been attainted and convicted of the crime of leze majesté, Desfiat for conspiracies, enterprises, leagues, and treaties made by him with foreign powers against the state; and de Thou for having known and taken part in the said conspiracies, enterprises, &c.; they are condemned to lose their estates, honours, and dignities, and to be beheaded on a scaffold erected for that purpose on the Place des Terreaux in the city of Lyons; their effects, wherever situated, or of whatever kind, are confiscated to the king, and those which were held from the crown are to revert to it, after a deduction of 60,000 livres to be applied to pious purposes; and moreover, Desfiat, before his execution, is condemned to the torture ordinary and extraordinary, in order to compel him to discover his accomplices, &c.'—After having heard the sentence, Monsieur de Thou returned thanks to God with much fervour and energy; but Monsieur Cinq-Mars having arisen, said, 'Though death does not alarm me, I own that the infamy of the torture, to which I am condemned, presses powerfully on my mind. Surely, gentlemen, torture is a most extraordinary sentence to a man of my age and condition, and according to my belief, the law would exempt me from it.—Death, I repeat, does not alarm me, but I cannot digest this bitter ingredient of it.' Having each of them demanded a confessor, Father Malavalette, a jesuit, was sent to Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, and Father Manbrun, also a jesuit, to Monsieur de Thou: they were then delivered to the charge of the Sieur Thomé, Prevôt des Mareschaux de Lyonnois, those who had hitherto held them in custody having taken leave of them with tears in their eyes, Monsieur de Cinq-Mars thanking them, and saying, 'My friends, do not weep for me; tears are useless:—let me have your prayers, and be assured that I shall meet death without fear.'

Father Malavalette being arrived, Monsieur de Cinq-Mars embraced him and said—'My father, they have condemned me to the torture, and I find great difficulty in bringing my mind to submit to it.'—The good father consoled and strengthened his sinking spirit as much as he could in this emergency, so that when Monsieur de Laubardemont and the Greffier came to take him to the torture chamber, he was sufficiently collected to follow them without apparent reluctance, and in passing near Monsieur de Thou, he said to him calmly—'We are both condemned to die, but my lot is much more severe than yours, as besides death, I am to endure the torture.' He was then led to the place of torture, and passing through the common prison, he said, 'Good God, where are you leading me?' and complained of the offensive smell. He remained in the chamber about half an hour, and then left it without having been subjected to actual suffering, as according to the *retention* of the sentence, he was merely to be *brought to* the torture.

On his return, Monsieur de Thou met and embraced him; they remained together about a quarter of an hour, mutually exchanging forgiveness, and exhorting each other to die with

firmness and trust in the mercies of God. These, and other demonstrations of the most perfect friendship, were concluded by Monsieur de Cinq-Mars observing, that as time was hastening to its close with respect to them, the little that remained should be employed in preparing for eternity. Then quitting Monsieur de Thou, he retired to a private chamber with his confessor, and made a general confession of his past sins, testifying the sincerest repentance, with deep contrition of heart for the offences committed against his heavenly Father, also requesting his confessor to inform the king and the cardinal how truly he lamented those for which he was now about to suffer, and how humbly he implored their pardon.

His confession lasted about an hour, when, observing that he had taken no nourishment for 24 hours, the good father sent for some fresh eggs and wine, but he took merely a small morsel of bread, and a little wine mixed with water, with which he washed his mouth—he told the father that nothing had surprised him so much as the finding himself abandoned by all his friends, which before he never could have imagined; and he added, that since he had been honoured by the king's favours, he had always endeavoured to make friends, and had hitherto flattered himself with having succeeded; but he was now convinced that court friendships were mere dissimulation:—this, the confessor replied, had always been the way of the world, and there was nothing in it to excite astonishment—Ovid, in ancient times, had said—

> Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos;
> Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.—

These lines appeared to Monsieur de Cinq-Mars so applicable to his own circumstances, that he requested him to repeat them till he had got them by heart. He then asked for pens and ink to write to his mother (Madame la Mareschalle), which he did, requesting her to pay some debts, of which he sent her a list; but the principal purport of his letter was to desire that she would order a certain number of masses to be said for the repose of his soul; and he concluded it by observing, that a few steps more would lead him through death to eternal life.

In the meantime, Monsieur de Thou was in the hall of audience with his confessor, in a frame of mind difficult to describe. On their first meeting he ran to embrace the reverend father with these words, 'We are condemned to die, and you come to lead me to heaven. Before my sentence was pronounced, I could not but feel some anxiety and solicitude as to the result, but as suspense is now at an end, I feel tranquil and easy—I think no longer on the things of this world, but endeavour to prepare myself for death, and for the enjoyment of eternal happiness in a better state of existence—I feel no bitterness or ill-will towards any one—my judges have acted uprightly, and according to the laws—God has appointed them to be the instruments of his mercy in leading me to heaven, and *that* at a time when, through the divine favour, I believe myself to be better prepared for death than at any former period. I am conscious of my own weakness—I can do nothing of myself—the little fortitude and courage I possess are the gift of the Almighty.'

It should here be observed, that during his three months' imprisonment he had disposed his mind to meet the possible result of his trial by frequent communion of the holy sacrament, by prayer, meditation, reading in books of devotion, and communication with his spiritual fathers. Bellarmin's book on the Psalms, and his 'De Arte bene moriendi,' were his favourite studies.

From this time he continued in prayer with his confessor, frequently reciting passages from the holy Scriptures, particularly the Psalms, till the arrival of Monsieur Laubardemont, whom he hastened to meet, thanking him with so much tenderness and cordiality, for the equitable manner in

which he had conducted his trial, that he drew tears, not only from his guards and assistants, but from Monsieur de Laubardemont himself, who wept much as he embraced him. A man sent by his sister, Madame de Pôntac, then came with a message, expressing her love and regret, and accompanied with her last farewell! Monsieur de Thou, thinking it was the executioner, ran to him, and embraced him as his deliverer from the evils of this mortal life; but being apprised of his mistake, he said to him, 'My friend, it is so long since I saw you that I did not recollect you. Pray tell my sister, that I desire her to continue her devotions as she has hitherto done—that I am now more than ever convinced of the vanity and emptiness of this world, and all its pursuits,—and that I die well pleased, and as a good Christian. Let her pray to God for me, and not grieve at our separation, since in my death I hope to find my salvation.' The messenger withdrew full of sorrow, and unable to speak a single word. He felt so great a degree of strength and courage at this period, that he appeared to distrust himself, and asked his confessor whether vanity might not bear a part in it, adding this ejaculation, 'O my God! I acknowledge with all humility that I am in myself weak and powerless, and that all my strength is derived from thy goodness and mercy:—if thou withdrawest thy supporting hand, I must inevitably fall!' He then again proceeded to confession, and continued his divine aspirations till the arrival of the Father Jean Terrasse, superior of the convent del François de Terascon, who had attended and consoled him during his imprisonment in that place. He came to remind him of a vow he had then made, that, in case of his deliverance, he would found a chapel, endowing it with 300 livres per annum, in the church of the Cordeliers, in the said town of Terascon. Monsieur de Thou immediately gave orders for its foundation, wishing to perform his vow, 'since God,' he said, 'had not only delivered him from the prison of stone, but was about to free him also from the prison of his mortal body.' He then asked for a pen and ink, and wrote this inscription, which he wished to have placed in the chapel:—

Christo Liberatori,
Votum in carcere pro libertate
conceptum
Franc. August. Thuanus.
Carcere vitæ jam jam liberandus
merito solvit
XII Sept. M. DC. XLII.
Confitebor tibi, Domine, quoniam
Exaudisti me, et factus es mihi in
Salutem.

All who consider this inscription must admire the presence of mind and clearness of idea of the person who, under such circumstances, could write it, and acknowledge that approaching death had no power to disturb the calm tenour of his thoughts. He desired Monsieur Thomé to present his respects to Monsieur le Cardinal de Lyon, and inform him, that if it had pleased God to prolong his life, it had been his intention to quit the world, and devote himself wholly to his service.

He wrote two letters, which were carried unsealed to the chancellor, and from him sent closed to his confessor, to be delivered according to their directions:—he then said, 'I have now done with this world; let us talk of that which is to come;'—and resuming his devotions, he again entered on his confession; after which, he asked whether the hour of execution was not arrived, when he expected to be bound and led ignominiously to punishment.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, four companies of the citizens of Lyons, making about 11 or 1200 men, were ranged in the middle of the Place des Terreaux, so as to enclose a square of about 80 paces, into which they suffered none to enter except the necessary assistants. In the midst of this space they had erected a scaffold seven feet high and nine square, with an elevation in the middle, on which they had placed a block about half a foot in

height. All the houses in the Place des Terreaux, all the windows, walls, roofs, and eminences, within view of the Place, however distant, were thronged with persons of each sex, and of all ages and conditions.

At five in the evening the officers requested Father Malavalette to inform them that it was time to set out, and Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, seeing one of them whisper to his confessor, guessed at his intention, and said, 'They come to hasten us—let us depart.' He then went to Monsieur de Thou in the hall of audience, saying, 'Come, sir, it is time.' Monsieur de Thou exclaimed, 'Lætatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi: in domum Domini ibimus.' They then embraced each other, and left the hall.

Monsieur de Cinq-Mars walked the first, leaning on Father Malavalette till he reached the landing-place, where he saluted the people with so much gentleness and grace, that he drew tears from many eyes, remaining himself quite firm and unmoved. He preserved the same firmness of mind all the way, till, seeing his confessor partaking in the general sympathy, he said, 'What does this mean, my father? you feel more for me than I do for myself.'

Monsieur Thomé, provost of Lyons, with archers, &c. &c. had orders to conduct them to the place of execution. On the steps of the great hall, Monsieur de Thou, seeing a coach waiting for them, said to Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, 'See, sir, they take us in a coach—is this to be our conveyance to heaven? I expected to be bound and drawn on a sledge: these gentlemen treat us with much civility in not binding us.'

Monsieur de Cinq-Mars was handsomely dressed in a suit of fine dark-brown Dutch cloth, covered with wide gold lace—a hat turned up in the Spanish fashion, with green silk stockings, over which were drawn a pair of white stockings trimmed with lace, and also a scarlet cloak.

Monsieur de Thou was dressed in a suit of mourning, made of Dutch or Spanish cloth, and a short cloak.

The executioner followed on foot. He was a porter, advanced in years, deformed, and dressed like a mason's assistant:—he had never before acted in his present capacity, except in administering the torture; but they could get no other, the executioner of Lyons having broken his leg. In the coach they prayed with their confessors, and performed many acts of contrition, with expressions of entire submission to the divine will. From time to time they observed the crowds of people which surrounded them, and saluted them as they passed. After again interchanging assurances of mutual forgiveness, Monsieur de Thou said to Monsieur Cinq-Mars, '*You*, sir, must naturally regret life more than I do:—you are younger, of higher rank in the world—you had greater hopes—you were the favourite of a powerful king; but I consider *your* death, as well as *mine*, as an infallible proof of our predestination, for which we ought to bless God a thousand times more than if he had given us all the riches and honours of the world.' These words affected Monsieur Cinq-Mars almost to tears.

When they drew near the Place des Terreaux, Father Maubrun reminded Monsieur de Thou, that when on the scaffold he should remember to secure a plenary indulgence, by the means of a medal which he had given him, saying the word Jesus three times. When Monsieur de Cinq-Mars heard this, he said to Monsieur de Thou, 'Sir, since I am to die the first, let me add your medal to mine, that I may first have the benefit of them, after which they shall be kept for you.' A contest now ensued, which of them should first undergo the sentence of the law, Monsieur de Cinq-Mars saying it was *his* right, as being the most guilty, adding, tha the should die two deaths if his friend suffered before him. Monsieur de Thou claimed it as the privilege of his seniority. Father Malavalette decided the dispute, by saying to Monsieur de Thou, 'It is true, sir, that you are

the oldest, and therefore you ought to be the most generous;' which Monsieur de Cinq-Mars having confirmed, Monsieur de Thou turned towards him and said, 'Well, sir, you will then be my forerunner in the path of glory.'—'Ah!' said Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, 'I have indeed led you to the brink of the precipice; but let us now boldly plunge into the gulf of death, that we may rise together into eternal life.'

The coach being arrived at the place of execution, and the provost having informed Monsieur de Cinq-Mars that he must now mount the scaffold, he took leave of Monsieur de Thou in the most affectionate manner, rejoicing that they should speedily meet in heaven. He then left the coach with a smiling countenance; when an archer belonging to the provost attempting to take from him his cloak, which he said was *his* due, his confessor prevented it, and asked the provost whether his archers had really any right to it; and being answered, No—the father desired Monsieur de Cinq-Mars to give it to whom he chose, on which he presented it to the Jesuit, who accompanied his confessor, requesting him in return to pray for him.

After the trumpet had, as usual, sounded three times, the Greffier Criminel de Lyon, being on horseback near the scaffold, read their sentence aloud, to which neither of them paid any attention; and the window-blind nearest the scaffold was put down, that Monsieur de Thou might not see what was passing from the coach, where he remained with the confessor and his assistant. Monsieur de Cinq-Mars having bowed to those who were near the scaffold, was mounting the ladder with a steady step, when another archer belonging to the provost came behind him and pulled off his hat—when, quickly turning, he said, 'Pray, leave me my hat;' which the provost having heard, he was offended with the archer, who immediately restored it. Being arrived on the scaffold, he walked round it with good grace as if on a theatre, saluting those around him with a smiling countenance; and having embraced his confessor, who had followed him, he leant on his arm, frequently lifting his eyes to heaven—while, with a low voice, the reverend father uttered his prayers and exhortations. He then kissed the crucifix with ardour, and, kneeling down, received the last absolution; after which he walked to the block, and, falling on his knees, laid his head upon it, as if to try which was the best posture. Being told that he must take off his doublet, he desired his confessor to assist him in unbuttoning it, which, by the help of his assistant, was immediately done. His gloves remained on his hands till the executioner took them off after his death. Again going to the block, the executioner approached him with a pair of scissars, which he perceiving, took them from his hands, not choosing that he should touch him; and presenting them to his confessor, entreated *him* to perform this last service, by cutting off his hair; which being done, and the collar of his shirt being also cut to lay his neck entirely bare, he again kneeled down, and with much fervour pronounced the following prayer:—'Oh, my heavenly Father, to thee I entirely and unfeignedly devote myself. If my life had been prolonged, it would I trust have been very different from what it has been; but since it is thy pleasure that I should die, I cheerfully offer thee the sacrifice of an ignominious death in expiation of my offences!' At these words, the crucifix being presented to him, he again kissed it, and asking the confessor's assistant for his medals, he thrice repeated the name of Jesus, and then returned them to the priest. Then looking round with firmness on the executioner, who was standing behind him, and had not yet taken the axe from the bag which contained it—'What are you about?' said he; 'what are you waiting for?' Then desiring his confessor to assist him with his prayers, they knelt together, and he lifted his hands and eyes to heaven with the most fervent devotion. The

executioner now drew from the bag his axe, which was in form like a butcher's cleaver, but thicker and more square; and then, after ejaculating, 'My God, have mercy upon me! into thy hands do I commit my spirit!' he placed his head on the block, without having his eyes bound, and with incredible firmness, waiting for the blow, he shut his eyes and mouth, while the executioner, who was standing on his left, holding the axe with both his hands, gave a slow and heavy stroke. On receiving it, he uttered a loud but momentary cry, which was immediately stifled in his blood; he raised his knees from the block as if to get up, and then fell back into the same position;—the head not being entirely separated from the body, the executioner gave another stroke, after which he threw the head on the scaffold, where it rebounded to the ground, and appeared with the eyes open and palpitating for some time. His body remained before the block, which was strongly grasped in his arms, but the executioner having stripped it, covered it with a cloth, and threw his cloak over it. The head, having been brought back to the scaffold, was placed with the body under the same covering.

Monsieur de Cinq-Mars being dead, Monsieur de Thou left the coach with a cheerful countenance, and having civilly saluted those who were near him, ascended the scaffold with much alacrity, holding his cloak folded over his right arm; but seeing the executioner, he threw it from him, and ran to embrace him, saying, 'Ah! my friend, how great are my obligations to thee! this day thou wilt bring me to the happiness of heaven!' Then walking to the front of the scaffold, he bowed to the people, and threw his hat behind him, which fell on the feet of Monsieur Cinq-Mars. Then, having held some discourse in a low voice with his confessor, he received absolution; and taking off his doublet, kneeled down and repeated the 115th psalm in Latin, which he paraphrased in French with a loud voice and energetic gesture, his countenance animated with a holy joy. Then rising, the executioner approached to cut off his hair, to which he readily submitted; but as the man was awkward and clumsy, the reverend father took the scissars from him, and his assistant performed this friendly office. This being done, he knelt down on the block, and offered himself to God with much fervour and devotion. Then having earnestly requested a pater and ave-maria from the by-standers, after having kissed the crucifix, he demanded his medals in order to procure the indulgence, and then inquired whether a bandage was to be placed on his eyes? On being told by his confessor that this was entirely at his own option, he replied, 'Yes, father, let it be done.' Then, with a smile, addressing those around him, he said, 'Gentlemen, I own I am a coward. When I think of death, I tremble and shudder; therefore if you observe any thing like firmness in my conduct, attribute it to the right cause, to the mercy of God, who effects a miracle in my behalf. I have, in truth, no resolution; but God strengthen me with his powerful support.' He then put his hand in his pocket to take out a handkerchief to bind over his eyes; but having drawn it out half way, he put it up again, so that none observed it but those that were with him on the scaffold. He then very gracefully advanced, and requested those below to throw him one, and immediately two or three being thrown up to him, he took one of them, and expressed his thanks, adding, that he would pray for his benefactors in heaven, not having time left him to do it on earth. The executioner then came to bind on the handkerchief, but did it very awkwardly, so that the corners of it hung down before his mouth, but he turned them up himself, and fastened it more commodiously. Having done this, he laid his head on the block (which one of the attendant Jesuits had wiped with his handkerchief, it being wet with blood), and asked whether he lay

in the right posture?—when being desired to put his head a little farther forward, he did so. At the same time, the executioner, perceiving that the strings of his shirt were not loosened, began to untie them, which having felt, he asked whether his shirt must be taken off also? and on being told 'No, it is only necessary to untie the strings,' he assisted in drawing down his shirt so as to uncover his neck and shoulders, and then again replaced his head on the block, and pronounced his last words, which were, 'Maria mater gratiæ, mater misericordiæ, tu nos ab hoste protege, et hora mortis suspice;' and then, 'in manus tuas,' &c. &c. His arms appeared to tremble while he was expecting the stroke, which was given on the highest part of the neck, too near to the head, which being only half severed, the body fell on its back on the left side of the block, the face upwards, and the legs and hands feebly moving. The executioner attempted to turn it round, so as to finish what he had begun, but frightened by the cries and exclamations of those around him, he gave three or four hasty blows on the throat, and thus cut off the head, which remained on the scaffold.

The executioner, having stripped the body, carried it, covered with a cloth, into the coach which had brought them. With it he also placed that of Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, with their heads (the eyes of both being still open), particularly that of Monsieur de Thou, which appeared as if living. From thence they were carried to the Fueillans, where Monsieur de Cinq-Mars was interred before the high altar. The body of Monsieur de Thou was embalmed and placed in a lead coffin, to be conveyed to the burying-place of his family.

GALGANO AND MADONNA MINOCCIA.

In the city of Sienna in Italy, famous for its sweet voices and pleasant air, lived a sprightly and accomplished young man of the name of Galgano, who had long loved in vain the wife of one Signor Stricca. He knew nothing of the husband, except that he was what we call a respectable man; and something or other in his mind prevented him from making his acquaintance; but he contrived to meet the lady wherever he could at other men's houses, and to let her know the extent of his admiration. He wore her colours at tournaments. He played and sung to the mandolin under her window, when her husband was away. He was always of her opinion in company, partly because he was in love, and partly because their dispositions were so alike that he really thought as she did. One evening as a party sat out on a large wide balcony full of orange-trees, listening to music that was going on inside of the house, Madonna Minnocia (such was the lady's name) dropped a small jewel in one of the trees; and as he was helping her to find it, her sweet stooping face and spicy smelling hair appeared so lovely among the polished and graceful leaves, that he could not but steal a kiss upon one of her eyelids, adding in a low and earnest voice, 'Forgive me, for I could not help it."

Whether the sincere and respectful manner in which these words were uttered had any influence upon the lady's mind, we cannot say; but neither on this, nor on future occasions when he sent her presents and letters, did she return any answer, kind or unkind; nor did she show him a different countenance whenever they met. She only dropped her eyes a little more than usual, when he spoke to her; but whether again this was owing to a wish to avoid looking at him, or to some little feeling of self-love, perhaps unknown to herself, and produced by the recollection of that irrepressible movement on his part, is not to be ascertained. Some ladies will say, that she ought to have made a complaint to her husband, or spoken to the people whom he visited, or looked the man into the dust at once: and doubtless this would have settled the matter on

all sides. But Madonna Minoccia was of so kind a disposition, that she could not easily find it in her heart to complain of any body, much less of a man who found such irresistible gentleness in her eyelids. Besides, whatever may be thought of her vanity in this score, she was really so good, and innocent, and modest, that we know not how much it would have taken to convince her fully of any one's being really in love with her, or admiring her more than other ladies for qualities which she thought so many of them must have in common. In short, Madonna, though innocent, was not ignorant that gallantry was very common in Sienna. Her husband, who was a very honest sincere-hearted man, had told her that all unmarried young men had their vagaries; and, as for that matter, many very grave-looking married people too; and she thought, that if a husband whom she loved, and whose word she could rely on, set her an example nevertheless of conjugal fidelity, she could not do better than do her duty quietly and without ostentation, and think of these odd proceedings both as good-naturedly and rarely as possible.

Unfortunately for Galgano, this kind of temper was the worst thing in the world to make him leave off his love. He had habitually got a common notion of gallantry from the light in which it was generally regarded; but his instinct was better. The subtlety of love made him discover what was passing in Minnocia's mind; and as he had the elements of true modesty in him as well as herself, and would want much to be convinced that a woman really loved him, whatever might be his affection for her, or rather in proportion to the sincerity of it, he thought that she only treated him as she would any other young man who had paid her unwelcome attention. But then to see how kind she still was,—to observe no change in her, for all his unwelcomeness, but only such as might be construed into a gentle request to him to forbear,—in short, to meet with a woman who neither showed a disposition to gallantry, nor resentment against the manifestation of it, nor a coldness that might be construed into natural indifference, all this made him so much in love, that he thought his very being failed him and wanted replenishing, if he was a day without seeing her. He took a lodging opposite Signor Stricca's house; and in order to indulge himself in looking at her without being discovered, filled the window of his room with orange trees. At times, when every thing was still, and the windows were open in the warm summer-time, he heard her voice speaking to the servants. 'It is the same kind voice,' said he, 'always.' At other times, he sat watching her through his orange-trees, as she read a book, or worked at her embroidery; and if she left off, and happened to look at them, (which he often moved about with a noise, for that purpose) it seemed to him as if her face was coming again among the leaves. Then he thought it would never come, and that he should never touch it more; and he felt sick with impatience, and said to himself, 'This is the way these virtuous people are kind, is it?'

It chanced that Signor Stricca took a house at a little distance from Sienna, where his wife, who was fond of a garden, from that time forth always resided. Galgano, who was like a bird with a string tied to his leg, be sure flew after them. He found a room in a cottage just pitched like his former one. The orange-trees were removed, and he recommenced his enamoured task, fully resolved besides to get intimate with Signor Stricca, and try what importunity could do in the country. 'I think,' said Madonna Minoccia to her maid servant, looking out of the window, 'I can never turn my eyes any where, but I see beautiful orange-trees.'—'Ah,' sighed Galgano, 'the turning of those eyes! They ought always to light upon what is beautiful.' 'I could swear,' said Madonna, 'if my husband would let me,

that those were the very same oranges which belonged to our invisible neighbour at Sienna, only he must be too old a bachelor to change his quarters.' And she began to sing a canzonet that was all over the country—

> 'Arancie, belle arancie,
> 'Pienotte, come guancie,—'

Here she suddenly stopped, and said 'I am very giddy to-day, to sing such lawless little rhymes; but the skies are so blue, and the leaves so green, they make me chant like a bird. I can see my husband now with a bird's eye. There he is, Lisetta, coming through the olive trees. Go and get me my veil, and I'll walk and meet him like a fair unknown.'—'The invisible neighbour!' thought Galgano:—'is this coquetry now, or is it sheer innocence and vivacity! And the song of the oranges! I'll try, however—I'll look at her above the leaves.'

Now the reader must be informed that Galgano himself was the author of this canzonet, both words and music, and was generally known as such. Whether Minoccia knew it we cannot determine; but Galgano thought that she could hardly have quite forgotten the adventure of the orange tree, especially as the song was calculated to call it to mind. The whole of the words amounted to this:—

> Oh oranges, sweet oranges,
> Plumpy cheeks that peep in trees,
> The crabbed'st churl in all the south
> Would hardly let a thirsty mouth
> Gaze at ye, and long to taste,
> Nor grant one golden kiss at last.
> La, la, la—la sol fa mi—
> My lady look'd through the orange-trees.
>
> Yet cheeks there are, yet cheeks there are,
> Sweeter—Oh good God, how far!—
> That make a thirst like very death
> Down to the heart through lips and breath;
> And if we asked a taste of those,
> The kindest owners would turn foes.
> O la, la—la sol fa mi—
> My lady's gone from the orange-tree.

Galgano, full of this modest complaint against husbands, and of Minoccia's knowledge of it, suddenly raised his head over the orange-pots, and made a very bold yet courteous bow full in Madonna's astonished face. For it was astonished:—there was, unfortunately, no doubt of that. She resumed herself, however, with the best grace she could, and staying just long enough to drop one of her kindest though gravest courtesies, walked slowly from the window. After that he never saw her there again.

Galgano tried all the points of view about the house, but could only catch an occasional glimpse of her through the garden trees. He could not even meet with Signor Stricca, to whom he meant, under some plausible pretext, to introduce himself. At length, however, a favourable opportunity occurred. His dog, in scouring hither and thither, had darted into the front gate of the house, and seemed resolved not to be hunted out till he had made the full circuit of the grounds. 'My master, sir,' said one of the servants, 'bade me ask you if you would choose to walk in and call the dog out yourself?' 'I thank you,' answered Galgano, who seemed to feel that he could not go in, precisely because he had the best opportunity in the world; 'I will whistle him to me over those palings there.' He did so, and the dog presently appeared, followed by Signor Stricca and his household. The animal, in leaping to his master over the palings, hurt his leg; but nothing could induce Galgano to enter the house. 'Minoccia, my love,' cried the host, 'why do you not come up, and entreat Signor Galgano to favour our home with his presence?' The lady was approaching, when Galgano, lapping up the wounded dog in his cloak, hurried off, protesting that he had the rascalliest business in life to attend to, and that he would take the very earliest opportunity of repaying himself for his loss. 'There now,' said Stricca, to a little coxcombical looking fellow who was on a holiday visit to him, 'there is one of the most accomplished gentlemen in all Italy, and yet he does not disdain to wrap up his bleeding dog in his

silken coat. That,' continued he, to his wife, 'is Signor Galgano, one of the finest wits in Sienna, and, what is better, one of the most generous of men. But you must have seen him before.' 'Yes,' replied Madonna, 'but I knew nothing of his generosity.' Her husband, like one generous man speaking of another, related twenty different instances in which Galgano had manifested his friendship and liberality in the most delicate manner; so that Minoccia, at last, almost began to feel the kiss in the orange-tree stronger upon her eyelids than she did when it was stolen.

Galgano soon made his appearance in Signor Stricca's house, and could not but perceive that the lady suffered herself to look kinder at him than when he bowed to her out of the cottage window. He was beginning to congratulate himself, after the fashion of the young gallants among whom he had been brought up; but what perplexed him was the extremely affectionate attention she paid her husband; and his perplexity was not diminished by the very great kindness shown him by the husband himself. Indeed the kindness of both seemed to go hand in hand; so that our hero, having never yet been taught that a lady to whom a stranger had shown attention could do any thing but favour him entirely, or laugh at or insult him, was more than ever bewildered between his respect for the husband and increasing passion for the wife.

Galgano, though not in many words, pressed his suit in a manner that grew warmer every day. Minoccia seemed more and more distressed at it; and yet her kindness appeared to increase in proportion. At length, one afternoon, as they sat together in a summer-house, Galgano seeing her stoop her face into an orange-tree, was so overcome with the recollection of the first meeting of their faces, that he repeated the kiss, changing it however from the eyelids to the lips; and it struck him that she did not withdraw as quickly as before, nor look by any means so calm and indifferent. He accordingly took her hand, in order to kiss it with a passionate gratitude, when she laid her other hand upon his, and looking at him with a sort of appealing tenderness in the face, said, 'Signor Galgano, I respect you for numberless generous things I have heard of you; and knowing as I do how little what is called gallantry is thought of, I cannot deny but that your present attentions to me and apparent wishes do not hinder me from letting my respect run into a kinder feeling towards you. Perhaps, so sweet to us is flattery from those we regard, they have even more effect upon me than I ought to allow. But, sir, there are always persons, whether they act justly or unjustly themselves, who do think a great deal of this gallantry, and who, if the case applied to themselves, would be rendered very uncomfortable; and, Signor Galgano, I have one of the very best husbands in the world; and if I show any weakness towards another, unbecoming a grateful wife, I do beseech you, sir,—and I pay you one of the greatest and most affectionate compliments under heaven,—that rather than do or risk any thing the knowledge of which should pain him, you will help me with all the united strength of your generosity against my very self; otherwise' (here she fell into a blushing passion of tears) 'it may be a hard struggle for me to call to mind what I ought respecting the happiness of others, while you are saying to me things that make me frightfully absorbed in the moment before me.'

We leave the reader to guess how Galgano's attention to the appealing part of this speech was divided and hurt by the tenderness it avowed, and the opportunity it seemed to offer him. He passionately kissed the hand of the gentle Minoccia, and she did not hinder him, only she looked another way, drying up her tears; and he thought the turn of her head and neck never looked so lovely. 'And if it were possible,' asked he, 'that the

opinions of good and generous men could be changed on this subject (not that it would become me to seek to change those of the man I allude to) —but if it were possible, and no bar were in the way of a small share of Minoccia's kindness, might I indeed then hope that she would not withdraw it?' 'Is it fair, Signor Galgano,' said Minoccia, in a low but kind voice, 'to ask me such a question, after the words that have found their way out of my lips?'—'And who then was the kindest of men or women,—next to yourself, dearest Minoccia,—that told you so many handsome and over-coloured things of your worshipper?' 'My husband himself,' answered she; —'he has long had a regard for your character, and at last he taught me to share it.'—'Did he so?' exclaimed Galgano; 'then by heavens——' He broke off a moment, and resumed in a quieter tone:—'You, Madame Minoccia, who have a loving and affectionate heart, and who confess that you have been moved to some regard for me by qualities which you know only by report, will guess what pangs that spirit must go through which has been made dizzy by looking upon your qualities day after day, and yet must tear itself from a happiness in which it would plunge headlong. But by the great and good God, which created all this beauty around us, and you the most beautiful of all beautiful things in the midst of it, I do love the generosity, and the sincerity, and the harmony that keeps them beautiful, so much more than my own will, that although I think the happiness might be greater, it shall never be said that Galgano made it less; and that he made it less too, because the generosity trusted him, and the kind sincerity leaned on him for support.— One embrace, or I shall die.' And Galgano not only gave, but received an embrace almost as warm as what he gave; and Minoccia kissed his eyelids, and then putting her hand over them, and pressing them, as if not to let him see, suddenly took it off and disappeared.

We know not how Signor Stricca received the account of this interview at the time, for Madame Minoccia certainly related it to him; but it is in the records of Sienna, that years afterwards, while she was yet alive, her husband became bound for Signor Galgano in a large sum of money, as security for an office which the latter held in the state; and it appears by the dates in the papers, that they were close neighbours as well as friends*.

LA MAUPIN,

A French singer, in the seventeenth century, one of the numerous instances in which a stage heroine, fortified by public favour, and presuming on the magic of a melodious voice, defied the laws and institutions of a country by which she was supported, and committed, with impunity, crimes which would have doomed a common, unaccomplished desperado to ignominious death.

This romantic and indecorous adventurer,—for I hesitate in calling her a female who dressed, fought, made love, and conquered like a man,—married at an early age M. Maupin, whom, fortunately for the husband, she quitted a few months after their nuptials; seduced by the superior attractions of a fencing-master, who taught her the use of the small sword, a weapon which she afterwards handled with destructive dexterity against many antagonists.

Being invited to make an excursion to Marseilles, her performances, at the theatre of that city, were received with unbounded applause; and, strange to tell, she prevailed on a *beautiful young woman*, the only child of a

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* This story (with the usual difference of detail) is from the Italian Novelists, and has been told in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, one of the storehouses of our great dramatic writers.

wealthy merchant in that city, to elope with her at midnight from her father's house. The fugitives being pursued, they took refuge in a convent; but the rigid discipline and correct manners expected in such societies did not suit La Maupin; she was also alarmed by certain repentant scruples, which naturally arose in the bosom of her fair associate, who had quitted her parents, and deserted all that was decent and respectable in society, for a female bravo, a masculine virago, whom she now dreaded and submitted to, rather than loved.

Interrupted in her designs and irritated by opposition, this theatric miscreant set fire in the dead of night to the building in which they had been so hospitably received; and, in the general confusion and alarm, securing by force her unhappy victim, fled to a sequestered village, where they remained in concealment several weeks. But the country being exasperated by such flagrant enormity, a diligent search took place, the offender was traced to her retreat, and taken into custody, after a desperate resistance, in which she killed one of the officers of justice, and dangerously wounded two others.

The fair but frail Marselloise was restored to her afflicted parents, and La Maupin, a notorious murderer, a seducer of innocence, and an incendiary, was condemned to be burnt alive. But this abominable syren, whose magic tones enchanted every hearer, while lawless passions agitated her heart, and the poison of asps was within her lips, this compound of turpitude, insolence, and ingratitude, had secured such powerful interceders, that the execution of her sentence was delayed; and I relate with regret that so odious a character escaped the punishment she deserved.

From infamy and fetters, she hurried to Paris, and was received with raptures at the Italian opera; but, after so narrow an escape, and still basking in the warm sunshine of public favour, La Maupin could not, or would not, conquer the characteristic audacity and ferociousness of her manners.

During the performance of a favourite piece, and in a crowded theatre, conceiving herself affronted by Dumenil, an actor remarkable for mild and inoffensive conduct, she rushed on the stage, poured forth a torrent of abuse on the object of her resentment, and caned him in the face of the audience.

This rude violation of propriety was submitted to without a murmur; and, supported in the strong holds of public patronage, she exercised for many years a capricious and insulting tyranny over princes, magistrates, managers, and people.

At a ball given by a prince of the blood, in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, she indecorously paraded the room in men's clothes; and, treating a lady of distinction with rudeness, was *called out* at different times by three gentlemen, each of whom she ran through the body: yet such was the public infatuation, or so polluted the fountain of justice, that this hell-hound, whose existence was a libel on the laws of nature and humanity, again was pardoned!!

Under the impulse of prevalent fashion, peculiar taste, vicious caprice, or a combination of appetite and curiosity, the Elector of Bavaria made her proposals, which were accepted; and, for a short time, she insulted the inhabitants of Brussels, as an appendage to the loose pleasures of their sovereign.

But the reign of a prostitute, which can be prolonged only by discretion and gentleness, was rapidly shortened by a ferocious virago, who, stripping from infamy the thin veil of exterior decency, soon disgusted her lover.

Although callous to crime, the German prince shrunk from absurdity; with a mixture of cruelty and kindness, he sent La Maupin a heavy purse of gold, accompanied with a message, that her carriage, with an escort, was at the door, in which she must instantly quit the country; the enraged courtezan

threw the money at the messenger's head, kicked him down stairs, and threw herself into the landau.

Returning to France, her chagrin was gradually soothed by the applause of a Parisian circle; and in the decline of life, quitting the stage, she associated with her forsaken husband, who, dazzled by her accumulated wealth, overlooked his domestic disgrace.

BRUMMELLIANA.

A GREAT deal used to be said of Beau Nash and his witticisms; but certainly we never met with any thing of his which was at all equal to the oracular sentences of the gentleman who gives a name to this article. Of all the beaux that ever flourished,—at least of all that ever flourished on the same score,—exemplary of waistcoat, and having authorative boots from which there was no appeal,—he appears to us to have been the only one who made a proper and perfect union of the coxcombical and ingenious. Other men may have been as scientific on the subject of bibs, in a draper-like point of view; and others may have said as good things, which had none of the colouring arising out of the consciousness of fashionable pre-eminence. Beau *Fielding*, we believe, stands on record as the handsomest of beaux. There is Beau *Skeffington*, now rather Sir Lumley, who, under all his double-breasted coats and waiscoats, never had any other than a single-hearted soul;—he is to be recorded as the most amiable of beaux. But Beau Brummell for your more than finished coxcomb. He could be grave enough, but he was any thing but a solemn coxcomb. He played with his own sceptre. It was found a grand thing to be able to be a consummate fop, and yet have the credit of being something greater; and he was both. Never was any thing more exquisitely conscious, yet indifferent; extravagant, yet judicious. His superiority in dress gave such importance to his genius, and his genius so divested of insipidity his superiority in dress, that the poet's hyperbole about the lady might be applied to his coat; and

'You might almost say the body thought.'

It was a moot point which had the more tact, his gloves or his fingers' ends. He played the balls of wit and folly so rapidly about his head, that they lost their distinctions in one crowning and brilliant halo.

Mr. Brummell, it is true, is no longer in favour as a settler of fashions. Why, it is not our business to inquire. But though it may be said of his waistcoat, like Troy, that it *was*, his wit *is*, and will remain; and here, for the first time, a few specimens of it are collected. If George Etheridge himself would not have acknowledged a brother in George Brummell, then are no two gloves of a colour.

To begin with what is usually reckoned the prince of his good things. Mr. Brummell having fallen out of favour with an illustrious person, was of course to be *cut*, as the phrase is, when met in public. Riding one day with a friend, who happened to be otherwise regarded, and encountering the personage in question, who spoke to the friend without noticing Mr. Brummell, he affected the air of one who waits aloof while a stranger is present; and then, when the great man was moving off, said to his companion, loud enough for the other to hear, and placidly adjusting his bibs, 'Eh!—who is our fat friend?'

Having taken it into his head, at one time, to eat no vegetables, and being asked by a lady if he had never eaten any in his life, he said, 'Yes, madam; I once eat a pea.'

Being met limping, in Bond-street, and asked what was the matter, he said he had hurt his leg, and, 'the worst of it was, it was his favourite leg.'

Somebody inquiring where he was going to dine next day, was told that he really did not know: 'they put me in a coach, and take me somewhere.'

He pronounced of a fashionable tailor that he made a good coat, an exceedingly good coat, all but the collar: nobody could achieve a good collar but Jenkins.

Having borrowed some money of a city beau, whom he patronized in return, he was one day asked to repay it; upon which he thus complained to a friend. 'Do you know what has happened?' 'No.' 'Why, do you know, there's that fellow, Tomkins, who lent me five hundred pounds; he has had the face to ask me for it; and yet I had called the dog 'Tom,' and let myself dine with him.'

'You have a cold, Mr. Brummell,' observed a sympathizing group. 'Why do you know,' said he, 'that on the Brighton road, the other day, that infidel, Weston, (his valet) put me into a room with a damp stranger.'

Being asked if he liked port, he said, with an air of difficult recollection, 'Port? Port?—Oh, *port!*—Oh, ay; what, the hot intoxicating liquor so much drank by the lower orders?'

Going to a rout, where he had not been invited, or rather, perhaps, where the host wished to mortify him, and attempted it, he turned placidly round to him, and, with a happy mixture of indifference and surprise, asked him his *name*. 'Johnson,' was the answer 'Jauhnson,' said Brummell, recollecting, and pretending to feel for a card; 'O, the name, I remember, was Thaun-son (Thompson;) and Jaunson and Thaunson, you know, Jaunson and Thaunson, are really so much the same kind of thing!'

A beggar petitioned him for charity, 'even if it was only a farthing:' 'Fellow,' said Mr. Brummell, softening the disdain of the appellation in the gentleness of his tone, 'I don't know the coin.'

Having thought himself invited to somebody's country seat, and being given to understand, after one night's lodging, that he was in error, he told an unconscious friend in town, who asked him what sort of a place it was, that it was an 'exceedingly good place for stopping one night in.'

Speaking lightly of a man, and wishing to convey his maximum of contemptuous feeling about him, he said, 'He is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup.'

It was his opinion, that port, and not porter, should be taken with cheese. 'A gentleman,' said he, 'never *malts* with his cheese, he always *ports*.'

It being supposed that he once failed in a matrimonial speculation, somebody condoled with him; upon which he smiled, with an air of better knowledge on that point, and said, with a sort of indifferent feel of his neck-cloth, 'Why, sir, the truth is, I had great reluctance in cutting the connexion; but what could I do? (Here he looked deploring and conclusive;) Sir, I discovered that the wretch positively ate cabbage.'

Upon receiving some affront from an illustrious personage, he said, that it was rather too good. 'By gad, I have half a mind to cut the young one, and bring old G—e into fashion.'

When he went visiting, he is reported to have taken with him an elaborate dressing apparatus, including a silver basin; 'For,' said he, 'it is impossible to spit in clay.'

On being asked by a friend, during an unseasonable summer, if he had ever seen such a one? 'Yes,' replied B. 'last winter'

On a reference being made to him as to what sum would be sufficient to meet the annual expenditure for clothes, he said, 'that with a moderate degree of prudence and economy, he thought it might be managed for eight hundred per annum.'

He told a friend that he was reforming his way of life. 'For instance,' said he, 'I sup early; I take a-a-little lobster, an apricot puff, or so, and some burnt champagne, about twelve; and my man gets me to bed by three.'

THE LILIAN BRIDE, AND OTHER POEMS,

BY BARTON WILFORD.

The principal feature of this little volume is the Lilian Bride, and it is to that our attention must be chiefly directed, for our narrow limits will not admit of extended criticism.

The story, as is the fashion with the modern school of poetry, has all the interest of a romance. Antar, an Arab chief, who makes plunder his profession, surprises Lila by night, and despoils it of its choicest treasures. Shortly after this enterprise, he sees and becomes enamoured of Mocha's daughter, who is named Lila, from her birth-place, the very town that Antar had plundered. The old chief discovers his daughter's passion for the robber, and to prevent its farther consequences, resolves to marry her to his young friend Azar, a marriage which takes place, notwithstanding the presence of the Arab, who is seized and thrown into a dungeon. From this he is freed by Lila, who flies from her husband to live with the robber in his deserts. The result of this is told with great energy of thought and diction.

To Lila now he rashly went,
Fully on Azar's murder bent,
And told her what he dared to do.

Conviction flush'd across her mind,
That she had done her husband wrong;
And tears, she could no longer bind
In her eyes' cells, roll'd down among
Her writhing locks, which curl'd about,
Like serpents from their nests dug out.
'Twas long ere either silence broke,
When thus to Lila Antar spoke:
'If thou wilt either curse or bless me,
Be meek with love—be proud with ire,—
Let thine hand spurn me or caress me,—
Strike me to earth with the wild fire
Thine eyes can flash,—or raise me to
Thine heart, as thou wert wont to do
When we were young in bliss, and strove
Each other to excel in love;—
But weep not while I gaze on thee,
For oh! those tears are eloquent;—
Each drop's a dagger's point to me,
For every one my heart has rent!

'The world may blast me for my deeds—
My crimes!—and it will move me not,—
Chain me to earth, and let me die,
Gnaw'd out of life, as I slowly rot,
By the insatiate worm, that feeds,
Engend'ring, where he was begot—
The body still not dead:—all this—
So reckless am I now of bliss,—
Nay more—could I with calmness bear.
But, for those tears, my heart bleeds,
And my brain grows dizzy with despair'
That I have wrong'd thee, all confess,—
But, oh! I love thee not the less;
For love, not lust, has been to me
My heart's invet'rate enemy.
'Till I beheld that form of thine,
No charm possess'd the female eye;
Beauty I deem'd not so divine
As e'er to worship at the shrine
Where love-sick swains are wont to sigh.
But when those eyes—those lips—nay, more,
When I those cheeks had wander'd o'er,—
That neck, as white as the sweet flower
That blossoms in acacia bower,—
Those arms,—that form, so full of grace,—
And the dark curls that fan thy face,
Playful and bright, and hanging there
As if to guard that skin so fair
From every genial breeze;—then I
Of love became a votary.

'That was a day—a proud one, too,—
That was a day—a bitter one,—
That was a day I full well knew
The scorching heat of mid-day sun!
That day, I turn'd tow'rds Lila, when
My path was intercepted by
A sylph,—but, oh!—I knew't not then—
The daughter of mine enemy!
I gazed and wonder'd;—it was *thee*!
Fresh as the morning—lovely—young—
Wand'ring alone the bow'rs among;
No guide—no father, husband,—yet
I could not in that hour forget
Thou wert a helpless woman,—none
To aid thee, if thou'dst been undone.
My heart—my heart leap'd many a time,
And my blood mounted;—yet thy fears
Cut deep, and I refrain'd from crime,—
Watching, as now, thy tide of tears!'

The catastrophe is now brought about with a rapid hand: Antar murders the husband, returns to find Lila and his child both dead, and is himself subsequently shot by his pursuers.

The great defect of this poem is its frequent harshness, sometimes arising from involutions of phrase, and sometimes from most arbitrary elisions of the vowels. As instances of the first fault, we may quote the following:—

Not as in colder climes, where lie
The sordid sons of luxury,—
Themselves, forsooth, imagining
That wretchedness is only their's;
Look through the world—eyes envying
The joy 'tis deem'd another shares.

Again,

> - — — — he learnt the truth
> Of Lila's passion for this youth !
> And now resolved that she should be,
> To guard her from his enemy,
> Secretly kept till Azar came –
> (A youth of fortune and of fame) –
> From Cairo, where he first look'd on
> The beauty of this matchless one.

The second defect is still more frequent :—

> 'Fixing's eyes on heaven again'
>
> 'And, as thro' air, the star-car hist.'
>
> 'Strengthening in 'ts brightness as the glance.'
>
> 'Ere my heart burst in 'ts narrow cell.'
>
> 'And seem awhile insep'rable'

The list might be considerably extended, but it is enough to have pointed out the existence of the error ; any thing beyond would be gratuitous malignity towards a work, which ought, and, we have no doubt will, be a favourite with the public.

JEANIE AND EFFIE DEANS.

[It is not, we believe, very generally known, that the celebrated tale of The Heart of Mid Lothian is founded on fact, and that its heroines resided for the greater part of their lives in the immediate vicinity of Dumfries.—Of these facts, however, our readers will entertain no doubt, when they shall have perused the following narrative, which we have been obligingly permitted to extract from a memorandum made by a lady, long before that series of 'The Tales of my Landlord' had been announced ; and we distinctly pledge ourselves to the public for the authenticity of its contents.]

Dumfries Courier.

EXTRACT.

'As my kitchen and parlour were not very far from each other, I one day went in to purchase chickens from a person I heard offering them for sale. This was a little stout-looking woman, who seemed between seventy and eighty years of age. She was almost covered with a tartan plaid, and her cap had over it a black silk hood, tied under the chin, a piece of dress still much in use among elderly women in that rank of life in Scotland. Her eyes were dark, and remarkably lively and intelligent. I entered into conversation with her, and began by asking how she maintained herself, &c. She said that, in winter, she *feed stockings*, that is, knitted feet to country people's stockings—an employment which bears about the same relation to stocking making that cobbling does to shoemaking, and is of course both less profitable and less *dignified*. She added, that she taught a few children to read, and, in summer, 'whiles reared a wheen chickens.' * * * * * After some conversation, during which I was more and more pleased with the good sense and naivete of the old woman's remarks, she rose to go away. I then asked her name. Her countenance was suddenly clouded, her colour slightly rose, and she said gravely, or rather solemnly, 'My name is *Helen Walker* ; but your husband kens weel about me.'

'In the evening, I mentioned to Mr. ———, the new acquaintance I had made, and how much I had been pleased, and inquired what was remarkable in the history of this poor woman. Mr. ——— said, there were few more extraordinary persons than Helen Walker. She had been early left an orphan, with the charge of a sister considerably younger than herself, whom she educated and maintained by her exertions. It will not be easy to conceive her feelings, when she found that this only sister must be tried by the laws of her country for *child murder*, and herself called upon as the principal witness against her. The counsel for the prisoner told Helen, that if she could declare that her sister had made any preparation, however slight, or had given her any intimation whatever of her situation, such a statement would save her sister's life. Helen said, 'It is impossible for me, sir, to give my oath to a falsehood, and whatever be the consequence, I will give my evidence according to my conscience.' The trial came on. The sister was found guilty, and condemned. On removing the prisoner from the bar, she was heard to say to her sister, 'O, Nelly ! ye hae been the cause o' my death !' Helen replied, 'Ye ken I bud to speak the truth.'

'In Scotland, six weeks must elapse between the sentence and its execution, and Helen availed herself of it

The very day of her sister's condemnation she got a petition drawn up, stating the peculiar circumstances of the case, and that same night set out on foot from Dumfries to London, without introduction or recommendation. She presented herself in her tartan plaid and country attire, before John, Duke of Argyle, (after having watched three days at his door,) just as he was stepping into his carriage, and delivered her petition. Herself and her story interested him so much, that he immediately procured the pardon she solicited, which was forwarded to Dumfries, and Helen returned, having performed her meritorious journey on foot, in the course of a few weeks.

'I was so strongly interested in this narrative, that I earnestly wished to prosecute my acquaintance with Helen Walker; but as I was to leave the country next day, I was obliged to postpone it till my return in the spring, when my first walk was to Helen's cottage. She had died a short time before. My regret was extreme; and I endeavoured to obtain some account of her from a woman who inhabited the other end of the house. I inquired if Helen had ever spoken of her past history, her journey to London, &c. 'Na,' said the old woman, 'Helen was a wily body, and whenever ony of the neighbours speer'd ony thing about it, she aye changed the discourse.' In short, every answer I received only served to raise my opinion of Helen Walker, who could unite so much prudence with so much heroism and virtue.

'Helen Walker lived on the romantic banks of the Clouden, a little way above the bridge by which the road from Dumfries to Sanquhar crosses that beautiful stream. The name of her younger sister is said to have been *Tiboy*, (Isabella,) and it is known that, after her liberation from Dumfries jail, she was united in marriage to the father of the little innocent whose premature death had brought her life into jeopardy, and that she lived with him in the north of England, where Helen used occasionally to visit her. The remains of the old woman were interred in the church-yard of Irongray, in spring 1787, without a stone to mark the spot where they are deposited.'

ANECDOTE OF THE REV. W. JACKSON,

Who was condemned for High Treason.

A SHORT time before his trial, one of his friends remained with him to a very late hour of the night; when he was about to depart, Mr. Jackson accompanied him as far as the place where the gaoler usually waited upon such occasions, until all his prisoners' visitors should have retired. They found the gaoler in a profound sleep, and the keys of the prison lying beside him. 'Poor fellow!' said Mr. Jackson, taking up the keys, 'Let us not disturb him; I have already been too troublesome to him in this way.' He accordingly proceeded with his friend to the outer door of the prison, which he opened. Here the facility of escaping naturally struck him,—he became deeply agitated; but, after a moment's pause, '*I could do it*,' said he, 'but what would be the consequences to you, and to the poor fellow within, who has been so kind to me? No; let me rather meet my fate.' He said no more, but locking the prison door again, returned to his apartment. It should be added, that the gentleman, out of consideration for whom such an opportunity was sacrificed, gave a proof upon this occasion that he deserved it. He was fully aware of the legal consequences of aiding in the escape of a prisoner committed under a charge of high treason, and felt that, in the present instance, it would have been utterly impossible for him to disprove the circumstantial evidence that would have appeared against him; yet he never uttered a syllable to dissuade his unfortunate friend. He, however, considered the temptation to be so irresistible, that, expecting to find the prisoner, upon farther reflection, availing himself of it, he remained all night outside the prison door, with the intention, if Mr. Jackson should escape, of instantly flying from Ireland.



Walking Dress



ENGLISH FEMALE COSTUMES FOR APRIL.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

We are happy to observe, with the approach of spring, a greater variety of dress. Spencers seem to be in much estimation; those principally worn are black velvet, satin, or *gros-de-Naples*. A new kind of fashion for this favourite article has been lately introduced; it is made to button behind, is pointed in the front, at the bottom of the waist, and the sleeves made to fall from off the shoulders; a full frill of lace or embroidered muslin being worn with it according to the taste of the wearer: some have collars slightly falling, with a satin riband, or mock velvet, that ties behind. On many gowns as well as spencers that fasten behind, the buttons are merely ornamental; the dress itself is fastened with hooks and eyes underneath: some ladies have false button-holes worked, to render the illusion more complete. Cambric gowns, trimmed with worked and puckered muslin, in various ways, form the chief dress for the morning; for evening visits of ceremony, or tea parties, pink satin or mock velvet, trimmed with chinchilla fur, or black-coloured satin, with deep flounces of fine blond or Urling's patent lace at the edge of the border; likewise dresses of net or crape over satin are much admired. For half dress, figured poplins, *gros-de-Naples*, or twilled sarsenets, seem most prevalent. A favourite colour for gowns is Egyptian brown, mostly trimmed with plush velvet or satin.

Bonnets are still made low in the crown, and are not bent down on the foreheads so much as they were last month: we think they are a degree smaller. A bonnet much in favour is composed of black du-cape; it has a low crown, and a very large brim, which is lined with pink zephyreene; the edge of the brim is ornamented with a wreath of black satin, disposed in scolloped folds. A full plume of black marabouts at the right side of the crown, and a bow of the same material as the bonnet is attached to the base of the plume. Black *gros-de-Naples* strings. A fashionable hat for evening parties and public, is composed of white satin, the crown low; the brim is of a very novel shape; it is small, turns up, and is square on the left side, where a knot of white satin is placed; just under the edge, a plume of white ostrich feathers, at the base of which is a full bow of white figured satin attached to the right side of the crown.

The design of elegant or decorative dress is to display the grace of nature to advantage, and to assist the form by the management of exterior covering, where nature may have been more sparing of it; the decoration of which in the more winning and attractive distinction of female nature, is the object; nor have we ever seen ingenuity and taste more successfully displayed than in the form of millinery, dresses, and trimmings now worn. Sometimes the head-dress is formed from a mixture of ponceau and silver gauze, entwined amongst the hair with ornaments of gold wheat-ears. Turbans are made of gauze, velvet, or crape, and adorned with pearls and antique brooches. Another evening head-dress is seen, composed of a wreath of various flowers twisted round a knot of hair, and brought together on the crown of the head; and a very favourite head-dress for the ball-room is the hair arranged a la Madonna, and discovering the ears: on the summit of the crown is a beautiful cluster of auriculas; puffings of white gauze and auriculas fill up each side of the hair. The favourite colours are pink, grass-green, rose colour, and grey.

MORNING DRESS.

A WRAP robe of white cambric muslin, open on the left side, and tied at alternate distances with bows of the same: down the front runs a trimming of rich cords, the same round the pelerine or cape, which is made half high, and worn with a lace habit shirt full trimmed at the throat, with a double quilling of Valenciennes lace. The sleeves rather narrow, and confined on the wrists with two rows of the same material. A lace mob cap, full trimmed in front with figured net, and tied under the chin with pink ribbon.

EVENING DRESS.

COMPOSED of silk gossamer net, worn over a white satin slip, the body low, and finished with two rouleaus of white satin piping: the sleeves short and full, terminating with a broad bias satin, above which is an elegant festoon trimming of the same material; on the front, lying in an oblique direction of the sleeve, is a superb ornament of silver leafage, forming a point, and is fastened on the shoulder by a small rosette. Sash of white satin broad ribbon. Skirt long, and hangs in easy folds round the figure; the trimming has a most novel and striking effect; it is composed of white satin, cut into oval shapes, and separately bound with pipings of the same, each division rising on one side, and falling under the succeeding: the rising headed with small bows of white satin ribbon; these are surmounted by two rouleaus of satin above, and three below the flounce. Shoes of white spotted *gros-de-Naples*; white kid gloves and crape fan, richly ornamented at the edge with spangles. A wreath of silver leaves forming a tiara worn round the forehead, and one similar encircling the comb. The hair arranged *à l'enfant*, with short ringlets in the neck.

POETRY.

ODE TO A DEAD BODY,

BY ANDREA DE BASSO.

Risorga de la tomba avara e lorda
La putrida tua salma, o donna cruda,
Or che di spirto nuda,
E cieca e muta, e sorda,
Ai vermi dai pastura;
E da la prima altura
Da fiera morte scossa
Fai tuo letto una fossa.
Notte, continua notte
Ti divora ed inghiotte,
E la puzza ti smembra
Le sì pastose membra,
E ti stai fitta fitta per dispetto,
Come animal immondo al luccio stretto.

Vedrai se ognun di te mettrà paura,
E fuggirà come garzon la sera
Da l'ombra lunga e nera,
Che striscia per le mura;
Vedrai se al tuo invitare
Alcun vorrà cascare;
Vedrai se seguitanti
Le turbe de gli amanti;
E se il dì porterai
Per dove passerai,
O pur se spargerai tenebre e lezzo,
Tal che a te stessa verrai in disprezzo:
E tornerai dentro l'immonde bolge
Per minor pena de la tua baldanza.
La tua disonoranza
Allora in te si volge,
E grida, o sciaurata,
Che fosti sì sfrenata:
Quest' è il premio che torna
A chi tanto s'adorna,
A chi nutre sue carne
Senza qua giù guardarne,
Dove tutto se volve
In cenere ed in polve,
E dove non è requie o penitenza,
Fino a quel dì de l'ultima sentenza.

Dov' è quel bianco seno d'alabastro,
Ch' ondoleggiava come al margin flutto?
In fango s' è ridutto.
Dove gli occhi lucenti,
Due stelle risplendenti?
Ahi che son due caverne,
Dove orror sol si scerne.
Dove il labbro sì bello
Che parea di pennello?
Dove la guancia tonda?
Dove la chioma bionda?
E dove simmetria di portamento?
Tutto è smarrito, come nebbia al vento.

Non tel diss' io, tante fiate e tante,
Tempo verrà che non sarai più bella,
E non parrai più quella,
E non avrai più amante.
Or ecco vedi il frutto
D' ogni tuo antico fasto.
Cos' è, che non sia guasto
Di quel tuo corpo molle?
Cos' è, dove non bolle,
E verme, e putridume,
E puzza, e sucidume?
Dimmi, cos' è, cos' è, che possa piùe
Far a' tuoi proci le figure sue?

Dovevi altra mercè chieder che amore,
Chieder dovevi al cielo pentimento.
Amor cos' è? un tormento.
Amor cos' è? un dolore.
E tu, gonfia e superba,
Ch' eri sol fiore ed erba
Che languon nati appena,
E te credevi piena
Di balsamo immortale;
Credevi d' aver l' ale
Da volar su le nubi;
E non eri che Anubi
Adorato in Egitto oggi e domane
In la sembianza di Molosso cane.

Poco giovò ch' io ti dicessi: vanne,
Vanne pentita e piè del confessore.
Digli: frate, io moro
Ne le rabbiose sanne
De l' infernal dragone,
Se tua pietà non pone
Argine al mio fallire.
Io vorrei ben uscire;
Ma sì mi tiene il laccio,
Che per tirar ch' io faccio
Rompere nol posso punto;
Sì che omai consunto
Ho lo spirito e l' alma, e tu puoi solo
Toglierma per pietà fuori di duolo.

Allor sì che 'l morir non saria amaro,
Che morte a' giusti è sonno, e non è morte,
Vedesti mai per sorte
Putti che dorme? raro,
Raro chi non s' allevi
Dai sonni anche non brevi.
Tu saresti ora in alto
Sopra il stellato smalto,
E di là ne la fossa
Vedresti le tue ossa
E candide e odorose
Come i gigli e le rose:
E nel dì poi de l'angelica tromba,
Volentier verria l' alma a la tua tomba.

Canzon, vanne là dentro
In quell' orrido centro,
Fuggi poi presto, e dille, che non spera
Pietà, chi aspetta di pentirsi a sera.

Rise from the loathsome and devouring tomb!
Give up thy body, woman without heart,
Now that its worldly part
Is over, and deaf, blind, and dumb,
Thou servest worms for food:
And from thine altitude
Fierce death has shaken thee down, and thou dost fit
Thy bed within a pit.

Night, endless night, hath got thee
To clutch and to englut thee,
And rottenness confounds
Thy limbs and their sleek rounds;
And thou art stuck there, stuck there, in despite,
Like a foul animal in a trap at night.

Come in the public path, and see how all
Shall fly thee, as a child goes shrieking back
From something long and black,
That mocks along the wall.
See if the kind will stay
To hear what thou wouldst say;
See if thine arms can win
One soul to think of sin;
See if the tribe of wooers
Will now become pursuers;
And if where they make way,
Thou'lt carry now the day;
Or whether thou wilt spread not such foul night,
That thou thyself shalt feel the shudder and the
fright.

Yes, till thou turn into the loathly hole,
As the least pain to thy bold-facedness.
There let thy foul distress
Turn round upon thy soul,
And cry, O wretch in a shroud,
That wast so headstrong proud,
This, this is the reward,
For hearts that are so hard,
That flaunt so, and adorn,
And pamper them, and scorn
To cast a thought down hither,
Where all things come to wither;
And where no resting is, and no repentance,
Even to the day of the last awful sentence.

Where is that alabaster bosom now,
That undulated once, like sea on shore?
'Tis clay unto the core.
Where are those sparkling eyes,
That were like twins o' the skies;
Alas, two caves are they,
Filled only with dismay.
Where is the lip, that shone
Like painting newly done?
Where the round cheeks? and where
The sunny locks of hair?
And where the symmetry that bore them all?
Gone, like the broken clouds when the winds fall.

Did I not tell thee this, over and over?
The time will come, when thou wilt not be fair?
Nor have that conquering air?
Nor be supplied with lover?
Lo! now behold the fruit
Of all that scorn of shame:
Is there one spot the same
In all that fondled flesh?
One limb that's not a mesh
Of worms, and sore offence,
And horrible succulence?
Tell me, is there one jot, one jot remaining,
To show thy lovers now the shapes which thou wast
vain in?

Love?—Heav'n should be implored for something
else,
For power to weep, and to bow down one's soul.
Love?—'Tis a fiery dole;
A punishment like hell's.
Yet thou, puffed with thy power,
Who wert but as the flower

That warns us in the psalm,
Didst think thy veins ran balm
From an immortal fount:
Didst take on thee to mount
Upon an angel's wings,
When thou wert but as things
Clapped, on a day, in Ægypt's catalogue,
Under the worshipped nature of a dog.

Ill would it help thee now, were I to say,
Go, weep at thy confessor's feet, and cry,
'Help, father, or I die;
See—see—he knows his prey,
Ev'n he, the dragon old!
Oh, be thou a strong hold
Betwixt my foe and me!
For I would fain be free,
But am so bound in ill,
That struggle as I will,
It strains me to the last;
And I am losing fast
My breath and my poor soul, and thou art he
Alone can save me in thy piety.'

But thou didst smile perhaps, thou thing besotted,
Because, with some, death is a sleep, a word;
Hast thou then ever heard,
Of one that slept and rotted?
Rare is the sleeping face,
That wakes not as it was.
Thou should'st have earned high heaven,
And then thou might'st have given
Glad looks below, and seen
Thy buried bones serene,
As odorous and as fair
As evening lilies are;
And in the day of the great trump of doom,
Happy thy soul had been to join them at the tomb.

Ode, go thou down, and enter
The horrors of the centre!
Then fly amain, with news of terrible fate
To those who think they may repent them late!

IMPROMPTU

On a Lady asking a Gentleman his waking Wish, on New Year's Morning.

I wish'd that two vowels were join'd
In wedlock so holy and true,
I could not but think, in my mind,
Those vowels must be I and U.

I turn'd it in each point of view,
And turn'd myself round with a sigh;
But nought could I make of the two,
For inverted they came U and I.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Arch Cliff Fort, Dover, the Lady of Captain Duncan Grant, Royal Artillery, of a son.

In Gloucester-place, Portman-square, the Lady of Thomas Wiglesworth, Esq. of a son.

In Great Ormond-street, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Storer, of a daughter.

At their residence, Castle house, Great Farrington, Devonshire, the Lady of Anthony William Johnson Deane, Esq. of a son and heir.

In Clarges-street, the Lady of William Thomas Brande, Esq. of a daughter.

At Fair Lawn, Kent, the Lady of John Simpson, Esq. of a daughter.

At Clarmer house, the Lady of the Rev. H. Phillips, of a still born daughter.

At Kensington, the Lady of H. J. Da Costa, Esq. of a son.

In George street, Hanover-square, Lady Copley, of a daughter.

At Clapham, the Lady of Alexander Jordan, Esq. of Old Broad-street, of a daughter.

At Dulwich, the wife of C. J. H. Combe, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Croydon, Surry, by the Rev. J. C. Lockwood, Mr. William Dix, surgeon, of Long Bushley, Northamptonshire, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Ridley, of the former place.

At East Bars, by the Rev. Dr. Brodie, William Hanbury Jones, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, to Sarah, second daughter of Edward Whitacre, Esq. Brampton, Oxfordshire.

At St. John's, Hackney, Mr. Henry Haslem, of Stoke Newington, to Catharine Jane, youngest daughter of Thomas Jeffery, Esq. of the same place.

Mr. Benjamin Oram, of Blackman street, Southwark, druggist, to Hannah eldest daughter of Wm. Anderson, Esq. of the Waterloo-road, Lambeth.

At Watford, Herts, by the Honourable and Rev. William Capel, Sebastian Smith, Esq. of London, to Miss Jane Elizabeth Wilmot, of Watford.

At St. Martin's in the Fields, T. Burr, Esq. Luton, Bedfordshire, to Miss Richardson, of Craven-street, daughter of the late Captain William Richardson, of the Royal Navy.

DEATHS.

In Hart-street, Bloomsbury, sincerely beloved and regretted, Daniel Beaumont, Esq. in the 64th year of his age.

At Calcutta, Mr. Stephen Francis Maclean, third officer of the Honourable East India Company's ship, Asia, and second son of D. Maclean, Esq. of Clapham, Surry, aged 22.

At his house in Foley-place, Major Thomas Gamble, aged 68.

At his house, St. Pancras, of a dropsy, Mr. John Wilshere, after an illness of sixteen years, which he bore with exemplary patience and resignation.

At Abingdon, Mr. Thomas Pratt, of Judd-street, Brunswick-square.

Charles, son of Charles Borrodaile, Esq. St. John's-place, aged 14 months.

At his house at Clapton, T. Chi-man, Esq. most deeply regretted by his family and friends, in the 65th year of his age.

At an advanced age, Elizabeth, wife of Edward Putland, Esq. of the Summer house, Carshalton, universally regretted.

At Basingstoke, Hampshire, Ann, relict of John Mullers, Esq. tanner, of that town.

THE

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THE BEAU MISER.

There was a man of the name of Kennedy, who was well known to people of fashion in our childhood, but with whose origin, pretensions, or way of living, nobody was acquainted. That he was rich was certain, for he wore the most precious stones on his fingers, and was known to keep a great deal of money at a banker's. He was evidently very fond of the upper circles, and for some time was admitted into their parties. He was now and then at the opera; oftener at routs and balls; and always went to court, when he could get there.

We have heard him described. He was a very spare man, not much above thirty, of the middle height, with eyes a little shut and lowering, a small nose, and a very long chin. But he dressed extremely well; had a softness of manners amounting to the timid; and paid exceeding homage to every person and thing of any fashionable repute.

All this, for some time, procured him a good reception; but at last, people began to wonder that though he got invitations from every body, he gave none himself. It was not even known that he ever made a present, or had a person home with him even to a luncheon or a cup of tea. Twice he gave a great dinner, at which it was owned that there was a profusion of every thing; but though it was not at a tavern, it was not at his own place of abode; and the people of the house knew nothing about him.

All this gave rise to a suspicion that he was a miser; and people soon contrived to have pretty strong proofs of it. In vain the least bashful of his acquaintances admired the beauty of his numerous rings; in vain others applied to him for loans of money, some by way of trial and others from necessity; in vain his movements were watched by the more idle and gossiping; in vain hints were thrown out and questions asked, and his very footsteps pursued. His rings were all keepsakes; he always had no money *just then;* he referred for his lodgings to an hotel, where he occasionally put up, perhaps for that very purpose; and a curious fellow, who endeavoured to follow him home one night, was led such an enormous round through street after street, and even suburb after suburb, that he gave up the point with an oath.

After this, his acquaintance grew more and more shy of him: they gradually left off inviting him to their houses; some from mercenary disap-

pointment, some from a more generous disgust, others because the rest did so; and at last, just after a singular adventure which happened to him at Brighton, he totally disappeared.

Every body took him for a madman on that occasion. He had not been at the place above a day or two, and was seen, during that time, walking about the beach very thoughtfully, with an air of sorrow, owing, it was conjectured, to his having put himself to the expense of travelling without obtaining his expected repayment, for nobody invited him. But be this as it may, he was seen one morning running in the most violent manner across the Steyne, and crying out 'Fire!' His face was as pale as death; he seemed every now and then, in the midst of his haste, to be twitched and writhed up with a sort of convulsion; and his hat having been blown off by the wind, no wonder he was thought seized with a frenzy. Yet when he arrived at his lodging there was no fire, nor even a symptom of it.

The suspicion of his being out of his wits was rendered still stronger by a rumour which took place the same day; for the servants of the family which he used to visit most, and in which he was paying his addresses to a young lady, declared that not many minutes after the uproar about the fire, he came to their master's house, through the by-ways, with a coal-heaver's hat on. And the assertion was confirmed by some tradesmen who had seen him pass, and by some boys who had followed him with shouts and nick-names.

The mystery supplied the world with talk for more than a week, when at length it was explained through the family we have just mentioned. Kennedy, it seems, was really a miser, and had inherited the estates of a third or fourth cousin, whose name he took. He had had little or no acquaintance with his kinsman, before he found himself his heir. His father was a petty overseer somewhere or other, at a great distance from London; and the cousin, whose estates he succeeded to, was the son of a general officer in the East India service. The cousin had had a son whom he sent abroad to follow his grandfather's profession; but receiving the news of his death a little before his own, he sickened the faster; and being in a state of great weakness and despondency, left his estates to his next heir, without having much heart to inquire what sort of person he was. The fortunate young overseer quitted his shop immediately, and coming up to town had occasion to wait on a young lady, to whom his cousin's son had been attached. It was to give her a lock of her lover's hair, and a gold watch, which his father sent her with it in token of his regard for her. A little note accompanied them, which she showed one day with the tears in her eyes, though she was then happy enough:—

'I leave you no money, my dear child; I am dying, and you are wealthy enough, and money is not the thing wanted by either of us. Just before I received the news of my poor boy's death, he sent me this lock of his hair for you, to show you how glossy and healthy - - - Excuse me, my love;—the tears blot out what I was going to write; and so they ought. But I know well enough that the kind-hearted generous girl who was worthy of him will think I pay her a greater compliment in leaving her only what belonged to her Charles, than if I had sent her all the money which he never possessed. The next heir, I am told, is a good young man, and he is poor, with a number of poor relations. The watch was Charles's, when a boy. My father gave it me, and I to him, and he used to say that he would—— God in heaven bless you, my poor, sweet girl, prays your *old*

'CHARLES KENNEDY.'

The consequence of the new heir's visiting Miss Cameron was his falling in love with her; if such a miser as he turned out to be could be said to

fall in love. But though she could not help pitying him at first, as she afterwards said, it was only on account of his strange habits, which she soon detected, and which she foresaw would make him ridiculous and unhappy wherever he went. He soon tired and disgusted her. After a very unequivocal repulse one day, which seemed to make him prodigiously thoughtful and unhappy, he came in the evening, with a mixture of odd triumph and uneasiness in his aspect; at which Miss Cameron said she could hardly forbear laughing, even from a feeling of bitterness. She saw that he expected to make an impression on her of some sort; and so he did; for taking an opportunity of speaking with her alone, he drew out of his waistcoat pocket, with much anxiety, the first present his wealth had ever made her,—a fine diamond pin. A very fine one she confessed it was. It was clear that he thought this irresistible; and nothing could exceed his surprise when she refused him peremptorily once more, and the pin with him. She owned that her sense of the ridiculous so far surmounted her other feelings, as to give her a passing inclination to accept the diamond; as she knew very well that he had reckoned on its returning to him by marriage. But her contempt recovered itself; and her disgust and scorn were completed by his mentioning the words 'Mrs. Kennedy;' which brought so noble and lamented a contrast before her, and visited her so fiercely with a sense of what she had lost, that she quitted the room with a sort of breathless and passionate murmur.

This was but the day before the adventure of the fire. She was almost inclined on the latter occasion to think him mad, as others did; especially when he once more appeared before her, shuffling in a most ludicrous manner with something in his hand which he wished to conceal, and which she found afterwards was the hat. He would not have ventured to appear before her again; but the truth was, that her father, who was but an ordinary sort of moneyed man, and not very delicate, did not interfere as he ought, to prevent her being thus persecuted. But not only was the mystery explained to her next day: it was the most important one of both their lives.

On the morning when Kennedy was frightened by the fire, he was standing very thoughtfully by the Ship inn, near the sea side, when he was suddenly clapped by somebody on the shoulder. He turned round with a start, and saw a face which he knew well enough. It was that of a gentleman who, riding once, when a youth, by the place where he lived, had saved him from drowning in a little piece of water. Some mischievous companions had hustled him into it, not knowing how far their malicious joke might have gone. When he was pulled out and recovered from his first fright, he thanked the young gentleman in as warm a way as he could express; and taking fourpence-halfpenny out of a little leathern bag, offered it him as a proof of his gratitude. The young gentleman declined it with a good-natured smile, thinking the offer to be the effect of mere simplicity; but the lads who were looking on, and who had helped to get him out when told of the danger, burst out into taunting reproaches of the fellow's meanness, and informed his preserver that he had at least three shillings in the other fob of his leathern bag, besides silver pennies. So saying, they wrenched it out of his hands in spite of his crying and roaring; and one of them opening it, shook out, together with the water, five shillings in sixpences, and the silver pennies to boot. The young gentleman laughed and blushed at the same instant, and not knowing well what to do, for he longed to give the young miser a lesson, and yet thought it would be unjust to share the money between the lads who had nearly drowned him, said to him, 'I am not the only one to whom you are indebted for being saved, for it was the screams of those little girls there which brought me to you, and so

you know,' continued he, with a laugh which the others joined, 'they ought to be rewarded as well as myself. Don't you think so?' 'Yes, sir,' mumbled the young hunks, half frightened, and half sulky. The young gentleman then divided all the silver, but a shilling, among the little girls, who dropped him a hundred curtsies; and giving the fourpence-halfpenny to the boy who had been most forward in helping, and least noisy in accusing, rode off amidst the shouts of the rest.

It was the first time the two had met since. 'I believe,' said the stranger, with a sort of smile, 'I have had the honour of meeting you before?' 'The same, sir,' answered the other, 'at your service. I believe, sir,—I think,—I am sure.' 'Yes, sir,' returned the stranger, 'It was I who played you that trick with your bag of sixpences.'—'Oh, dear sir,' rejoined the other, half ashamed at the recollection, and admiring the fashionable air of his preserver, 'I am sure I had no reason to complain. Been abroad, sir, I presume, by a certain brownness of complexion, not at all unbecoming?' 'Yes, sir,' said the gentleman, smiling more and more: I hope you have been as lucky at home, as some of us that go abroad?'

'Why, yes, sir;—I have a pretty fortune, thank heaven, though at present—just now—'

'Oh, my dear sir,' interrupted the stranger, with a peculiar sort of look, in which animal spirits and a sense of the ridiculous seemed predominant—'I can wait—I can wait.'

'Can wait, sir?'

'Yes, sir, I know what you mean: you have a sort of liberal yearning, which incites you to make me an acknowledgment for the little piece of service I was enabled to render you. But I am not poor, sir; and indeed should decline such a thing from any but a man of fortune, and upon any other score than that of relieving his own feelings; so that I can very easily wait, you know, for an opportunity more convenient to you; when I shall certainly not hesitate to accept a trifle or so,—a brilliant—or a diamond seal,—or any little thing of that sort.'

'Bless me, sir, you are very good. But you see, sir—you—you—see—I am very sorry, sir, but no doubt—in the fashionable circles,—but at present, I have an engagement.'

'Ah, sir, said the stranger, with a careless air, and giving him a thump on the shoulder which made him jump,—'pray do not let me interrupt you. I only hope you are not lodging in—in—what's the name of the street?'

'North Street?—I tried the Steyne, but—'

'Ah, North Street!'

'Why so, sir, pray?' asked the other, with an air of increasing fidget and alarm, and looking about him.

'Why, sir, an accident has just happened there.'

'An accident! Oh my dear sir, you know, those sort of things cannot be helped.'

'No, sir, but it's a very awkward sort of accident, and the lodger, I understand, is from home.'

'How, sir,—what lodger,—what accident,—what is it you mean, dear sir?'

'Why, look there, my good friend—look there;—there they are, removing them—removing the goods:—a fire has broken out.'

Kennedy seemed petrified. There was a great crowd in the street to which the stranger pointed, occasioned by a scuffle with a puppet-show man. The boys were shouting, and the little moveable Punch theatre tumbled about in the top of the fray; looking in the distance, like a piece of bedstead, or some other sort of goods.

'There they are—' continued the stranger, 'now they take away the bedstead,—now they bring the engines,—now they are conveying out something else,—the smoke—don't you see the smoke?'

"O Lord, I do, I do,' exclaimed the miser, who saw nothing but his own imagination, and his boxes of brilliants carried off. He turned deadly

pale, then red, then pale again, and seeming to summon up a convulsive strength, sprang off with all his might, and rushed across the Steyne like a madman.

When he arrived at his lodging he found the street empty, and the house quite cool; and being anxious to make the best and quickest of his story with his mistress and her father, went there as instantly as possible: but first, in a great hurry, he borrowed a hat of his landlord, who half in haste also, and half in joke, gave him one of his coal-meter's, which he unconsciously put on.

Scarcely had he astonished the young lady, and set his foot again out of doors, than he encountered the stranger who had played him the joke. His first impulse was to be very angry, but he wanted courage to complain; and recollecting his first adventure with his preserver, would have passed by, under pretence of not seeing him. He was stopped, however, by the elbow. 'My dear sir,' exclaimed the stranger with his old smile, 'I rejoice to find that all was safe. Pray,' continued he, changing his aspect, and looking grave and earnest,—'You know the various families at Brighton;—I have found just now that there is one here which will save me a journey to London—the name is Cameron—can you tell me where they live? There is a person of the name of Kennedy also, who I understand is here too;—but that doesn't signify at present;—pray tell me if you know where the Camerons are.'

'There, there, sir,' answered the other, almost frightened out of his wits, and anxious to get away;—'there, two or three doors off.'

The stranger dropped his arm in an instant, and in an instant knocked at the door. With almost as much speed poor Kennedy returned to his lodging. We know not what he was thinking about; but he surprised the landlord with his exceeding hurry to be gone; and gone he would have been much sooner than he was, if it had not been for a dispute about a bill, which he was in the midst of contesting, when a footman came from the Camerons, requesting his presence immediately upon important business.

The poor miser's mortifications were not to cease by the way. The footman, upon being admitted to him, turned out to be the same person who was riding as a foot-boy behind the young gentleman, when the latter came up to help him out of the water. 'Good God,' says the man, who had something of his master's look about him, 'I beg your pardon,—but are you the Mr. Kennedy who has got my master's fortune?' The other had been agitated already; but the whole truth seemed now to come upon him as fast as if it would squeeze the breath out of his body; and muttering a few indistinct words, he motioned to the footman that he would go with him. He then looked about in a bewildered manner for his hat, and taking up the coal-heaver's, which, in spite of some other feelings, made the footman turn aside to hold his own to his mouth, he dropped it down again, and turning as pale as a sheet, fell back into a chair.

The footman, after administering a glass of water, called up the landlord; and begging him, in a respectful manner, to take care of the gentleman, to whom he would fetch his master, hastened back to inform the latter; who, comparing the accounts of his old acquaintance with the Camerons, had already guessed the secret, to the great wondering of all parties.

You have doubtless been guessing with him; and it is easy to fancy the remainder. There had been a false return of the young soldier's death, in accounts from the army in India. He had been taken prisoner, and when he obtained his liberty, learnt, with great grief and surprise, that his father had died under the impression that he was dead also, and had left his property to unknown heirs. The property would have been a very secondary thing, in his mind, for its own sake, and he was aware he could regain it; but his

father's death afflicted him much, particularly under all the circumstances; and he felt so much anguish at the thought of what Miss Cameron must suffer, to whom he had plighted his faith but two years before, that it was with difficulty he held up against grief, and hurry, and a burning climate, so as not to fall into an illness; the very fear of which, and the delay that it would cause, was almost enough to produce it. Not to mention that it was possiole his mistress, believing him dead, might too quickly enter into engagements with another; though he did not suppose it very likely. But we need not dwell upon these matters. He found his mistress the same as ever; shed sweet bitter tears with her, for his father, his own supposed loss, and her grieving constancy; and regaining his fortune, settled an income upon the poor miser, which the latter, remembering the adventure of the drowning, could hardly believe possible.

THE SECRETS OF CABALISM.

The account given of the Cabalists in 'Le Compte de Gabalis' renders much detail of their principles unnecessary. But the beautiful dream of Rosicrucius was mingled in the last century with more dangerous fanaticism. After fabling elegantly with gnomes, sylphs, nymphs and salamanders, a fev philosophers amused themselves with a creed, by which they compounded human nature of the four elements; and ascribed the vivacity, meekness, fortitude, or apathy of the soul, to the prevalence of one or more of these constituents. It was not difficult to graft a kind of fatalism on this creed; for if the actions of men are caused by the influence of a prevailing element, they are in some degree predestined to such actions, and not morally responsible. The next inference is, that such combinations of the four great principles of life, fire, water, earth, and air, must be accidental, or subject to no ruling providence. Thus, at least, a few German metaphysicians reasoned, and their disciples were very well pleased with a system so accommodating.

In the last years of Gustavus the Third's reign, when the French revolution had thrown upwards all the froth of modern philosophy, a sect of this kind found its way into Gothland. One of its proselytes was a descendant of the great Wallenstein, and father of a young captain in the royal guard; whose misconduct caused one of its companies to be disbanded, and their officers expelled from Sweden. Count Wallenstein heard of his son's disgrace with considerable coldness. 'There is too much of the fluctuating and uncertain element in that boy,' said the cabalistical father;—'some fountain-nymph, some blue-eyed Egeria, will find employment for a Numa so young and romantic. I shall leave him to seek a guardian in his own element.'

After this speech Count Wallenstein named his son no more, and seemed to bury himself in his new studies. He employed a French mechanic to construct for him an automaton of great power, capable, when the stone to which it was attached received any pressure, of advancing, rising, and moving its hands with significant and inviting gestures. He was heard to say, on the authority of some profound students, that mechanism and chemistry might go near to produce a human being; and his labours to perfect his favourite work were very long and private. Whether he hoped to animate it like a second Prometheus, and what means he pursued, were known only to bimself and his confidential artisan. Secrecy has always been an essential part of cabalism, and perhaps not the least charm to its professors.

There was at some distance from the little river Wreda a low wooden house, occupied by an unknown Frenchman. He had neither wife nor child, nor any servant, except a negress, whose shape and colour were amply sufficient to dismay intrusive spies. The Swedish peasants had no hesi

tation in pronouncing her one of those sorceresses whose incantations are still feared, yet permitted, in the North. The habitation of these two recluses was in the hollow of a defile made by two rocks, whose faces so nearly met, that the sun could seldom penetrate to their utmost depth even in his highest noon. These rocks were desolately bare, except when the thin white smoke from Bertrand's chimney rose curling over their sides, and gave a kind of softness to their purple tint. Two goats and a watch-dog occupied the narrow stockade or enclosure which the Frenchman and his negress had erected round their dwelling, into which no guest was ever admitted. They had spent seventeen years in its seclusion, but Bertrand was not always within his own walls. He took weekly and sometimes daily walks of great length; and his faithful Mooma was not permitted to inquire into their purpose. They might be to make purchases at the next hamlet, for he generally carried with him a knapsack or large basket; and in the beginning of the winter he was more inquisitive respecting shamoy and furs than appeared necessary for his own wardrobe. But the eighteenth winter brought with it a fatal disease, which prevented his excursions; and he looked every day at the setting sun, or at the rings which marked the progress of time on his pine-tree torch, with frantic impatience. When three weeks of the darkest month had passed, Bertrand called Mooma to the side of his mattrass, pointed to a basket which stood empty beside him, and commanded her to fill it with some cakes of rye-flour, a flask of milk, and a piece of honeycomb which he had selected. He beckoned to the dog which usually attended his walks, and seemed as if he had been going to add some urgent orders; but the hand of death was upon him. He stretched his hand towards the door with a cry of agony, and died.

Mooma's intellect was well suited to the degree of abject servitude she had borne so many years. To obey her master, to prepare his coarse food, and perform the drudgery of his hovel, was all her knowledge, and she had been content to share his kindness with the animals domesticated about her. She looked at Bertrand's stiffening features with very little comprehension of the dismal change his death might produce in her situation; and when she had composed his body, and sung the wild melody of an African dirge, she took up the basket and set forth, guided by the unchanging instinct of obedience.

The huge water-dog seemed to hesitate between his desire to remain with his dead master and his accustomed duty of attending the basket. The latter prevailed, and Mooma following his gambols as he snuffed his way through the drifted snow, arrived, after a very long walk, at a place which seemed to her superstitious eyes a mansion for some unknown deity. It was a large circular space about half a mile in extent, covered with smooth and shining ice, except in the centre, where a tuft of dwarf trees crusted with icicles appeared like a knot of crystal pillars wreathed with diamonds. Something like a dim haze hovered over the highest, and sometimes floated in the wind, while Mooma stood gazing on it as if it had been the breathing of the deity she feared. Her shaggy companion showed less fear, and seizing the basket from her hand, walked across the blue circle of ice, and deposited it among the frozen trees. He returned bounding and gambolling; till Mooma, conceiving that this offering of food was meant by her dead master to propitiate some unseen power, such as her savage countrymen worshipped, turned her face homewards, hoping to have secured the happy passage of his soul.

Bertrand lay undisturbed in his winding-sheet when she returned to his hut; and this faithful servant's next task was to deposit him under the richest turf in his little garden. She decorated it with a few beads and shells, all that she had preserved of

her native land, and sang the dirge of her tribe, until the bitterness of the midnight frost forced her back to her solitary hearth. Winter passed and spring returned without causing any change in her mode of life, for her little stock of oil, rye-flour, and the milk of her goats, sufficed for light and nourishment. And the dog's gestures and joyful bark reminded her every seventh morning to replenish the basket, and carry it again to the spot which seemed familiar to him: and Mooma, still believing this a religious rite in some way useful to her dead master, fulfilled it with humble and patient fidelity.

But as the brighter and warmer days approached, the scene of her mysterious duty changed from a sheet of ice to a lovely lake, and the bower in the centre became green. Still the dog plunged resolutely with his charge into the water, swam across, and having deposited it in some invisible recess, returned with his usual expressions of delight. And in this dreary and unfrequented region, the poor negress found comfort in these excursions to perform what seemed a communion with some friendly spirit of the water.

Curiosity has so little part in the uncultivated African's character, that Mooma might have continued her obedience to Bertrand's last command without further investigation, and with a comforting belief that her little tenement's safety was secured by this mysterious ceremony. But on the 19th of of March 1792, as she returned from her weekly excursion, her dog's furious howlings, and the print of strange feet in the snow, informed her of a stranger's visit. Opening the door of her hut, and looking round, she saw the coffer of her dead master had been ransacked, and the only apparel it contained taken out. Part of a rye-loaf and a flask of rum had been taken also, but a small piece of silver was left on the board. It appeared to Mooma of so much more value than the things removed, that she fell on her knees and kissed it with reverence, as the gift of that beneficent spirit to which she paid, as she supposed, her weekly tributes. In one respect Mooma was not mistaken. The rix-dollar was in reality much more in worth than the tattered grey cloak and suit of shamoy leather which the interloper had purloined, but they were of infinite value in his eyes; and except the morsel of rye-bread moistened in rum, he had tasted nothing for several hours. Clothed in his stolen garb, he made haste to a lonely road which led by many detours and dangerous precipices to a house near the town called Granna.

This house was large, and had the air of a nobleman's mansion, though ill-built and neglected. Our stranger forced himself through a broken gate into a green court-yard, and through a loophole once meant for an arrow-slit into the interior of this house, where no one seemed likely to oppose him, for only an old man was sitting alone in a sort of laboratory; and the figure of the intruder so much resembled the great Tycho Brahe's in his grotesque fur cap and ill-suited leathern coat, that the student stood aghast, as if his lucubrations had raised the ghost of Danish philosophy.

'Put out the lights,' said the new-comer sternly—'the seventeenth of March is over—he is dead—'

Count Wallenstein knew his son's voice, and ran to embrace him—'I have not an hour to lose,' added young Otto—'the gates of the city are shut—I escaped thus far by miracle—are you alone?'

'What is done! what is escaped!' asked the old count, as if he had feared to understand the desperate import of his son's countenance. Otto made no answer, and the trampling of horses towards his house announced the extremity of danger. 'Take this ring and this purse, my son!—pass through the lowest window, and keep to the right of the lake—if no smoke is rising, wait till a woman's hand beckons among the rocks.'

Young Wallenstein made but one leap through the outlet into his father's deserted park, and heard the clanging of horses' hoofs before the gate, as their riders drew themselves round in array, to prevent the flight of any inhabitant. But he had strong nerves and muscles—every winding was known to him, and he crept under and among piles of drifted snow, which the early sun of spring had not yet dissolved. He was soon out of sight and hearing—the immediate danger was passed, and he went at a tardier pace to the lake. What place of refuge was he to expect there? Every thing on its banks was silent and desolate; but perhaps the absence of all human visitants might be his father's motive for selecting such an asylum. But as he listened with ears quickened by alarm, the word of command given to soldiers, whose trumpet sounded dully on the frozen air, was distinctly audible. There was no alternative: a pile of rocks seemed at a safe distance near the centre; and, before the first horseman had turned upon the banks, Otto plunged in, and swam desperately towards it.

Meanwhile Count Wallenstein received the visit of an armed detachment with the courtesy and coolness of an accomplished statesman. He permitted their official search, heard their strange intelligence, which the commander hardly ventured to hint, and dismissed them with abundant promises to assist their purpose. When the troop had left his domain, he sent his few servants to their beds, and retired himself to his laboratory. He sat there musing and in deep silence, till he supposed all asleep. Then with his lamp in one hand and a mask in the other, he descended to the lowest apartment of his house. He was followed unseen by an armed man, the commander of the troop which had visited him to search his tenement a few hours before. This man knew the strange and reserved character of Count Wallenstein, and by bribing a menial, had obtained means of re-entering and watching. He was not disappointed in his expectations of discovering something. Through the crevice of a door studded with iron, but shrunk by age, he saw eleven men seated round a table, lighted by the single lamp which the elder Wallenstein had placed upon it.

'We are all assembled,' said one at the head of the assembly, 'except one, —yet the seventeenth of March is past.'

'Past, but seen only through a shadow,' answered another voice.—'We know not yet how far the spirits of earth may subdue those of a nobler element.'

'If to give earth to earth be a deed fit for those who profess to be nowise akin to earthly things,' replied the first speaker, bending down his head and crossing his arms on the horoscope spread before him.—'Had this thing prospered,' he added, in a broken tone, 'the twelfth chair at this table would not have been vacant now. We have trusted too much to our wisdom—too little to Providence.'

'To Providence!' was echoed by a dark gaunt man, whose face, though half masked, discovered the grimness of a maniac—'What is that Providence?—If, as our great master teaches us, the elements have separate ministers, that busy themselves in the affairs of men, there is not one but many providences, and we have no right to doubt that one of them at least will befriend us.'

'You are right,' said Wallenstein—'And why should a word affright us?'—What ignorant men call death is but the transmigration of a spirit to its parent element. He who fell on Tuesday had a soul which the world said was a spark of the rarest fire—What if he has passed by the help of fire into a better and fitter state?'

'Still,' answered the first speaker, 'I see not how we had a right to dispossess his body of that spark by force. If the elements were not blended in him so justly as our science deems fit, we have yet no right to dissolve what we could not amend.

'We have not dissolved, we have only altered,' interrupted the enthusiast fiercely—'Earth will receive her part of him—fire has claimed its own—air has his last breath—water—O! there was nothing of that pure and gentle element in his composition. But,' he added, pausing and looking at the former speaker, 'enough of its coldest particles are in some among us.'

'There is iron in water,' retorted his opponent, 'and you may find strength where there seems only temperance. If the spirits of the element you name delight in murder, it would have been well if they had all been smothered when the upper crust of the earth fell in, as your philosophers pretend, at the first deluge.'

The sarcastic sneer on his lip, betrayed by the curl of his thick mustachio, was not unobserved by Wallenstein, who filled his huge silver cup to the brim. 'Whatever be the power and properties of water,' he said, in a jovial tone, 'we will not try them here. Brothers and friends, let us drink to the nymph of the Wreden lake.'

The masked Divan rose, pledged the cup with joined hands, and their president instantly extinguished the lamp. It seemed as if they all departed by different doors, and the Swedish soldier was left alone in his covert. He was powerfully and strangely affected by all he had seen. The mysticism of their language, the apparatus of crucibles and Leyden jars, and the bags of earth, stoves, and bladders, attached to the persons of the speakers, appeared at once grotesque and hideous. There was enough, however, to excite both his curiosity and his loyal zeal, and the last allusion to the Wreden lake determined him to adventure there. He left the house by the same means that had enabled him to enter it, and bent his steps to the banks which his troop had already reconnoitred.

The Swede mused all the way on the obscure hints he had gathered concerning the spirits of the water, and paused once or twice before he tried his strength in swimming across the lake to the island-rock where he supposed the murderer might be concealed. By frequent and cautious surveys, he discovered a prominent rock, in a part of the islet nearest the main shore, distinguished by something like a flight of steps. He even imagined, as the water lay calm and clear, that the fragments of rock piled under these steps had the appearance of an artificial barricade. The soldier's eye was keen and experienced. He dived like a bird of the water, and alighted on a point very little below its surface. But an apparition rose before him, which seemed to change his blood into the same cold element. A creature gradually advanced from behind the reef of caverned rocks in the semblance of a female. Her long dripping hair was tangled with weeds and sand, but there was motion in her eyes and in the hands that seemed to act like oars upon the water. Presently she rose breast-high above it, and remained still, her neck shining in the moonlight like polished ivory. The soldier's eyes fastened themselves on this spectacle; and all that he had heard of the Count's communion with beings of another species came upon his thoughts. Still he stood firm on the base of the rock, though without strength enough to move. The mermaid, if such a name may be given to the nymph of the lake, only raised her hand as if to beckon him away, and her large blue eyes dwelt on him with a fascinating gaze. Either his dazzled eyes or the motion of the water seemed to bring her nearer; and making one instinctive effort, he charged his carbine which he had brought slung over his shoulder, and fired. The ball rebounded as from a stone, but the flash of another musquet passed close to his head. The soldier, however daunted by a nymph of the lake, had no fears of ordinary beings; and deeming he had a mortal enemy to deal with, he stepped back, and again loading his

fusil, discharged it through the crevice from whence the hostile bullet had proceeded. It was answered by a deadly groan. He bent down, and looking into the chasm, saw Count Wallenstein's son struggling with death. The generous soldier raised him up, and would have forced a cordial into his lips. 'It is too late,' said Otto, 'but I have lived long enough. Carry me farther into the cave, and let me die.'

'Ah, Wallenstein!' said the soldier, 'Why did you not trust me?—How could I expect to find you in this deplorable disguise? But the seventeenth of March is past, and the king still lives.'

'He must die!' answered Otto; 'Ankerstroem charged his pistol trebly, and his aim was sure. Make your own escape. There is a peril nearer than you dream of!'

He would have said more, but voice and life failed him. His last words only roused and confirmed the courage of the Swedish soldier. He took the cap and cloak of the dead body, and went farther into the cave, from which a thin smoke seemed to ascend. It guided him to a kind of recess arched with the living rock, and lighted only by a fire of pine-tree. Near it sat a man of singularly gaunt and grim figure muffled in a military cloak, with a large sack beside him.—'Make your escape,' said the soldier, imitating the voice and phrase of young Wallenstein—'there is a peril nearer than you dream of.'—'What then?' retorted the ruffian—'Have I not shared it with our comrades eighteen months?—Thanks to the faithful fool, and a dog's cunning, we have not starved here. What! did the wooden mermaid scare away the spy?'—'He is safe,' said the loyal Swede, lowering his voice, and retiring into the most shadowy corner.'—'So will I be!' rejoined his companion—'Your master Rosicrusius had an iron effigy to guard his tomb—his disciples have a painted one to secure their treasury—I will show you better machinery.' So saying, he made a leap towards the outlet of the cave; but the troop had forded the lake and crowded in to the assistance of their commander. They seized the regicide's accomplice, and found, in the recesses of the cave, all the correspondence, gold, weapons, and ammunition of traitorous cabal. The automaton, artfully constructed to guard the entrance when the foot of a stranger invaded it, was hewn to pieces, and Ankerstroem's miserable death on the scaffold terminated one daring effort of political cabalism. V.

AN ANACREONTIC TALE.

From the French of the Chevalier de Florian.

The Muses are sometimes lazily disposed; and then, like us, unfortunate mortals, they become a prey to *ennui.* One day, that the sprightly Thalia did not know what to do with herself, (she had been for some time past more indolent than she used to be,) she descended to the foot of Parnassus, to see if she could find there some lover who was worth listening to; for this kind of occupation never fails to afford amusement to a female.

Thalia did not find what she looked for; but she saw an ill-dressed, half-naked child, who was running about in a meadow. His flaxen ringlets fell in disorder over his face; he threw them back with one hand, and with the other caught butterflies, the heads of which he pierced with a pin. The unlucky butterfly fluttered his wings, and struggled violently. The more it appeared to suffer, the more the wicked child laughed: but when he saw the butterfly just on the point of expiring, he drew out the pin, breathed upon the wound, and the dying insect, recovering its strength and its colours, took flight, more gay, and more beautiful than it was before.

Thalia, after having for a while amused herself with looking at the child, asked him how he could take delight in such a cruel sport? 'My pretty lady,' said the boy to her, 'idleness is the cause. I am of a good family, but I have been badly brought

up; I have never been taught any thing; I must do something, and so I do mischief.'

The vivacity and talent which shone in the eyes of the child interested Thalia in his behalf. 'If you like,' said she, 'I will take you under my care. I have sisters who are generally considered as accomplished: we shall feel a pleasure in teaching you every thing that you like to be taught; and in a very little time we shall be able to make you the most learned, and the most amiable of men. Will you go with me?' 'With all my heart,' replied the child, 'but on condition that the ladies, of whom you tell me, shall be only my teachers, and that you alone shall be my mamma.' Saying these words, he took up from the ground a little bag, which seemed to be filled with bits of stick, and, throwing it over his shoulder, he desired Thalia to give him her hand. The Muse asked him what he had in his bag? 'Oh! nothing!' replied he, 'only my playthings.' He then began to sing a song, which had neither tune nor words; and sometimes putting his feet together, and jumping over the bushes in his way, and sometimes stopping to ask the Muse if she could not tell him where there was a bird's nest, he at length reached the summit of the mountain.

The first care of Thalia was, to clothe him in the most magnificent manner. She then resolved to take entirely upon herself the task of educating him. 'Can you read?' said she. 'Not very well,' replied the boy. 'No doubt you have a good memory?' 'I have often been accused of being deficient in that,' said he; 'but with you I shall have a better one than I had with others.'

Thalia, who was soon fonder of him than a mother is of her son, was afraid that her sisters would become as fond of him as she herself was, and she, therefore, resolved to hide him from them. She had a lofty hedge made round an orchard, and in this sort of prison she kept the child on whom she doted. Here the Muse came ten times a day to give him his lessons. Never did any scholar learn more rapidly than he did. It was quite enough to tell him a thing once, for him to know it better than his mistress. Poor Thalia taught him, in a short time, all that she knew; but, while she gave him science, she lost her own peace. Her tenderness every day increased; she sighed without knowing why; and very soon her hours of teaching were spent in gazing upon her pupil.

The boy was well aware of this. 'Mamma!' said he to her, 'I am quite sure that you love me dearly, and this encourages me to ask a favour of you. 'So that you do not ask to go away from me,' replied Thalia, 'I swear that I will refuse you nothing.' 'Listen to me, then,' said the boy: 'You always carry in your hand a mask, which I think a charming one. It laughs so gaily and so naturally, that I cannot help longing for it. If you do not give it to me, I can assure you that I shall die of vexation; and then, which of us two will be the most vexed? It will be you.' It was in vain that Thalia represented to him that this mask was the mark of her divinity. 'When you have given it to me,' replied the boy, 'it will be the mark of your affection for me; which do you like best?' 'Take it,' said Thalia, with a sigh, and the rogue of a child jumping upon her neck, put the mask into his bag.

'But this is not all,' added he; 'you have taught me every thing you know, but you promised me more. I want to learn music, dancing, astronomy, philosophy, and all possible sciences, that I may be more indebted to you, and be able to please you still more. Do have the goodness to let me out of the orchard, that I may go and take lessons from each of your sisters. I will soon come back to shut myself up with you, and devote to your amusement all the talents which I have acquired.'

Who would not have been seduced

by such pleading? The credulous Thalia opened the gate for the boy, and even carried her kindness so far as to recommend him to each of her sisters. This, however, was quite unnecessary; for they very soon loved him as well as Thalia did. The boy ran from the one to the other, and made it his sport to turn the brains of the daughters of Jupiter. The grave Melpomene was the one who held out the longest against him; but she yielded at last like Calliope, and like Urania, who had endeavoured to defend themselves. As to Terpsichore, Euterpe, and Polyhymnia, they adored him almost as soon as they beheld him.

Thus all the nine were captivated by the same object. From this moment they were sisters no longer. Jealousy, envy, distrust, entered, for the first time, into their minds. These chaste females, who had never before had but one feeling, one will, now watched, hated, and quarrelled with each other. Every thing fell into confusion upon Parnassus; the arts were neglected, the concerts were interrupted. To complete their misfortune, this was the very moment that Minerva fixed upon to pay a visit to the Muses.

How great was her surprise when she arrived upon the sacred mountain! Instead of the songs of gladness which used to greet her presence, she found every where a deep silence. The Muses dispersed, pensive, solitary, scarcely knew her. She complained; she threatened. The nine sisters at last were assembled together, and they strove to sing the praises of their protectress; but their voices were no longer in unison: they had forgotten their hymns, and not one of them had her distinguishing attribute. Melpomene had given her poignard to the child, and, fearing that he might hurt himself with it, she had blunted the point: Calliope had made him a present of her trumpet; Euterpe had lent him her lyre; Urania her astrolabe. In short the attributes of the Muses were all become the playthings of this child.

This was not the last shame which they had to suffer. While they were trying to make excuses, they saw the fatal boy fluttering near them in the air. He held all his thefts in his hand. 'Good bye!' said he to them, with a laugh. 'Do not forget me; I am Love! It always costs something to get acquainted with me!'

The prudent Minerva then gave a very moral lecture to the daughters of Jupiter; who listened respectfully to her, and endeavoured to palliate their fault, by assuring her that the guilty boy had so cunningly contrived to hide his wings, that they had never been perceived by any one among them.

THE TWO HIGHLANDERS.

On the banks of the Albany river which falls into Hudson's Bay, there is, among others, a small colony settled, which is mostly made up of emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland. Though the soil of the valleys contiguous to the river is exceedingly rich and fertile, yet the winter being so long and severe, these people do not labour incessantly in agriculture, but depend for the most part upon their skill in hunting and fishing for their subsistence; there being commonly abundance of both game and fish.

Two young kinsmen, both Macdonalds, went out one day into these boundless woods to hunt; each of them armed with a well-charged gun in his hand, and a *skene dhu* or highland dirk, by his side. They shaped their course towards a small stream, which descends to the N. W. of the river, on the banks of which they knew there were still a few wild swine remaining; and of all other creatures they wished most to meet with one of them; little doubting that they would overcome even a pair of them, if chance should direct them to their lurking places, though they were reported to be so remarkable both for their strength and ferocity. They were not at all successful, having neglected the common

game in searching for these animals; and a little before sunset they returned homeward, without having shot any thing save one wild turkey. But when they least expected it, to their infinite joy, they discovered a deep pit or cavern which contained a large litter of fine half-grown pigs, and none of the old ones with them. This was a prize indeed; so without losing a moment, Donald said to the other, 'Mack, you pe te littest man, creep you in and durk te little sows, and I'll be keeping watch at te door.' Mack complied without hesitation; gave his gun to Donald—unsheathed his *skene dhu*, and crept into the cave head foremost; but after he was all out of sight, save the brogues, he stopped short, and called back, 'But Lord, Donald pe shore to keep out te old wans.' 'Ton't you pe fearing tat man,' said Donald.

The cave was deep, but there was abundance of room in the farther end, where Mack, with his sharp *skene dhu*, now commenced the work of death. He was scarcely well done, when Donald perceived a monstrous wild boar advancing upon him, roaring and grinding his tusks, while the fire of rage gleamed from his eyes. Donald said not a word, for fear of alarming his friend; besides, the savage was so hard upon him ere he was aware, he scarcely had time for any thing; so setting himself firm, and cocking his gun, he took his aim; but that the shot might prove the more certain death, he suffered the boar to come within a few paces of him before he ventured to fire. He at last drew the fatal trigger, expecting to blow out his eyes, brains, and all. Merciful Heaven!—the gun missed fire, or flashed in the pan, I am not sure which. There was no time to lose: Donald dashed the piece in the animal's face, turned his back, and fled with precipitation. The boar pursued him only for a short space, for having heard the cries of his suffering young ones as he passed the mouth of the den, he hastened back to their rescue. Most men would have given up all for lost: it was not so with Donald—Mack's life was at stake. As soon as he observed the monster return from pursuing him, Donald turned about and pursued him in his turn; but having before this, from the horror of being torn to pieces, run rather too far without looking back, the boar had by that oversight got considerably ahead of him. Donald strained every nerve, uttered some piercing cries, and even, for all his haste, did not forget to implore assistance from Heaven. His prayer was short but pithy, 'O Lord, puir Mack! puir Mack!' said Donald, in a low voice, while the tears gushed from his eyes. In spite of all his efforts the enraged animal reached the mouth of the den before him, and entered. It was, however, too narrow for him to walk in on all fours; he was obliged to drag himself in as Mack had done before, and of course his hind feet lost their hold of the ground. At this important crisis, Donald overtook him—laid hold of his large long tail—wrapped it around both his hands—set his feet to the bank, and held back in the utmost desperation.

Mack, who was all unconscious of what was going on above ground, wondered what way he came to be involved in utter darkness in a moment. He waited a little while, thinking that Donald was only playing a trick on him; but the most profound obscurity still continuing, he at length bawled out, 'Tonald man, Tonald, phat is it that 'ee ay pe stopping te light.' Donald was too much engaged, and too breathless to think of making any reply to Mack's impertinent question; till the latter, having waited in vain a considerable time for an answer, repeated it in a louder cry. Donald's famous laconic answer, which perhaps never was nor ever will be equalled, 'Tonald, man, Tonald I say, phat is that that'll ay pe stopping te light,' bellowed Mack. 'Should te tail preak, you'll fin tat,' said Donald.

Donald continued the struggle, and soon began to entertain hopes of ulti-

mate success. When the boar pulled to get in, Donald held back, and when he struggled to get back again, Donald set his shoulders to his large buttocks and pushed him in; and in this position he kept him until he had got an opportunity of giving him some deadly stabs with his *sken dhu* behind the short rib, which terminated his existence.

Our two young friends by this adventure, realised a valuable prize; and secured so much excellent food that it took them several days to convey it home. During the long winter nights, while the family were regaling themselves on the hams of the great wild boar, often was the above tale related, and we as often applauded and laughed at it. MARCEAU CHAUTIBRAND.

RETRIBUTION.

SOME years ago, a very remarkable and mysterious occurrence attracted the attention of the inhabitants of Venice.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, during the carnival, that a man appeared on the terrace of the church of San Marco, of singular demeanour and dress. He did not move far from the spot where the horses of Lysippus are placed; and even in that period of universal festivity, when the superb arena of the Piazza di San Marco is filled with so many thousands of joyous revellers, he was universally observed and distinguished. He was wrapped in a large black mantle, which entirely enveloped his figure: a plume of black feathers shaded his hat, and a black masque covered his features; but his eyes, which were by that means rendered more conspicuous, contained an expression so appalling, that whoever met their glance turned from him in involuntary horror. They moved very slowly, and wherever they rested they continued immoveably fixed for a considerable period, with a peculiar and terrific look, observable chiefly in those whom the stroke of a sudden and agonizing death has left with their eyes preternaturally distended. It was perfectly in vain for those who had once met his eye to turn from or avoid it: alone—in society—at their meals—in their very sleep, it was still before them, like the glance by which we are told the serpent fascinates his prey. He came there many succeeding evenings at the same hour, but confined himself to the spot where he had originally appeared; and the singularity of his person and demeanour attracted considerable attention, and became the general theme of discourse. Some maintained that he was a stranger of high rank from a neighbouring court, and this opinion was supported by many; others said that he was a spy; but all agreed that he was a most unpleasant and extraordinary personage. At length the affair gained the attention of the police, so watchful and alert in that city; but nobody knew where he lived, with whom he associated, or had seen him at any other time and place than the church of San Marco, in the evening. When there, the spot was shunned by one consent; but those who had the boldness to approach, perceived that from time to time his lips moved, and overheard the words articulated in a deep voice, 'Vengenza dal sepolcro!' At last, people agreed he must be a maniac. Some newer object of attention sprung up, and the stranger of the church of San Marco ceased to be the subject of conversation. One afternoon, Costanza, daughter to the Marchese de Rinaldini, was sitting alone in her apartment, engaged in the perusal of a highly interesting work: her fair cheek resting on her hand, she had entirely given herself up to that deep and absorbing emotion, which is so delightful when the blood of the heart is still unsullied by the touch of error, and when a new book is an epoch in our existence. At length something came between her and the light, which shaded the volume: she looked up, and beheld, not without considerable surprise and terror, a tall and com-

manding stranger, habited entirely in black, at the distance of a few paces. She almost shrieked, but recovering herself, said, 'Who are you? and whom do you seek?' A pause succeeded the question: at length the stranger replied, in a deep voice, 'Rinaldini!' 'My father has been some time out of Venice, and it is rather extraordinary that you'—'When he returns,' said the stranger, interrupting her, 'tell him Torralva will meet him at midnight, on the 27th of the month, by the church of San Marco.' Costanza, who, awed by his appearance and address, had withdrawn her eyes from his person, now raised them again to reply, but he was gone! She sat some time almost stunned with amazement, and a species of involuntary consternation; then calling her attendants from the antichamber, reproved them for permitting a stranger, and of such fearful and questionable appearance, to come into her presence unannounced. 'Your excellency is doubtless correct,' replied the page, with a look of astonishment; 'but pardon my assuring you, that we have seen no person pass through the antichamber.' Costanza was yet more bewildered; but considering it prudent to discontinue the subject, dismissed her attendants, and fell into a train of reflections on her late mysterious adventure. The Marchese de Rinaldini was one of the first noblemen in Venice: he had been twice married, first to a noble Venetian lady, in his early youth, who was the parent of the charming Costanza. Of his second choice less was known. Whilst his daughter was yet in her convent, he had passed some months at Naples; where he became enamoured of a lovely Spaniard, whom he married and afterwards brought with him to Venice. It was said, that before her acquaintance with the Marchese, she had been affianced to a young Spanish cavalier of high family, to whom she was greatly attached; but on the proposals of the Marchese, which were considered every way superior by her family, and which were enforced by their commands, her former lover had disappeared. It was generally supposed, that in despair at the success of his rival, he had thrown himself into the army, and embarked for the Spanish West Indies; where the climate or the fate of war had probably terminated a life of small value to its proprietor. This was the suggestion of the benevolent, but the character of the Marchese was known to be equally impassioned and ferocious; and *all* who were acquainted with the subject, were not so charitable in their conclusions.

It was certain, however, that although the idol of her husband, and surrounded by splendour and luxury, Isabella never seemed happy. Exquisitely beautiful, and universally admired, never could encomium raise a glow on her faint cheek, nor homage produce a smile; her brilliant eyes were never irradiated by pleasure, nor softened by feeling; and she seemed like a fair temple, perfect indeed in its symmetry and proportions, but which the presiding Deity has abandoned for ever!

The passion of the Marchese gradually declined; his first wish, an heir to continue his name and honours, was unfulfilled; and the beauty of Isabella seemed fast verging towards the grave. Her death, however, was sudden, although her illness had been of long duration; and the unfortunate Isabella had been splendidly interred some months at the period of which we are speaking. The evening of the day which had caused Costanza so much alarm was universally brilliant, even for Venice; and she was contemplating the distant radiance of the moon as it trembled on the waters, and listening to the strains which flooded along them at intervals, when the Marchese de Rinaldini suddenly entered the apartment. Costanza flew to meet her father; but he scarcely noticed her affectionate greetings, and threw himself on a sofa. She was shocked to perceive him much agitated;

and the moonlight, which partially fell on his countenance, showed her it was unusually pale. 'It matters not,' said he to himself in a low voice, 'it matters not; yet why do I continually seem to hear that voice?' The Marchese had been for some years subject to these fits of depression, more particularly since the death of the Marchesa; and Costanza, who attributed them to grief for his loss, strove to divert his ideas by various topics of conversation, and at length mentioned her unpleasant visitor. 'Torralva!' said the Marchese, who seemed unconscious of her presence—'Torralva! his name is always in my ears. I thought he had been safe; but he shall be so—yes, yes, I will meet him—yet, can it be?' At that moment a low voice sounded in the room, 'Can the spirit be buried with the body?' The Marchese fell senseless; and the shrieks of the terrified Costanza brought the attendants immediately into the apartment; but they found there only the Marchese and his daughter.

From that day, until the one appointed by the stranger, De Rinaldini appeared rapt in gloomy and sombre reflections. His daughter dreaded the meeting extremely, as it possessed a character of mystery too dreadful for her to fathom; but she had not courage to renew with her father a subject which appeared to cause him so much agony. She took, therefore, every precaution in her power to guard against danger; and summoning Uberto, an old confidential domestic of the family, entrusted him with the particulars of the mysterious appointment, and engaged him to follow his master, armed, at a short distance. The night arrived, and Costanza awaited till morning her father's return in a state of the most fearful anxiety; but her precautions were in vain. The Marchese was discovered the next morning extended without life near the magnificent monument of the late Marchesa. He had no wound, but appeared to have expired in strong convulsions.

The grief and distress of Costanza may be imagined: she caused the strictest search to be made for the mysterious stranger, but in vain—he was never again seen; and the priests who discovered the body of the Marchese, when they came to perform the matin service, had found all the doors locked as they left them the night before. Uberto had, as far as lay in his power, fulfilled the commands of his mistress. He saw the Marchese accosted by a tall figure in black, at the place of rendezvous; but they passed hastily from the moonlight into the deep mass of shadow thrown by the building; and although he eagerly pressed forward, his master was from that moment lost to his sight. The night was perfectly still; and once he heard, or fancied he heard, loud shrieks; but he might in his alarm have mistaken for such the moans of the night-wind, as it rushed along a distant canal. This, however, was all that was ever known respecting so singular an event.

Ada.

COLLECTIONS FROM NATURAL HISTORY, NO. III.

Musical Idiocracy of a Dog.—A large water-spaniel (says Professor Pictet, in a late number of the Bibliothèque Universelle), belonging to one of his friends, whose residence is very near our own, appears to be in general quite indifferent to music, both vocal and instrumental: but if you sing or play to him a certain air, an old romance ('l'âne de notre moulin est mort, la pauvre bête,' &c) which is a lamentable ditty, in the minor key, the dog begins by looking at you very pitifully, then he gapes repeatedly, showing always increasing signs of impatience and uneasiness; lastly, he sits upright on his hinder legs, and begins to howl louder and louder, so that he can no longer hear

the voice of the person who sings, or the sound of the instrument. If you stop, he stops also. Trials have been made, by beginning the experiment with other airs, and falling, without making any pause, into the romance in question: the dog does not seem to perceive the singing, till you come to the air which he cannot endure, and to which he has not been able to accustom himself. He then manifests, without exception or variation, the series of actions which we have just described, and of which many hundred persons have been witnesses; for this fact has been, and still is, the object of the curiosity of all those who have heard it spoken of.

Living Toads found in stones are productions of the former world. By the Rector of Pabsdorf.—The occurrence of living toads in stones is one of the most remarkable facts in natural history. Amongst many examples of this sort, we shall mention a few which put the matter beyond all doubt. A living toad was found in a large stone at Newark on Trent in England. It was of a white colour, measured three and a half inches, but appeared incapable any more of bearing the light: for all its motions argued an incompatible state, and an hour afterwards it died. But in this time it was seen by several hundred people.

In a stone quarry, near Cassel, the workmen discovered three living toads lying together in a stone five feet long, three feet broad, and as many high; on the outside of which, before it was broken, not the slightest trace of an aperture was to be discovered. It was with difficulty that these animals could be brought from the spot they lay in, and as soon as they were taken out, they hopped in again. They appeared at first to be quite lively in the grass, but they died in half an hour.

The fact cannot, therefore, be disputed, and I could, were it necessary to prove the truth of these appearances, quote many instances of this sort, which have been recorded. Some time since a living toad was found in slate, at Rothenberg on the Saale. We shall not, therefore, detain ourselves longer on this point, but endeavour rather to explain the matter. Every thinking reader, who has not heard of this phenomenon, will consider such as wonderful, and many even unaccountable. It appears also at first sight to be impossible for a creature to be enclosed in a stone such a length of time, without dying of hunger, or being suffocated.

Naturalists have endeavoured, to be sure, to show how this is possible; but no one has, if I remember, explained in what manner and when these animals came into the stones.

In order to solve the first problem, it is said the stone in which the toads existed was probably a porous sandstone, which imbibed moisture from rain, which the animal inspired by means of its pores, or its sucking warts. For these animals can be kept long alive on wet blotting paper, which is moistened from time to time. It is also known that toads and frogs are very tenacious of life, and can fast a long time.

An English naturalist made a trial how long he could keep a toad without nourishment; he placed it in a pot, and buried it in the ground, closing it carefully. He forgot by chance to dig up the pot, until two or three years were elapsed. He found his toad still living, and buried it afresh. We have to wait the issue.

But this explanation does not appear quite satisfactory to us. Such a creature can be preserved living by means of moisture or water for a certain time; but many thousand years, how would that be possible? For we cannot admit of a shorter period.

We can more easily explain how such an animal can exist and be preserved in a tree. For a living toad has been found in the cavity of a tree, which, according to its rings, must have been more than eighty years old. It

probably had crept into a hole of one of the boughs, and had not been able to come out again; and the opening had in the course of time completely closed. Here it could easier subsist, than in hard stone; but the sequel will show, that the preservation of these animals does not depend upon nourishment, but upon another circumstance, and quite other causes.

We come now to the second question, how and when the toads came into the stones? In order to render this clear to ourselves, we must remember, that besides our own present world, in which we exist, one has already preceded it, which contained, as ours, terrestrial and marine animals. Yet there was a time, when the whole continent was but an immeasurable ocean; as the secondary mountains, with their petrified beds of muscles, fishes, and sea productions prove. After some unknown great catastrophe which our earth suffered, the sea at length disappeared; and from a world of waters arose, if I may be allowed the expression, a world of land. There, where at present the plough turns up the soil, and countless corn fields shine with their golden harvest; where immense forests spread forth their luxuriant trees, amongst which numerous wild animals sport; where hills and mountains raise their varied summits; where herds of cattle graze; where rivulets and rapid streams wind through the valleys; and where cities and villages are now situated, there formerly raged the wavesof the ocean —there swarmed hosts of animals of numberless forms and magnitudes.

At the command of the Almighty the waters disappeared, and with them the then existing world of marine animals and of plants; which were thus placed upon the dry land.

The bowels of the earth have preserved to our times the remains of such only as have withstood decay, and have become petrified; and the bottom of the sea became dry land, and the slime and mud left behind hardened into stone. But another terrestrial world, besides the one of water above mentioned, must have existed, before the present one was formed. This can be seen from the numerous remains of terrestrial animals and productions which we find in different countries, and which do not belong to the present period of the earth. There are as many and as large forests under the earth as there are above it; which have been buried thousands of years ago, and have been transformed into coal.

There were formerly as many, perhaps more, large and small animals on the earth, than there are at present. We must, therefore, suppose, that the sea and dry land have been continually changing places with each other on the surface of our earth; and that after each change of this description a new creation of animals took place on it. For this reason we find that wood in a state of coal, and the bones of quadrupeds, occur intermixed with marine productions in the same bed; nay even under the bottom of the sea we discover river muscles and the beds of former great rivers. It may be conjectured, that at a future transformation of the earth, new intermixtures will arise; and the productions of our present world will be united to those of a former one, and rest with them in one common grave, in order to make place for a new and better world. It is impossible to determine the time when the last grand transformation took place, which caused the former world to make place for this. But every one, who knows how much time is necessary to produce a new creation of plants and animals out of the bosom of the earth, according to the laws of nature, must easily discern that many centuries must have passed away since that great catastrophe happened.

The living toads already mentioned, must have been inclosed in their stony prisons during this last revolution of the globe. For on the present period of the earth having commenced, and the productions of the former world being buried in mud and slime by the

overflowing of the sea, the whole surface of the earth became turned into solid strata by some unknown process of nature; and out of the sandbanks and coral reefs of the sea arose the secondary limestone and sandstone mountains. The toads of the former world met with the same fate as its fish, and other animals; they were covered and buried with mud. They would have perished like their fellow creatures, in water or in mud, had not their peculiar organization prevented this. These animals possess the power of sleeping and remaining in a state of torpor during the winter, without having occasion for any nourishment during the whole period. Frogs are often to be found in winter in ice, and on its thawing they are again revived. And it is well known, that frogs and toads, when the weather is warmer than usual in the spring, come forth from their holes in the earth, and commence a new life. During the great revolution of our globe, just mentioned, when the whole animal and vegetable creation was buried under mud and earth, these toads met with a similar fate, and were inclosed in their stony prisons, until they were released from them by accident. They were obliged to repose in them some thousand years in a state of sleep, having no other means in their power; otherwise they would have had a like fate with millions of fishes and terrestrial animals which perished and became petrified.

But it may be said, that these toads might have been inclosed in stone at a later period, as these animals are fond of creeping into holes and cavities of the earth, in order to sleep the winter. Even the toads which were found inclosed alive in a tree must have come there in this manner. It is also known that in limestone quarries, new rocks, as calatuff, &c. are formed during a comparatively short time, and that these animals might perhaps have been inclosed through these means. But if insects of a former world could be preserved in amber, and mammoths in their full flesh in ice, a toad of the primeval could well exist alive in stone, until the present world; as it is very tenacious of life, and has the advantage of being able to pass a long time without nourishment, in a state of torpor or sleep. The fact is still a problem, which naturalists or zoologists will alone be capable of solving; and which would be effected by anatomising one of those fossil toads, with the view of ascertaining if it is an animal of the present or of the former world. The white colour which the English toad had leads us to suppose it as probable that it did not belong to our world, provided the length of time and the want of air and nourishment had not changed its natural colour and bleached its body.—In the mean time, if such an animal can exist for years in an old tree, or even in a stone, it is also capable of being preserved in a stony prison thousands of years; because being asleep, and in so confined a situation, no exhalation takes place from it, and therefore there is no occasion to replace the lost animal juices by various nourishment. Wonderful phenomenon! The toad, this ugly and much despised animal, was of all others the only one capable of undergoing this experiment of nature; and thereby of viewing a second time the light of the world. All others, the most noble and beautiful creatures, even man himself, had it not in his power to live to see such a blessing. Man, with his fellow creatures, could only pass into the new world in a petrified state—the insects of a former world could only be preserved from complete ruin in amber, and the mammoth be partially preserved in ice; but the toad was capable, on account of its tenacious powers of life, and its peculiar nature, to pass from the old world into the new one in a living state, and by these means to be snatched from destruction. It has seen two worlds, having been an inhabitant of the old as well as the new one. It has twice trodden the theatre of the world!

How many useful considerations does the discovery not give rise to?

How many weighty truths may not be traced from it?

These toads therefore furnish us with a fresh proof of a former world. For, if they do not belong to our world, but are different from the present animals of the same species, which, however, must be more decisively proved than it is at present, it is clear that there have been formerly other animals in the world than our own. Should they be proved a new species, we shall have discovered a new race of animals of a former world, and thus add one more to those already known. It were only necessary that Cuvier should discover or examine such a toad found in stone, and perhaps one more would be immediately added to the number of primeval animals discovered by him.

But the circumstance gives rise to other considerations. If the philosopher takes pleasure in endeavouring to penetrate the depths of futurity, and in exploring the future fate of our world, and of his fellow-creatures, it cannot be less agreeable and instructive to him to investigate the past, and to read the former fate of our present earthly inhabitants by the remains of a former world.

Such an inquiry makes us acquainted with numerous interesting facts, and we shall now present our readers with a few of these.

We fancy ourselves standing in the subterraneous caverns of a great limestone mine, and admiring the immense masses of rock, with its different layers and strata. On nearer inspection, we find that these masses of limestone teem with millions of shell-fish, and other remains of a former world, which must have ceased to exist thousands of years ago; that we are even standing on a former world that once existed at the bottom of the ocean, and are surrounded by millions of marine animals, and other productions of the sea. On searching we soon find a cornu ammonis, whose species is now extinct in the world; then a nautilus, now a gryphite, or a turbinite, or a pectinite, &c. &c.

In these we discover beings which have a similitude to our present inhabitants of the ocean, but are differently constructed. Here we discover a petrified fucas, and remark in it the branch of a former marine plant. There we notice the remains of an encrinite or lily-stone, and discover them to have been formerly marine animals of a remarkable nature. Here we even find a tooth, and recognise it to have belonged to an unknown animal of the former world, or of a fish whose race has been destroyed in a great revolution of the earth. Here we discover a thigh-bone lying under the ruins of the former world, and immediately pronounce it to be a palaotherium. We cannot help expressing the most earnest wish to be better acquainted with this world of plants and animals for ever passed away. We often, in imagination, fancy to ourselves the delight we should experience could we have seen the former world, with its various productions, in their natural and living state, in order to compare them with their present terrestrial creation; but this is a wish which cannot be gratified. We are only capable of judging from the scanty remains of the numerous productions of that early period of their existence and properties. If the earth is to be again inundated with water, and its inhabitants destroyed and again re-peopled, the inhabitants of the new world will form nearly the same conception of the animals and vegetables of the present world as we form of those of the world which has preceded the present. But the ideas thus formed will be very imperfect: but do not let us form too hasty conclusions. On finding a piece of amber, we discover in it an insect of the former world, in all its natural beauty and form, as it has lived and breathed. At another time in breaking a rock in pieces, in order to examine its correspondent parts, and to ascertain if it contains any marine organic remains; and, behold! our wish of beholding animals of the former world

alive in their natural form is now accomplished. A living creature of the former period of the earth, a toad, which has withstood the decay of thousands of years, springs out of its prison, in which it has been secured against every injury. It awakes from its slumber, on beholding the renewed light which beams around it, and of whose beneficial influence it has been so long deprived, in order to convince us of the reality of a former world; and then, after a short second existence, falls into an eternal sleep.

THE PORTFOLIO, NO. IX.

We travel and expatiate, as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, so we from land to land;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit and is still at home.
Cowper's Task.

Regent Rymer.—Many pleasant stories are told of the Regent Rymer, after he had attained nearly to the age of ninety, in St. Andrew's, among the old people at this day. For example: when some one proposed, at the college table, to mix some common table beer and some very strong ale together, Mr. Rymer approved the proposal, but began to deliberate whether they should pour the table beer into the ale, or the ale into the table beer. It was readily observed that it was all one and the same thing; but the professor said, 'No; for if the small beer should be poured into the ale, it would make the ale worse; but if the ale should be poured into the table beer, it would make the beer better.' We may say of this what Lord Bacon says of poetry, that it was science in a dream.

The Shoemaker.—Mr. D. a genteel, well-dressed, and, at the same time, well-behaved shoemaker, being in easy circumstances, went to a public ball, having paid half a guinea for his ticket, like the others. As the shoemaker was elegantly dressed, and, perhaps, the handsomest and best looking man in the ball-room, some of the mushroom gentry thought proper to sneer at him; and, having laid their plan, one of them, who was a stocking-manufacturer, went up to him in the middle of a dance, begging to be measured for a pair of boots, which he wished to be ready next morning, exactly at five o'clock. The shoemaker, observing his drift, and the approbation of a considerable part of the company, immediately desired him to hold out his foot, pulled out a pocket-handkerchief, spread it on the floor, and with one knee on it measured the foot. Then saying, You may depend on it, the boots will be ready according to your order; and having ordered half a dozen pair of silk stockings to be ready for him at the same hour, proceeded with the dance. The stocking-manufacturer had the unpoliteness several times, in the course of the evening, to put Mr. D. in remembrance of the boots; who as often, with a bow, was informed he might depend on them, at the appointed hour. Having staid till near two next morning, when the dance broke up, Mr. D., who was unmarried, escorted home his partner, who was also young and handsome; and having waked half a dozen of his best workmen, had the boots made exactly to the size and fashion ordered by five in the morning: then sending, and obliging the stocking-manufacturer to rise, and try on his boots, which exactly fitted, Mr. D. ordered instant payment of five guineas for them, and threatened prosecution, as the stockings were not ready, according to promise.

Anecdote of an Apothecary.—Mr. B. an apothecary, lately paid his addresses to a young lady, who, he knew, had some money at her own disposal; and he managed matters so as to induce the young lady to give him a few hundreds, without asking any bill or bond from him. However, after he had got the money, his visits, though frequent, were not so much so as before; nor his arguments for her to marry him so frequent or urgent. She began to suspect it was the money

he wanted; and therefore wished to have some security for it, as he had got almost her all; but yet she did not like to ask it, lest he might be offended. Thus circumstanced, she pretended to be ill, and sent for him twice or three times, as a physician. Her servant ran a fourth time, telling him his mistress was at the point of death. When he arrived and saw her, he told those around her that he was afraid she was going, and that he was sorry for it. She was speechless, and indeed pale like a corpse, her face having been rubbed with chalk, and she feigned death so well, that the apothecary actually thought she was dead. He told them to bury her the best way they could, and that if he could, he would attend the funeral, though he rather feared it would not be in his power. On his saying this without any murmur or concern, nay, rather by the tone of his voice, seemingly glad, the young woman, who heard every word distinctly, rose from her bed and said, 'You impudent scoundrel! but you are mistaken, and you shall not leave this room till you give security for the money: then go, and never let me see your face again.' The poor apothecary, confounded and astonished, offered to marry her instantly; but she insisted and obtained security for her money, and refused his offer of marriage with the utmost disdain.

James Roy Stewart.—James Roy Stewart, a gentleman and a driver, or rather stealer of cattle, in Strathspey, had long laid the country far and near under heavy contributions of both horse and cattle, and defied, wounded, and dispersed the officers of justice: when serjeant Macleod, with a party of thirty men, was sent to surprise, if possible, and to secure him in his house at Jullock-Gorum. The serjeant came upon him suddenly, and early in the morning, while he was in bed. He left the men without, disposed at small distances from each other around the house. He himself went boldly in, armed with a dirk, a sword, and loaded pistols. His wife, a very lady-like woman, was up and dressed, early as it was; for it was customary for some trusty person to keep watch while the red robber slept. At the sight of Macleod, Mrs. Stewart was greatly discomposed, for she suspected his errand; but she endeavoured to dissemble her fears, and to soothe her suspicious guest by all the officiousness of hospitality. 'Madam,' said Macleod, 'I am come to speak to James Roy. He is in the house, I know, and in bed.' This he said at a venture, for he was not sure of it; but his firm and determined manner overcame the poor gentlewoman, so that she assented to the truth of his information. Roy Stewart, on hearing what passed, jumped out of his bed with his clothes on, in which he had lain; and, armed with a dirk and pistols, he seemed desirous at first of making towards the door, but Macleod seized the pass; and the robber, dissembling his intentions, assumed a courteous air, called for whiskey and bread and cheese, and pressed his uninvited guest to partake heartily of such cheer as his house afforded. 'I know,' said he, 'you are not alone; for no man ever durst to come into my house alone on such an errand.'

The serjeant, without acquiescing in this last sentiment, but, on the contrary, with an asseveration that he feared not the face of man or of devil, acknowledged that a company of men lay not far from them both at that moment. 'Very well,' said Stewart; 'but I hope you are not in a hurry: sit down, and let you and I talk together and take our breakfast.' Macleod agreed to this, and a bottle of whiskey, at least, was exhausted in good fellowship before a word was said of business on either side. At length Macleod, after a short pause in the conversation, said, 'Jamie, what did you with the thirty head of cattle you drove away from the laird of Glen

Bisset's, and the ten score or thereabout, that you took away from the lands of Strathdown?' It was in vain to deny the fact; Macleod had not come to try, but to secure and produce him for trial. Stewart, therefore, waving all discussion of that point, said, 'Serjeant Macleod, let me go for this time, and neither you nor the country shall be troubled with me any more.' 'Jamie, I cannot let you go: you have slashed many men, and stolen much horse and cattle. How many straths are afraid of you!—Jamie, you must go with me.'—'Serjeant Macleod, let me go for this time, and I will give you a hundred guineas.' 'It was not for guineas, Jamie, that I came here this day; rather than be drawn off from the duty of a soldier for a few guineas, I would go with you and steal cattle.'

James Roy was now in great distress; and his poor wife, falling on the ground before Macleod, and embracing and holding fast his knees, implored mercy to her husband with showers of tears; and their four children, stark naked from their beds, joined their infant intercessions with tears and loud lamentations. The noble-minded serjeant, moved with compassion, took the lady by the hand, and comforted her with these words: 'My dear, I will, for your sake, and the sake of these innocent babes, let James Roy go for this time, on condition that he will deliver all the cattle that I have mentioned, to be given up to their right owners.' This condition was eagerly accepted; and Stewart, in the flow of gratitude and joy, would have given Macleod whatever share or portion of the hundred guineas he had offered as a ransom that he pleased to accept; but the serjeant generously declined to accept one single shilling; and all that he required was refreshment for his thirty men, which was afforded in great plenty. A great part of the day was spent in conviviality, and in the evening they were directed to the cattle, which they restored to their proprietors.

Anecdotes of Captain Patrick.—In the year ——, there was a famous English privateer, well known all over the Mediterranean—the Fame, of Bristol, commanded by Captain Patrick. She was lying in Leghorn roads, at the time B—— went in, and was near sailing. Patrick was seldom out of quarantine; staying nowhere longer than to get water, provisions, or men, if wanted.

On being applied to, he gladly accepted B——'s proposal of doing duty as an officer, until they fell in with our ship. He was to go on board the Fame soon after dark in the evening, and the next morning they were to sail.

Patrick was a terror wherever he went, being little better than a madman, regardless of the laws of quarantine or the country he was in; there were but few places, therefore, at which he could latterly go on shore without apprehension.

Previous to B—— going with him, he had shot one of his guarda (a kind of revenue officer put on board ships under quarantine) dead, for taking away the ship's jolly-boat, to row himself to the quarantine-house; where he meant to complain against the captain for some ill usage. When Patrick was informed of his thus taking the boat, he ran on deck and snatched up a loaded musket, swearing at the guarda, that, if he did not return with the boat, he would fire at him: the guarda persevering, he fired and killed the man.

Captain Patrick, being accountable for every one on board his ship leaving her under quarantine, would have been enabled to make a better defence for this, than for various other complaints against him. He did not choose, however, to take the chance by surrendering for trial, as required. And as, from what he could learn, the magistrates did not seem to admit of such pleas, it is probable enough he was privy to the following outrage committed by his second lieutenant on the night previous to their sailing:—

The Fame had a felucca tender to accompany her when cruising, which in calms and tight winds could be manned with fifty hands for rowing and boarding. As soon as the evening was set in, his second lieutenant, with about fifty of his men, took the felucca and rowed ashore, a few miles to the westward of Leghorn. Passing for the crew of another English ship then lying in the roads, not in quarantine, they were well received at a village, where they spent their time freely until midnight, when nothing would satisfy the tars, but they must visit Leghorn.

Between twelve and one, they reached the city gates; desired the officer on guard to let them in, and on his refusal threatened to force their way. It appeared afterwards, that the commissioned officer, who had the command at the gate, and should have been with his guard, had left it to the care of a non-commissioned officer for an hour or two; not suspecting any thing could occur to disturb his post; the gates of the city being shut at night more on the score of civil police than of military exigencies.

The serjeant demanding their motive, they plainly told him what they wanted; and promised if he would let them pass peaceably, they would when they returned give the guard something handsome to drink. The serjeant; fearful of a disturbance while his officer was absent, and thinking it an innocent kind of sailor-like frolic, admitted them. But the English lieutenant of the Fame, being apprehensive that he and his men might be caught in a trap, and finding himself more than thrice as strong as the guard, took possession of the gate, by making the guard prisoners for the time. One half of them then went and had their ramble, returning soon to relieve the rest, and bringing wine and cordials to treat the guard. The last party who went on this frolic behaved ill; for they drank cordials until they were half crazy; and forcing some of the ladies with them to the large square, called the Place, they gave such repeated English cheers as to awaken and alarm the whole neighbourhood. Before any knowledge could be had of the cause, or any measure taken to apprehend them, they retired to their companions at the gate; and, setting the guard at liberty, retreated with all haste to the felucca, and got on board the Fame.

Boats were sent off to all the ships in the roads, before day-light, to inquire for the authors. Captain Patrick, having learnt the particulars, sent a note to the governor, owning they were his people, but that it was done without his privity; adding, that he had no control over his people, while in their port under quarantine, as they debarred his using force to prevent his boats leaving the ship. This was well enough for him to say, but all who knew Captain Patrick knew better.

At day-break, as the Fame was getting under weigh, another boat was sent off, ordering him to remain at anchor; but, knowing he had now completely sold Leghorn, he disregarded the order and set sail. The fort was then ordered to fire at him, which he paid no more attention to than the order; and, on a shot passing through one of his sails, he hove the ship a little to, returned the salute by firing three shot at the fort, and, with a brisk wind off shore, was soon out of their reach.

Complaints were sent to England; and the commanders of all the king's ships were ordered to take him out of his ship wherever they met with him; his letter of marque, authorising him to make captures, was declared void; and instructions were given to the British consuls in the ports of the Mediterranean, to seize all the prizes he might send in, and, if he went on shore, to have him arrested and sent home a prisoner.

Two or three valuable prizes were thus seized in different ports he had

sent them to; and, before any of our ships of war fell in with him, after receiving such orders, he had the good luck to be informed of his danger by the master of an English brig; who told him he had been boarded about three hours before by a sloop of war, under colours of the Duke of Tuscany, in company with another sloop of war and a two-decker, under the same colours, who said they were cruising for the Fame, in hope of making Captain Patrick a prisoner. The master of the brig acquainted him with the various instructions sent from England; and added, that the officer who boarded him was a dirty scoundrel, having plundered him of his best compass and other articles, promising to pay him when he met him in port.

Two of the captains of these Tuscan men of war were British, and had had such repeated quarrels with Patrick when on shore at Leghorn, that an inveterate hatred subsisted between them: they rejoiced, therefore, when they received such orders. But Patrick laughed at them while he had sea room, knowing that the Fame would sail round them all; nor would he have hesitated at fighting the two sloops, though each of them was equal in metal and numbers to the Fame.

Patrick inquired their course; and learning they were under an easy sail, he pursued their track, and made for them before nightfall sufficiently near to ascertain who they were. He continued overhauling them under an easy sail, until between eleven and twelve; when passing the sternmost to windward, he just hailed him in French, so as to receive an answer in the same language, and ran close up on the weather quarter of the two-decker, the captain of which was his mortal antagonist.

Tuscany not being at war at the time, the ships were not in perfect readiness. Captain Patrick had hauled up his courses, and was every way prepared. Hailing this ship also in French, he received a like answer; when damning their French souls, he ordered them to strike to the Fame, Captain Patrick, and immediately poured a broadside into her. At the same time putting the ship about, before either of the vessels could recover from so unexpected an attack, he repassed the sternmost; and with the same summons to surrender, he fired his other broadside into her; then making sail, was out of sight before they well knew what was the matter.

Patrick was aware he had a desperate gauntlet to run through the British cruisers, but he likewise knew that few ships could sail faster. Keeping a wary distance, therefore, from all ships of size, he cruised until he took a rich polacre, which he unloaded at sea of most of her cargo on board the Fame; and in his way with her to Tunis, he captured another, and took them both into Tunis with him. He there sold both their cargoes, and the Fame he sold to the Dey. To her officers and crew he gave up the two vessels that were brought in, to convey them where they liked, fitting them well out. He made presents to his officers, and told them he would make over to them and the crew all his share of the many valuable prizes they had taken, and sent into different ports for sale, both before and during this cruise: in lieu of which he appropriated to himself the two cargoes brought in and sold at Tunis. And thus he settled all further trouble about being caught and punished.

Doctor Tomlinson—was considerably advanced in years and very deaf. An old college chum-acquaintance had, for many years, made a convenient point of visiting the doctor, or rather a visitation of a few weeks to the doctor's hospitable mansion, where he had always found a hearty welcome; although, being fond of wine, he was not the best suited for a sober man's companion; but the doctor's good nature overlooked what he did not wish to have seen in his old chum.

This gentleman, arriving at the doctor's on an evening when he had company, with many of whom he was acquainted, was in such high spirits from the circling glass, in addition to what he had gathered on his journey, that he could not refrain from an attempt to be witty, and pass a joke at his friend's expense.

The doctor was engaged with some ladies at a card-table, while the gentlemen were regaling with the bottle. The visitor hinted his intention, and was advised against it; but, persevering, he moved to the back of his friend's chair, and raising his voice loud enough to be heard, he inquired if his old favourite black-eyed Betty, (who made the doctor's bed while at college), was alive and well. The doctor would not hear, and continued the game with the greatest composure; but the ladies could not forbear tittering and laughing, which encouraged the visitor to repeat his inquiry a little louder. The doctor, rising deliberately from his chair, said he was sorry his chum could not make it more agreeable to stay longer, but he would order the servant to bring out his horse immediately; and, taking up his silver bell from the table, he rang until his housekeeper appeared, to whom he gave directions about his chum's horse being ordered out. As soon as the noise of the bell would permit, the visitor wished to explain; saying, his friend misunderstood him, nothing in the world being farther from his thoughts than being in a hurry to go away, as he had come purposely to stay a week or two with him as usual. The doctor, however, still turned a deaf ear, begged his friend to make no apology about making so short a visit, and again set his bell to work for his servant to bring the gentleman's great-coat, as he was in a hurry. At every interval of ringing the bell and giving order to hasten bringing the horse out, the visitor attempted an explanation; but the reverend doctor, with a composed pleasant countenance, (while the whole company beside were ready to burst with their endeavours to refrain from laughter), as often repeated his request that his friend would not make so many apologies about his stay, fairly hurried him out of the house, saw him mounted, wished him a good night, and assured his chum, that when he could make it more agreeable to stay longer, he should be glad to see him again.

Origin of Corn-Factors.—At a time when the consumption of corn was small compared to what it now is in the metropolis, there was no description of people that stood between the grower of corn and the baker. The farmer brought his samples up to town; and, taking them to Bear-quay, near the Custom-house, met the bakers, who were the principal buyers of bread corn, and there made their bargains with each other. It is unnecessary to detail concerning other grain, which was sold in the same direct manner to the other purchasers; and it is thence that the present corn-market in Mark-lane is still called Bear-quay market. The farmers, according to circumstances and situation, put up at different inns, &c. when they came to town: the Green Dragon and Bull inns, in Bishopgate-street, were two among others to which the farmers resorted. The landlords of these two inns in particular were men in good esteem, and by habit became well acquainted with the quality and value of corn; insomuch, that the farmers who used their houses would request of them at times when they had not sold, to take the samples to Bear-quay on the following market-day, and sell for them, paying afterwards for their trouble, &c. The farmer soon found that this made a considerable saving to him, in preference to staying in town until the next market-day, or making another journey. At length the farmer finding that the innkeeper sold the corn as well as he could, and confiding in his host,

thought he might frequently save his own time as well as the expense of the journey, by sending the samples up to the innkeeper to sell and do the business for him, agreeing to give an allowance of three-pence a quarter for the innkeeper's commission.

This was the beginning of cornfactors. Mr. I.—— and Mr. S—— were the two first; there was a third, whose name I do not recollect. As this mode proved mutually advantageous, the factoring business increased; and it was not long before these gentlemen found that the keeping of an inn was but a secondary consideration; and, as men of discernment, they quitted it to devote their time entirely to factoring. The son of Mr. S.—— had been bound apprentice as a baker; he wanted a year or more to serve of his time, when his father required his assistance in the cornfactoring line. That point was easily settled, and he exchanged a business on the decline for a new and more advantageous employ, in which he succeeded with exemplary credit.

A hint to Critics.—A sailor, who had been many years absent from his mother, who lived in an inland county, returned to his native village, after a variety of voyages to different parts of the globe, and was heartily welcomed home by the good old woman, who had long considered him as lost. Soon after his arrival, the old lady became inquisitive, and desirous to learn what strange things her son John had seen upon the mighty deep. Amongst a variety of things that Jack recollected, he mentioned his having frequently seen flying fish. 'Stop, Johnny,' says his mother, 'don't try to impose such monstrous impossibilities on me, child; for, in good truth, I could as soon believe you had seen flying cows; for cows, you know, John, can live out of the water. Therefore, tell me honestly what you have seen in reality, but no more falsehoods, Johnny.'

Jack felt himself affronted; and turning his quid about, when pressed for more information, he said, prefacing it with an oath, 'Mayhap, mother, you won't believe me, when I tell you, that casting anchor once in the Red Sea, it was with difficulty we hove it up again; which was occasioned, do you see, mother, by a large wheel hanging on one of the flukes of the anchor. It appeared a strange old Grecian to look at, so we hoisted it in; and our captain, do ye mind me, being a scholar, overhauled him, and discovered it was one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels, when he was capsized in the Red Sea.' This suited the meridian of the old lady's understanding. 'Ay, ay, Johnny,' cried she, 'I can believe this, for we read of this in the Bible; but never talk to me of flying fish.'

Lazzaroni.—The finest looking men in Naples are the Lazzaroni; the lowest class in the order of society, answering to the Lazzi in the old Saxon division of classes in our own island. 'Dividebantur antiqui Saxones in tres ordines; Edinengos, Filingos, et Lazzos; hoc est, nobiles, ingenuos, serviles. Restat antiquæ appellationis commemoratio; ignavos enim lazie hodie dicimus.'— SPELMAN.

Pius VI.—It was at Vienna that Pius VI, the late Pope, breathed his last, who confirmed, by the misfortunes of his reign, the presentiment to which his title had given rise; for the number six has always been considered at Rome as ominous.

Tarquinius Sextus was the very worst of the Tarquins; and his brutal conduct led to a revolution in the government:—it was under Urban the Sixth that the great schism of the West broke out; and Alexander the Sixth outdid in crime all that his predecessors amongst the Tarquins or the Popes had ventured to do before him. It was during his papacy that the line was written, which in aftertimes was applied to the election of his successor Pius VI.—

'Semper sub Sextis perdita Roma fuit.'

In Pius VI.'s life 'nothing became him like the leaving of it;' and he attracted more respect by the piety and resignation with which he bore the insults, heaped upon him by the French during his captivity, than he could ever have commanded in the palace of the Vatican.

Man in the Iron Mask.—There is an account of the taking of the Bastile, in which there is an attempt to clear up the mystery of the man in the iron mask.

It is stated, that a paper was found recording the arrival of Fouquet in the Bastile, from the island of St. Marguerite, in an iron mask.

This suggestion receives some corroboration from the history of Fouquet's disgrace and punishment; in which there are such remarkable coincidences with the story of the iron mask, that I am surprised Voltaire, who, in his Age of Louis XIV., relates Fouquet's fall, immediately after his account of the mysterious prisoner, was not struck with them. For he tells us that Fouquet was sent to the Isle of St. Marguerite, and that the iron mask was brought from the Isle of St. Marguerite; and in concluding Fouquet's history, he adds this remarkable circumstance, that while the smallest action of his life was celebrated with the most minute detail, nobody knew when or where he died.

Voltaire is unable to explain, and indeed there is something unaccountable in the mystery and precaution which were thought necessary, in the arrest and detention of Fouquet. The same reasons, whatever they were, might have suggested the continued concealment of his person in the iron mask, which has given rise to so much speculation.

Fouquet was arrested in 1661, the precise date of the iron mask's arrival in the island of St. Marguerite. We know that, after an imprisonment of twenty-nine years, the iron mask was removed from St. Marguerite, by the keeper of the prison in that island, to the Bastile, upon his appointment to the governorship of that fortress. Now Voltaire tells us, that though nothing certain was known with respect to Fouquet's end, yet there was a notion among his friends that he had quitted the island of St. Marguerite before his death. The removal of the iron mask to the Bastile took place in 1690, and he died in 1703, after a captivity of forty-two years.

These are very remarkable coincidences; nor is there any thing in Fouquet's age to make the identity of these two persons impossible. He was born in 1615, and was intendant general of the finances in 1643, at the age of twenty-eight. In 1661, the date of his arrest, he was forty-six; and forty-two years of captivity will make him eighty-eight, at the time of his death, that is, if he were indeed the Iron Mask, who died in 1703.

Rousseau's Confession.—Rousseau's Confession of a Savoyard Curate, though written, as it would seem, to invalidate the authority of Christianity, leaves behind an impression in its favour, stronger perhaps than is produced by most works written purposely to defend it.

And indeed Bishop Porteus has not disdained to quote it from the pulpit, to advocate the cause of religion. It is one of the most splendid specimens of eloquence extant in any language, and the whole tone of the sentiments illustrates a passage in one of Voltaire's letters to Hume: 'You are mistaken,' says he, 'in Rousseau; he has a hankering after the Bible, and is little better than a Christian after a fashion of his own.'

After all, what is there that can be urged against Christianity, which will not apply with equal force to Deism? The doubts of the Atheist, considered as a question of abstract reasoning, can only perhaps be answered, as Berkley's reasoning against the material world was answered, by boldly begging the question at issue, and resolving the cause of our belief into an

original principle of our constitution. For the existence of an infinite first cause can never be made a matter of demonstration.

The physical proof derived from the order and arrangement of the universe is manifestly inconclusive. The intelligence of the work may prove an intelligent contriver;—but it cannot therefore follow that the contriver is Eternal,—Almighty,—Infinite:—all, in a word, that we include under the sacred name. Again; the metaphysical proof, as it is called, which, from the consciousness of our own existence, would trace it up to some necessarily existing first cause, is not a jot more satisfactory. The sum and substance of the whole argument amounts to this:—I exist;—therefore something exists. If something exists, something must have existed from all eternity;—for 'nothing can come of nothing;' and this something is the first cause, of which we are in search. But the axiom on which this argument is founded, ex nihilo nihil fit, will cut both ways; and it is perhaps more incomprehensible to human faculties to conceive an uncaused first cause, than to meet the difficulty in the first stage; and consider the world itself as uncaused and eternal. The Atheist indeed neither affirms nor denies; but suggests, that the existence of a Deity is an arbitrary hypothesis to account for the phenomena of the universe. Can the Deist confute him by argument?—Must he not at last be brought to acknowledge that his own belief is founded upon faith?—and the speculative Atheist will probably not deny that it is a faith, which we all feel impelled by the very constitution of our nature to admit, intuitively, as soon as we can comprehend the terms of the proposition; for Atheism is a doctrine which, however the head may be amused with its subtleties, the heart rejects. But does the faith of the Deist go far enough? Will Deism satisfy the head, or administer consolation to the heart? Is it not a cold and comfortless creed, alike unsatisfactory to the head and the heart:—unless indeed we could return again to Paradise. Adam might have been a Deist; but fallen man has need of something more. The world is no longer a happy garden. Evil assaults us on every side; and we need not look farther than our own hearts for evidence of the continued existence of that rebellious opposition to sense of duty, which, we are taught, was the cause of its introduction into the world. But, be the cause what it might, the existence of evil in every appalling form cannot be denied;—here it is; and how will the Deist reconcile these phenomena with his abstract idea of a Deity, without having recourse to the Revelation that he denies, which not only explains the fearful mystery of our present situation, but at the same time points out the remedy; and furnishes us with assurances, which unassisted reason could never have suggested, by which we are enabled to look forward, with faith and hope, to a better state of existence hereafter.

An execution in the Piazza del Popolo.—The culprit was a 'fellow with a horrid face,' who had murdered his father. The murder was detected in a singular manner; affording an extraordinary instance of the sagacity and faithful attachment of the dog to its master. The disappearance of the deceased had given rise to inquiry, and the officers of police went to his cottage; where, on examining his son, they learned that his father had gone out to work as usual, a few days before, and had not been seen since. As the officers were continuing their search in the neighbourhood, their attention was excited by observing a dog, lying in a lone place; who seemed to endeavour to attract their attention by scratching on some newly turned earth. Their curiosity was excited, by something peculiar in his action and manner, to examine the spot, where they found the body. It would seem that the dog must have been an unobserved witness of his master's murder, and had not forsaken his grave.

On returning to the cottage with the body, the son was so struck with the discovery made by the officers, by means which he could not divine, that, concluding it must have been by supernatural intimation, he made a full confession of his guilt;—that he had beaten out his father's brains with a mallet, at the instigation of his mother; that he had dragged him to this by-place, and there buried him. The mother was condemned to imprisonment for life;—the son to the guillotine. He kept us waiting from ten o'clock till almost three; for the execution is delayed till the culprit is brought to a due state of penitence.

At last the bell rang: the host was brought from a neighbouring church, that he might receive the last sacrament; and soon afterwards the culprit was led out. *Inglese* was a passport on this as on other occasions: the guards that formed in a square round the guillotine made way for me to pass; and I was introduced, almost against my will, close to the scaffold.

A crucifix and a black banner, with deaths' heads upon it, were borne before the culprit, who advanced between two priests. He mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and did not once flinch till he stooped to put his head into the groove prepared to receive it.

This is the trying minute; the rest is the affair of the tenth part of an instant. It appears to be the best of all modes of inflicting the punishment of death; combining the greatest impression on the spectator, with the least possible suffering to the victim. It is so rapid, that I should doubt whether there were any suffering; but from the expression of the countenance when the executioner held up the head, I am inclined to believe that sense and consciousness may remain for a few seconds after the head is off. The eyes seemed to retain speculation for a moment or two, and there was a look in the ghastly stare with which they glared upon the crowd, which implied that the head was aware of its ignominious situation: and indeed there is nothing improbable in this supposition, for in all injuries of the spine, whereby a communication with the sensorium is cut off, it is the parts below the injury which are deprived of sensation, while those above retain their sensibility. And so in the case of decapitation, the muscles and nerves of the face and eyes may for a short time continue to convey impressions to the brain, in spite of the separation from the trunk.

King Richard I. and the Priest Fulco.—There was in France a pious priest, to whom fame ascribed miraculous powers, who, at a word, could heal the sick and expel devils; and, what was more, could prevail on the miser and usurer to give their money to the indigent, and look for treasures in heaven. He could also prophesy; and he warned the monarchs that one of them would soon die, if they continued their hostile practices. Richard, who admired these extraordinary characters, received a visit from him. 'I exhort you,' said the priest, 'to marry off as soon as may be your three daughters, infamous as they are, lest something worse befall you.' 'Hypocrite,' replied the king, 'thy falsehood is palpable: I have not a single child.' 'You have three, I say,' answered the priest, 'pride, avarice, and luxury.' Richard called to the nobles who were with him. 'Attend,' said he, 'to the admonition of this good man, who maintains that I have three daughters, pride, avarice, and luxury, whom he commands me to dispose of: I will. I wed my pride to the Templars, my avarice to the Cistercian monks, and my luxury to the prelates of God's church.' How Fulco, (such was his name), relished the witty reply, is not said; but the courtiers laughed, and the historian who tells it seems to have been scandalized.

Ancestry.—The late Lord Courtney, who was one of the oldest families in Britain, being married to a Miss

Clack, who was much inferior in point of birth, a conversation took place, (at which the late Bishop of Exeter was present), on the disparity of the connexion. 'What is your objection?' says the bishop to a lady, who took the principal lead in the conversation. 'Want of family, my lord.' 'Want of family!' echoed the bishop, 'why I'll prove her of better family than his lordship. He, perhaps, may trace his ancestors as far back as the conquest, but the family of the '*Clacks*' are as old as Eve.'

Anagram.—The Velocimanipede, says a correspondent, is not likely to take with either male or female dandies, as, being anagrammatized, it says, '*I can impede love.*'

Civilization.—Some emigrants walking in the northwest part of the city of Philadelphia, observed the gallows. 'They told us, John,' said he, 'at home, that we were coming to a savage country; but see,' said he, pointing to it, 'yonder is the mark of civilization.'

Tailor's Work.—By a statement from a journeyman tailor, in Boston, it appears that there are 25,243 stitches in a coat, viz. basting, 782 stitches; in the edges of the coat, 5590 ditto; felling the edges, faces, &c. 7414 ditto; out of sight, in the pockets, &c. 1982 ditto; in the collar alone, 3056 ditto; seams, 5359 ditto; holes, &c. 1450. The coat, he says, was made in two days, journeyman's hours.

Luther and Melancthon.—'I was born,' says Martin Luther, 'to be a rough controversialist; I clear the ground, pull up the weeds, fill up ditches, and smooth the roads; but to build, to plant, to sow, to water, and adorn the country, belongs, by the grace of God, to Melancthon.'

Singular Calculation.—Father Pe[illegible] the Jesuit, calculated that, in 260 years four men might be supposed to h[illegible],719,000,000 descendants; more than would be sufficient to people five or six such worlds as ours.

Corporate Learning.—The mayor of a country town, conceiving that the word *clause* was in the plural number, would often talk of a *claw* in an act of parliament.

One Inscription in two Languages.—At Savona, in the church of the Virgin Mary, there is the following inscription, the words of which are both Latin and Italian:—

In mare èrato in torbida procella,
Invocate, nostra benigna stella.

Tempora Mutantur.—An account, of which the following is almost a literal copy, has chanced to reach our hands:—

Mr. P. K. Bought of Mary Merry, Waterford.

1736.		£.	s.	d.
April 6.	To a jar of olives	0	2	0
July 15.	To three gallons of brandy	0	10	6
Aug. 11.	To two bottles of sack, and the bottles	0	3	4
19.	To two bottles do.	0	3	0
23.	To a bottle ditto	0	1	6
23.	To a bottle of white wine	0	0	10
Jan. 25.	To 5 bottles of mountain and a bottle of sherry	0	7	4
Feb. 1.	To 6 bottles of sherry and the bottles	0	7	6
		£1	16	0

A jar of olives, three gallons of brandy, five bottles of sack, and thirteen bottles of other wines, with the bottles, for 1l. 16s. What would they cost now?

Charity.—The great Duke of Luxemburgh declared on his death-bed, that 'he would then much rather have had it to reflect upon, that he had administered a cup of cold water to a worthy poor creature in distress, than that he had won so many battles he had triumphed in.'

Dutch Advertisement.—A Dutchman having lost a horse, advertised him in the following manner, viz.:—Over strayed, over stolen, over run away from himself, a fine black horshe, over dis horshe was a mares, he has vite up his pack and vone eye up his head, and vite feet before, dis vas a fine young horshe only dree years old, ven I buys him dirdeen years ago, van he trods he gallops, ven he gallops he valks, and ven he valks he shtands shtill, over ven any man prings dis horshe down up my parn, he shall pay five dollars out of his own pocket.

Imprisonment of the Learned.—Imprisonment does not seem to have much disturbed the man of letters in his studies.

It was in prison that Bœthius composed his excellent book on the consolations of philosophy: Grotius wrote, in his confinement, his Commentary on St. Matthew; and Buchanan, in the dungeon of a monastery in Portugal, composed his excellent paraphrases on the Psalms of David.

Pelisson, during five years confinement for some state affairs, pursued with ardour his studies in the Greek language, in philosophy, and particularly in theology, and produced several good compositions.

Michael Cervantes composed the best and most agreeable book in the Spanish language during his captivity in Barbary.

Fleta, a well known and very excellent little law production, was written by a person confined in the Fleet prison for debt, but whose name has not been preserved.

Louis XII, when he was Duke of Orleans, being taken prisoner at the battle of St. Aubin, was long confined in the Tower of Bourges, and applying himself to his studies, which he hitherto neglected, he became in consequence an able and enlightened monarch.

Margaret, Queen of Henry IV, King of France, confined in the Louvre, pursued very warmly the study of elegant literature; and composed a very skilful apology for the irregularities of her conduct.

Charles I, during his confinement at Holmsby, wrote that excellent book, entitled 'The Portrait of a King,' which he addressed to his son, and where the political reflections will be found not unworthy of Tacitus. This work, however, has been attributed by his enemies to a Dr. Gowden, who was incapable of writing a single paragraph of it.

Queen Elizabeth, while confined by her sister Mary, wrote some very charming poems, which we do not find she ever could equal after her enlargement; and Mary, Queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment by Elizabeth, produced many beautiful poetic compositions.

Sir Walter Raleigh produced in his confinement his 'History of the World,' of whom it is observed, to employ the language of Hume, 'they had leisure to reflect on the hardship, not to say the injustice, of his sentence. They pitied his active and enterprising spirit, which languished in the rigours of confinement. They were struck with the extensive genius of the man who, being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity, which, at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work as his 'History of the World.'

Indian Dance.—The Indian dance is not only amusing, but scientific: it would create wonder and applause on any stage in Europe. The leader is styled their chief, or Indian king, to whom the others pay implicit obedience. The chief, and twelve Indian lads, from twelve to fifteen years of age, are dressed in the costume of the country, viz. a short petticoat tied round the waist, and decorated with various coloured feathers, which com-

pose the whole of the body dress: the petticoat extends almost to the knees, and is very tastefully ornamented; round the head, a coronet of coloured paper, decorated with plumes of feathers, is displayed, and the long twisted black hair gives a finished appearance to the whole. The chief alone wears a mantle, adorned with pieces of scarlet cloth, gracefully thrown over his shoulders, and with a short sceptre in his hand, commands the whole. He wears a large coronet on his head. The boys are all armed with bows and arrows, and having formed themselves into two lines, their king walks down the middle, and seats himself in the chair of state. He is supposed to personate Montezuma; who, on receiving a letter from Cortez, demanding unconditional surrender of his person and treasures, is so irritated and displeased, as to cause him to tear the letter in pieces before his body guard, and having imparted to them its contents, demands of them if they are willing to die in their Inca's defence. Their answer is an instantaneous prostration of themselves at the feet of their monarch, in token of their firm resolution to defend him to the last extremity, and to die in his cause. They then, on a sudden, arise, and having strung their bows, show their readiness for immediate defence. The piece then concludes, and dancing recommences. The pole dance in general closes the diversion of the afternoon; a dance so called, from the production of a pole about ten feet high, and about four or five inches in circumference. At the head is a round ball or truck, immediately under which are fastened twelve different coloured and various striped pieces of French tape, about half an inch broad, and about twelve feet, each piece, in length. The pole being kept perpendicularly supported, each Indian lad lays hold of a line of tape, which is drawn to its full length, the whole forming a large circle round the pole, one regularly covering his companion in front. At a signal from the chief, the music strikes up a favourite tune, and the circle becomes in motion, half of the performers facing to the right about: on the second signal, each steps off, and meeting the other, they pass on in succession right and left, and so continue until the twelve lines of tape are entwined in checked order, from the top to the bottom of the pole; and so regular is the appearance, that it would be difficult to find a flaw or a mistake. A halt for the moment takes place, and the same process is again renewed to unwind the tape, which is as regularly completed as before, by inverting the dance and leading from left to right. It is not only graceful, but the movements of the whole are in step and time to the various cadences which the instrument produces. At the various periods I saw this performance, the instrument was a violin, and the tune a favourite French waltz.

The old Man's Prayer.—An Oriental Apologue.—A certain man, advanced in years, and very infirm, one day left his house with the intention of going to a village, where he had some business. Before it was possible for him to arrive there, it was absolutely necessary that he should ascend a hill, which rose just above the entrance of it. 'Good heavens!' said he, 'I wish somebody would assist me in getting over this hill!' He had scarcely uttered his prayer, when a wandering soldier arrived, leading a mare with a young colt by her side: the moment he saw the old man,—'You, sir,' said he, 'take up this colt upon your shoulders, and carry him over the hill,' adding a blow to his command. The old man was obliged to take the colt, and, in defiance of his infirmity, to climb the hill with his burthen. On the road, they accidentally met a poor woman with a sick child; the old man was in the act of repeating his accustomed exclamation. 'O God! O God!' The woman hearing this, and taking him for a dervise, or holy man; 'I intreat you, O Sheik!' said she, 'to offer up a petition for my sick child.'—'I beseech thee, O God,' said the old man

in reply to the request, 'shorten the days of this poor child!'—'Alas!' said the trembling woman, 'why hast thou offered such a cruel and unfeeling prayer?'—'Fear nothing,' said the old man, 'your child will certainly enjoy long life; it is my fate to have the reverse of whatever I pray for: I implored Heaven for assistance to carry me over this hill, and it has been pleased to impose the burden of this colt upon my shoulders for me to carry over.

HANS HEILING'S ROCK.

A BOHEMIAN LEGEND.

(From the German of Körner.) *

Many years since there lived a rich peasant in a hamlet on the Eger. Tradition has not preserved its name, but it is said to have been the village of Aich, so well known to all the visitors of Carlsbad. Veit (which was the peasant's name) had a pretty innocent daughter, who was the toast and flower of the neighbourhood. Elizabeth was beautiful, and well educated, and her equal was not easily to be found. Near Veit's house stood a small cottage, belonging to young Arnold, whose father was but lately buried. Arnold had learnt the occupation of a mason, and had just returned to his native village, after a long absence, when his father died. He shed many bitter tears on the grave of his beloved parent, although he had bequeathed him nothing but a small cottage; yet Arnold was possessed of honesty and truth, with a mind alive to every good and generous sentiment.

Immediately on his return his father began to complain, and the unexpected joy of beholding his favourite boy was too much for the old man. Arnold, who like a good son was in constant attendance upon him, was by this means prevented, till after the death of his parent, from seeing any of the young friends and acquaintances of his childhood; nor did they wish to obtrude themselves at such a distressing scene as a death-bed. Above all, Arnold was delighted with Elizabeth, the daughter of Veit; they had grown up together, and he remembered with pleasure the friendly little girl, who had loved him, and cried so much when he went to his master at Prague. Arnold was now grown a tall, well-formed youth; and he often thought how tall and beautiful Elizabeth must also have become. The third evening after the burial of his father, he was sitting on the fresh-turfed grave, when he heard some person coming softly through the church-yard. He looked round, and beheld a lovely girl, with a basket of flowers on her arm, gliding between two grassy mounds. An elder bush concealed him from Elizabeth (for it was her), who came to strew her neighbour's grave with flowers. She bent over it with tears in her eyes, and with folded arms said softly, 'Rest lightly, good old man! may earth be easier to thee than life; thy grave shall not be unadorned with flowers, if thy path of existence was barren.' Then Arnold sprang from behind the elder bush that concealed him: 'Elizabeth,' he cried, 'Elizabeth, do you know me?'—'Ah, Arnold, is it you?' she replied; ''tis long since we have seen each other.'—'And you have grown so fair, so mild, so lovely; you have loved my father so truly, and always think of him. Dear, sweet girl!'—'True, Arnold,' said she, 'I loved him truly,' and turned herself from his embrace: 'oft have we talked of you together; you were his only joy and consolation.' 'Was I indeed a source of pleasure to him?' said Arnold, quickly; 'God be thanked, who has kept me good and honest. But think, Elizabeth, how all things have altered. Once, when we were little, and my father sat at his door, we played on his knee; and you loved me so, and could not endure a separation; and now—the good old man slumbers below, and we are grown up:—when I was absent I have ofttimes thought of you.'—

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* The Translator of this tale has endeavoured to preserve the homely simplicity and familiar language of the original.

'And I of you,' whispered Elizabeth, looking him full in the face with her bright blue eyes. 'Then,' cried the enraptured Arnold, 'Elizabeth, we have loved each other long, and early; —I was compelled to leave you; but here when, sunk in deep reflection on my father's grave, I find you again, I feel as if there had been no separation between us. With me, the regard of the child is tempered into the affection of the man. And you—?' But Elizabeth hid her blushing face on his bosom, and wept freely. 'And you—?' said Arnold, a second time, with trembling anxiety. She gently raised her head, and glanced one look of love from her beautiful eyes, glistening with the tears of affection. 'Arnold, I regard you—I love you!' Then Arnold pressed her to his bosom, and kisses sealed the confession of her heart.

After the first delirium of their attachment, they remained a long time in sweet communion by the old man's grave. Arnold related what had occurred to him, and how he had pined for home; and Elizabeth, in return, told him of her father, and incidents of days and hours gone by. The sun in the mean time had set, but was unobserved by them. Awakened at length from their dream by sounds on the public road, Elizabeth flew towards her home. Arnold was overtaken by night, as he continued by his father's grave, and the dawn was fast approaching when, with a full heart, he turned his steps towards his paternal cottage.

On the morrow, when Elizabeth brought her father his breakfast, he spake of Arnold. 'I am sorry for the poor youth,' said he; 'I suppose you remember him, for you have often played together.' 'What should prevent me?' said Elizabeth, blushing. 'I should not wish it to appear that you were too proud to notice the poor fellow: 'tis true, I am rich, and the Arnolds have always been poor; but they have been honest, at least the father; and I hear very commendable reports of the son.' 'Certainly, young Arnold is very worthy,' said Elizabeth. 'So, so, my girl!' said the father; 'how knew you that?'—'They say so in the village.'—'Well, it will delight me if I can assist him—I shall not fail.' Elizabeth, in order to put an end to the conversation, (for her cheeks were glowing with blushes), thought of something which required her attention in the kitchen, and withdrew herself from the inquisitive glances of her father.

In the forenoon Arnold met his betrothed by appointment. She related to him the conversation, from which he formed the best hopes of their happiness. 'Yes,' said he, 'I have weighed the subject well; and it is fit that I should see your father, declare to him our love, show him my knowledge of my occupation, and request his blessing. My candour will gratify him; he will give his consent: then will I set forth with renewed spirit in the world, acquire a competency, return true and joyful, and we shall be happy. Am I not right, sweet Elizabeth?' 'Yes,' cried the delighted girl; 'my father will certainly consent, for he loves me so fondly.' Full of blissful hope they parted.

In the evening Arnold attired himself in his best apparel, visited his father's grave, besought his benediction, and directed his trembling steps to Veit's house.

Elizabeth, agitated with joy, welcomed him, and led him to her father. Arnold told him of their love, of his expectations, his hope of returning with a competency, and requested the old man's promise, that if in three years he came back successful he should wed Elizabeth, and that now they should be betrothed. But Veit would pledge himself to nothing; 'if he returned in three years, if he had accumulated a sufficiency, and if Elizabeth was still unmarried.' Arnold saw that importunity was hopeless, and with heavy heart tottered to his cottage. With tears in his eyes he girded on his bundle, took leave of his

home, and directed his steps to the church-yard, to bid farewell to the grave of his father.

Elizabeth had overheard the discourse. She had pictured every thing fair and promising, and now every hope seemed blasted. She determined to see Arnold once more, and placed herself at the window, watching till he came from his house, and bent his way to the church-yard. She sprang quickly after him, and found him praying on his father's grave. 'Arnold, Arnold, you are departing,' she exclaimed, and embraced him. 'I cannot part with you.' Arnold raised himself, as if awakened from a dream. 'I must depart, Elizabeth; I must. Break not my heart with thy tears.' 'Wilt thou return, and when?' 'Dear girl, for thee will I strain every nerve, will use every minute of time, and in three years we shall meet again: wilt thou remain faithful?' 'Until death, Arnold; and here or above we shall meet again.'—'So let us part,' cried Arnold; from whose tearful eye a ray of hope glistened. 'I fear no obstacle; nothing shall be too great or difficult for me to overcome. With this kiss I betroth myself to thee—and so farewell. In three years we shall be happy.' So saying, he tore himself from her arms.—'Arnold,' she cried, 'Arnold, do not leave thy Elizabeth'—but he was gone. For some time her white handkerchief waved her farewell, until her lover was lost in the forest's dusky shades. She then threw herself on the grave, and prayed fervently to God. Assured of Arnold's attachment, she became more tranquil, and bore with calmness the prying looks of her father, who watched her strictly, and inquired into the most trivial circumstance. At day-break she wandered to the spot where she had embraced Arnold for the last time. Veit noticed it, but allowed it to continue; and was content that she could be tranquil, and frequently cheerful.

One year passed away, and to the joy of Elizabeth no suitor appeared. Towards the close of the second a man returned to the village, who had quitted it on account of suspicious transactions.

Hans Heiling went a poor devil from the village, but returned to it in the utmost affluence. It appeared that he came back at a fitting period to exhibit himself to his former enemies as a rich man. At first it seemed that he intended to remain but a short time; but it was soon evident that he would make a longer stay. Strange reports were circulated respecting him in the village; many honest men shrugged their shoulders, while others did not fail to state plainly, that they well knew how it all came about. Whatever he was, Hans Heiling visited old Veit daily; related to him his travels, how he had even visited Egypt, and other lands still farther beyond the seas; so that the old man had great pleasure in his society, and felt a loss if Heiling was absent in the evening.

Many things were told him by his neighbours, but he shook his head incredulously; one thing alone seemed singular, that Hans Heiling every Friday secluded himself, and remained at home the whole day. He asked him respecting it, and how he employed that time. 'A vow,' was the answer, 'binds me to spend every Friday in fervent prayer.' Veit was satisfied: Hans came, as formerly, out and in, and made it soon visible what views he had respecting Elizabeth.

But Elizabeth felt an indescribable hatred of the man; her blood seemed to congeal in her veins at the sight of him.

After this, he made the old man a formal declaration, and in answer was desired to try his fortune with the maiden. For this Hans chose an evening when he knew Veit was absent from home.

Elizabeth sat at her wheel when he entered: she sprang up in fear, and informed him that her father was absent. 'Then let us chat awhile together, my charming girl,' was his answer; and with this he seated him-

self at her side. Elizabeth turned from him instantly. Hans, who supposed it to be maiden bashfulness, and held it as one of his maxims, that to be successful with women one must be bold, threw his arm round her waist, and said soothingly, 'Will the beautiful Elizabeth desert me?' But she shrunk from his arms, and was about to leave the room, with these words, 'It is improper for me to be alone with you,' when Hans stepped after her, and embraced her more boldly. 'Your father has given his consent; fairest girl, will you be my wife? I will not let you go till you have promised. In vain did she call for assistance. His passion advancing to its crisis, he became still bolder; when, on perceiving a small cross, which Elizabeth had worn round her neck from childhood, he desisted, trembled exceedingly, and hastily left the house. Elizabeth thanked God for her deliverance, and related to her father every circumstance connected with Heiling's indecorous behaviour. The old man shook his head, and seemed hurt by the discovery. He mentioned it on the instant to Hans, who alleged in excuse the vehemence of his love; but the occurrence produced this happy consequence to Elizabeth, that for some time she was freed from his declarations. She wore the cross, which was her mysterious deliverer, openly on her bosom, and remarked that Heiling never addressed her when he perceived the mode of her decoration.

The third year was quickly drawing to a close. Elizabeth, who, when her father spoke of her marriage with Heiling, gave a different turn to the conversation, grew more and more cheerful. She went daily to the grave of the deceased Arnold, and then across the Eger to a small hill, on the high road to Prague, in the hope of encountering her lover. On one of these excursions she missed the little cross which she so much prized. Some one must have taken it away while she was asleep, for she never took it off, and she suspected one of the servants, whom she had observed talking with Heiling in the garden. She mentioned the circumstance to her father, who ridiculed her suspicion; for he said the cross would make no difference to Hans,—that such trifles could be of no service to him, and that she must have lost it elsewhere. Notwithstanding this, her opinion was still the same, and she particularly noticed that Heiling recommenced his declarations. Her father spoke again respecting him, and insisted on her marriage; that was his unalterable will, as she no doubt had forgotten Arnold, and moreover, that the three years had expired. Elizabeth, finding herself pressed both by the old man and Heiling, and pained by the idea of Arnold's death or faithlessness, saw no other refuge but delay, and requested three days' consideration, for she still had faith in the return of her lover. Three days were granted. Full of hope that their wishes would be soon fulfilled, the men were seated at the door in the evening, when the priest and sexton of the village met them on their way to administer the sacrament to a dying neighbour. All bowed down before the cross, and Veit fell on his knees; but his companion rushed, with every expression of terror, into his own house. Surprised, and not without fear, Veit looked after him, and slowly returned home.

Shortly after a messenger came from Heiling, with information that his master had just been attacked with extraordinary giddiness, and he requested Veit would come to him, and attribute his strange conduct to ill health. Elizabeth, during this summons, was seated in tears on a little grassy mound near the village, from which she had a view of the high road from Prague.

A cloud of dust arose in the distance. Her heart beat quickly; but when it advanced nearer, and a party of richly-dressed horsemen was visible, the flattering hope died away. In front rode a noble-looking old man:

on his left a fine youth; and it was evident that the quick pace of his steed was far too slow for the rider's impatience, and that the elder with difficulty restrained him. Elizabeth, confused at the presence of the strangers, cast her eyes on the ground as they approached. They rode up, and the youth sprang from his horse, and knelt before her.—'Elizabeth! is it possible? My dear Elizabeth!' The astonished maid raised herself up, and, in a transport of joy, sank into her lover's arms.

Long did they remain, in speechless delight, lip to lip, and heart to heart. Arnold's companions stood in mute emotion around the happy couple. The old man clasped his hands in ecstacy, and never did the declining sun smile on happier creatures. Elizabeth first broke the delicious silence, and in few words revealed her unhappy situation respecting Heiling. Arnold felt agony at the thought of having so nearly lost his beloved; but the old man inquired minutely about Heiling, and finally said, 'Yes, my friends, that is the scoundrel who committed such illegal acts, and only escaped the hand of justice by his precipitate flight. Thank God! we have thwarted another of his evil transactions.' With the narrative of other incidents relative to Heiling and Elizabeth, they reached the village.

Triumphantly did the fond girl lead Arnold to her father, who doubted his sense of sight, when he saw the rich attire of the strangers. 'Father of my Elizabeth!' exclaimed Arnold, 'I am here to demand your daughter's hand. I am wealthy—am patronized by the great, and can perform more than I promised.' 'What!' said the surprised Veit, 'are you the poor Arnold, the son of my deceased neighbour?' 'Yes, said the elder stranger, 'he is the same, that three years since left your village poor and dependent. His talents have procured him the patronage of statesmen, who have nobly recompensed him. Give him your daughter then, and fulfil your promise.' 'Is this true?' said the astonished father. 'It is,' was the reply of all. 'Then I will not prevent your happiness. Accept the maiden.—The blessing of Heaven be on you!' Unable to thank him, the happy pair fell at his feet; he raised and pressed them to his bosom. 'The wedding shall be to-morrow;' and he gave directions for it accordingly.

Elizabeth retired out to order refreshment for the guests. Arnold followed her, and they both loitered in fond conversation in the garden. When partly tranquillized, Arnold thought of the grave of his father, and, arm in arm, they walked to the spot where they once so despondingly had parted. There they renewed their vows, and both felt a deep spirit of holiness. 'Does not this moment of bliss,' said Arnold, as he fondly pressed his bride, 'obliterate years of pain? We enjoy all that life can give, and only in heaven can it be surpassed.' 'Oh! that we could thus, arm in arm, and heart to heart, pass to that world above!' said Elizabeth. 'Die?' cried Arnold. 'Yes, die on *thy* bosom!'—'Gracious God! be not angry with us, if in the overflow of joy we have this desire of higher and immortal happiness. We acknowledge with grateful hearts thy kindness towards us. Yes, Elizabeth, let us kneel on my father's grave, and thank Heaven for its mercy.' Low was their prayer, but ardent, and in deep emotion the lovers returned home.

Fair and beautiful was the following morning. It was Friday, and the feast of St. Lawrence. The whole village was in a bustle. At every gate stood the gaily-dressed peasants and their lasses, and all was arranged for the marriage. But Heiling's door was closed; for being Friday, it was his day of utter seclusion. The array was soon formed, and the joyous couple was led to the sweetest of ceremonies. Veit had ordered the dinner to be prepared under the large linden in the midst of the village, to which the bridal procession hastened.

Heaven gleamed from the eyes of the young pair. The convivial repast continued for hours, and the guests drank to the happiness of Arnold and his lovely bride.

From the linden tree the young couple, with the old men, some of Arnold's friends and Elizabeth's playmates, adjourned to Veit's farm-house on the Egerberg. The house was beautifully situated among low shrubs, on the declivity of the hill; and here, in a narrow but friendly circle, the hours of the happy pair flew like minutes.

In the farm-house the bridal-chamber was also fitted up, and in the verdant bowers of the garden the supper was set out, and delicious wine in copious tankards invited thirst. Twilight was rapidly spreading over the vale, but quite unperceived by the gay party. Soon vanished the last gleam of day, and the stars of night saluted the delighted couple.

Old Veit now began to speak of his youth. The wine had made him garrulous, and Arnold and Elizabeth anxiously awaited the end of his narration. At last he concluded—'And now good night, children;' and, thus saying, he would have led them to the bridal chamber. At this moment the village clock struck twelve; a terrible sound, as of a mighty tempest, rolled below, and Hans Heiling, with fearfully-altered countenance, stood in the midst of the frightened assembly. 'Spirit of Hell!' he exclaimed, 'destroy these beings, and I am thine for ever!'—'Mine art thou then!' thundered forth a voice from beneath. 'I am, I am; and will bear all the burning agonies of hell, destroy but these!' Instantly a burst of flame covered the mountain, and Arnold and Elizabeth, Veit and their friends, stood changed to rocks; the lovers embracing each other, the rest with their hands folded as in prayer. 'Hans Heiling!' again burst forth the voice of the storm-spirit, 'they are blessed in their death—their souls are in heaven; but thy guilt has condemned thee, and thou art mine for ever!' Heiling rushed from the rocky height into the Eger which foamed below, and disappeared, to return no more.

Early on the morrow came Elizabeth's friends and acquaintances, with flowers and wreaths, to crown the young pair, and the whole village accompanied them. There they found the hand of destruction upon all; they recognised the features of their friends in the petrified group, and with loud sobs twined their flowers round the stony figures of the lovers. Then all kneeled down and prayed for the departed souls. 'They are blessed!' broke forth a venerable old man; 'they are blessed!—they have passed away in love and joy,—arm in arm, and heart in heart, have they died. Let us ever decorate these figures with fresh flowers, and they will remain a memorial that no evil spirit has power over the hearts of the pure, and that true love preserves itself in death.'

From that time every loving pair visited Hans Heiling's rock, and solicited the blessing and protection of Heaven. The pious custom is no more, but the tradition yet lives in the hearts of the people; and, to this day, the guide who accompanies strangers through the valley of the Eger to Hans Heiling's rock mentions the names of Arnold and Elizabeth, and points out the statues into which they were changed.

For many years the Eger, in the part where Hans Heiling threw himself, foamed strangely and dreadfully, and no one passed it without crossing himself, and recommending his soul to heaven.

MEMOIRS OF MISS WILSON.

Every day takes something from the charms of biography, for every day brings us nearer to that state, in which individual character is lost in the general features of society. The passions are completely submitted to discipline, and the minds of men are



as uniform in their march and habits as a corps of well-drilled soldiers. Life becomes a monotonous and dreary waste; the adventures of one day are the adventures of every day, and men become the mere automatons of education. We do not now mean to judge between the two systems of life; we simply mean to state the fact as it is, that our readers may not be led away by unseasonable expectations.

Mary Anne Wilson was born in the year 1803, April the 10th, in the parish of Hutton, Berwickshire. Her father was a substantial farmer, who either by inheritance, or by his own exertions, was placed in a state of comparative affluence; but that restless spirit of adventure, which drove Candide from the delights of Eldorado, invited Mr. Wilson to quit the health and happiness of the country for the narrowness of a life in London. This, however, was a fortunate change for the young Mary Anne, whose talents never could have been fully developed any where but in the metropolis. Friends would have been wanted to discover, and masters to perfect her abilities: the love of music amongst rustics is not the love of musical science. Miss Wilson must have partaken of the feelings of those about her, or if her natural good taste had not broken through the bonds of education and habit, she still must have languished in obscurity.

Having left the country, they now took up their abode in the London Road, at which time Miss Wilson was only in her ninth year. How the subsequent period was occupied up to Mr. Lanza's hearing and admiring her voice, we know not; but judging from her present advantages, we have a right to suppose that it was not spent in unprofitable idleness.

Mr. Wilson now wished to place his daughter under Mr. T. Welsh; but this gentleman, who had long ceased to take pupils, at first declined the offer. Being induced to hear the lady sing, he was so much pleased with her voice and taste, that he offered to give her lessons gratuitously, reserving to himself, however, the right of discontinuing them whenever he thought proper. This proposal was too advantageous to be refused; Miss Wilson attended regularly and diligently, till at last Mr. Welsh being satisfied of her talents and disposition, agreed to take her as an articled pupil; and having previously given her the requisite instruction, brought her out at Drury-lane theatre, in the arduous character of *Mandane*, on Thursday, January the 18th, 1821. Never, perhaps, was an aspirant after theatrical fame received with more general applause.

This is not the place to discuss Miss Wilson's talents; for if we praise, it would show like the praise of partizans, and if we censure, it would seem the prejudice of an enemy; yet we cannot forbear expressing our surprise at her first appearance. Her graceful utterance and dignified action were such as to impress us with high esteem for the teachers as well as the pupil; the first, we know, she acquired from Mr. Alvey, a teacher of elocution; but while paying this testimony of respect to his talents, we are sorry we cannot name the master who has so ably initiated her in the school of D'Egville.

THE HISTORY OF KIBITZ, THE PEASANT.

(From the German.)

A poor peasant, by name Kibitz, lived with his wife in a little village, and his days were happy and contented. Once, as he was ploughing his field with his two oxen, he heard his name called out suddenly, and, looking round, perceived a bird, which repeated the call without cessation. This was the bird kibitz, that, like the cuckoo, is notorious for calling out its own name; but the peasant thought the bird was mocking him: he therefore took up a stone to fling at it, but the kibitz flew away, and the stone, instead of hitting it, fell upon

one of the oxen, and killed him upon the spot. 'What shall I do now with the other ox?' thought the peasant to himself; and without more delay he slew this also, skinned them both, and took their hides to the city, there to sell them to a tanner for as much as he could get for them.

He soon found the house of a tanner, and knocked at the door; but before it was opened to him, he saw through the window that the wife hid her lover in a chest. The other asked what he wanted, and on his saying that he wished to sell skins, she answered that the tanner was not at home, and that nothing could be bought without his knowledge. The peasant replied that he would take the old chest in exchange, and he pointed to that in which the lover was. Of course the wife would not yield to this, and Kibitz kept up the dispute till the tanner came home, and wanted to know the matter, when he told his story, and added that he would still receive the chest. The tanner asked his wife why she would not give the chest: 'You should be glad,' he said, 'that the man is contented with it.' With this Kibitz took the chest, notwithstanding the wife's opposition, and, having placed it on a truck, went his ways with it.

When he had got about half his road, the lover began to cry out, and to pray that he would let him go; but our peasant was deaf to all his entreaties. At last the young man offered gold, and all to no purpose, till the sum came to a thousand dollars: this being paid, Kibitz suffered his escape.

Our peasant now went back delighted to his village, and told his neighbours how well he had sold his skins; whereupon they all slew their oxen, and hastened to sell them to the tanner. When they came to him, he told them they must be out of their senses, for to Kibitz he had given no more than an old chest: enraged at having been deceived by Kibitz, they determined to kill him when he was working in his garden; but our peasant got notice of their intentions: he therefore proposed to his wife, that by way of jest she should put on his clothes and dig in the garden, that she might be mistaken for himself. To this the wife, not suspecting ill, very readily assented, and accordingly the next morning began digging in the garden. Then came the peasants and struck her dead, with the firm conviction that they had murdered Kibitz.

In the mean time the husband heartily rejoiced in the success of his plan, and even thought of drawing some profit from his wife's death: with this view he dressed her in her usual dress, put into her hand a basket of the most beautiful fruit, which was scarce as it was now winter; and, having placed her upright against some broad railings in the city, he hid himself at a little distance. In a short time a splendid carriage came by, drawn by six horses, and attended by servants and outriders; within was a lady of rank, who no sooner saw the fruit, than she ordered a footman to ask its price. The servant obeyed, but received no answer, and having twice repeated his question in vain, he thought she slept, and pushed her that she might wake, when the body tumbled backwards into the water. Now came forward Kibitz, groaning and crying that they had flung his wife into the water, and protesting that he would bring a criminal action against the lady, who, to appease his anger, offered him her entire equipage. Our peasant made as if he were granting a mighty favour in accepting the proffer, placed himself in the carriage, and drove off to his village. Upon his arrival, great was the wonder of the peasants at the splendid equipage, but still greater when they saw Kibitz get out of the coach; and when he had told them his story, their envy was redoubled: they shut him up in a tub, with intent to drown him.

In rolling the vessel along they passed by an ale-house; this was an opportunity they could not let slip,

for a good dram would confirm their hearts to their design, and accordingly they bound the cask to a tree before the door. No sooner did Kibitz perceive that he was alone than he began to think how he should free himself. Soon he heard, tramp, tramp, a flock of sheep coming by, and he called out 'I wont be burgomaster, I wont be burgomaster.' The astonished shepherd asked the meaning of this exclamation. 'Ha,' said Kibitz, 'they want to make a burgomaster of me, and to that I won't consent, and therefore they are resolved to drown me.' 'I should well like to be burgomaster,' answered the shepherd. 'Then let me out,' replied Kibitz; 'creep into the cask yourself, and they will make you burgomaster.' No sooner said than done: the shepherd crept into the vessel, and Kibitz was free, and joyfully drove the sheep towards his village.

The peasants now came out of the ale-house, and began to roll on the cask, while the shepherd cried 'I will be burgomaster; I will be burgomaster.' 'That we can easily believe,' answered the peasants, and splash went the cask into the water, and they went homewards, rejoicing in what they had done; but just as they were entering the village at one end, Kibitz, to their great astonishment, drove in his flock of sheep at the other. 'Whence come you, Kibitz?' was echoed from all sides. 'Oh,' said he, 'did you observe the white bladders that rose when you flung me into the water? the stream is enchanted: all those white bladders were sheep, out of which I collected this little flock; there are thousands more in the water yet.' 'And can we also get some?' asked the peasants. 'Why not?' was the answer: 'you have only to jump in and fetch them.'

It was now concluded that all the peasants should fetch sheep, first the bailiff, and then the others in succession. Accordingly the bailiff leaped in first, and the white bladders instantly rising, his comrades began to be alarmed, lest he should take too many, to prevent which they plunged in after him: all were drowned, and Kibitz, inheriting the whole village, became a rich man.

THE MANIAC.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, the Illuminati, or sect of Astrologers, had excited considerable sensation on the continent. Blending philosophy with enthusiasm, and uniting to a knowledge of every chemical process a profound acquaintance with astronomy, their influence over the superstitious feelings of their countrymen was prodigious. In one or two instances the infatuation was attended with fatal consequences; but in no case was the result so dreadful as in the subsequent narrative:—

Reginald, sole heir of the illustrious family of Di Venoni, was remarkable, from his earliest infancy, for a wild enthusiastic disposition. His father, it was currently reported, had died of an hereditary insanity; and his friends, when they marked the wild mysterious intelligency of his eye, and the determined energy of his aspect, would often assert that the dreadful malady still lingered in the veins of young Reginald. Whether such was the case or not, certain it is, that his mode of existence was but ill calculated to eradicate any symptoms of insanity. Left at an early age to the guidance of his mother, who since the death of her husband had lived in the strictest seclusion, he experienced but little variety to divert or enliven his attention. The gloomy chateau in which he resided was situated on the borders of the Black Forest. It was a wild isolated mansion, built after the fashion of the day in the gloomiest style of Gothic architecture. At a distance rose the ruins of the once celebrated Castle of Hernswolf, of which at present but a mouldering tower remained; and, beyond, the landscape was terminated by the deep shades and impenetrable recesses of the Black Forest.

Such was the spot in which the youth of Reginald was immured. But his solitude was soon to be relieved by the arrival of an unexpected resident. On the anniversary of his eighteenth year, an old man, apparently worn down with age and infirmity, took up his abode at the ruined tower of Hernswolf. He seldom stirred out during the day; and from the singular circumstance of his perpetually burning a lamp in the tower, the villagers naturally enough concluded that he was an emissary of the devil. This report soon acquired considerable notoriety; and having at last reached the ears of Reginald, through the medium of a gossiping gardener, his curiosity was awakened, and he resolved to introduce himself into the presence of the sage, and ascertain the motives of his singular seclusion. Impressed with this resolution, he abruptly quitted the chateau of his mother, and bent his steps towards the ruined tower, which was situated at a trifling distance from his estate. It was a gloomy night, and the spirit of the storm seemed abroad on the wings of the wind. As the clock from the village church struck twelve, he gained the ruin; and ascending the time-worn staircase, that tottered at each step he took, reached with some labour the apartment of the philosopher. The door was thrown open, and the old man was seated by the grated casement. His appearance was awfully impressive. A long white beard depended from his chin, and his feeble frame with difficulty sustained a horoscope that was directed to the heavens. Books, written in unknown characters of cabalism, were promiscuously strewed about the floor; and an alabaster vase, engraved with the signs of the Zodiac, and circled by mysterious letters, was stationed on the table. The appearance of the Astrologer himself was equally impressive. He was habited in a suit of black velvet, fancifully embroidered with gold, and belted with a band of silver. His thin locks hung streaming in the wind, and his right hand grasped a wand of ebony. On the entrance of a stranger he rose from his seat, and bent a scrutinizing glance on the anxious countenance of Reginald.

'Child of ill-starred fortunes!' he exclaimed in a hollow tone, 'dost thou come to pry into the secrets of futurity? Avoid me, for thy life, or, what is dearer still, thine eternal happiness! for I say unto thee, Reginald Di Venoni, it is better that thou hadst never been born, than permitted to seal thy ruin in a spot which, in after years, shall be the witness of thy fall.'

The countenance of the Astrologer, as he uttered these words, was singularly terrific, and rung in the ears of Reginald like his death-knell. 'I am innocent, father!' he falteringly replied, 'nor will my disposition suffer me to perpetrate the sins you speak of.'—'Hah!' resumed the prophet, 'man is indeed innocent, till the express moment of his damnation; but the star of thy destiny already wanes in the heaven, and the fortunes of the proud family of Venoni must decline with it. Look to the west: yon planet, that shines so brightly in the night-sky, is the star of thy nativity. When next thou shalt behold it, shooting downward like a meteor through the hemisphere, think on the words of the prophet and tremble. A deed of blood will be done, and thou art he that shall perpetrate it!'

At this instant the moon peeped forth from the dun clouds that lagged slowly in the firmament, and shed a mild radiance upon the earth. To the west, a single bright star was visible. It was the star of Reginald's nativity. He gazed with eyes fixed in the breathless intensity of expectation, and watched it till the passing clouds concealed its radiance from his view. The Astrologer, in the mean time, had resumed his station at the window. He raised the horoscope to heaven. His frame seemed trembling with convulsion. Twice he passed his hand across his brow, and shuddered as he beheld the aspect of the heavens. 'But a few

days,' he said, 'are yet left me on earth, and then shall my spirit know the eternal repose of the grave. The star of my nativity is dim and pale. It will never be bright again, and the aged one will never know comfort more. Away!' he continued, motioning Reginald from his sight, 'disturb not the last moments of a dying man: in three days return, and under the base of this ruin inter the corpse that you will find mouldering within. Away!'

Impressed with a strange awe, Reginald could make no reply. He remained as it were entranced; and after the lapse of a few minutes rushed from the tower, and returned in a state of disquietude to the gloomy chateau of his mother.

The three days had now elapsed, and, faithful to his promise, Reginald pursued his route back to the tower. He reached it at night-fall, and tremblingly entered the fatal apartment. All within was silent, but his steps returned a hollow echo as he past. The wind sighed around the ruin, and the raven from the roofless turrets had already commenced his death-song. He entered. The Astrologer, as before, was seated by the window, apparently in profound abstraction, and the horoscope was placed by his side. Fearful of disturbing his repose, Reginald approached with caution The old man stirred not. Emboldened by so unexpected a silence, he advanced, and looked at the face of the astrologer. It was a corpse he gazed on,—the relic of what had once been life. Petrified with horror at the sight, the memory of his former promise escaped him, and he rushed in agony from the apartment

For many days the fever of his mind continued unabated. He frequently became delirious; and in the hour of his lunacy was accustomed to talk of an evil spirit that had visited him in slumber. His mother was shocked at such evident symptoms of derangement. She remembered the fate of her husband, and implored Reginald, as he valued her affection, to recruit the agitation of his spirits by travel. With some difficulty he was induced to quit the home of his infancy. The expostulations of the countess at last prevailed, and he left the Chateau Di Venoni for the sunny climes of Italy.

Time rolled on; and a constant succession of novelty had produced so beneficial an effect, that scarcely any traces remained of the once mysterious and enthusiastic Venoni. Occasionally his mind was disturbed and gloomy, but a perpetual recurrence of amusement diverted the influence of past recollection, and rendered him at least as tranquil as it was in the power of his nature to permit. He continued for years abroad, during which time he wrote frequently to his mother, who still continued at the Chateau Di Venoni, and at last announced his intention of settling finally at Venice. He had remained but a few months in the city, when, at the gay period of the carnival, he was introduced, as a foreign nobleman, to the beautiful daughter of the Doge. She was amiable, accomplished, and endowed with every requisite to ensure permanent felicity Reginald was charmed with her beauty, and infatuated with the excellent qualities of her mind. He confessed his attachment, and was informed with a blush that the affection was mutual. Nothing, therefore, remained but application to the Doge; who was instantly addressed on the subject, and implored to consummate the felicity of the young couple. The request was attended with success, and the happiness of the lovers was complete.

On the day fixed for the wedding, a brilliant assemblage of beauty thronged the ducal palace of St. Mark. All Venice crowded to the festival; and, in the presence of the gayest noblemen of Italy, Reginald Count Di Venoni received the hand of Marcelia, the envied daughter of the Doge. In the evening, a masqued festival was given at the palace; but the young couple, anxious to be alone, escaped

the scene of revelry, and hurried in their gondola to the chateau that was prepared for their reception.

It was a fine moonlight night. The mild beams of the planets sparkled on the silver bosom of the Adriatic, and the light tones of music, 'by distance made more sweet,' came wafted on the western gale. A thousand lamps, from the illuminated squares of the city, reflected their burnished hues along the wave, and the mellow chant of the gondoliers kept time to the gentle plashing of their oars. The hearts of the lovers were full, and the witching spirit of the hour passed with all its loveliness into their souls. On a sudden a deep groan escaped the overcharged heart of Reginald. He had looked to the western hemisphere, and the star which, at that moment, flashed brightly in the horizon, reminded him of the awful scene which he had witnessed at the tower of Hernswolf. His eye sparkled with delirious brilliancy; and had not a shower of tears come opportunely to his relief, the consequence might have been fatal. But the affectionate caresses of his young bride succeeded for the present in soothing his agitation, and restoring his mind to its former tranquil temperament.

A few months had now elapsed from the period of his marriage, and the heart of Reginald was happy. He loved Marcelia, and was tenderly beloved in return. Nothing, therefore, remained to complete his felicity but the presence of his mother, the countess. He wrote accordingly, to intreat that she would come and reside with him at Venice; but was informed by her confessor in reply, that she was dangerously ill. and requested the immediate attendance of her son. On the receipt of this afflicting intelligence he hurried with Marcelia to the Chateau Di Venoni. The countess was still alive when he entered, and received him with an affectionate embrace. But the exertion of so unexpected an interview with her son was too great for the agitated spirits of the parent, and she expired in the act of folding him to her arms.

From this moment the mind of Reginald assumed a tone of the most confirmed dejection. He followed his mother to the grave, and was observed to smile with unutterable meaning as he returned home from the funeral. The Chateau Di Venoni increased the native depression of his spirits, and the appearance of the ruined tower never failed to imprint a dark frown upon his brow. He would wander for days from his home, and when he returned, the moody expression of his countenance alarmed the affection of his wife. She did all that in her lay to assuage his anguish, but his melancholy remained unabated. Sometimes, when the fit was on him, he would repulse her with fury; but, in his gentler moments, would gaze on her as on a sweet vision of departed happiness.

He was one evening wandering with her through the village, when his conversation assumed a more dejected tone than usual. The sun was slowly setting, and their route back to the chateau lay through the church-yard where the ashes of the countess reposed. Reginald seated himself with Marcelia by the grave, and plucking a few wild flowers from the turf, exclaimed, 'Are you not anxious to join my mother, sweet girl?' She has gone to the land of the blest—to the land of love and sunshine! If we are happy in this world, what will be our state of happiness in the next? Let us fly to unite our bliss with hers, and the measure of our joy will be full.' As he uttered these words his eye glared with delirium, and his hand seemed searching for a weapon. Marcelia, alarmed at his appearance, hurried him from the spot, and, clasping his hand in hers, drew him gently onward.

The sun in the mean time had sunk, and the stars of evening came out in their glory. Brilliant above all shone the fatal western planet, the star of Reginald's nativity. He observed it with horror, and pointed it out to the notice of Marcelia. 'The hand of

Heaven is in it!' he mentally exclaimed, 'and the proud fortunes of Venoni hasten to a close.' At this instant the ruined tower of Hernswolf appeared in sight, with the moon shining full upon it. 'It is the place,' resumed the maniac, 'where a deed of blood must be done, and I am he that must perpetrate it! But fear not, my poor girl!' he added, in a milder tone, while the tears sprang to his eyes, 'thy Reginald cannot harm thee: he may be wretched, but he shall never be guilty!' With these words he reached the chateau, and threw himself on his couch in restless anxiety of mind.

Night waned; morning dawned on the upland hills of the scenery, and with it came a renewal of Reginald's disorder. The day was stormy, and in unison with the troubled feeling of his spirit. He had been absent from Marcelia since day-break, and had given her no promise of return. But as she was seated at twilight near the lattice, playing on her harp a favourite Venetian canzonet, the folding doors flew open, and Reginald made his appearance. His eye was red with the deepest, the deadliest madness, and his whole frame seemed unusually convulsed. ''Twas not a dream,' he exclaimed; 'I have seen her, and she has beckoned us to follow.' 'Seen her! seen whom?' said Marcelia, alarmed at his frenzy. 'My mother,' replied the maniac: 'Listen, while I repeat the horrid narrative. Methought as I was wandering in the forest, a sylph of heaven approached, and revealed the countenance of my mother: I flew to join her, but was withheld by a sage, who pointed to the western star. On a sudden, loud shrieks were heard, and the sylph assumed the guise of a dæmon. Her figure towered to an awful height, and she pointed in scornful derision to thee; yes, to thee, my Marcelia. With rage she drew thee towards me. I seized—I murdered thee; and hollow groans broke on the midnight gale. The voice of the fiendish astrologer was heard shouting as from a charnel-house. 'The destiny is accomplished, and the victim may retire with honour.' Then, methought the fair front of heaven was obscured, and thick gouts of clotted clammy blood showered down in torrents from the blackened clouds of the west. The star shot through the air, and the phantom of my mother again beckoned me to follow.'

The maniac ceased, and rushed in agony from the apartment. Marcelia followed, and discovered him leaning in a trance against the wainscot of the library. With gentlest motion she drew his hand in hers, and led him into the open air. They rambled on, heedless of the gathering storm, until they discovered themselves at the base of the tower of Hernswolf. Suddenly the maniac paused. A horrid thought seemed flashing across his brain, as with giant grasp he seized Marcelia in his arms, and bore her to the fatal apartment. In vain she shrieked for help, for pity. 'Dear Reginald, it is Marcelia who speaks; you cannot surely harm her.' He heard—he heeded not, nor once stayed his steps, till he reached the room of death. On a sudden his countenance lost its wildness, and assumed a more fearful, but more composed look of determined madness. He advanced to the window, and gazed on the stormy face of heaven. Dark clouds flitted across the horizon, and the hollow thunder echoed awfully in distance. To the west the fatal star was still visible, but shone with sickly lustre. At this instant a flash of lightning relumed the whole apartment, and threw a broad red glare upon a skeleton that mouldered upon the floor. Reginald observed it with affright, and remembered the unburied astrologer. He advanced to Marcelia, and pointed to the rising moon. 'A dark cloud is sailing by,' he shudderingly exclaimed, 'but ere the full orb again shines forth, thou shalt die: I will accompany thee in death, and hand in hand we will pass into the presence of our mother.' The poor girl shrieked for pity; but her voice was lost in the angry ravings of

the storm. The cloud in the mean time sailed on,—it approached—the moon was dimmed—darkened, and finally buried in its gloom. The maniac marked the hour, and rushed with a fearful cry towards his victim. With murderous resolution he grasped her throat, while the helpless hand, the half strangled articulation, implored his compassion. After one final struggle, the hollow death-rattle announced that life was extinct, and that the murderer held a corpse in his arms. An interval of reason now occurred, and on the partial restoration of his mind, Reginald discovered himself the unconscious murderer of Marcelia. Madness—deepest madness again took possession of his faculties. He laughed—he shouted aloud with the unearthly yellings of a fiend, and in the raging violence of his delirium, hurled himself headlong from the summit of the tower.

In the morning the bodies of the young couple were discovered, and buried in the same tomb. The fatal ruin of Hernswolf still exists; but is now commonly avoided as the residence of the spirits of the departed. Day by day it slowly crumbles to earth, and affords a shelter for the night raven, or the wild brutes of the forest. Superstition has consecrated it to herself, and the tradition of the country has invested it with all the awful appendages of a charnel house. The wanderer who passes at night-fall shudders while he surveys its utter desolation, and exclaims, as he journies on, 'Surely this is a spot where guilt may thrive in safety, or bigotry weave a spell to inthrall her misguided votaries.

HAGI ACHMET.

The following original anecdote of the far-famed Hagi Achmet, Pacha of St. Jean D'Acre, commonly called the Gezzar (the executioner), was communicated to us in a letter from Aleppo; and we insert it as highly characteristic of these Eastern despots. When seized with the disorder which put an end to his life, in the 75th year of his age, and the 30th of his Pachalic of Seida, he was conscious of the approach of death; and it was (says our correspondent) curious to observe in what way Gezzar prepared for that awful period. It was not to be expected that he should show remorse for his past actions, or discover any inclination to make atonement for them; but will the most depraved disciple of Rochefoucault believe that the last moments of this tyrant were employed in uttering sentiments like these?—

'I perceive,' said he, calling to him his father-in-law, Sheik Taha, 'I perceive that I have but a short time longer to live: what must I do with these rascals in my prisons? Since I have stript them of every thing, what good will it do them to be let loose again naked into the world? The greatest part of them are Hakims (governors), who, if they return to their ports, will be forced to ruin a great many poor people, in order to replace the sums I have taken from them; so it is best for their own sakes, and for that of others, that I should despatch them. They will then soon be in a place where proper care will be taken of them—a very good place, where they will neither be permitted to molest any one, nor be themselves exposed to molestation—Yes, yes, that's best; despatch them.'

MRS. CARTER.

A remark of the celebrated Mrs. Carter, deceased, to a young gentleman now living, who presented her with such parts of Rees's *Cyclopædia* as were then published, is especially applicable to present circumstances. Opening the book at the name *Adam*, she observed that doubt was thrown on the authenticity of the Scriptures; she closed it, and declined accepting the set of books in these words:—'I consider that, as a Christian, I am in the situation of a person possessing a good estate, and it is not my interest to endeavour to find a flaw in my title to it.'





ENGLISH FEMALE COSTUMES FOR MAY.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

In place of velvets, lustres, and bombazeens, we now substitute the lighter materials of spring, although the chilling air renders it yet necessary to continue the outer garments warm and confined, by which health is preserved, by their opposing the immediate influence of the atmosphere; and none will deny but that enough of female charms are thus displayed, to gratify the quick discerning eye of taste. The most elegant morning robes now worn are of plain India or jaconot muslin, ornamented at the feet with broad puffings of clear muslin or rich border in tambour or embroidery; the body made to fit tight to the form, open in front of the bust; the back and jacket trimmed with a small running worked flower: an oval falling collar trimmed with lace, and cuffs to correspond. The most prevailing colours in pelisses appear those which are composed of purple, grey, grass-green twilled sarsnet, or *gros-de-Naples*, the front of the bust, ornamented with silk frogs and braiding of the same colour, confined in the centre of the throat, and at the bottom of the waist, with a broach and clasps of mother of pearl set in gold, the bottoms usually finished with shag silk velvet. The most elegant for carriage costume is the white *gros-de-Naples*, ornamented with pink or straw-colour, with a belt finished with buttons of a new kind, and elegantly wrought.

Evening head-dresses for matronly ladies consist chiefly of dress hats and feathers, with black velvet caps, ornamented in front with a tiara of pearls: caps of the mob kind, and Mary Queen of Scots' style, elegantly ornamented with flowers, and of different shapes, but almost all pointed on the forehead, are much in request for half-dress and at the theatres. Young ladies wear only their hair full dressed; the most prevailing method, and which is infinitely becoming to most faces, is the arranging the hair as in the reign of Charles the Second, when the forehead is wholly exposed, and rich ringlets fall on each cheek. Their ornaments blended in their hair seldom exceed the natural or imitated flowers of the most delicate tribes. The snowdrop, lily of the valley, violet, primrose, myrtle, Provence rose; these, and their resemblances, are embellishments which harmonize with their gaiety and blooming years. White satin seems to be very prevalent this spring: a dress of this kind is much admired for receiving large parties of ceremony; it is trimmed with flounces of blond quilled very full; and trimmed to correspond with the border of the dress, is a long sleeve of white net bound round the arm in bias, with satin bands; the body is made à l'antique, with straps of tulle across from the throat to the bottom of the waist; and broad white satin robings. Merino dresses, made very plain, with only one band of satin at the border, are most general for morning dress: these are worn with spencers of black satin, or sometimes a light scarf, which is the sole out-door covering for the form.

Those large projecting bonnets which have so long concealed the countenance of youth and beauty, are now fast on the decline, substituted by others of a less genteel though more fashionable appearance: the crowns of all bonnets are very low, and made like the caul of a cap. Hats are less bent down in front than formerly. Bonnets finished with gauze near the

edge, so as to be pretty transparent, have already made their appearance in carriages. All bonnets for walking are reckoned most becoming when quite plain; they have only for ornament a double plaiting of broad blond at the edge.

The favourite colours are pink, blue, marsh mallow, blossom, straw-colour, spring green, and jonquil.

WALKING COSTUME.

Pelisses of silk soi-de-Londres, of bright lavender-colour, made to tie close down the front, and fastened up to the ruff, trimmed à la Proserpine, with satin of the same, or bright pink shag silk; the same round the feet The shoulders and wrist finished with straps and buttons. A cravat shawl scarf is generally worn with this dress. Bonnet with satin puffings on the brim, and points at the edge, to correspond with the pelisse. A rich plume of curled feathers, or marabouts, placed in front, with one feather depending over the right shoulder. Double Spanish ruff of lace: half boots of pale kid.

EVENING DRESS.

Sitting figure, attired in a round robe of imperial gauze, worn over a white satin slip, ornamented round the bosom, back, and shoulders, with a fine Valenciennes lace; silk net sleeves over satin, and appliqued stomacher of white satin rising above the robe in front of the bust, so as decorously to shade the bosom. The skirt ornamented at the feet with waved puffings of satin and silk cord. The hair in full curls, confined on each side of the forehead, and ornamented with a bandeau, and full clusters of white roses placed on the left side of the head. Diamond or pearl necklace, with ear-rings to correspond. White satin or kid shoes: white gloves of French kid, and fan of spangled crape.

POETRY.

THE ORPHAN MAID.

The hail blast of autumn had drifted away,
The sun thro' a cloud-rift beam'd pallidly gay,
As the wounded in vict'ry lifts his pale head,
And languidly smiles when his foe men are fled.
The castle's fair lady came forth on the green,
Where, beneath an old oak, a poor orphan was seen;
The leaves they were wither'd, and strewn in her way,
But her heart was more blighted, more wither'd than they,
And the parent of ice had been chillingly there,
Congealing the hail drops that fell in her hair,
Like the specks of white ashes that cling to the bough
Of the half-consumed oak, with its time-smitten brow.
And the maiden she cried, all distracted and wild,
'Oh! comfort, sweet lady, a poor orphan child.'
'Ah me!' said the lady, 'my lord he is slain;
How can I give that which I sigh for in vain?
My child she was lost, still to deepen my woe,
As fearful I fled from my husband's fell foe:
The morn of St. Bridget's, o'erwhelm'd in the tide,
Near the strong Lyns of Campsie, my sweet infant died.
May ill luck for ever alight on the day
That snatch'd all my hope, all my comfort away!'
'On the morn of St. Bridget's,' the maiden replied,
'Twelve harvests are past, since on Campsie bank side
Some fishermen cast forth their nets, and they bore,
Nor salmon, nor grilse,—but an infant to shore!
That infant was I—that in wo, and in strife,
Have dragg'd on a wretched, a comfortless life
Unless you relieve me, here, here must I lie,
My griefs be all ended,—for soon shall I die.'
And the lady exclaim'd, 'Let thy griefs be at rest,—
Blest, blest be St. Bridget, her morn be it blest,—
The falcon looks forth from those dark eyes of thine,
Those looks were my lord's, and declare thou art mine!
Oh! let me, in fondness, enfold to my heart
The heir of my house—my lost daughter thou art!'
And the lady's attendants stood weepingly by,
As she kiss'd the big drop from her orphan's bright eye;
And she bade her in silks and in samite be drest,
With pleasure, and splendour, be evermore blest;
And the pearls which they wove in her dark raven hair
Were whiter than hail-drops, more bright, and more clear.

THE DEW-DROP AND THE TEAR.

The dew-drop of ev'ning had fall'n on the flow'r,
And the pearl seeming gem, in the morn's spring hour,
Weigh'd down the fair violet's head.
It droop'd, as though mourning the absence of day,
And seemingly wept o'er its cold parent clay,
Where in death it must soon find a bed.

Yet observe it when Sol has illumin'd the plain,
And flung round his life-giving glories again;
Then the pearl-drop no longer is seen:
Undiminished in fragrance the flow'ret appears,
Or rather, refresh'd by the dew's balmy tears,
It smiles, the delight of the green.

So oft have I seen, in some maiden's mild eye,
The tear-drop of pain and of misery lie,
Or sully her cheek's roseate bloom,
And have mark'd her fine neck bending low to despair;
Whilst her breast was the throne of affliction and care,
Who bade her prepare for the tomb.

But let comfort's sun pour around its blest glow,
Let rose-wing'd affection its zephyr breath blow,
And the tear and the sigh shall depart.
The pale cheek shall bloom, the bright eye shed its beam,
The lip laugh in peace, while no more sorrow's dream
Shall fill with despair beauty's heart.

J. M. LACEY.

BURNS.

[The following verses, in the handwriting of Burns, the poet, are copied from a bank note in the possession of Mr. James I. Gracie, of Dumfries the note is of the bank of Scotland, and is dated so far back as the 1st of March, 1780.]

'Vae worth th' power, thou cursed leaf!
Fell source of a' my woe and grief!
For lack o'thee I've lost my lass!
For lack o'thee I scrimp my glass;
I see the children of affliction
Unaided through thy curs'd restriction,
I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile,
Amid his hapless victim's spoil.
For lack o'thee, I leave this much lov'd shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

IPHIGENIA OF TIMANTHES.

Breathes that fair form, so saddened yet resign'd,
Stamp'd by some demi-god of heavenly mind;
'Tis life, yet lives not, too divine for earth,
It claims communion with angelic birth:
See how, in silent prayer, she trembling stands,
Mild in her wo, with clasped imploring hands,
Nor day of hope now cheers her peerless breast,
Save that which dawns beyond the realms of rest;
Pale placid life seems breathing o'er her face;
In the last languor of departing grace
Drops from her dewy eye the glist'ning tear,
Pure as the angels of some hallow'd sphere!
And, as her veil translucent falls below,
It bares that neck just raised to meet the blow;
While all her opening joys she leaves—to wed
The cold embrace—the slumbers of the dead.
Fair as the lily's bloom, and still more fair,
Looks the pale virgin;—in her latest prayer,
With pensive gaze she lifts her lucid eye
On him, for whom she only weeps to die,
Now strives each effort of her drooping frame
To breathe the accents of his once loved name,
And wake the slumber of his frozen tears
By the bright mem'ry of her spotless years,—
But all in vain,—nor can those looks control
The icy torpor which congealed his soul,
While the same glance, with melting radiance given,
Pierces the inmates of her native heaven.

Now blanched with wo and buried in amaze
The frantic virgins lift their 'wilder'd gaze,
Their long loose tresses, streaming thro' the air,
Bespeak the tumult of their minds' despair;
Now direful Calchas, warming into life,
Undaunted holds the half beseeching knife;
And stern Ulysses, maddening in dismay,
Sighs with dread grief his manly soul away;
Last rests the sire, without one cheering beam
To light the darkness of his life's bleak dream:
Keen was the pang, when, oh! he could not save
His pleading daughter from the silent grave;
But sunk in wo, and with envelop'd eye,
He droops his head in senseless agony.
And thou, Timanthes, with thy wond'rous art,
Could'st not unfold the anguish of that heart;
And tho' thy lite touch breath'd both joy and pain,
Raising the wither'd dead to earth again,
That tortur'd form thou could'st not there reveal,
Too great to picture, too acute to feel,—
And in the phrensied wildness of despair,
Veil'dst the dark wo to sleep for ever there

B.

THE DEW-DROP AND THE ROSE BUD.

I thought me a rose-bud on a dew-drop sleeping,
When the sun arose and kiss'd it away;
The rose-bud blush'd, and I left it weeping,
As I changed to a beautiful ray.
From the heaven to the earth,
In my brilliant birth,
I lit on the rose-bud anon,—
O! its beauty was spread,—
But a worm on it fed,
And, thought I, love, how soon will thy beauty be gone!
Thou art just like a nymph on her bridal day,
Who is blushing and coy in her innocent joy,
But is prey'd on by sickness and pines away.

While I linger'd, a cloud 'neath the blue sky was low'ring,
And shaded me back into heavenly light;
The wind was abroad, and the shining rain showering
To refresh the fair world with its liquid delight;
And the cloud dropp'd away,
And my beautiful ray,
With millions of others like me,
On the pure sky glanced,
By refraction entranced,
Semicircling an arch from the zone to the sea:
So changing the prospects of men, thought I;
They are clouded and gay, like the rain and the ray,
Till life's vision deludes them, alas! and they die.

Yet the sun still exulted, and westwardly kneeling,
Beam'd over the face of his natural love;
He withdrew from the sky our poetical feeling,
And Evening advancing her stars lit above:
O! 'twas placidly light!
For the moon was in white,
With our solar attraction which keeps her so clear,—
And I thought in this mirth
Of the rose-bud of earth,
And descending in mist, O! how softly I kiss'd
Its sweet petals again, melting into a tear!
And I deem'd hearts are thus, howsoever they rove,
Stealing back to the bosoms of lovers they love.

P.

INVOCATION TO MADNESS.

Now all is still
Around me,
An icy chill
Hath bound me;
Young Love lies dead
In my breast's cold bed,
And Despair with thorns hath crown'd me
Come, Madness!
And let me laugh with thee;
Thy gladness
Eludes life's misery.
Thou shalt create me a bower of bliss,
Thou shalt creat me a maiden fair;
And I'll sip
From her lip
The melting kiss,
And play with her waving hair!
Thou shalt create me a palace of gold;
Thou shalt create me a friend that's true,
And he ever shall wear youth's rosy hue,
And his friendship shall never grow cold!
And I'll sit all night
In lonely delight,
And fancy my groans
Are his soothing tones!
Oh, Madness! come, and cheat me of sorrow,
Let me thy motley creations borrow,
And, while the world is with anguish weeping,
And worms o'er the proudest dead are creeping,
And sensibility's souls of fire
Hourly chill and in wo expire,
I shall be gay
In the gloom of night,—
For I'll fancy 'tis day
In the world's despite,
And revel and riot in wild delight!
Free'd from the fetters the world imposes,
Gay fancy shall turn all its thorns to roses,
For reason is ever care's gloomy cell,
And Madness the mansion where bright dreams dwell!

Y. F.

THE ADIEU TO NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

BY LORD BYRON.

[*As this poem is not (we believe) printed in the collection of his Lordship's works, we shall here insert it.*]

Thro' thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay,
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have chok'd up the rose, which late bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd barons, who proudly to battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast, for the war laurell'd wreath;
Near Askelon's towers, John of Horiston* slumbers;
Unnerv'd is the hand of his minstrel, by death.

Paul and Hubert too sleep in the valley of Cressy,
For the safety of Edward and England they fell
My fathers! the tears of your country redress you:
How you fought, how you died! still her annals can tell.

On Marston †, with Rupert ‡, 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field;
For the rights of a monarch, their country defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.

Shades of heroes, farewell, your descendant departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu
Abroad or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye, at this sad separation
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation;
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget

That fame and that memory still will he cherish,
He vows, that he ne'er will disgrace your renown,
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own!"

TRUST NOT IN LOVE.

Oh! heed not Love's sigh—nor his eloquent eye,
Nor the soft tender tale he would make you believe:
His sighs and his smiles are but so many wiles,
Which the artful young urchin has spread to deceive.
Then, Trust not in Love!

Oh, are we not told of the Sirens of old,
How their soft-breathing strains would poor seamen ensnare?
So Love's siren lay would the heart too betray,
Oh then, ere too late, pray attend and beware,
And, Trust not in Love!

T. H. S.

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* Horiston Castle, Derbyshire, an ancient seat of the Byron family.

† The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

‡ Son of the Elector Palatine, and related to Charles I.; he afterwards commanded the fleet, in the reign of Charles II.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
  Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
    And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
  So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
    And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
  With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheek a fading rose
    Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
  Full beautiful, a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
    And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,
  And nothing else saw all day long,
For sideways would she lean, and sing
    A faery's song.

I made a garland for her head,
  And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
    And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
  And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
    I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot,
  And there she gaz'd and sighed deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes—
    So kiss'd to sleep.

And there we slumber'd on the moss,
  And there I dream'd, ah woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dream'd
    On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
  Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cried, "La belle Dame sans mercy
    Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloom
  With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
    On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here
  Alone and palely loitering,
Tho' the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
    And no birds sing.

CAVIARE.

AHMED, THE SLAVE.

The sun disappears, and the twilight of even
  Gives rest to the toil of poor Ahmed the slave;
But why does he gaze on the westerly heaven,
  And watch the pale eve-star that gleams o'er the wave?

Perhaps, 'tis the thought of his life's early pleasures,
  Of kindred and friends, that has rush'd to his mind;
And sighing, he mourns for the long vanish'd treasures,
  And all their endearments, with freedom combin'd.

And fast down his cheeks now the tear-drops are falling,
  The sounds of his sadness in murmurs arise;
For memory, each belov'd object recalling,
  Convey'd in illusion the past to his eyes.

Perhaps, native stream, on thy bosom is shining
  That sun which has given me respite from toil;
Perhaps on thy green banks my friends are reclining,
  Or dance 'neath the trees of my own happy soil.

Perhaps, from the chase now my brothers returning,
  In freedom exult o'er the spoils of the day;
Perhaps in their home but my parents are mourning
  The loss of their first-born, a captive away.

And thou, my lov'd Mora, in solitude weeping,
  Dost thou pine for thy husband, rave for his wrong,
Or sing, while my babe on thy bosom is sleeping,
  The plaint of thy sadness, my funeral song?

Ah! never again shall the prey of the forest
  By me be arous'd from its deep-cover'd lair;
Nor, Ahmed, the prize of the chase which thou borest,
  Again on thy toil stiffened limbs shalt thou bear.

No more, O my wife! to my arms shall I press thee,
  Repose on thy bosom, or sleep by thy side:
My innocent babe, never more shall I bless thee;
  My heart's fondest darling—my pleasure—my pride!

Oh! never again shall the voice of affection
  Sound sweet as the light summer breeze to mine ears.
I'm lost to each dear, to each long lov'd connexion,
  To weep, where the cruel ones scoff at my tears.

But death soon will quiet my life's wild commotion,
  The darkness that hangs on my days will be o'er,
My spirit will fly from these shores of the ocean,
  To thee, native land, to be exil'd no more.

When, Christian, the poor negro's corpse thou art viewing,
  Perchance thou may'st breathe for his suff'rings a sigh;
And own, while thy conscience the thought is pursuing,
  'Twas thy hard oppression which forc'd him to die.

But, oh! will the Being thou worshipp'st in heaven,
  The God to whose judgement thy deeds must appear,
Above, will He tell thee thy crime is forgiven
  When the blood of thy slave has written it there?

STANZAS.

To Fancy's ear, the wintry blast
  Has in it something that can charm;
The falling snows of sky o'ercast
  Is dear to Fancy as the calm.

To her, who loves alike to rove
  The desert wild, or flowery plain,
On mountain bleak, in lonely grove
  And hold an universal reign.

Ah! not so, Love: he joys to stray
  In haunts where only flowrets bloom,
On beds to sleep, on banks to play,
  Where Beauty sports and breathes perfume.

In winter he forsakes the plain,
  And wings afar his timid flight:
So fickle is his transient reign,
  He only lives where smiles invite.

CHIARE, FRESCHE, E DOLCE ACQUE.

Clear, fresh, and dulcet streams,
Which the fair shape, who seems
To me sole woman, haunted at noon-tide;
Bough, gently interknit,
(I sigh to think of it)
Which formed a rustic chair for her sweet side;
And turf, and flowers bright-eyed,
O'er which her folded gown
Flowed like an angel's down;
And you, O holy air and hush'd,
Where first my heart at her sweet glances gush'd;
Give ear, give ear, with one consenting,
To my last words, my last and my lamenting.

If 'tis my fate below,
And heaven will have it so,
That love must close these dying eyes in tears,
May my poor dust be laid
In middle of your shade,
While my soul, naked, mounts to its own spheres.
The thought would calm my fears,
When taking, out of breath,
The doubtful step of death;
For never could my spirit find
A stiller port after the stormy wind;
Nor in more calm, abstracted bourne,
Slip from my travailed flesh, and from my bones outworn.

Perhaps, some future hour,
To her accustomed bower,
Might come the untamed, and yet the gentle she,
And where she saw me first,
Might turn with eyes athirst,
And kinder joy to look again for me.
Then, Oh, the charity!
Seeing betwixt the stones
The earth that held my bones,
A sigh for very love at last
Might ask of heaven to pardon me the past.
And heaven itself could not say nay,
As with her gentle veil she wiped the tears away.

How well I call to mind,
When from those boughs the wind
Shook down upon her bosom flower on flower;
And there she sat, meek-eyed,
In midst of all that pride,
Sprinkled and blushing through an amorous shower.
Some to her hair paid dower,
And seemed to dress the curl
Queenlike, with gold and pearls,
Some, snowing, on her drapery stopp'd,
Some on the earth, some on the water dropp'd,
While others, fluttering from above,
Seemed wheeling round in pomp, and saying,—
"Here reigns Love."

LINES TO ANNE.

Take thy heart again, maiden,
Give me back mine—
With its long sorrows fading,
Leave it to pine!

Go find another lover,
May he prove true!
Nor seek, when passion's over,
A maiden new!

Thou art, indeed, a fair one,
But thou art frail;
Tho' thy charms yet ensnare one,
Their power will fail.

Time will come, slowly stealing,
And hide every grace;
What beauty—what feeling
Can thy mind be revealing,
When we see no more charms in thy face?

J.

ANACREON'S PORTRAIT OF HIS MISTRESS.

Αγε, ζωγραφων αριστε.

Come, master of the rosy art,
Thou painter after my own heart,
Come, paint my absent love for me,
As I shall describe her thee.
Paint me first her fine dark hair,
Fawning into ringlets there,
And if brush has power to do it,
Paint the odour breathing through it.
Then from out her ripe young cheek,
Underneath those tresses sleek,
Paint her brow of ivory,
Taking care the eyebrows be
Not apart, nor mingled neither,
But as hers are, stol'n together,
Met by stealth, yet leaving too
O'er the eyes their darkest hue.
Then, as those bright orbs require,
Fetch her eyesight out of fire,
Like Minerva's sparkling blue,
Moist, like Cytherea's too.
Give her nose and cheeks a tint
Like shallow milk with roses in't
Let her lip Persuasion's be,
Asking ours provokingly;
And beneath her satin chin,
With a dimple thrown in,
And all about those precious places,
Set a thousand nestling graces.
Now then,—let the drapery spread,
With an under tint of red,
And a glimpse left scarcely drest,
So that what remains be guess'd.
'Tis enough: 'tis she! 'tis she!
O thou sweet face, speak to me!

TO * * *.

You bid me tune my lyre to love—
No, Mary, no, my hand in vain
May strive to touch the silver chords,
Or wake thy once-lov'd strain.

You bid me tune my lyre to love—
Oh! Mary, can its music please,
When the heart's sunk in sadd'ning gloom,
And tortur'd by disease?

Oh! Mary, when thy full bright eye
Would bend on me its orb of blue;
When, like a beam of heav'n, thy smile
Its radiance on me threw;

Then would my heart bound light and high,
My hand with daring vigour string
The lyre to charm thy partial ear,
Thy fancy's wandering.

Then could I sing of love, but now
Thy blue eye's glance I may not see.
I am forgotten by thy smile,
And love is dead to me.

STANZAS TO ———

Dost thou not know that from the heart
Where love may lastingly endure,
Unblushing levity must part,
And leave it delicately pure?
Dost thou not know that man may gaze
On woman's form divinely fair—
But if his glance no blushes raise,
His eye can see no beauty there!

Oh, better could I brook the pride
Which coldly spurns at tenderness—
Could better bear to be denied
Thy heart, though that alone can bless,
Than see the charms I love so well
Expos'd to every gazer's view,
Thy kisses (oh, their worth to tell!)
As prodigally given too!

And know'st thou not that charms design'd
For one fond youth—a favour'd one,
By many seen—to none confined—
Will, at the last, be priz'd by none?
Think how thy heart will sicken, when
The smilers' masks shall haply fall,
Nor one be left to love thee then,
Though thou didst weakly woo them all!

For me—I dare no longer look
Or think on one so frailly fair;
The fond impress my heart once took
Is now erased by jealous care
And I have soothed my tortured breast
Into a calm forgetfulness—
A kind of disappointed rest,
Not painful—and yet scarcely less!

For thee—while thy light soul can find
Its joy amid the gay parterre,
Flit on, and with the wanton wind,
Waste all thy balmy odours there;
Heap vanity on vanity,
And freely give the reins to folly;
For when those joys are gone, thou'lt see
Nought in their stead but melancholy!

THE BRIDE.

When I gaze on these green fields, and smile at the sight,
And then on the vast spreading azure above,
I feel, I acknowledge with grateful delight,
That each object gives pleasure with those whom we love

When we wander with one, to all others preferr'd,
Oh! is it not sweet to attend to each call,
To watch every look, every thought, every word,
And try to return, and anticipate all?

For well I remember the desolate day,
When I wander'd alone, and I thought myself free,
The hills and the vales were as brilliant as gay
But these hills and those vales had no sweetness for me!

Fair, fair was the prospect, and cloudless the sky,
And clear and unruffled the face of the main;
But none whom I cherish'd and valued were by,
And I gaz'd undelighted again and again.

But now my heart glows at th' inspiriting sight,
My gaze and my thoughts are directed above:
And I feel and acknowledge with grateful delight,
That each object gives pleasure with those whom we love!

HELEN.

TO A POETICAL FRIEND,

ON HIS MARRIAGE.

Ill speed the lyre whose chords withhold
An echo to the minstrel's joy:
Ill speed the minstrel, sordid, cold,
Who feels no touch of sympathy,
When those his heart should prize most high
By fortune's boon are brightly starr'd!
For recreant to his fame is he,
Who glows not with a brother bard.

And tho' my lute be rude and weak,
Another's lute, his shame and pride,
That speaks not as the soul would speak,
It shall not slumber by my side.
Then joy to thee and thy young bride,
And rapture endless as the ring
That join'd you, heart to heart, allied,
Pure, perfect, and unperishing.

Some wander in the Indian clime,
And some the vaulting billow stem,
For dear-bought gold consume their prime,
And then what is their gold to them?
Their stars to exile those condemn,
While thou hast found without their care,
At home, a dearer, purer gem
Than merchants win or monarchs wear.

Two spirits left their haunts above
To twine you a wreath—tho' seldom join'd,
Flame pinion'd Genius, holy Love,
And crown'd you when the wreaths were twin'd.
Her hyacinthine braids they wind
With rose and myrtle waving free,
Thy brow with deathless bays they bind,
And few on earth are bless'd like thee.

Yes, heav'n, for once, hath smil'd upon
A poet's love, a poet's fame;
It might be thought enough for one
To build a temple to his name,
In which his high and quenchless flame
Shall burn when he lies breathless there,
Like that whose never-dying beam
Illumines Mecca's sepulchre.

But more than this to thee is doom'd,
For, wanting love, can glory bless?
E'en Eden, till sweet woman bloom'd,
E'en Eden was a wilderness!
And she who shares thy fond cares,
Hath brought thee more than thrones could see,
Truth, talent, love, and loveliness;
Then peace to thy young bride and thee!

EUSTACE.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY-LANE.

Lord Byron's tragedy was successfully performed on Wednesday, April the 25th; but the day following, Mr. Murray, at the desire, it is said, of Lord Byron, obtained an injunction to stay its further performance. The following hand-bill appeared in consequence:

"Theatre Royal, Drury-lane,
Thursday, April 26.

"Lord Byron's tragedy of *Marino Faliero* was received last night with the applause and acclamation which had been anticipated from the high genius of its distinguished author. Its repetition would have been announced for this evening, as a matter of course; but certain persons, on grounds at present incapable of being understood, and which remain to be explained and justified, have thought fit to obtain an injunction in Chancery, against the representation of the play. Under these extraordinary circumstances, the further performance of the tragedy must for the present moment be suspended. It is conceived, however, that the impediment thus thrown in the way, not only of the interest of the theatre, but of the gratification of the public, can be but of very short duration, and that the piece will, before long, be again exhibited with the brilliant success which attended its performance yesterday evening."

COVENT-GARDEN.

Undine. – A new melo drama, called *Undine*, was produced at this theatre on Easter-Monday. It is founded on a romance of the same name, which is, without exception, one of the most beautiful fictions since the days of Shakspeare. The character of Undine herself is as airy, and as beautiful, and as varied as the rainbow; it is pure intelligence and loveliness, unbiassed with any of the grosser particles that enter into earthly composition. It is indeed a dream of other worlds, but then a dream so sweet that we could wish it to be perpetual.

The melo-drama is very far from doing justice to the romance, but that was no more than might be expected. The brilliance of Undine is the brilliance of incorporeal light: give to it the substance of body, and you destroy its very essence. At the same time it must be confessed that the scenery is beautiful, and the machinery of the highest excellence, and altogether it promises to be a favourite with the public.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

In Fitzwilliam-square, Dublin, the Lady of Admiral Oliver, of a son.

At Harrington-hall, Lincolnshire, Mrs Robert Cracraft, of a daughter.

In Finsbury-place, Mrs. Mathieu, of a son.

The Lady of Dr Birkbeck, of Cateaton-street, of a daughter, still born.

At Clapham, Mrs. William Ballard, of the Adelphi-terrace, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

By the Rev. Henry Warburton, Rector of Peathy, Dr. Warburton, of Clifton-street, Bond-street, to Anne, eldest daughter of John Abernethy, Esq. of Bedford-row.

At Cabernarry church, Henry Maunsell, Esq. to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Pryce Peacock, Esq. of Limerick.

At Brill, Bucks, by the Rev. Mr. Baron, Edward King, Esq. to Anne, relict of the late Thomas Smith, Esq. of Addingvane.

At St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, Mr. I. Le Marr, jun. of Steward-street, to Elizabeth Alice, only daughter of Mr. James Borrough, of Kingsland Crescent.

At St. Mary's, Lambeth, by the Rev. Dr. D'Oyley, Richard Clewris Griffith, Esq of Tottenham-court-road, to Eliza, second daughter of the late —— Jackson, Esq. of Leed

DEATHS.

Lately, aged eight years and eight months, George Frederick B. Taylor, third son of Captain John Taylor (late of the 54th regiment, and of the Royal Flint Militia), and grandson of the late George Bellinghurst, Esq. R. N.; great grandson of the late William Bellinghurst, Esq. J. P. of Mytchen-hall, Surry. He was the most dutiful, affectionate, and pious child, and is most deeply lamented by his afflicted parents and relatives.

At his house in St. James's place, after an illness of many years, Robert Calvert, Esq.

At the College of Arms, London, in the 81st year of his age, George Harrison, Esq. late Clarenceux King of Arms, and for nearly forty years Treasurer of that Corporation.

At her residence in Cavendish-square, Mrs Susannah J Dickson, relict of Colonel A. Dickson, and only daughter of the late Sir Henry Moore, Bart, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, and Governor of New York.

At his house in Mount-street, Brighton, John Farncombe, Esq. aged 72.

In Sloan-street, Lieut.-Colonel George Smith, of the Honourable East India Company's service, in the 83d year of his age.

In her 74th year, Hannah, the relict of Thomas Walker, Esq. of Langford near Manchester.

THE

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THE PORTFOLIO, NO. X.

We travel and expatiate as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, so we from land to land;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit and is still at home.
COWPER'S TASK.

The five foolish Virgins.—Two gentlemen making a tour through the south of Spain, visited every place of note containing any thing worthy of remark, either in history, politics, or religion; and, in reference to the last, of course the principal churches attracted their particular attention: on entering one of them, the usual guide presented himself, and immediately proceeded to furnish his visitors with a 'true and particular account' of the various relics of saints, crosses, hair, bones, shoes, and napkins, all of which had either at one time or the other been used for the service of the Virgin Mary; the exhibition had nearly concluded, when the gentlemen were particularly requested to notice what then remained to be seen, as, from the circumstances attending this relic, as well as the difficulty there must have been in procuring it, every person considered it the most wonderful of all. The guide proceeded with much form to open a box, which stood close to the altar, and presented the visitors with a small lamp, informing them, at the same time, that it belonged to *one of the five foolish virgins!* who are mentioned in the *parable* of '*the ten virgins.*' The gentlemen were satisfied, and immediately departed.

Execution in Prussia.—The following description of an execution in Prussia, which is detailed in a letter from Berlin, dated July 23, 1819, is worthy of the worst days of the Inquisition; and yet Prussia is a Protestant country, and boasts a high degree of civilization.

A murder committed five months ago, under circumstances of an aggravated nature, was doomed to be expiated by the death of the offender. An old man engaged in jewellery and watch-making, and residing in a populous house (many families, as in Paris, here inhabit the same house), in Berlin, was murdered in the dead of the night by a man in whom he placed confidence, and whom he had formerly supported by his bounty. The executions of the Prussian capital take place about a quarter of an English mile from the gate of Oraniesberg. A triangular gibbet is raised in the centre of an extensive plain commanding a view of the city; attached to this gibbet is a stone platform, lightly

railed in with iron, so as to admit of all that takes place being distinctly viewed by the surrounding spectators. A large grave was dug in the front of it. The ground was kept by a detachment of Prussian lancers, formed in a hollow square, and enfiladed round the execution place by an inner square of the infantry guard. About half an hour before the appearance of the criminal, twelve persons, executioners and police officers, and two little boys, assistants, mounted the scaffold, and fixed the strangling cords. At length, the buzz of the surrounding multitude, the flourishing of naked sabres, and the gallopping of the officers, announced the slow approach of the criminal, upon a hurdle drawn by six horses. On his approach, the word of command flew through the ranks, the arms presented, the drums beat, and colours and lancers' flags were raised, until he had mounted the scaffold. During the yet short moment that remained for him to make his last, his expiring peace with his offended Maker, no ecclesiastic (as in England) appeared to gild the horrors of eternity;—in those awful moments, when religion arrays herself in her brightest robes, and bids the expiring criminal sink into her everlasting arms with hope, if not with security—no dying and repentant prayer closed the quivering lips of the blood-stained murderer. Never shall I forget the one bitter look of imploring agony that he threw around him, as, almost immediately on stepping on the scaffold, his coat was rudely torn off his shoulders. He was then thrown down, the cords placed round his neck, which were drawn by the executioners until strangulation almost commenced, or, at least, until the luxation of the neck was effected. Another executioner then approached, bearing in his hands a heavy wheel, rimmed with iron, with which he first smashed his leg-bones, then his stomach, then his arms and chests, and, lastly, his head! I was, unfortunately, near enough to be witness of his mangled and bleeding body, being still convulsed, and it was carried down for interment; and in much less than twenty minutes from the first beginning of his torture, the corpse was completely covered with earth! Several large stones which were first thrown upon him, to be sure, hastened his last gasp, but he was at least a quarter of an hour in being mangled into eternity.'

Parisian Humour.—At a late private sitting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, M. G—l drew from his pocket an enormous packet of papers, and with great solemnity commenced a dissertation in favour of Mardonius, son-in-law of Darius, successor of Cambyses, and King of Persia. The learned academician proved, that Mardonius, who commanded the force which Xerxes left in Greece after the battle of Salamis, was a most skilful general, that his plan of campaign was admirable, and that the only error with which he could be reproached was allowing himself to be killed at the battle of Platæa. A subject so interesting to French auditors, of course could not fail of producing effect. When the academician concluded, the perpetual secretary addressed him as follows: 'My dear M. G—l, you combine policy with learning, for you have chosen the very moment when the Persian ambassador is in Paris, to defeat the son-in-law of Darius. The Schah will doubtless confer on you some distinguished mark of favour for the pains you have taken to defend the memory of the son-in-law of one of his predecessors, who has been dead nearly nineteen centuries.' After this, nobody will regard as too strong a caricature that scene in the *Marriage of Figaro* in which Dr. Bartholo enters into a long argument in favour of the fair Thalestris, to whom Alexander the Great made a promise of marriage.

Arnaut Costume.—The most curious part of the Arnaut dress is their boots, which they wear in war and in traveling; they are of silver, sometimes gilt

and curiously worked; they are in general made to cover the back and inside of the leg about half-way from the instep, and, being of different pieces united together, yield to the motion of the leg. Two circular and concave bits of silver are fitted to the ankle bones, to defend that prominent and tender part, so easily injured in travelling on foot amongst rocks and forests; they are sometimes worn also on the outside of the knees.

Anecdote of a British Sailor.—The conduct of a naval commander, in the reign of Queen Anne, who was ordered to cruise with a squadron within certain limits, on the coast of Spain, deserves to be recorded. Having received information that a Spanish fleet was in Vigo, beyond his limits, he resolved to risk his personal responsibility, for the good of his country, and accordingly attacked and defeated, with uncommon gallantry, the Spanish fleet. When he joined the admiral who commanded him, he was ordered under arrest, and was asked if he did not know that, by the articles of war, he was liable to be shot for disobedience of orders. He replied, with great composure, that he was very sensible that he was; but added, 'The man who is afraid to risk his life, in *any way*, when the good of his country requires it, is unworthy of a command in her majesty's service.

Castalian Spring.—The Castalian spring is clear, and forms an excellent beverage, but I confess that its waters produced none of those effects upon me, which were felt by travellers of more lively imaginations, or more tender stomachs than myself.

'Nil tum Castaliæ rivis communibus undæ,
Dissimiles.'

Dr. Spon, it seems, was converted into a poet by its draught! while, in Dr. Chandler (a far more credible fact), it manifested its effects in a stomach-ache and a shivering fit. But if similar results were the uniform product of the Castalian spring, we might expect to find all the inhabitants of Kastri particularly liable to frigid shiverings or poetic ecstacies.

The water which oozes from the rock was, in ancient times, introduced into a hollow square, where it was retained for the use of the Pythia and the oracular priests. Some steps that are cut in the rock formed a descent to this bath. The face and sides of the precipice which inclose the spring have been cut and flattened; it was no doubt anciently covered in; for it cannot be well imagined that the Pythoness laved her holy limbs in open day. A circular niche, which was probably designed for a statue, is cut in the face of the rock: a small arch and passage is seen on the western side, a little above the usual level of the spring; this was made to let off the superfluous water. At the opposite side is the diminutive chapel of St. John, which seems to have been contrived in order to exhibit the triumph of the cross over the adoration of Apollo and the Muses.

The fountain is ornamented with pendant ivory, and overshadowed by a large fig-tree; the roots of which have penetrated the fissures of the rock, while its wide-spreading branches throw a cool and refreshing gloom over this interesting spot. At the front of the spring we were gratified by the sight of a majestic plane-tree, that nearly defends it from the rays of the sun, which shines on it only a few hours in the day. Homer, in his hymn to Apollo, mentions the fount Delphonsa at this place; probably meaning the Castalian.

Coals.—Pitcoal, like all other bituminous substances, is composed of a fixed carbonaceous base in the state of bitumen, united to a small portion of earthy and saline matter, which constitute the ashes left behind when the coal is burnt. The proportions of these parts differ considerably in different kinds of coal; and according to the prevalence of one or either of them,

so the coal is more or less combustible; passing by various shades from the most inflammable coal into blind coal, Kilkenny coal, or stone coal, and lastly into a variety of earthy or stony substances, which, although they are inflammable, do not merit the appellation of coal.

All the varieties, however, used for fuel in this country, may be divided into three classes: the first comprehends those varieties which are chiefly composed of bitumen only, such as Cannel coal, Scotch Splent coal, some of the Staffordshire, Gloucestershire (Delph), and Newcastle coals, which take fire easily, burn briskly with a strong and yellowish-white blaze, produce no slag, and by a single combustion are reduced to light white ashes. The second class consists of all those varieties which contain a less quantity of bitumen, and a larger quantity of carbon than the first; and these are the '*strong burning* Newcastle coal,' of the London market, which burn with a flame less bright, and of a yellower colour (the last portion they are capable of yielding being always of a lambent blue), become soft after lying on the fire for some time, swell in bubbles, and pass into a state of semi-fusion, puff up and throw out tubercular scoriæ with a hissing noise, and small jets of flame. The third class includes all those varieties which are destitute of bitumen, being chiefly composed of carbon in a peculiar state of aggregation, evidently combined chemically with much earthy matter. They require a higher temperature to ignite them than either of the foregoing, and emit little or no smoke: when laid on the fire they burn with a feeble lambent flame, or, in some instances, without flame at all, but only a red glow like charcoal; at length consume, and leave a small portion of heavy ashes. Kilkenny, Welsh, and stone, or hard coal, belong to this class, and require a strong draught when burnt in an open fire-grate; the gaseous oxide of carbon, which they give out in combustion, being at the same time extremely offensive. They are nevertheless well calculated for drying malt and hops, burning lime or bricks, and other processes where blazing fuel is not required.

The Kamsin.—Of the Kamsin, a hot south wind, common in Egypt, we have the following account in Volney's Travels: 'These winds are known in Egypt by the general name of winds of fifty days, because they prevail more frequently in the fifty days preceding and following the equinox. They are mentioned by travellers under the name of the poisonous winds, or hot winds of the desert: their heat is so excessive, that it is difficult to form any idea of its violence without having experienced it. When they begin to blow, the sky, at other times so clear in this climate, becomes dark and heavy; the sun loses his splendor, and appears of a violet colour; the air is not cloudy, but grey and thick, and is filled with a subtle dust, which penetrates every where: respiration becomes short and difficult, the skin parched and dry, the lungs are contracted and painful, and the body consumed with internal heat. In vain is coolness sought for; marble, iron, water, though the sun no longer appears, are hot: the streets are deserted, and a dead silence appears every where. The natives of towns and villages shut themselves up in their houses, and those of the desert in tents, or holes dug in the earth, where they wait the termination of this heat, which generally lasts three days. Wo to the traveller whom it surprises remote from shelter: he must suffer all its dreadful effects, which are sometimes mortal.'

Indian Retribution.—A journal of the United States has the following anecdote.—'An Indian of Natchez had an altercation with one of his countrymen, and bit him severely in the hand; the latter declared himself maimed, and demanded the usual combat. The day is fixed; the tribe assemble; the champions advance, the offended man

armed, the offender without arms; both painted of different colours. They approach each other running, and stop at 15 paces distance. The man without arms uncovers his breast. His adversary rests calmly on his musket, drinks some draughts out of his gourd, and looks around. All on a sudden he utters a cry, takes aim at his enemy, fires, and hits him. While the offender is weltering in his blood, the other reloads his musket, presents it to the son of his dying adversary, retreats some paces, points with his finger to the place where the heart is seated, and receives the mortal wound. In all such cases it is necessary that both the champions perish.

Origin of the Coroner's Inquest.—A gentlewoman in London, after having buried six husbands, found a gentleman hardy enough to make her a wife once more. For several months their happiness was mutual; a circumstance which seemed to pay no great compliment to the former partners of her bed, who, as she said, had disgusted her by their sottishness and infidelity. In the view of knowing the real character of his amorous mate, the gentleman began frequently to absent himself, to return at late hours, and, when he did return, to appear as if intoxicated. At first, reproaches, but afterwards menaces, were the consequence of this conduct. The gentleman persisted, and seemed every day to become more addicted to his bottle: one evening, when she imagined him to be dead drunk, she unsewed a leaden weight from one of the sleeves of her gown, and, having melted it, she approached her husband, who pretended still to be sound asleep, in order to put it into his ear through a pipe; convinced of her wickedness, the gentleman started up, and seized her; when, having procured assistance, he secured her till the morning, and conducted her before a magistrate, who conducted her to prison. The bodies of her six husbands were dug up, and, as marks of violence were still discernible upon each of them, the proof of her guilt appeared so strong upon her trial, that she was condemned and executed. To this circumstance is England indebted for that useful regulation, by which no corpse can be interred in the kingdom without a legal inspection.

A new and cheap Conductor of Lightning and Fluid.—Mr. Capostolle, professor of chemistry in the department of the Somme, affirms that a rope of straw supplies the place of the expensive metal conductors. The experiments which he has made in the presence of many learned men, and which have been repeated by them, confirms, as he says, that the lightning enters a rope of straw, placed in its way, and passes through it into the ground so gently that the hand of a person holding the rope at the time does not perceive it. Mr. Capostolle brings the following proof of his assertion. It is well known, says he, that a severe shock is received by a person who immediately touches the Leyden vial. But if a person takes a rope of straw, only seven or eight inches long, in his hand, and touches, with the end of this rope, a Leyden vial, so strongly charged that an ox might be killed by it, he will neither see a spark nor feel the slightest shock. This is not enough. According to Mr. Capostolle's opinion, such a conductor made of straw, which would not cost above three francs, would be ablet o protect an extent of sixty acres of ground from hail; and if the houses and fields were protected in this manner, neither hail nor lightning could do any damage to them.

Cheap Dinner.—In the year 1752, a dinner was provided by John Hervey, Esq. at Wexford, for Colonel Tottenham, M. P., Cæsar Colclough, M. P., and John Grogan, Esqrs. the expense of which was only *eleven pence halfpenny*, viz. a cod, three-pence; a wigeon, three-pence; two pair of pigeons, three-pence; and a pair of rabbits, two-pence halfpenny.

King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.—The power of Solomon had spread his wisdom to the remotest parts of the known world. Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendor of his reputation, visited this poetical king at his own court. There one day, to exercise the sagacity of the monarch, Sheba presented herself at the foot of the throne; in each of her hands she held a wreath of flowers, one composed of natural, the other of artificial flowers. Art, in the labour of the mimic wreath, had exquisitely emulated the lively hues of nature—so that at the distance it was held by the queen for the inspection of the king, it was deemed impossible for him to decide, as her question imported, which wreath was the production of nature, and which the work of art. The sagacity of Solomon seemed perplexed; yet to be vanquished, though in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The son of David, he who had written treatises on the vegetable productions, 'from the cedar to the hyssop,' to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman, with shreds of paper and glazed painting! The honour of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished; and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length, an expedient presented itself to the king, and it must be confessed worthy of the natural philosopher. Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it should be opened; it was opened—the bees rushed into the court, and alighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. The baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

National Traits.—Every nation has its traits:—the Spaniards sleep upon every affair of importance—the Italians fiddle—the Germans smoke—the French promise every thing—the British eat—and the Americans talk upon every thing.

Illustration of a passage in Lord Byron's poem of 'The Bride of Abydos.'

> ——— 'by her Combolois lies
> A Koran of illumined dies;
> With many a bright emblazoned rhyme,
> By Persian scribes redeemed from time.'
>
> CANTO 2.

The note on this passage remarks only, that Combolois 'is the name for a Turkish rosary,' and that 'the MSS., particularly those of the Persians, are richly adorned and illuminated;' but although it might not immediately occur to the mind of the noble author, when he composed these lines, yet there is a more particular signification attached to them as they regard eastern illuminations. The curving character of the Persic language is excellently adapted for ornamental MSS., both as it regards caligraphy and painted decorations. The Persians are well aware of this advantage, and have accordingly devised a line composed of coloured flowers drawn upon gold, which, adapting itself to the inequality of the writing, completely encloses each line of text within its border. At the commencement of particular passages also, it is not uncommon to find a small portion of the matter incorporated with the ornament, and written in characters of gold or colours upon a back-ground of the richest patterns; and thus, as these illuminations are frequently to be found in poetical MSS. the rhyme *may be said to be emblazoned.* To those persons who are familiar with such books, instances will immediately occur; but others, who may never have noticed this peculiarity, may find the most beautiful specimens in the exquisite volume of poems given by the King of Persia to the East India Company, and preserved in the Asiatic library; in a very small Koran, in the same collection; and in the magnificent copy of Saadi, in the British Museum.

Singular Verdict.—A coroner's jury, which sat on the body of a young lady, in Baltimore, who had hung herself in a fit of love, brought in their verdict—*died by the visitation of Cupid.*

Henry the 1st of England.—Eustace, lord of Breteuil, who had married Juliana, one of the king's illegitimate daughters, had solicited the grant of a strong fortress, which was part of the ducal demesne. Henry entertained suspicions of his fidelity, but was unwilling to irritate him by an absolute refusal. It was agreed that two children, the daughters of Eustace and Juliana, should be given to Henry as hostages, for the allegiance of their father; and that the son of Harenc, the governor of the castle, should be intrusted to that nobleman, as a pledge for the cession of the place at the close of the war. Eustace was, however, dissatisfied: he tore out the eyes of the boy, and sent him back to his father. Harenc, frantic with rage, and impatient for revenge, demanded justice of Henry; who, unable to reach the person, bade him retaliate on the daughters of Eustace. Their innocence, their youth, their royal descent, were of no avail: the barbarian deprived them of their eyes, and amputated their noses; and Henry, with an affectation of stoic indifference, loaded him with presents, and sent him back to resume his command. The task of revenge now devolved on Juliana, who deemed her father the author of the sufferings of her daughters. Unable to keep Breteuil against the royal forces, she retired into the citadel; abandoned by the garrison, she requested a parley with the king; and as he approached the wall, pointed an arrow and discharged it at his breast. Her want of skill saved her from the guilt of parricide; and necessity compelled her to surrender at discretion. Had Henry pardoned her, he might, perhaps, have claimed the praise of magnanimity; but the punishment, which he inflicted, was ludicrous in itself, and disgraceful to its author. He closed the gate, removed the drawbridge, and sent her a peremptory order to quit the castle immediately. Juliana was compelled to let herself down, without assistance from the rampart, into the broad moat, which surrounded the fortress, and to wade through the water, which rose to her waist. At each step, she had to break the ice around her, and to suffer the taunts and ridicule of the soldiers, who were drawn out to witness this singular spectacle.

Gunpowder.—There seems little reason to doubt that gunpowder was introduced through the means of the Saracens into Europe. Its use in engines of war, though they may seem to have been rather like our fire-works than artillery, is mentioned by an Arabic writer in the Escurial collection, about the year 1249. It was known, not long afterwards, to our philosopher Roger Bacon, though he concealed, in some degree, the secret of its composition. In the first part of the fourteenth century, cannon, or rather mortars, were invented, and the applicability of gunpowder to purposes of war was understood. Edward III. employed some pieces of artillery with considerable effect, at Crecy. But its use was still not very frequent; a circumstance which will surprise us less when we consider the unscientific construction of artillery; the slowness with which it could be loaded; its stone balls, of uncertain aim and imperfect force, being commonly fired at a considerable elevation; and especially the difficulty of removing it from place to place during an action. In sieges, and in naval engagements, as for example, in the war of Chioggia, it was more frequently employed. Gradually, however, the new artifice of evil gained ground. The French made the principal improvements. They cast their cannon smaller, placed them on lighter carriages, and used balls of iron. They invented portable arms for a single soldier, which, though clumsy in comparison with their present state, gave an augury of a prodigious revolution in the military art. John, Duke of Burgundy, in 1411, had 4000 hand-cannon, as they were called, in his army. They are found, under different names and modifica-

tions of form, for which I refer the reader to professed writers on tactics, in most of the wars that historians of the fifteenth century record, but less in Italy than beyond the Alps. The Milanese, in 1449, are said to have armed their militia with 20,000 muskets, which struck terror into the old generals. But these muskets, supported on a rest, and charged with great delay, did less execution than our sanguinary science would require; and, uncombined with the admirable invention of the bayonet, could not in any degree resist a charge of cavalry. The pike had a greater tendency to subvert the military system of the middle ages, and to demonstrate the efficiency of disciplined infantry. Two free nations had already discomfited, by the help of such infantry, those arrogant knights on whom the fate of battles had depended; the Bohemians, instructed in the art of war, by their great master, John Zisca; and the Swiss, who, after winning their independence, inch by inch, from the house of Austria, had lately established their renown by a splendid victory over Charles of Burgundy. Louis XI. took a body of mercenaries from the United Cantons into pay. Maximilian had recourse to the same assistance; and, though the importance of infantry was not perhaps decidedly established till the Milanese wars of Louis XII, and Francis I, in the sixteenth century, yet the last years of the middle ages, according to our division, indicated the commencement of that military revolution in the general employment of pikemen and musketeers.

The Temple of Solomon.——The temple of Jerusalem stood in the lowest quarter of the city, at the distance of one hundred paces from the walls, in an easterly direction, and on Mount Moriah, the same whereon Abraham was to have immolated Isaac by a divine injunction. Solomon employed 30,000 workmen, and laid out immense sums in the preparations for cutting timber, hewing stones, and in the finishing of an edifice so august. It was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, but rebuilt by Zerubabel; 586 years after which rebuilding, it was consumed in the conflagration of the city under Titus.

At present, on the site and on the eastern part of Mount Moriah, where stood the Sanctum Sanctorum, a Turkish mosque appears, the entrance to which is through a quadrangle, 500 feet in length and 400 in width. Twelve gates open into this quadrangle, each under a sort of arch, containing four or five lamps; these serve as oratories to the Mahometans, when the doors of the temple are closed.

The whole exterior of this mosque is decorated with marble tablets and damask glazed tiles or lozenges, painted over with moresque gildings; affording a rich feast for the eyes, when exposed to the sun's rays, by the dazzling lustre which they emit. The roofing is of lead, and the panes of glass are of different colours.

In the interior are thirty-two pillars of grey marble, arranged in two rows; the sixteen largest support the first arch, and the others the dome, each having its pedestal and chapiter. Round about the pillars are handsome chandeliers, made of steel or gilt copper, wherein 7000 lamps are kept burning, from Thursday, after sunset, till Friday noon, and every year during the whole time of Ramadan, or Lent, which lasts a month.

In the centre of the mosque is a marble turret, with eighteen steps on the outside, leading to its summit: here the cadi takes his place every Friday, from twelve to two o'clock, during the celebration of the Mahometan rites.

To this building, as a substitute for the temple of Solomon, the Arabs give the name of *Haram;* besides which there is another called by them *Djâma-el-Hadra,* being the temple of the Virgin, about 100 or 120 paces from that of Solomon, towards the south. Next to the former, it is the most superb edifice in the Holy Land. Its

form is oblong, from north to south; the stone work is of a beautiful decription, as are also three arches, overlaid with lead, and standing on two rows of pillars of a grey stone.

The Lake Asphaltites, or the Dead Sea.—This whole region is evidently volcanic. A number of flourishing cities have, by a tremendous explosion, been overwhelmed with volcanic ravages, and are now covered with the bituminous and sulphureous waters of this bitter lake. Even in our times, it spouts forth volleys of smoke, and fresh crevices are continually opening on its banks. We may conceive that the Jordan formerly traversed the whole plain, and perhaps fell into the Mediterranean, through the valleys that extend in the direction of Gaza.

Analysis of the water of the Dead Sea.—The analysis was made in an iron-tinned vessel, sealed hermetically. When drawn out from the vase, it had no bituminous or other ill-scented flavour. It seemed a little discoloured, but quickly became transparent. The taste was very salt and bitter, and there were no visible traces of any microscopic animalculæ.

Its density, in the temperature of seventeen degrees centigrade, is of 12,283. It is such that a man may easily float on it, without an effort to swim, but not to the extent that Strabo makes mention of, that a person might stand upright in it, and not sink beneath the navel.

The water, exposed to a cold of seven degrees of thawing temperature, did not precipitate any salt, which proves that it is not saturated. But in that of fifteen degrees, when, by evaporation, it has lost 471 centiemes, or hundredth parts, of its weight, it will lay a deposit of marine salt. A hundred parts of the water leave, by evaporation, a saline residuum, which when thoroughly dried, and taking account of the marine acid, disengaged from it by the heat, weighs 2624.

Jordan and its Waters.—The water of Jordan is perfectly transparent, and has no perceptible taste. This transparence is disturbed a little, by an infusion of nitrate of barite and oxylate of ammoniac, which indicates that it must contain a portion of sulphate of calx. It also contains proportions of marine salt, and muriate of magnesia, with a very slight quantity of sulphate of calx. This last, however, is much more abundant in the waters of Jordan than in that of the Dead Sea.

Arabian Horses.—It was in Syria that I had opportunities of observing the finest horses of this description. The dearest and most rare are of the race of *Oœl Nagdi*. Bassora is their country; they are beautiful, gentle, exceedingly swift, of a bay-brown colour, and frequently dapple grey. Some possess an intelligence that appears wonderful. Examples are cited of an unbounded attachment to their masters. Valued at the high price of 3000 piastres. A mare was lately sold at St. d'Acre, for 15,000 piastres.

Different breeds.—The race of *Guelfè*, originally from Yemen, are patient, indefatigable, and extremely gentle, valued at about 1000 piastres. The *Saclâouy*, from the eastern part of the desert; price much the same. *Oœl Mefki*,—superb and stately, but less able to endure fatigue. The rich Turks of Damascus value them highly; they are procured from the adjacent deserts; price about 3000 piastres. *Oœal Sabi*, resemble the Mefki, but reckoned inferior; price from 1200 to 2000 piastres. *Oœl Tereide*, handsome, but apt to be restive, and with less of intelligence and boldness than the other breeds; price from 900 to 1000 piastres.

James Crichton.—(This is translated from a hand-bill printed at Venice, for the brothers Don. and Geo. Batt. Guerra, 1580.)—The Scotchman, whose name is James Crichton, is a young man of twenty years of age, upon the 15th of August last. He is

distinguished by a birth-mark, or mole, beneath his eye; he is master of ten languages; these are Latin and Italian, in which he is excellently skilled; Greek, in which he has composed epigrams; Hebrew, Chaldaic, Spanish, French, Flemish, English, and Scotch; and he is also acquainted with the German. He is deeply skilled in philosophy, in theology, and in astrology; in which science he holds all the calculations of the present day to be erroneous.

On philosophical and theological questions, he has frequently disputed with very able men, to the astonishment of all who have heard him. He possesses a most thorough knowledge of the Cabala. His memory is so astonishing, that he knows not what it is to forget; and, whenever he has once heard an oration, he is ready to recite it again, word for word, as it was delivered. He possesses the talent of composing Latin verses upon any subject which is proposed to him, and in every different kind of metre. Such is his memory, that even though these verses have been extemporary, he will recite them backwards, beginning from the last words in the verse. His orations are unpremeditated and beautiful; he is also able to disconrse upon political subjects with much solidity. In his person he is extremely beautiful; his address is that of a finished gentleman, even to a wonder; and his manner, in conversation, the most gracious which can be imagined. He is, in adtion to this, a soldier at all points, (*soldato a tutta botta,*) and has for two years sustained an honourable command in the wars of France. He has attained to great excellence in the accomplishments of leaping and dancing; and to a remarkable skill in the use of every sort of arms; of which he has already given proofs. He is a remarkable horseman, and breaker of horses, and an admirable jouster, (*giostrator esingolare.*) His extraction is noble; indeed, by the mother's side, regal; for he is allied to the royal family of the Stuarts. Upon the great question of the procession of the holy spirit, he has held disputations with the Greeks, which were received with the highest applause; and in these conferences has exhibited an incalculable mass of authorities, both from the Greek and Latin fathers, and also from the decisions of the different councils. The same exuberance is shown when he discourses upon the subjects of philosophy or theology; in which he has all Aristotle and the commentators at his finger ends, (*alle mani.*) St. Thomas and Duns Scotus, with their different disciples, the Thomists and Scotists, he has all by heart, and is ready to dispute in *utramque partem;* which talent he has already exhibited with the most distinguished success; and, indeed, such is his facility upon these subjects, that he has never disputed unless upon matters which were proposed to him by others.

The doge and his consort were pleased to hear him; and, upon doing so, testified the utmost amazement. He also received a present from the hands of his serene highness. Upon the whole, he is a wonder of wonders; insomuch so, that the possession of such various and astonishing talents, united in a body so gracefully formed, and of so sanguine and amiable a temperament, has given rise to many strange and chimerical conjectures. He has, at present, retired from town to a villa, to extend two thousand conclusions, embracing questions in all the different faculties, which he means, within the space of two months, to sustain and defend in Venice, in the church of St. John and St. Paul, not being able to give his attention both to his own studies, and to the wishes of those persons who would eagerly devote the whole day to hear him.

WOMAN AS SHE OUGHT TO BE.

I HAVE long wished to introduce to my readers a lady, who practises a certain art, so much like downright witchcraft, that it is well for her she is neither old nor ugly, or she would

certainly be in danger of the ordeal. Hitherto I have been deterred by the fear I may be accused of attempting to impose upon the public, by a revival of those stale superstitions, which the good sense of my countrymen ought to reject with contempt when applied to their own native land. There are some countries particularly appropriated to feats of magic, and supernatural agency, and events said to take place in these fortunate regions, are received with great respect by persons, who would reject them with sovereign contempt, were the scene laid any where else. A story of second sight, or witchcraft, is nothing, unless the *venue* is laid in the Highlands of Scotland, or some one of the western isles; and as to poisons, assassinations, adulteries, monkish villany, and sheeted spectres, one might tell such tales from morning till night, without alarming a single nursery, or disturbing a winter fire-side, unless they were Italianized, and the scene laid in the Apennines, in an old ruined castle.

Discouraged by these untoward circumstances, that lie in the way of all romantic adventure, and check the inventive powers of domestic genius, I have delayed until now the introduction of a character, particularly worthy of being studied by the rest of her sex, nor should I have gained sufficient courage to do it now, did I not flatter myself with being able to explain every thing, without resorting to the interposition of any extraordinary agency.

When I first became acquainted with this singular person, she was a young girl of about seventeen or eighteen, just entering upon the experiment of realising those dreams of the gay and beckoning world, which occupy the waking hours of anticipating youth. I remember it was at an assembly she first attracted my attention, though I could not till long afterwards tell exactly why; for her face, though sufficiently interesting, was not such a one as catches the roving eyes of a ball-room connoisseur, and her figure was no way particularly distinguished. Still there was that in her appearance which caused me to pay particular attention to her movements during the whole evening, in the course of which she led me into at least half a dozen mistakes, by her mysterious art.

I inquired of my friend Anthony Evergreen the name of the beautiful girl, with a wreath of roses about her hair, who danced with such exquisite grace and skill. Anthony was at that time, as at present, a complete connoisseur in these matters, and particularly valued himself on his knowledge of dancing, having taken private lessons of the celebrated Vestris, during two whole winters. 'You mean,' said he, 'the tall lady in spangles and feathers, I presume?' 'I presume I mean no such thing, I mean the middle-sized lady dancing opposite to her, who has neither spangles nor feathers, that I can see.' 'My good friend,' replied Anthony—'you never was more mistaken in your life, if you say that lady is a fine dancer. Why she hasn't performed a single step in the whole cotillion—take notice, and see if I am not right.'

As no man likes to have his taste questioned, even in the most insignificant affairs, I felt myself called upon to support mine, and for this purpose watched the lady for some time, in order to detect Anthony in an error. Insensibly, however, I was so completely beguiled by the easy grace, the gentle, chastened activity, with which she sailed through the mazes of the dance, without study or effort, that I quite forgot the original motive for this scrutiny, and to this day cannot tell whether she executed any steps or not. I recollect, however, there were other ladies in the set, who paid such special attention to their feet, that they seemed to forget dancing did not entirely consist in feats of extraordinary agility that would do honour to a harlequin at the theatre, or a clown at the circus.

'Well,' said Evergreen, when the dance was finished, 'am I right, or am I wrong?' 'O, perfectly right, if you mean that dancing consists in such

enormities as that lady yonder committed in the last cotillion. However, 'not to dispute the point, I confess, if you please, she takes no steps—they are something a great deal better. I hope now you won't deny that she is the best dressed woman in the room, after I have shown such exemplary moderation in giving up this point.' 'Pooh!'—said Anthony, rather unceremoniously, as if he thought I was bantering—'Pooh--why she has nothing on her, but a white muslin frock, and that paltry wreath of rose buds. I confess her foot is pretty, but then look what a shoe!—It wants glitter, sir—it wants glitter.' What was very provoking, I found on a closer inspection Anthony was right, and yet, such was the mysterious power exercised by this singular young lady, that even this conviction did not destroy the illusion. I continued during the rest of the evening to admire her, as the best dressed woman in the room, although she wore nothing but a muslin frock and wreath of rose buds, and had not a single ornament on her shoes.

I met her frequently afterwards in public parties, and at social fire-sides, where an acquaintance commenced that was only interrupted by my retirement into the country. On such occasions, though surrounded by women dressed in all the splendour of this age of wasteful prodigality, she always seemed to outdo them all; and I had often the pleasure of hearing my judgment confirmed by persons who had refined their taste by the habitual contemplation of classical models. The same mystery pervaded her behaviour and conversation, though the one never challenged observation, and the other neither sparkled or astonished. In the whole course of our acquaintance, at that time and since, I cannot remember that she uttered any regular witticism, or special wise saying. All I know is, that without taking any pains to show off in studied declamation, her chat was playful, sometimes attic, and always characterised by a species of feminine good sense that gave it a sort of dignity, which awakened respect, without exciting any feeling of inferiority. Her conversation did not abound in fine sayings, but pleased from its general character, and if any thing, more in the recollection than the actual enjoyment. In recalling these things, I have often been struck with little hits of character, and nice touches of wit or discrimination, that escaped my notice at the time they were uttered. She never, I observed, tasked her own mind to appear striking, or drew draughts upon others that might be inconvenient to pay, in those hours of evening relaxation, when men seek society to indulge in that easy interchange of thought which asks no effort, and courts neither admiration nor applause. On these occasions she always appeared to advantage, especially when a *blue stocking* happened to be present. Though I have seen her deserted for the society of one of these declamatory ladies, I never failed to observe the recreants who had unwarily been attracted by some emphatic harangue, return, after listening and yawning a little while, to the shrine of unpretending modest propriety.

Something more than a year after our acquaintace, I commenced my seclusion in the country, and we did not meet for some years. On my return to the city I learned she was married to a young fellow of small fortune, who had been attached to her for a considerable time. Assuming the privilege of an old friend, and an old man, I called to see her, and was received with such unaffected hospitality both by herself and husband, that I renewed my intimacy, and am now quite domesticated in the house, where a goodly arm-chair is always reserved for my special use.

Though my friend had now passed the hey-day of youth, I still found the same mysterious witchcraft hovering around her, and pervading every part of the establishment over which she presided. The first time I entered the house I was alarmed with an air of gentility, and expense, which, knowing the confined incomeof the husband,

I could not help thinking reflected on the prudence of the wife. Every part seemed to be finished with a degree of liberality, not to say profusion, that apparently vied with the splendour of our most profuse and wealthy citizens. As usual, too, the lady appeared dressed quite as much beyond the sphere of her income, as were the decorations of her house; and, although I never found her without something about the parlour indicating she had been employed, still she looked and acted and spoke so like a perfect lady, that I could not stretch my faith to a belief of her having been actually busy in such a fine dress as she seemed to wear.

The first time I dined there the like appearance completely imposed on me, and I went away in the evening accusing my little friend of wastefulness in the dinner, as well as extravagance in the table equipage. In short, not to impose too much on the credulity of my readers, by further details respecting this uncommon species of magical delusion, I was completely the dupe of this domestic Armida, and believed her husband on the high road to speedy ruin. This error continued to make me uneasy for a considerable time, until, luckily, I thought of resorting to my old custom of analysing; a habit I recommend to my readers, as furnishing an almost certain antidote to every species of deception.

The first discovery I was enabled to arrive at by this method, was, that the furniture of the enchanted house was in reality neither expensive or splendid, but on the contrary very plain; and that it owed its sole charm to a certain uniform simplicity in the style and arrangement, which gave it that air of attic elegance which had deceived me so completely. There was no glare about the rooms; no tinsel or gaudy colours; none of that common and vulgar contrast we see so often, between the extreme of finery in one part, and the extreme of meanness in the other. It was a family circle; where every object possessed a kindred likeness, and evidently partook of the same general physiognomy. The servants neither wore livery nor gold lace; but then it was a pleasure to receive a glass of water from them, for they were always clean, and never out at the elbows.

Proceeding in the development of this web of magic, I went so far as to count the dishes at one of these imaginary sumptuous dinners, and also to examine with a critical eye the table equipage, piece by piece. To my utter astonishment, there were but three dishes of meat, but then they were well cooked, and neatly served. What I had mistaken for finery in the table equipage, turned out to be nothing more than a table-cloth as white as snow, with spoons and knives and forks, as bright as silver. Here, as in all the other household arrangements, the same sense of propriety, the same congruity of one part with another, the same nice adaptation of means and objects, joined in the easy deportment, and graceful suavity of the mistress, constituted all the mystery of that deception under which I had laboured.

The great key, however, to the whole enchantment I found at last was in the presiding genius of this admirable wife. It was she that threw this air of elegance on all around, and metamorphosed even the old-fashioned arm-chair into a superb Grecian sofa. Versed from her childhood in all the indescribable secrets of good-breeding, familiar with all its essential attributes, and taught by long experience the lesson which only experience can teach, she remained mistress of herself on all occasions, and being always at her ease, made every one easy around her. She knew that the splendours of vulgarity, far from disguising, only rendered it more glaring, as the ornaments of ugliness increase its deformity; and that nothing so completely destroys the involuntary respect we pay to equipage and show, as the knowledge that they are exhi-

bited by those, who either enjoy them at the expense of the essential comforts of life, or of some industrious mechanic, who will never be paid. In one word, she knew that a well-bred woman, gifted with a nice sense of propriety, will make a house appear more genteel than all the fine decorations in the world.

GODIVA.

Leofric, Earl of Leicester, was the lord of a large feudal territory in the middle of England, of which Coventry formed a part. He lived in the time of Edward the Confessor; and was so eminently a feudal lord, that the hereditary greatness of his dominion appears to have been singular even at that time, and to have lasted with an uninterrupted succession from Ethelbald to the Conquest,—a period of more than three hundred years. He was a great and useful opponent of the famous Earl Goodwin.

Whether it was owing to Leofric or not, does not appear; but Coventry was subject to a very oppressive tollage; by which it would seem that the feudal despot enjoyed the greater part of the profit of all marketable commodities. The progress of knowledge has shown us how abominable, and even how unhappy for all parties, is an injustice of this description; yet it gives one an extraordinary idea of a mind in those times, to see it capable of piercing through the clouds of custom, of ignorance, and even of self-interest, and petitioning the petty tyrant to forego such a privilege. This mind was Godiva's. The other sex, always more slow to admit reason through the medium of feeling, were then occupied to the full in their warlike habits. It was reserved for a woman to anticipate whole ages of liberal opinion, and to surpass them in the daring virtue of setting a principle above a custom.

The countess entreated her lord to give up his fancied right; but in vain. At last, wishing to put an end to her importunities, he told her, either in a spirit of bitter jesting, or with a playful raillery, that could not be bitter with so sweet an earnestness, that he would give up his tax, provided she rode through the city of Coventry naked. She took him at his word; and said she would. One may imagine the astonishment of a fierce unlettered chieftain, not untinged with chivalry, at hearing a woman, and that too of the greatest delicacy and rank, maintaining seriously her intention of acting in a manner contrary to all that was supposed fitting for her sex, and at the same time forcing upon him a sense of the very beauty of her conduct by its principled excess. It is probable, that as he could not prevail upon her to give up her design, he had sworn some religious oath when he made his promise: but be this as it may, he took every possible precaution to secure her modesty from hurt. The people of Coventry were ordered to keep within doors, to close up all their windows and outlets, and not to give a glance into the streets upon pain of death. The day came; and Coventry, it may be imagined, was silent as death. The lady went out at the palace door, was set on horseback, and at the same time divested of her wrapping garment, as if she had been going into a bath; then taking the fillet from her head, she let down her long and lovely tresses, which poured around her body like a veil; and so, with only her white legs remaining conspicuous, took her way through the streets.

JAMES WATT, ESQ.

If to have made the most important discovery of modern times, rendered the most lasting benefits to his country, increased, independently, the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible, all over the world, the materials of wealth and prosperity; if to have armed the feeble hand of man with a power to which no limits can be assigned, completed the dominion of mind over the

most refractory qualities of matter, and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations; if all these are claims to immortality, then will the fame of Watt be perpetuated by the discovery of the steam engine.

It may, perhaps, be said that Mr. Watt was only the improver of the steam engine; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he deserves the title of inventor. 'It was by his inventions, that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivances, it has become a thing stupendous, alike for its force and its flexibility—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility, with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush matters of obdurate metal like wax before it,—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin, and forge anchors,—cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves *.'

As the name of Watt is so completely identified with the steam engine, to the continued improvement of which the best part of a long life was devoted, a short history of this wonderful invention cannot here be deemed misplaced.

It has been generally admitted, that the principle of the steam engine was discovered by the Marquis of Worcester, and described by him in his 'Century of Inventions;' but Mr. Millington, in his lectures at the Royal Institution on this subject, stated, that he had heard of a still older writer, an Italian, by whom the principle, at least, was mentioned, so early as 1639. The marquis's curious work was published in 1663, but it was not until nearly forty years after that any application of the principle was made.

This was by a Mr. Savery, who obtained a patent for an 'engine for raising water by fire.' Mr. Savery applied his machine to the draining of the tin mines in Cornwall, and in most instances, where the depth was not considerable, he succeeded. He has set forth the nature and principles of his engine in a very explicit manner, in a little work entitled, 'The Mariner's Friend,' printed in 1702.

The limited success of Mr. Savery excited the attention of several ingenious mechanics, among whom were Mr. Newcomen, an ironmonger, a man of considerable reading, who was well acquainted with the celebrated Dr. Hooke, and his writings and projects; and Mr. Crawley, a glazier, of Dartmouth, in Devonshire. After many ingenious improvements, Mr. Savery, Mr. Newcomen, and Mr. Crawley, united, and obtained a patent, in 1705, for that particular machine which has ever since been known by the name of Newcomen's engine.

The great difference between Savery's original engine and Newcomen's improved one, is, that the former raises water by the force of steam, but, in the latter, the operation is effected by the pressure of the atmosphere, and steam is employed merely as the most expeditious method of producing a vacuum, in which the atmospherical pressure may impel the first mover of the machine. Another superiority of Newcomen's engine over that of Savery was in the moderate heat required to work it, and the consequent less expense of fuel; its form also rendered it applicable to almost any mechanical purpose.

Notwithstanding all these improvements, it was seven years before the steam engine ensured the public con-

* The Scotsman, Sept. 4.

fidence; considerable difficulty was found in ascertaining the precise moment to open and shut the cocks, until these subordinate movements were simplified by Mr. Beighton, a very ingenious artist in 1717.

The great obstacle to the extensive use of the steam engine at this time, was the prodigious expenditure of coals, as a large one working night and day consumed at the rate of nearly 4000 chaldron of good coals in a year. A thousand fruitless attempts were made to reduce this consumption, but science was not sufficiently developed for the discovery. At the time that Mr. Watt was called on to notice the steam engine, Dr. Black, whose pupil he had been, made the discovery of *latent* heat, which showed the way of estimating the relation that subsisted between the heat expended and the quantity of steam produced.

Mr. Watt soon discovered a variety of curious facts relative to the production and condensation of steam; he found that not less than three or four times the quantity of steam was wasted in comparison of that which went to the working of the engine; he made many attempts to diminish this waste, but found that no real and effectual saving could be obtained, so long as the condensation was performed in the cylinder. He attempted it in another place; the experiment was conducted on the simplest plan, and it succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. He repeated it in a more accurate manner; the condensation was so rapid, that he could scarcely measure the time taken up in the performance of it. The vacuum in the cylinder was according to the hopes he had indulged, almost perfect. The water produced by the condensed steam, and the air extricated from it, required pumps to extract them, which, at length, Mr. Watt succeeded in working by the great beam.

During the progress of these improvements, Mr. Watt made many experiments on the quantity and density of the steam of boiling water. By th[illegible]s convinced, that, although he had greatly diminished the waste of steam, yet, that the quantity still expended during the rise of the piston, was at least three times more than would fill the cylinder. Mr. Watt's fertile genius immediately suggested to him the expedient of employing the elasticity of the steam from the boiler, to impel the piston down the cylinder, in place of the pressure of the atmosphere; and, by this improvement, he restored the engine to its first principles, making it an engine really moved by steam and not by air.

The improvements which Mr. Watt had now effected, were 1st. The condensation in a separate vessel, which increased the original powers of the engine, and greatly diminished the waste of steam; 2d. Employing the elastic pressure of the steam, instead of that of the atmosphere, which diminished the waste still more, rendered the engine more manageable, and enabled the operator to suit the power of the engine to its work, in almost any given proportion.

Such is a very brief outline of the history of the steam engine, which, however imperfect, will show how much it has been indebted to Mr. Watt; it was this that recommended him to Mr. Matthew Boltoun, of Soho, who joined with him in the patent, which, by its success, has proved its advantages. Mr. Watt's engines have always maintained their superiority; and the greatest mechanical object ever contemplated was, a few years since, on the point of being executed by this machine. The states of Holland were in treaty with Messrs. Watt and Boulton for draining the Haerlem Meer, and even reducing the Zuyder Zee, when the revolutionary war defeated the gigantic project.

On the advantages of steam engines, in a national point of view, it is quite unnecessary to dilate; their application has now become so extensive, that the saving of men and horses is immense. A single engine having a cylinder of thirty-one inches in diameter, will perform the work of 120 horses; and, for every hundred weight

of coal consumed, 20,000 cubic feet of water may be raised twenty-four feet high. It was said many years ago, and when steam engines were not used half so much as at present, that they were to the nation at large a saving of 75,000l. per day.

The life of an individual devoted to science does not possess many incidents unconnected with his favourite pursuit, and the memoirs of Mr. Watt will always be found in the history of the steam engine; but such brief notice as we have been enabled to collect we shall lay before our readers.

James Watt was born in the city of Glasgow, in the year 1736. His parents were highly respectable, and though not affluent, were able to give their children, what, to the honour of Scotland, is not uncommon, a good education. In his earlier years, young Watt was very reserved in his manner, and would often separate himself from his companions, to devote those hours to the improvement of his mind which they were spending in childish amusements.

Having finished his grammatical studies, and acquired considerable knowledge in the several branches of the useful sciences, he was, at the age of sixteen, apprenticed to an 'instrument-maker:' a profession which included the making and repairing of the instruments used in experiment, in mechanics, and natural philosophy—theodolites, quadrants, musical instruments, &c.

When Mr. Watt had completed the term of his apprenticeship, which, in Scotland, is generally limited to three years, he came to London, and worked about a year with a mathematical instrument-maker, in town, from which he acknowledged he received considerable advantage, as it enabled him to acquire a more ready method of despatching business.

He now returned to his native country, and commenced business, uniting the several arts of mathematical and musical instrument making, with those of measuring and land surveying. By his industry he obtained a comfortable subsistence, and the means of pursuing a course of experiments on which his mind was bent.

While he was thus employed, one of those fortunate incidents occurred, which so frequently call into action the talents of great minds when buried in obscurity. The professor who lectured on natural philosophy, at the University of Glasgow, had occasion to apply to Mr. Watt to repair the model of a steam engine, which, by length of time, had become unfit for exhibiting to the class the powerful effects of steam. The mind of the artist was struck with the contrivance of the engine, and he instantly perceived its very defective construction, and contemplated improvements which would render it more generally subservient to the uses of society. From this hour, his whole soul was fixed upon the improvement of the steam engine. Every other object was subordinate, every other pursuit was followed for the sake of subsistence—the steam engine was to lay the foundation of his future fame and fortune. How far it has done so we have shown in the early part of this memoir.

Mr. Watt had married a lady without fortune, and was ineffectually struggling for the means of carrying into effect his important discoveries, when, in 1775, he became acquainted with Mr. Boulton, with whom he formed that connexion which has been so advantageous to themselves and so beneficial to this country. Sometime after he had settled at Birmingham, he married a second wife, Miss M'Gregor, of Glasgow, a lady of superior attainments and accomplishments. By her he had no issue, but he has left a son by his first wife, who was long associated with him in his business and his studies; he has also left two grandchildren by a daughter who died some years ago.

In early life, Mr. Watt, in conjunction with Dr. Black, made a variety of experiments on latent heat; and he was long and intimately acquainted

with Dr. Priestley, Dr. Darwin, and M. De Luc.

The mind of Watt has shown itself capable of a thousand inventions, which, though of less utility than the grand object of his life, are not without considerable advantages; among these we may notice his copying machines, which have come into general use.

Mr. Watt had, for many years, retired from business, but his mind continued actively employed on scientific improvements. He perfected an apparatus for the medical application of factitious airs; and the amusement of his latter days was the contrivance of a machine for imitating and multiplying statuary, which he brought to a considerable state of perfection. On his last visit to Scotland, which was in the autumn of 1817, he distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances, as the productions of a young artist just entering on his eighty-third year. Thus happy in his domestic connexions, in the complete enjoyment of his extraordinary intellect, respected and beloved by the wise and good of every country, and having attained the great age of eighty-four years, his useful and honourable life was terminated, after an illness of short duration, rather of debility than pain, by an easy and tranquil death. He died on the 25th of August, at his seat of Heathfield, near Birmingham.

Mr. Watt was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1784; of the Royal Society of London in 1785; and a member of the Batavian Society in 1787: in 1806, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the spontaneous and unanimous vote of the Senate of the University of Glasgow; and, in 1808, he was elected a member of the National Institute of France.

The character of this estimable man was as amiable in private life as it was distinguished in public; and few individuals possessed so much and such varied information. His steam engine is probably the most perfect production of physical and mechanical skill which the world has yet seen: while, in the variety, extent, and importance of its applications, it certainly far transcends every similar invention. So great was the activity and power of his mind, that he not only embraced the whole compass of science, but was deeply learned in many departments of literature; and such was the felicity of his memory, that it retained, without effort, all that was confided to it. He was still more distinguished, not only by that highest prerogative of genius, promptness, and fertility of invention, but also by its rare and happy union with a calm and sagacious judgment, regulated and matured by those habits of patient attention and investigation, without which no great production of human art was ever carried to perfection. His manners were marked by the simplicity which generally characterises exalted merit; he was perfectly free from parade and affectation; and though he could not be unconscious either of the eminent rank he held among men of science, or those powers of mind by which he had attained it, yet his character was not debased by the slightest taint of vanity or pride.

A VISIT TO THE ESCURIAL.

Before I quitted, perhaps for ever, the capital of Spain, I determined to visit the ancient edifice where repose the kings of that beautiful country. The day was on the decline when I arrived within the walls of the Escurial. The last rays of the setting sun tinged its Gothic windows with a melancholy hue. I wandered slowly through this gloomy abode, where lies wrecked the grandeur of those potentates; but it was above all at the tomb of the haughty raiser of this magnificent building, that I found ample food for my sadness. Here, said I to myself, I tread upon the ashes of a tyrant, of an unnatural father. Here, in this pompous monument, rests the assassin of the graces and of virtue; the murderer of that charming Elizabeth, who

was the idol and the hope of France. Unfortunate princess! what a destiny was thine! a fatal* marriage tore from thee thy father, thy lover, and united thee to an odious monster, who punished thee because thou couldst not love him! While indulging in these sorrowful reflections, I seemed to see the plaintive shade of the daughter of the race of Valois wander near me, and reproach the barbarous Philip for his cruel jealousy. My imagination carried me back to those calamitous days when the feeling Carlos and the beautiful Elizabeth cursed the brilliant yoke which enchained them, and envied the straw-roofed cot of the humble labourer. Alas! the diadem of kings could not check the tears of the luckless daughter of Henry. A life of trouble, a tragical death, such was the doom of the most virtuous of women! Indignation seized me at the sight of her persecutor's tomb; and in spite of the respect which we owe to the remains of the dead, I was on the point of cursing his memory; but unwilling to profane the majesty of this awful place, I quitted the temple, and turned my steps towards the humble burial-place, where rest the ashes of the hieronymite monks, who reside in the monastery.

My soul found a solace in contemplating the modest tombs of these pious recluses: unquiet and tumultuous thoughts, painful remembrances, keen regrets, all disappeared—the calmness of the spot was shared by my heart. To enjoy still more this state of tranquillity, I seated myself upon one of the tombs by which I was surrounded: and there, in a softened voice, exclaimed:—'No illustrious names are engraven here in letters of gold; no marble, no porphyry retraces or perpetuates the image and the remembrance of these righteous solitaries; simple like their lives, these monuments do not astonish the eye, but they cover the remains of the virtuous. The flowers which grow on these mouldering graves have been watered by the tears of friendship. What feeling heart is there that would not prefer this touching picture to the pomp of those magnificent sepulchres, which the pride of the living delights in consecrating to the memory of the dead.' The expiring day, the hymn of the melancholy nightingale, the murmuring sounds from the cypresses, which seemed to me like the accents of the departed just whom I was now honouring, all united to plunge me deeper into meditation, when suddenly the silence which reigned around me was broken by a concert of voices, which sung the praises of the Most High.

Prompted by an irresistible impulse, I once more entered the church. Heavens! what an august spectacle met my sight! Two hundred hieronymites on their knees, their brows bent to the dust, offered up to the King of Kings the homage of an irreproachable life. Those long vaults, where rest the masters of Spain, now echoed with the sacred songs of the humble ministers of the Deity. This mixture of the obscure living and the illustrious dead; of the magnificence of the edifice, and the simplicity of manners of the worshippers in it; the astonishing contrast between the founder and inhabitants of it; to what different reflections from those which I had lately made, did they not all give birth! The remembrance of guilty grandeur had driven me from this scene; the accents of humble virtue brought me back. Deeply affected by these angelic hymns, I joined my feeble voice to those of the good recluses, and our united prayer ascended to the eternal throne.

The service being ended, all was again silent. The hieronymites returned to their cells, and I was about to quit the Escurial, when I saw a monk, who was still on his knees at the tomb of Charles V. and lost in meditation. His aspect was calculated to in-

* It was on the occasion of the marriage of Elizabeth of France with Philip II that Henry II. gave the tournament in which he was killed by Montgomery.

spire reverence. The mild serenity which was pictured on his venerable brow, his bald head, his trembling hands raised to heaven, his eyes closed to earthly objects, every thing in his person contributed, indeed, to make him an object of the profoundest respect. I did not dare to interrupt him, for I should have thought it a crime to place myself between him and the Divinity. Yet I could not bring myself to depart, without having obtained from this virtuous being one look, which I figured to myself must be that of the angel of peace. Motionless, I was silently contemplating him, when the bell of the monastery roused him from his meditative posture. He rose, as if with reluctance, and slowly quitted the altar. As he passed by, he perceived me, and astonished to see a stranger so near him, he spoke to me a few obliging words, and was then going on his way; but I stopped him. 'Oh, Father,' said I, 'have the kindness to spare me a word or two more. Tell me, does happiness dwell here?' At this unexpected question the good old man cast on me a look of surprise, and seemed to hesitate whether he should reply; but at length taking me by the hand, 'Stranger,' he said, 'behold this tomb. It encloses the dust of one of the most powerful monarchs of the earth. Charles V. gave laws to Europe; he made his subjects tremble; he overwhelmed with the weight of his pride the kings who were his allies; he trampled upon those who were his enemies; he knew the intoxication of power, the exultation of victory, the sweets of adulation—these were his—do you think then he was happy? History answers no! Undeceive yourself, therefore, with respect to the illusions of rank, the charms of opulence, the enjoyments of vanity, the vain pleasures of the world.' 'There is, then, no such a thing as happiness below?' 'What! after the example which I have placed before you, are you not yet convinced of the nothingness of all earthly things? Come with me, and explore this pantheon, which contains our ancient sovereigns; question their ashes;—they will attest to you, more strongly than I can, how true were the words of the wise man, when he exclaimed, 'Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!' 'I think as you do; happiness, therefore, is nothing but an imaginary being, which hope shows to us afar off, but which we never must hope to reach.'

At these words, my guide paused for a moment, then turning towards me, he said, 'Mortal, so proud of thy being, what art thou in the eyes of him who knows how to estimate things at their real value? Nothing but a little organised dust, which a breath of the Creator has thrown upon this world of exile, and which another breath can make disappear from it. Like those brilliant congelations which we admire, and which a single beam of the sun can dissipate, thou vanishest in an instant, and in thy rapid progress art unable to seize that happiness which is still more fugitive than thyself. Aware as thou art of this sad truth, believe, O my son! that this existence would not be a benefit, if it were not given us for the purpose of labouring to merit a better. If you are so fortunate as to be convinced of this last consoling truth, it will assist you to bear all the calamities which await you in your course. The true Christian despises the caprices of fate, the loss of fortune, the prosecutions of the wicked, the shafts of calumny: strong in his innocence and the succour of his God, he dreads nothing, and resigns himself to all.' 'I have then,' exclaimed I enthusiastically, 'discovered a happy man; for with such principles, father, you must be one.' 'Doubtless I am.' 'But how did you succeed in seizing this fugitive shadow?' 'By consecrating myself to God, in making to him the sacrifice of my passions.' 'And is there no other way of obtaining felicity?' 'I have proved to you that there is not.' 'But when our destiny has thrown us into the midst of the world, ought we to quit the world, and bury ourselves

here?' 'I am far from thinking so: God did not form us all for retirement; and it is a noble act to brave the contagion of vice, in order to rescue from its perils those weak minds who would perhaps fall, if they were not surrounded by examples of virtue.' 'Venerable recluse! you whom wisdom seems to inspire, tell me, I conjure you, by what means may be preserved, amidst the tumult of the world, that calm of heart which is your portion.'

'My son, we must perform our duties, destroy our illusions, and repel flattery.' As he spoke these words, the old man departed: but those last words made a deep impression on my heart. This solemn lesson, the time, the place, the images around me, what a combination of awe-inspiring ideas! What a glorious moment was that in which, standing on the grave of one of the most powerful monarchs, an unknown recluse demonstrated to a presumptuous youth the frailty of his being. That simple voice, which blended with the eloquent voice of death; that sage counsel, sanctified by eighty years of virtue and knowledge, and given before the altar of the Omnipotent by one of his elect, now ready to appear in his presence—what heart of iron would not have been moved by them? What effect, then, must they not have produced on a tender mind, wounded by misfortune, and which felt the indispensable want of celestial support. Tired by the storms of life, I embraced, amidst the shade of tombs, the altar of Him in whom I hoped to find a sure asylum. When we have tasted the calm of solitude, how difficult it is to bring ourselves once more to a world so frivolous, and so wicked! It was, however, necessary for me to quit this majestic temple; but as I walked under its high-arched roof, I could not help repeating to myself the last words of the monk, of that virtuous man whom I was never again so see, but whom I shall never forget. *To perform our duties, to destroy our illusions!* 'This,' said I, 'is the advice which wisdom itself has dictated to me. Yes! I will be faithful to it. I swear it, before these formidable doors, which are for ever closed on their founder.' As I pronounced this oath, I reached the western front of the Escurial. Then, leaning against the beautiful columns which decorate the entrance of it, I cast a long and last look on that gate which never opens but twice to its august masters;* and I could not resist the melancholy ideas which crowded on me, when I thought of those kings, those princes, who, glowing with youth and hope, had entered these walls with a light step, without thinking, perhaps, that they should return within them no more till the mantle of death had taken on them the place of the royal purple.

Terrified by these gloomy ideas, I quitted the spot, and intended to take the road to Madrid; but, too absorbed in my own reflections, I lost myself in those vast mountains, the ramparts of Old Castile, on the brow of which the cruel Philip seated his monastery; as if he wished that this barren and precipitous situation should announce to the traveller the entrance of the temple of death. Nothing less than a storm which now arose would, I believe, have drawn me from my reverie. The noise of the tempest tore me from my reflections, and I found myself alone in nature. The thunder, which rolled majestically over my head, the night which spread its veil around me, the desert in which I wandered, the tone of my mind, all tended to make this an awful scene. Unmoved by fear, but filled with reverence for Him who commands the storm, I raised my suppliant hands to my Creator, and from the bottom of heart addressed to him a fervent prayer. Ardently do I hope that that prayer mingled with the

* The western front of the Escurial has a beautiful entrance, formed of columns of the Doric order, and on each side two large and fine gates. This principal entry is never opened for the kings of Spain and the princes of their their house, but on two solemn occasions—their coming of age and their death.

bursts of thunder, and poured forth on the summit of a mountain, was graciously heard. For temple, a desert rock; for torches, the lightning; for witness, the protecting angel of my steps; for offering, a contrite and submissive heart! Had the Eternal then thought fit to recal me to his bosom, I dared to cherish the belief that in his eyes I should have found grace.

COCKNEYISM VINDICATED.

SIR—As, from local circumstances, the greatest portion of your readers must necessarily be natives, or, at least, inhabitants of this vast metropolis, it is presumed that any thing relating to it must possess some interest; it is from this conviction that I am induced to vindicate the natives of London from a charge, a thousand times repeated, viz. that of their having *corrupted* and *debased* the English language. To support this accusation, the dialect of the present age is adduced as the standard, which, however, is far from the truth, and it is certain that there is a less number of provincial words and expressions in use in London and its vicinity than in any other part of the kingdom: the verbal peculiarities are comparatively few, and what is called vulgarity is barely a residue of what was anciently the established national dialect, at different periods from time immemorial.

The dialects in England are not from one common parent, but differ as much as the language and manners of the nations from whence they have been derived. The dialect of the northern counties, including Scotland, is for the most part Saxon, while that of the western counties is of British growth. In Kent, Sussex, and the other southern counties, are to be found many Gallicisms; and lastly, in London (the great Babel of them all) every language will be found incorporated, though that of the genuine Cockney is principally composed of Saxonisms; and it will not be difficult to show that, however ridiculous they may appear to those not born within the sound of Bow bell, yet that the cockneys, who content themselves with the received language and pronunciation which has descended to them unimpaired and unaugmented, through a long line of ancestry, have not corrupted their native tongue, but are in general right; and, moreover, that even those very words which appear to be distorted in pronunciation are for the most part fairly and analogically formed.

That the pronunciation and use of some words are a little deformed by the natives of London, must be admitted; but yet these are words of inheritance, which have been handed down from ear to ear without any intermediate assistance, and therefore admit of much vindication.

To the grand charge against the cockneys of transposing the *w* and the *v*, I shall not at present reply; but should you deem the subject of sufficient interest to permit of a second communication, I shall offer some palliation, if I do not entirely vindicate my fellow citizens in this also. I shall now therefore proceed to notice some of the principal *corruptions* of which the natives of London are accused; and first, of the use of redundant negatives such as '*I don't know nothing about it.*'

This accumulation of negatives is of no modern date among the cockneys, nor is it their own manufacture. Taking the language of France for a moment as a model, we find that a question is answered negatively, by '*Je ne sçai pas;*' and the Londoner in the same phraseology says, '*I don't* know *nothing* about it.' Now if this abundance of negatives be esteemed an elegance in the French language, the cockney will say, why not in English?

The citizen, who having misland his hat at the London tavern, inquired with pompous vociferation—if *nobody* had seen *nothing* of *never* a hat nowhere? no doubt provoked the laughter of every countryman and one half of the well-educated cockneys who

heard him, and yet this very superabundance of negatives may be proved from regal authority. In a proclamation of king Henry V., for the apprehension of Sir John Oldcastle, on account of his contumacious behaviour in not accepting the terms before tendered to him, are these words: 'Be it knowne as Sire John Oldcastell refuse, *nor* will *not* receave, *nor* sue to have none of the graces,' &c. And although we now exclude the double negative, yet we find it very common among writers at different former periods, where the use of it was carried as far as the ear could possibly bear. Chaucer:—

> 'So lowly, *ne* so truly you serve
> 'N'il * *non* of hem as I.'
> Troil. and Cress. lib. v.

And, in Shakspeare, examples occur so frequently, that it would be troublesome to recount them; one, therefore, shall suffice:

> ——— 'a sudden day of joy
> 'That thou expectest *not*, *nor* I look'd *not* for.'
> Rom. and Jul. Act iv sc. 1.

No, nor think. I *never* shall,' is an expression used by Roger Ascham, a Yorkshireman, but the use of the double negative was getting into such disuse early in the last century, that its derisional adoption is felt by every one who reads the distich at the end of the epitaph of P. P. the parish clerk, printed in Pope's works:—

> 'Do all we can, Death is a man
> 'Who *never* spareth *none*.'

But the French language has hitherto only been quoted as the ostensible model, and yet that learned Saxonist, Dr. Hickes, remarks, 'Notandum est quod in Linguâ Anglo-Saxonicâ negatio enuncietur per duo negativa †:' and he produces some examples from the Saxon, wherein not only *two*, but *three* and *four* negatives are found accumulated in one phrase. This idiom was therefore characteristic in our language *seven hundred years ago*.

* Will not.
† Thesaurus Ling. Vet. Septent. cap. xii.

The next charge, or the one which I shall next notice, is the use of double comparatives and superlatives, such as,—*Worser—Lesser—More worser*, &c. *Most agreeablest*, &c. This enlarging of the comparatives and superlatives is supported by writers of no small reputation.

> 'Let thy *worser* spirit tempt me again.'
> King Lear, Act iv. sc. 6.

> 'Changed to a *worser* shape than thou can'st be.'
> K. Henry VI. P. 1. Act v. sc. 4.

> ——— 'and *worser* far
> 'Than arms.'
> Dryden, cited by Bishop Lowth.

It is common also with the cockneys to convert the comparative *better* into a verb, as—'He is much bettered in his circumstances,' &c. They might likewise transform the opposite comparative *worse* into the same shape, and quote Milton for both—

> 'May serve to *better* us and *worse* our foes.'
> Par. Lost B. vi. l. 440.

But the Londoners are accused of inflaming the offence by sometimes saying *more worser*; but to show how much the comparatives, with the auxiliary *more*, were once allowable, the following examples shall suffice:—

> ——— 'Nor that I am *more better*
> 'Than Prospero.'
> Tempest, Act i. sc. 2.

> 'Ne'er from France arriv'd *more happier* men.'
> Hen V. Act iv. sc. ult.

> '*More sharper* than your sword.'
> Hen V. Act. iii sc. 5.

And our immortal bard has, in one instance, written 'less happier,' and that too where his metre does not exculpate him,

> ——— 'The envy of *less happier* lands.'
> Rich. II. Act. ii. sc. 1.

Having supported the Londoner in the general use of *double comparatives*, let us now follow him to the *double superlatives*, such as *most impudentest—most ignorantest—most particularest—most agreeablest*, &c. and we shall find grounds equally ample for his justification. In the Psalms we meet with *most highest*; and St. Paul, in the language of the translation of the Acts of

the Apostles, says, in plain narrative, —'After the *most straitest* sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee*.'

Ben Johnson, in his English Grammar, gives us, from the writings of Sir Thomas More, '*most basest;*' and, in his comment, remarks, that such mode of speaking is an English atticism, after the manner of '*the most antientest* Grecians.' John Lilly, whose style was, in his time, (about the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth,) thought to be the standard of purity, makes use of '*most brightest.*' After this, Shakspeare supplies us with the following examples, viz. *most boldest* †, *most unkindest* ‡, *most heaviest* §.' As every degree of signification beyond the positive is an augmentation, so is this the triple degree of it, which carries it a stage farther than the usual extent, to enforce the superlative. There is a strong and energetic example of this in Hamlet.—'But that I love thee *best*, oh, MOST *best*, believe it ||.'

Notwithstanding that we disallow the use of one comparative to strengthen another, as in '*more better*' and '*more happier*,' yet we do not think it incongruous to pile up a superlative termination on the top of a comparative, as in the words '*uppermost, undermost, uttermost*,' &c. which exaggerations the glossarists tell us are founded on Saxon analogy. Here, sir, I conclude my first letter, but shall resume the subject with pleasure, when you can spare me a corner of your columns.

I am, &c. &c. X.

SKETCH BOOK. BY GEOFFREY CRAYON.

In the centre of the great city of London lies a small neighbourhood, consisting of a cluster of narrow streets and courts, of very venerable and debilitated houses, which goes by the name of Little Britain. Christ Church school and St. Bartholomew's hospital bound it on the west; Smithfield and Long-lane on the north; Aldersgate-street, like an arm of the sea, divides it from the eastern part of the city; whilst the yawning gulf of Bull-and-Mouth-street separates it from Butcher-lane, and the regions of New Gate. Over this little territory, thus bounded and designated, the great dome of St. Paul's, swelling above the intervening houses of Paternoster-row, Amen-corner, and Ave-Maria-lane, looks down with an air of motherly protection.

This quarter derives its appellation from having been, in ancient times, the residence of the Dukes of Britany. As London increased, however, rank and fashion rolled off to the west, and trade creeping on their heels, took possession of their deserted abodes. For some time Little Britain became the great mart of learning, and was peopled by the busy and prolific race of booksellers: these also gradually deserted it, and emigrating beyond the great strait of Newgate-street, settled down in Paternoster-row, and St. Paul's Church Yard; where they continue to increase and multiply even at the present day.

But though thus fallen into decline, Little Britain still bears traces of its former splendour. There are several houses, ready to tumble down, the fronts of which are magnificently enriched with old oaken carvings and hideous faces, unknown birds, beasts, and fishes; and fruits and flowers which it would perplex a naturalist to classify. There are also, in Aldersgate-street, certain remains of what were once spacious and lordly family mansions, but which have in latter days been subdivided into several tenements. Here may often be found the family of a petty tradesman, with his trumpery furniture, burrowing among the relics of antiquated finery, in great, rambling, time-stained apartments, with fretted ceilings, gilded cornices, and enormous marble fire-places. The

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* Chap. xxvi. v. 5.
† Julius Cæsar, Act iii. sc. 1.
‡ Idem. Act iii. sc. 2.
§ Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv. sc. 3.
|| Act ii. sc. 1.

lanes and courts also contain many smaller houses, not on so grand a scale, but, like your small ancient gentry, sturdily maintaining their claims to equal antiquity. These have their gable ends to the street; great bow windows, with diamond panes set in lead; grotesque carvings; and low arched door ways*.

In this most venerable and sheltered little nest have I passed several quiet years of existence; comfortably lodged in the second floor of one of the smallest, but oldest edifices. My sitting-room is an old wainscoted chamber, with small pannels, and set off with a miscellaneous array of furniture. I have a particular respect for three or four high-backed claw-footed chairs, covered with tarnished brocade; which bear the marks of having seen better days, and have doubtless figured in some of the old palaces of Little Britain. They seem to me to keep together, and to look down with sovereign contempt upon their leathern bottomed neighbours; as I have seen decayed gentry carry a high head among the plebeian society with which they were reduced to associate. The whole front of my sitting-room is taken up with a bow window, on the panes of which are recorded the names of previous occupants for many generations; mingled with scraps of very indifferent gentleman-like poetry, written in characters which I can scarcely decipher, and which extol the charms of many a beauty of Little Britain, who has long, long since, bloomed, faded, and passed away. As I am an idle personage, with no apparent occupation, and pay my bill regularly every week, I am looked upon as the only independent gentleman of the neighbourhood; and being curious to learn the internal state of a community so apparently shut up within itself, I have managed to work my way into all the concerns and secrets of the place.

Little Britain may truly be called the heart's core of the city; the stronghold of true John Bullism. It is a fragment of London as it was in its better days, with its antiquated folks and fashions. Here flourish in great preservation many of the holyday games and customs of yore. The inhabitants most religiously eat pan-cakes on Shrove Tuesday; hot cross-buns on Good Friday, and roast goose at Michaelmas: they send love letters on Valentine's day; burn the Pope on the fifth of November, and kiss all the girls under the mistletoe at Christmas. Roast beef and plum pudding are also held in superstitious veneration, and port and sherry maintain their grounds, as the only true English wines; all others being considered vile outlandish beverages.

Little Britain has its long catalogue of city wonders, which its inhabitants consider the wonders of the world; such as the great bell of St. Paul's, which sours all the beer when it tolls; the figures that strike the hour at St. Dunstan's clock; the Monument; the lions in the Tower; and the wooden giants in Guildhall. They still believe in dreams and fortune-telling, and an old woman that lives in Bull-and-Mouth-street makes a tolerable subsistence by detecting stolen goods, and promising the girls good husbands. They are apt to be rendered uncomfortable by comets and eclipses; and if a dog howls dolefully at night, it is looked upon as a sure sign of a death in the place. There are even many ghost stories current, particularly concerning the old mansion houses; in several of which it is said strange sights are sometimes seen. Lords and ladies, the former in full bottomed wigs, hanging sleeves and swords, the latter in lappets, stays, hoops, and brocade, have been seen walking up and down the great waste chambers, on moonlight nights; and are supposed to be the shades of the ancient proprietors in their court dresses.

Little Britain has likewise its sages and great men. One of the most im-

* It is evident that the author of this interesting communication has included in his general title of Little Britain, many of those little lanes and courts that belong immediately to Cloth Fair.

portant of the former is a tall dry old gentleman, of the name of Skryme, who keeps a small apothecary's shop. He has a cadaverous countenance, full of cavities and projections; with a brown circle round each eye, like a pair of horn spectacles. He is much thought of by the old women, who consider him as a kind of conjuror, because he has two or three stuffed alligators hanging up in his shop, and several snakes in bottles. He is a great reader of almanacks and newspapers, and is much given to pore over alarming accounts of plots, conspiracies, fires, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions; which last phenomena he considers as signs of the times. He has always some dismal tale of the kind to deal out to his customers, with their doses; and thus at the same time puts both soul and body into an uproar. He is a great believer in omens and predictions; and has the prophecies of Robert Nixon and Mother Shipton by heart. No man can make so much out of an eclipse, or even an unusually dark day; and he shook the tail of the last comet over the heads of his customers and disciples until they were nearly frightened out of their wits. He has lately got hold of a popular legend or prophecy, on which he has been unusually eloquent. There has been a saying current among the ancient Sibyls, who treasure up these things, that when the grasshopper on the top of the Exchange shook hands with the dragon on the top of Bow Church steeple, fearful events would take place. This strange conjunction, it seems, has as strangely come to pass. The same architect has been engaged lately on the repairs of the cupola of the Exchange, and the steeple of Bow church; and, fearful to relate, the dragon and the grasshopper actually lie, cheek by jole, in the yard of his workshop!

'Others,' as Mr. Skryme is accustomed to say, 'may go star-gazing, and look for conjunctions in the heavens, but here is a conjunction on the earth, near at home, and under our own eyes, which surpasses all the signs and calculations of astrologers.' Since these portentous weathercocks have thus laid their heads together, wonderful events had already occurred. The good old king, notwithstanding that he had lived eighty-two years, had all at once given up the ghost; another king had mounted the throne; a royal duke had died suddenly—another, in France, had been murdered; there had been radical meetings in all parts of the kingdom; the bloody scenes at Manchester; the great plot in Cato-street; and, above all, the queen had returned to England! All these sinister events are recounted by Mr. Skryme with a mysterious look, and a dismal shake of the head; and, being taken with his drugs, and associated in the minds of his auditors with stuffed sea-monsters, bottled serpents, and his own visage, which is a title-page of tribulation, they have spread great gloom through the minds of the people in Little Britain. They shake their heads whenever they go by Bow church, and observe, that they never expected any good could come of taking down that steeple, which in old times told nothing but glad tidings, as the history of Whittington and his Cat bears witness.

The rival oracle of Little Britain is a substantial cheesemonger, who lives in a fragment of one of the old family mansions, and is as magnificently lodged as a round-bellied mite in the midst of one of his own Cheshires. Indeed he is a man of no little standing and importance; and his renown extends through Huggin-lane, and Lad-lane, and even unto Aldermanbury. His opinion is very much taken in affairs of state, having read the Sunday papers for the last half century, together with the Gentleman's Magazine, Rapin's History of England, and the Naval Chronicle. His head is stored with invaluable maxims, which have borne the test of time and use for centuries. It is his firm opinion, that 'it is a moral impossible,' so long as England is true to herself, that any thing can shake her. and he has much to say on the subject of the national

debt; which, somehow or other, he proves to be a great national bulwark and blessing. He passed the greater part of his life in the purlieus of Little Britain, until of late years; when, having become rich, and grown unto the dignity of a Sunday cane, he begins to take his pleasure and see the world. He has therefore made several excursions to Hampstead, Highgate, and other neighbouring towns, where he has passed whole afternoons in looking back upon the metropolis through a telescope, and endeavouring to descry the steeple of St. Bartholomew's. Not a stage coachman of Bull-and-Mouth-street, but touches his hat as he passes; and he is considered quite a patron at the coach office of the Goose and Gridiron, St. Paul's Church-yard. His family have been very urgent for him to make an expedition to Margate, but he has great doubts of these new gim-cracks the steam-boats, and indeed thinks himself too advanced in life to undertake sea voyages.

Little Britain has occasionally its factions and divisions, and party spirit ran very high at one time in consequence of two rival 'Burial Societies' being set up in the place. One held its meeting at the Swan and Horse Shoe, and was patronized by the cheesemonger; the other at the Cock and Crown, under the auspices of the apothecary: it is needless to say that the latter was the most flourishing. I have passed an evening or two at each, and have acquired much valuable information as to the best mode of being buried; the comparative merits of church-yards; together with diverse hints on the subject of patent iron coffins. I have heard the question discussed in all its bearings as to the legality of prohibiting the latter on account of their durability. The feuds occasioned by these societies have rapidly died away of late; but they were for a long time prevailing themes of controversy, the people of Little Britain being extremely solicitous of funeral honours and of lying comfortably in their graves.

Besides these two funeral societies, there is a third of quite a different cast, which tends to throw the sunshine of good humour over the whole neighbourhood. It meets once a week at a little old fashioned house, kept by a jolly publican of the name of Wagstaff, and bearing for insignia a resplendent half-moon, with a most seductive bunch of grapes. The whole edifice is covered with inscriptions to catch the eye of the thirsty wayfarer; such as, 'Truman, Hanbury, and Co.'s Entire.' 'Wine, Rum, and Brandy Vaults.' 'Old Tom, Rum, and Compounds, &c.' This indeed has been a temple of Bacchus and Momus from time immemorial. It has always been in the family of the Wagstaffs, so that its history is tolerably preserved by the present landlord. It was much frequented by the gallants and cavaliers of the reign of Elizabeth, and was looked into now and then by the wits of Charles the Second's day. But what Wagstaff principally prides himself upon is, that Henry the Eighth, in one of his nocturnal rambles, broke the head of one of his ancestors with his famous walking staff. This, however, is considered as rather a dubious and vain-glorious boast of the landlord.

The club which now holds its weekly sessions here, goes by the name of 'the Roaring Lads of Little Britain.' They abound in old catches, glees, and choice stories, that are traditional in the place, and not to be met with in any other part of the metropolis. There is a mad-cap undertaker, who is inimitable at a merry song; but the life of the club, and indeed the prime wit of Little Britain, is bully Wagstaff himself. His ancestors were all wags before him, and he has inherited with the inn a large stock of songs and jokes, which go with it from generation to generation, as heir looms. He is a dapper little fellow, with bandy legs and pot body, a red face with a moist merry eye, and a little shock of grey hair behind. At the opening of every club night he is called in to sing his 'Confession of Faith,' which is

the famous old drinking trowl from Gammer Gurton's Needle. He sings it, to be sure, with many variations, as he received it from his father's lips; for it has been a standing favourite at the Half Moon and Bunch of Grapes ever since it was written; nay, he affirms that his predecessors have often had the honour of singing it before the nobility and gentry at Christmas mummeries, when Little Britain was in all its glory.*

It would do one's heart good to hear on a club night the shouts of merriment, the snatches of song, and now and then the choral bursts of half a dozen discordant voices, which issue from this jovial mansion. At such times the street is lined with listeners, who enjoy a delight equal to that of gazing into a confectioner's window, or snuffing up the steams of a cook-shop.

There are two annual events which produce great stir and sensation in Little Britain; these are St. Bartholomew's Fair, and the Lord Mayor's Day. During the time of the fair, which is held in the adjoining regions of Smithfield, there is nothing going on but gossiping and gadding about. The late quiet streets of Little Britain are overrun with an irruption of strange figures and faces, every tavern is a scene of rout and revel. The fiddle and the song are heard from the tap-room, morning, noon, and night; and at each window may be seen some group of boon companions, with half shut eyes, hats on one side, pipe in mouth, and tankard in hand, fondling, and prosing, and singing maudlin songs over their liquor. Even the sober decorum of private families, which I must say is rigidly kept up at other times among my neighbours, is no proof against these Saturnalia. There is no such thing as keeping maid servants within doors. Their brains are absolutely set madding with Punch and the Puppet Show, the Flying Horses; Signior Polito; the Fire Eater; the celebrated Mr. Paap, and the Irish Giant. The children, too, lavish all their holyday money in toys and gilt gingerbread, and fill the house with the Lilliputian din of drums, trumpets, and penny whistles.

But the Lord Mayor's Day is the great anniversary. The Lord Mayor is looked up to by the inhabitants of Little Britain as the greatest potentate upon earth; his gilt coach with six horses as the summit of human splendour; and his procession, with all the sheriffs and aldermen in his train, as the grandest of earthly pageants. How they exult in the idea, that the king

* As mine host of the Half-moon's Confession of Faith may not be familiar to the majority of readers, and as it is a specimen of the current songs of Little Britain, I subjoin it in its original orthography. I would observe that the whole club always join in the chorus with a fearful thump ng on the table and clattering of pewter pots.

I cannot eate but lytle meate,
My stomacke is not good,
But sure I thinke that I could drinke
With him that weares a hood.
Though I go bare take ye no care,
I nothing am a colde,
I stuff my skyn so full within,
Of joly good ale and olde.
Chorus.—Backe and syde go bare, go bare,
Booth foote and hand go colde,
But belly, God send thee good ale ynoughe,
Whether it be new or olde.

I love no rost, but a new browne toste,
And a crab laid in the fyre;
A little breade shall do me steade.
Much breade I not desyre.
No frost nor snow, nor winde, I trowe,
Can hurte mee if I wolde,
I am so wrapt and throwly lapt
Of joly good ale and olde.
Chorus.—Backe and syde go bare, go bare, &c.

And Tyb my wife, that, as her lyfe,
Loveth well good ale to seeke,
Full oft drynkes shee, tyll ye may see,
The teares run downe her cheeke.
Then doth shee trowle to me the bowle,
Even as a mault-worme sholde,
And sayth, sweete harte, I tooke my parte
Of this joly good ale and olde.
Chorus.—Backe and syde go bare, go bare, &c.

Now let them drynke, tyll they nod and winke,
Even as goode fellowes sholde doe,
They shall not mysse to have the blisse,
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poore soules that have scowred bowles,
Or hair them lustily trolde,
God save the lyves of them and their wives,
Whether they be yonge or olde.
Chorus.—Backe and syde go bare, go bare, &c.

himself dare not enter the city, without first knocking at the gate of Temple Bar, and asking permission of the Lord Mayor: for if he did, heaven and earth! there is no knowing what might be the consequence. The man in armour who rides before the Lord Mayor, and is the city champion, has orders to cut down every body that offends against the dignity of the city; and then there is the little man with a velvet porringer on his head, who sits at the window of the state coach, and holds the city sword, as long as a pike staff—Od's blood! if he once draws that sword, Majesty itself is not safe!

Under the protection of this mighty potentate, therefore, the good people of Little Britain sleep in peace. Temple Bar is an effectual barrier against all interior foes; and as to foreign invasion, the Lord Mayor has but to throw himself into the Tower, call in the train bands, and put the standing army of beef-eaters under arms, and he may bid defiance to the world!

Thus wrapped up in its own concerns, its own habits, and its own opinions, Little Britain has long flourished as a sound heart to this great fungous metropolis. I have pleased myself with considering it a chosen spot, where the principles of sturdy John Bullism were garnered up, like seed corn, to renew the national character, when it had run to waste and degeneracy. I have rejoiced also in the general spirit of harmony that prevailed throughout it; for though there might now and then be a few clashes of opinion between the adherents of the cheesemonger and the apothecary, and an occasional feud between the burial societies, yet these were but transient clouds, and soon passed away. The neighbours met with good-will, parted with a shake of the hand, and never abused each other except behind their backs.

I could give rare descriptions of snug junketting parties at which I have been present; where we played at All-fours, Pope-Joan, Tom-come-tickle-me, and other choice old games; and where we sometimes had a good old English country-dance, to the tune of Sir Roger de Coverly. Once a year also the neighbours would gather together and go on a gipsy party to Epping Forest. It would have done any man's heart good to see the merriment that took place here as we banqueted on the grass under the trees. How we made the woods ring with bursts of laughter at the songs of little Wagstaff and the merry undertaker! After dinner, too, the young folks would play at blind-man's-buff and hide and seek; and it was amusing to see them tangled among the briars, and to hear a fine romping girl now and then squeak from among the bushes. The elder folks would gather round the cheesemonger and the apothecary, to hear them talk politics; for they generally brought out a newspaper in their pockets, to pass away time in the country. They would now and then, to be sure, get a little warm in argument; but their disputes were always adjusted by reference to a worthy old umbrella-maker in a double chin, who, never exactly comprehending the subject, managed, some how or other, to decide in favour of both parties.

All empires, however, says some philosopher or historian, are doomed to changes and revolutions. Luxury and innovation creep in; factions arise; and families now and then spring up, whose ambition and intrigues throw the whole system into confusion. Thus in latter days has the tranquillity of Little Britain been grievously disturbed, and its golden simplicity of manners threatened with total subversion by the aspiring family of a retired butcher.

The family of the Lambs had long been among the most thriving and popular in the neighbourhood: the Miss Lambs were the belles of Little Britain, and every body was pleased when old Lamb had made money enough to shut up shop, and put his name on a brass plate on his door. In an evil hour, however, one of the Miss Lambs had the honour of being a lady in at-

tendance on the Lady Mayoress, at her grand annual ball, on which occasion she wore three towering ostrich feathers on her head. The family never got over it; they were immediately smitten with a passion for high life; set up a one-horse carriage, put a bit of gold lace round the errand boy's hat, and have been the talk and detestation of the whole neighbourhood ever since. They could no longer be induced to play at Pope-Joan or blindman's-buff; they could endure no dances but quadrilles, which nobody had ever heard of in Little Britain; and they took to reading novels, talking bad French, and playing upon the piano. Their brother, too, who had been articled to an attorney, set up for a dandy and a critic, characters hitherto unknown in these parts; and he confounded the worthy folks exceedingly by talking about Kean, the opera, and the Edinbro' Review.

What was still worse, the Lambs gave a grand ball, to which they neglected to invite any of their old neighbours; but they had a great deal of genteel company from Theobald's-road, Red-lion square, and other parts towards the west. There were several beaux of their brother's acquaintance from Gray's Inn-lane and Hatton Garden; a not less than three aldermen's ladies with their daughters. This was not to be forgotten or forgiven. All Little Britain was in an uproar with the smacking of whips, the lashing of miserable horses, and the rattling and jingling of hackney coaches. The gossips of the neighbourhood might be seen popping their nightcaps out at every window, watching the crazy vehicles ramble by; and there was a knot of virulent old crones, that kept a look-out from a house just opposite the retired butcher's, and scanned and criticised every one that knocked at the door.

This dance was a cause of almost open war, and the whole neighbourhood declared they would have nothing more to say to the Lambs. It is true that Mrs. Lamb, when she had no engagements with her quality acquaintance, would give little hum-drum tea junkettings to some of her old cronies, 'quite,' as she would say, 'in a friendly way;' and it is equally true that her invitations were always accepted, in spite of all previous vows to the contrary. Nay the good ladies would sit and be delighted with the music of the Miss Lambs, who would condescend to strum an Irish melody for them on the piano; and they would listen with wonderful interest to Mrs. Lamb's anecdotes of Alderman Plunket's family of Portsoken-ward, and the Miss Timberlakes, the rich heiresses of Crutched-Friars; but then they relieved their consciences, and averted the reproaches of their confederates, by canvassing at the next gossiping convocation every thing that had passed, and pulling the Lambs and their rout all to pieces.

The only one of the family that could not be made fashionable was the retired butcher himself. Honest Lamb, in spite of the meekness of his name, was a rough hearty old fellow, with the voice of a lion, a head of black hair like a shoe-brush, and a broad face mottled like his own beef. It was in vain that the daughters always spoke of him as 'the old gentleman,' addressed him as 'papa,' in tones of infinite softness, and endeavoured to coax him into a dressing-gown and slippers, and other gentlemanly habits. Do what they might, there was no keeping down the butcher. His sturdy nature would break through all their glozing. He had a hearty vulgar good humour that was irrepressible. His very jokes made his sensitive daughters shudder; and he persisted in wearing his blue cotton coat of a morning, dining at two o'clock, and having 'a bit of sausage with his tea.'

He was doomed, however, to share the unpopularity of his family. He found his old comrades gradually growing cold and civil to him, no longer laughing at his jokes, and now and then throwing out a fling at 'some people,' and a hint about 'quality

binding.' This both nettled and perplexed the honest butcher; and his wife and daughters, with the consummate policy of the shrewder sex, taking advantage of the circumstance, at length prevailed upon him to give up his afternoon's pipe and tankard at Wagstaff's; to sit after dinner by himself and take his pint of port—a liquor he detested—and to nod in his chair in solitary and dismal gentility.

The Miss Lambs might now be seen flaunting along the street in French bonnets, with unknown beaux; and talking and laughing so loud that it distressed the nerves of every good lady within hearing. They even went so far as to attempt patronage, and actually induced a French dancing-master to set up in the neighbourhood; but the worthy folks of Little Britain took fire at it, and did so persecute the poor Gaul, that he was fain to pack up fiddle and dancing pumps, and decamp with such precipitation, that he absolutely forgot to pay for his lodgings.

I had flattered myself at first, with the idea that all this fiery indignation on the part of the community, was merely the overflowing of their zeal for good old English manners, and their horror of innovation; and I applauded the silent contempt they were so vociferous in expressing, for upstart pride, French fashions, and the Miss Lambs. But I grieve to say that I soon perceived the infection had taken hold; and that my neighbours, after condemning, were beginning to follow their example. I overheard my landlady importuning her husband to let their daughters have one quarter at French and music, and that they might take a few lessons in the quadrille. I even saw, in the course of a few Sundays, no less than five French bonnets, precisely like those of the Miss Lambs, parading about Little Britain.

I still had my hopes that all this folly would gradually die away; that the Lambs might move out of the neighbourhood, might die, or might run away with attorneys' apprentices, and that quiet and simplicity might be again restored to the community. But unluckily a rival power arose. An opulent oilman died, and left a widow with a large jointure, and a family of buxom daughters. The young ladies had long been repining in secret at the parsimony of a prudent father, which kept down all their elegant aspirings. Their ambition being now no longer restrained, broke out into a blaze, and they openly took the field against the family of the butcher.

It is true that the Lambs, having had the first start, had naturally an advantage of them in the fashionable career. They could speak a little bad French, play the piano, dance quadrilles, and had formed high acquaintances; but the Trotters were not to be distanced. When the Lambs appeared with two feathers in their hats, the Miss Trotters mounted four, and of twice as fine colours. If the Lambs gave a dance, the Trotters were sure not to be behind-hand; and though they might not boast of as good company, yet they had double the number, and were twice as merry.

The whole community has at length divided itself into fashionable factions, under the banners of these two families. The old games of Pope-Joan and Tom-come-tickle-me are entirely discarded: there is no such thing as getting up an honest country-dance; and, on my attempting to kiss a young lady under the mistletoe last Christmas, I was indignantly repulsed; the Miss Lambs having pronounced it 'shocking vulgar.' Bitter rivalry has also broken out as to the most fashionable part of Little Britain; the Lambs standing up for the dignity of Cross-Keys-square, and the Trotters for the vicinity of St. Bartholomew's.

Thus is this little territory torn by factions and internal dissensions, like the great empire whose name it bears; and what will be the result would puzzle the apothecary himself, with all his talent at prognostics, to determine; though I apprehend that it will termi-

nate in the total downfal of genuine John Bullism.

The immediate effects are extremely unpleasant to me. Being a single man, and, as I observed before, rather an idle good-for-nothing personage, I have been considered the only gentleman by profession in the place. I stand therefore in high favour with both parties, and have to hear all their cabinet councils and mutual backbitings. As I am too civil not to agree with the ladies on all occasions, I have committed myself most horribly with both parties, by abusing their opponents. I might manage to reconcile this to my conscience, which is a truly accommodating one, but I cannot to my apprehensions—if the Lambs and Trotters ever come to a reconciliation and compare notes, I am ruined!

I have determined, therefore, to beat a retreat in time, and am actually looking out for some other nest in this great city, where old English manners are still kept up; where French is neither eaten, drank, danced, nor spoken; and where there are no fashionable families of retired tradesmen. This found, I will, like a veteran rat, hasten away before I have an old house about my ears; bid a long, though a sorrowful adieu to my present abode, and leave the rival factions of the Lambs and the Trotters, to divide the distracted empire of Little Britain.—*Extracted from the 'Sketch Book, by Geoffrey Crayon.'*

THE CONVICT.

[This article is from Gold's London Magazine, in point of entertainment the first of all the Magazines.]

To the south of Fort Cumberland, on the Hampshire coast, rises a little knoll of ground, from which the adjacent landscape assumes the most picturesque appearance. On one side, a gloomy morass dimly blackens the distant horizon; but to the right of the fort, the gently swelling hills that stretch along the sea-coast assume fainter tints as they recede from the view, till at last they terminate in the deep blue ocean; beyond, at the very verge of distance, stands the gibbet on which the unhappy convicts were executed. It is situated on a bleak desolate moor; and as the mouldering remnants of the victims of justice swing loosely in the gale, or drop piecemeal on the earth, the seabirds scream around the spot, anxious for their prey, and presenting an image of unrelieved horror. When the day is stormy, the dark waves dash against the hills, the sea-fog rolls down their sides, and the artificial knoll of earth is wet with the spray that foams around it with resistless energy. The eye of the passing stranger is then perhaps attracted to the spot; for when the lowlands are partially inundated, it rears its blue summits from the surrounding ocean. It is interesting to his feelings, from its utter desolation; but becomes sacred to his memory while he listens to the tale of sorrow connected with it, which we have often heard in our infancy, and can never wholly obliterate.

About thirty years ago, a young man, with an aged grandmother and her son, came to reside at a trifling distance from Fort Cumberland; they took up their abode at a small cottage in the neighbourhood, and principally depended for subsistence on the precarious occupation of fishing. They had once been respectable tradesmen at Portsmouth; but a variety of unforeseen circumstances had reduced them to poverty, and compelled them to seek the security of solitude. For a few months after their arrival, the encouragement they received from the Fort, where they daily carried their baskets of fish, had restored them to comparative tranquillity, when the unusual violence of some equinoctial gales dashed their little fishing-smack against the adjacent rocks, and rendered their humble occupation at once dangerous and profitless. To increase, if possible, their misery, the old lady and the father of the young man languished in the agony of extreme want, without either friends or re-

latives to succour them. He could have borne his own sorrows with firmness; but the sight of his dearest connexions dying from positive exigency, and sinking on their couch of sickness without even a mouthful of bread to eat, and scarcely a torn rag to shield them from the chilly night-air, drove him to the verge of distraction. When he saw the fading lustre in the eyes of his aged grandmother—her form slowly sinking in the grave—her wan looks imploring even one solitary meal to comfort her, and her pallid cheeks gradually assuming the cadaverous hue of death, his agony assumed the aspect of determined insanity. He seized the opportunity when his father, partially recovered from indisposition, had gone to petition the Governor of the Fort for relief, to station himself by the high-road, with the intention of wresting money from each traveller, for the purposes of future provision. With a brace of horse-pistols in his pocket, he sallied out from the cottage to put his nefarious designs into immediate execution. The night was well adapted to the occasion; it was dark and stormy, and the continued roar of the ocean waves, and the solitary shriek of the sea-bird, increased the natural gloom of the scene. The young man, in the mean time, hastened tremblingly onward, and his mind assumed a stern resolution from the corresponding influence of the night-prospect. A tempest had already commenced; the hollow-sounding thunder echoed along the dim arch of heaven, and the lightning flashed with splendor around him. As he passed the lonely gibbet, under which the bones of unburied malefactors were yet bleaching, and heard the sullen swing of the chains to which a mouldering skeleton was attached, he imagined his own similar situation in case of detection, and his boasted courage for the first time failed him. The storm meanwhile raged with unabated violence, and a broad stream of lightning shone dimly through the ghastly skeleton, whose whitening bones hung dangling in the wind. At this instant the noise of approaching footsteps was heard echoing across the heath; the sounds advanced nearer, and a dark figure, wholly muffled up in a night-cloak, stood by the side of the robber. He drew the pistol from its hiding-place, and the stranger moved slowly on; twice he attempted to pull the trigger, and twice it trembled in his grasp. The courage of despair came at length to his assistance; he thought of his dying grandmother, his own father starving in utter hopelessness, and the thought smote on his phrensied imagination. He fired; and with a suppressed groan of anguish, the death-choked voice of which rushed full on his racked brain, the stranger dropped lifeless at his feet. Agitated with a variety of contending emotions, he bore the ensanguined body to his cottage, and placed it on a chair, until he should return with a lantern to dispossess it of its money and wearing apparel.

It was now deep midnight; the old lady had long since retired to her bed, and all around was still, but the distant roar of waters or the sullen sound of the north wind, as it whistled gloomily through the bleak walls of the cottage. After a short interval the murderer returned, bearing a dark-lantern in his hand. He cast a suspicious glance around, locked the door of the apartment, and then with a trembling frame attempted to unveil the countenance of his victim. Gently he drew back the cloak that concealed the face; and the body rolled with a heavy crash to the ground, and disclosed the glazed eyes and convulsed stiffened features of—his father!—of that father, for whose sake he had thus plunged himself deep in guilt, and whom he had murdered as he returned from the fort with a promise of assistance from the governor. He gazed at the corpse as though he had gazed his whole soul away at the sight; he burst out into a hellish shout of triumphant laughter, and the fire of the deepest, the deadliest madness, flashed across his brain. He then raised the

body from the ground, and with a bitter shriek, the sound of which is described as having been like nothing earthly, rushed with it into the room of his grandmother. A dim rushlight was burning in the chimney corner as he entered, and the tattered fringe was drawn close round the bed. He approached—he drew aside the curtains, and roused the trembling woman by the wild phrensy of his triumph. She started at the noise; and the first objects that presented themselves were the blood-stained figure of her son, gazing at her with eyes fixed in the livid ghastliness of death, and the fearful aspect of her grandchild, gnashing his teeth with phrensy, blaspheming with the most awful imprecations, and shouting aloud with the unearthly yellings of a dæmon. She could see, she could feel no more; death seized her at the instant; she cast but one look of kindness, as if imploring a blessing on her murderer, and then closed her eyes in the eternal slumber of the grave.

In the mean time, the shrieks of the unhappy parricide drew the attention of some guards belonging to the Fort, and who happened to be passing at the moment. They rushed forward to investigate the cause, and beheld a sight of never-to-be-forgotten horror. The dead body of the old lady was reposing on the bed where she had but just now expired, and the maniac had placed the corpse of his father in his arms, and was weeping and laughing over it like an infant, as he unconsciously twined his fingers through the dark grisly locks stiffened with clotted gore, and passed his hand across the pallid features that struck to his heart with the icy chilliness of death. With some difficulty the guards were able to secure him; stratagem at length prevailed, and he was removed on board the convict ship that was station[illegible] off the coast opposite Fort Cumberland. The bodies of the mother and her son were quietly committed to the grave, and the circumstances of the dreadful transaction remembered but as a [illegible] that once was.

Time rolled on, and as the hour of his trial approached, the spirit of the poor maniac seemed to settle into a calm melancholy. The heavy clogs that had hitherto been attached to his feet were now, therefore, removed, and he was permitted to occupy the cabin that looked out upon the sea shore. Here he would sit for hours watching the vessels as they passed to and fro, and weeping at the remembrance of former days. At a distance was the gibbet, the scene at once of his guilt and its probable punishment. A shudder of horror passed over his countenance whenever he beheld it, and the wildness of insanity again took possession of his soul. But when the fit was passed, tears would sometimes come to his relief, and he would weep alone in silence. His disposition, naturally generous and kind-hearted, appeared softened by misfortune, and even his brother convicts would feel for so lonely a situation, as they saw him with eyes fixed on vacancy, muttering and talking to himself. His health, in the meantime, failed, and it was evident from the increasing depression of his spirits, and the hectic glow of his complexion, that 'his days were numbered in the land.' For himself, he seemed always to rejoice in the prospect of approaching death, and a faint smile would often pass across his face, as he surveyed his wasted features, and felt the increasing languor of his frame—as the hour of his dissolution arrived, he wished for the last time to behold the grave where all that was once dear to him lay buried. With this visionary idea, he seized the fitting opportunity, when the windows of his cabin were thrown open, and the guards had returned for the night, to emancipate himself from the slight shackles that bound him, and swim to the neighbouring shore.

At the dead hour of midnight, lights were seen moving in the convict ship, the alarm bell was rung, the thunder of cannon echoed across the ocean, and the universal confusion of the guards and seamen announced the

escape of the prisoner. A well-manned boat, in which two savage blood-hounds were placed, was instantly rowed to the sea-coast; and the dogs, closely followed by their pursuers, were sent to hunt out the residence of the maniac. They set forward on their chase, and soon arrived at the little cottage where the sufferer once dwelt, and which was now generally avoided as the unholy resort of evil spirits. The officers approached at the instant, but had scarcely arrived, when a faint shriek of agony was heard. It proceeded from the convict, who had been traced up to the ruined home of his father, and was discovered sobbing on the matted couch where he had last slept. The blood-hounds rushed upon their prey, and ere a few minutes had elapsed, the corps of the parricide, torn in a thousand pieces, lay scattered in that mangled state upon the ground.

He was buried with his murdered victims, in the little knoll of earth that we have mentioned in the opening description, and though 'the winds of many winters have sighed over his remains,' and the sea-birds have built their nests upon his grave, he lies as quietly as if all nature was hushed in stillness around him. His tale, meanwhile, is often told to the passing stranger, as he pauses to contemplate the wild spot where he sleeps, and the tear of genuine pity often falls at the remembrance of his misfortunes. Superstition has consecrated his burial-place, and when the dark wave dashes against the beach, and the rising storm broods over the face of the landscape, his spirit is reported to rise from its cold sepulchre, and exult in the sight of destruction.

ST. CHRISTOPHER'S CLIFF.

A TALE OF FORMER TIMES.

During those calamitous times in which England was harassed by the daring ambition of Cromwell, every man pursued the path to which his feelings led him, and rose or sank with the party whose political principles he espoused. In the earlier stages of the Protector's career, his designs were often thwarted by the cool steady courage and the undeviating rectitude of Albert Mordaunt, a Staffordshire gentleman, possessed of considerable influence in the county in which he resided, and a firm adherent to the royal cause. The depressed spirits of Mordaunt's adherents were roused and supported by his presence; and, influenced by his sanguine disposition, they looked towards the future with some degree of that hope which animated his own bosom. As the affairs of the usurper prospered, and the sceptre appeared within his grasp, several events occurred which gave Mordaunt many opportunities of displaying his loyalty and courage, whilst at the same time they attracted the attention of Cromwell; who felt that the highly principled Englishman must be secured as a valuable friend, or destroyed as an implacable enemy. In pursuance of these ideas, every advantage that rank or wealth could offer were held out to seduce his constancy, but it remained unshaken. Descended from a long line of valiant and loyal, though untitled ancestors, was it in the usurper's power to add dignity to a Mordaunt? Would not their descendant have blushed to own any title, however high, which was purchased at the price of his unsullied honour? Possessed of independence, the allurements of wealth were equally disdained; and the ambitious Cromwell, finding every attempt to gain Mordaunt as a friend had proved unsuccessful, determined on the ruin of the man whose power checked his advancement, and whose superiority his heart owned with feelings of the bitterest resentment. His estates were confiscated, his noble mansion burned to the ground, a price set upon his head; and, accompanied by his family, with two old domestics, he fled from Staffordshire, where the emissaries of his adversary were diligently pursuing his footsteps. He took with him what

money, clothes, and other articles his sudden flight would allow of, and embarking on board a small yacht which he procured on the coast, gave out that he was bound to the north of Scotland; and at the same time bent his course to the south of England, intending to proceed to France.

The dangers which awaited him on shore were now exchanged for the perils of the sea. In his early years he had been a wanderer, and in the course of several voyages had acquired some little skill in nautical affairs. His son, a youth of about fifteen years of age, assisted his father in conducting his little bark, and they quitted their native land with a fair wind, and every promise of fine weather. The companions of their voyage consisted of Mrs. Mordaunt, a fine-looking woman, about the middle age of life, in whose appearance an air of dignity which commanded respect was blended with all the tenderness of the most affectionate mother. She sat at the stern of the vessel pondering deeply on their forlorn situation, and anxiously watching the countenance of her blind but beautiful daughter. Anna, unconscious of her ardent gaze, bent over the vessel's side and listened to the dashing of the waves as their little bark 'furrowed the green sea foam.' She saw them not!—for her, poor girl, the beauty of the opening morn was spread in vain!—she felt the cheering influence of the sun, but from her sealed lids there beamed no ray of light—'the long dark lashes fringed those lids of snow!'—she leant in silence on the deck, and but for the smile of archness on her lip, you might have thought her spirit slumbered while she dreamed of those she loved.

Her sister Edith had just attained her eighteenth year. The first misfortune she had ever known was that which drove her from the scenes she loved. She deplored her father's fate, and wept to find her beloved mother exposed to the frowns of fortune. She thought not of herself; her buoyant spirit rose in proportion to the evils which surrounded them; and, whilst soothing her sister's affliction, she felt happy, though an exile. Love was a stranger to her heart; the weight of blighted hopes had never chilled her feelings, or made her look with coldness on the world. The scene around was new; the perils they had escaped gave animation to her countenance; she sang short snatches of her favourite airs, or foretold the time would come when friends and fortune would be theirs once more. A female domestic and an old man-servant formed the rest of this family, who were thus seeking safety for the declining years of that beloved father, on whose head a price was fixed.

The two first days of their voyage were beautiful; the sun shone in full splendour; whilst a brisk and favouring wind bore them swiftly over the rolling billows of the ocean, and cheerfulness reanimated the exiles. On the evening of the third day, the sky assumed a stormy appearance; the wind rose, and the thunder rolled at a distance, foretelling an approaching storm. Mordaunt looked anxiously on those around him,—on those beloved beings, who for his sake had left their native land, and were the unrepining partners of his destiny. He saw the dangers which surrounded them; he felt his inefficient skill; and breathing a silent prayer to that Being who alone had power to protect them in the coming storm, he hastened on deck, and calling his son, made every preparation that prudence and courage could suggest to brave the impending danger.

In the meanwhile, the wind raged with unabated violence, a pitchy darkness enveloped every object, the vessel groaned as she rose heavily on the waves, and sunk into the fearful depth below. The forked lightning rent the thunder-clouds; the cordage and storm-sails were for a second brightly illumined; the foaming waves were tinged by the fire of heaven; and the next moment fearful darkness sunk around, broken alone by the howling of the

storm, and the steady voice of the father as he gave his orders to his son. In this hour of anxiety and horror, what were the feelings of his wife and children! The active exertions of the men forbid their thoughts to dwell upon the scene; whilst the females of the party, unable to afford assistance, nursed in the lap of luxury and ease, had full time to ponder on their awful fate. The mother clasped her sightless child unto her breast, and wept in agony: Edith sunk beside them, and their prayers ascended unto Him who stilleth the raging of the wind, and bids the storm subside in peace.

A sudden crash, and the violent motion of the vessel, alarmed and startled Edith;—springing on the deck, she stood motionless with horror at the scene around her. The mast was carried away by the board; the broken rigging lay strewn upon the deck; the waves dashed over the shattered vessel; the hooting sea-birds shrieked, whilst a broad sheet of lightning revealed the awfulness of their situation. Hurried onward by the impetuous tide, the shattered vessel was driving full upon a ridge of rocks, which stretched in large disjointed masses into the sea, as if broken by an earthquake: they had been rent from the stupendous cliff which soared above, and formed the extremity of an island to the south of the Hampshire coast. The vessel was now perfectly unmanageable; and as Mordaunt beheld the apparently inevitable destruction which surrounded them, he hastened to his wife and child, and bringing them on deck, awaited the event in speechless anxiety.

Providentially the vessel drifted by the Needle Rocks, and was carried by the force of the current towards Allum Bay; where, finding she could scarcely float upon the waters, Mordaunt determined to seek for safety in the little boat, in which he placed his family, and attempted to gain the shore. In the bay, the force of the wind and waves was felt in a lesser degree than beyond the Needles; and though the waves threatened every moment to overwhelm them, they at length succeeded in gaining the shore, and smiling on the earth, poured forth their gratitude in tears of joy. Day dawned; the angry waves now murmured to the shore; the swelling sea became more calm; the wind was hushed, and the grey misty morning dawned serenely on the exiles.

The shattered yacht had drifted on the shore, and they made their first efforts to secure whatever she contained, whilst yet the stillness of the sea allowed of the attempt. This done, and their little property being now in safety, they turned their thoughts to finding accommodation from the weather, and to the security of the spot from every human eye.

To the right of the place where their landing was first effected, a broad arm of the sea divided them from the main land; before them rolled the unbounded ocean; and on the left arose high chalky cliffs, rising perpendicularly from the sea, which rolled below. The cliff behind them was remarkably variegated by beautifully-coloured sands, which now shone beneath the sun in every varying colour; and contrasted well with the white cliffs of the rock on the left, and the blue depth of the ocean at its feet. On proceeding to the top of the cliff, which was covered by a short turf, and afforded but a slippery footing to the wanderers, the view which presented itself afforded them great gratification. Mordaunt found they had been driven by the storm from the course he originally intended to have held, and had suffered shipwreck on the most western extremity of the Isle of Wight, bounded on three sides by the ocean; he was less fearful that the place of his retreat should be discovered, and in the direction of the land he found it for several miles perfectly uninhabited. At a distance, indeed, he fancied he could distinguish the huts of some poor fishermen; but from them he could dread no molestation, nor was it likely their em-

ployments would lead them to that desolate spot where the exiles hoped for the present to find peace and security. Assisted by the old domestic, they carried the planks and those parts of the yacht which had been washed on shore further up the cliff, to the spot where they intended to fix their abode, and erected their little habitation on the side of the cliff, invoking St. Christopher, their patron Saint, to bless their undertaking. Having saved every thing that the vessel contained, their work proceeded quickly, and in a few days the grateful family once more assembled around their own fire-side, and talked of their *home*,—the home of the exiles.

The next morning ushered in the Sabbath: blessing the day of rest, they assembled before the door of their simple abode. Here, on the high open cliff of St. Christopher, the ocean rolling before them and dashing at the base of rocks, with no other canopy than the blue firmament of heaven, the father of the family offered his devotions to Him who dwelleth in the Highest, and looketh with compassion on the sons of Earth; whilst the low responses of his sightless daughter mingled with her father's prayers. The little boat was soon repaired; and assisted by young Fulbert, Mordaunt spent his time fishing in the bay, or destroying the rabbits, with which the cliffs abounded: and thus supplied the wants of the family, whilst it agreeably occupied his own time. Mrs. Mordaunt and her daughters pursued their usual avocations; and as their work, music, and implements for drawing, had been brought uninjured from the wreck, the day passed with the same delightful rapidity as in former times, when the ladies of Landford were the theme of universal admiration.

Not long had they occupied this wild and desolate situation, ere their circle was enlivened by the appearance of a stranger, and the smile of welcome played on every face as they recognised the youthful Orlando. Orlando's introduction to the Mordaunt family had taken place but a short time before the confiscation of their estates. He found the father a pleasant well-bred gentleman; he admired the mingled pride, dignity, and tenderness, of Mrs. Mordaunt's character. Young Fulbert was a noble-minded boy; with Anna he laughed away the pleasant hours; and in Edith he found one whose character strongly assimilated with his own—young, ardent in all her feelings, enthusiastic in every pursuit, the lover of nature in storm and tempest, as well as in the hour of sunshine. The happy gaiety of her life was never clouded but by that deep and tender melancholy, the result of powerful feelings, which as yet had never been called forth but by her affection towards her family, or by the power of poetry—her large blue eyes sparkled with pleasure as she gave her hand to Orlando, and bade him welcome in their solitude.

Orlando's feelings were more inclined to volatility than those of Edith, and the melancholy that nature had bestowed on her had seldom disturbed the youth. Nobly descended—the favoured child of Fortune—graced by Nature with an elegant person, Orlando was the image of youthful beauty. His age was the same as Edith's. The polish of high society was perceived in his manners, and was ornamented by the delicacy of his mind. There was a *hauteur* in his air which spoke too much of pride; and, at times, a quickness or irratibility of manner, that showed violent and perhaps ill-governed feelings. His vanity was undisguised; and under an appearance of perfect openness lurked a character too deep to be easily understood, even by those who believed themselves his intimate and familiar friends.

Similarity of taste, and perhaps in some respect of foibles, too, attracted Edith and Orlando towards each other; but their acquaintance had been slight, until the day when on the summit of that high cliff they renewed the intimacy of former times. Orlando's love of wandering had drawn him to the

island; and his taste for the wild and beautiful had led his idle footsteps in search of the picturesque, until he reached the dwelling of the exiles, which fatigue and curiosity had induced him to enter. Whilst Edith and her sister were engaged in other pursuits, Orlando, accompanied by Fulbert, would destroy the game, and explore the surrounding country, still carefully avoiding the natives in their rambles. The screams of the sea-birds, as they hovered and wheeled around the sides of the cliff, induced Orlando to attempt the descent in order to procure their eggs, and, with the assistance of an iron crow and a strong rope, with a piece of stick fastened at the end of it, on which he seated himself, fearlessly he descended the dizzy height; the long pole in his hand he struck against the rock, and prevented himself from being swung with too much force against the sharp projections of the cliff. Having taken some eggs, and collected the samphire which grew in the crevices, he called to those above to raise the rope; and the daring adventurer gaily hastened to lay the spoils at Edith's feet.

Accompanied by Anna, they would wander on the shore, or, idly resting on the cliff, admire each bright variety of nature,—each scene they loved their pencils traced; they were not guided by the rules of art as much as by their feelings; their sketches were slight and spirited; and in after-times would Edith gaze on them, and sadly call to mind the praises which her friend bestowed—those praises which she loved so well:—

'She was the child of nature; earth, sea, sky,
Mountain and cataract, fern-clad hill and dale,
Possessed a nameless charm in her young eye,
Pure and eternal.'
How happily these hours of friendship glided by.
In joyous youth what soul hath never known,
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to his own?

She loved Orlando's daring bravery; with shuddering pleasure would she view him seize the wild bird's eggs, or gazing on the sea, would tell the tales of other times, and weep for fancied sorrows.

One lovely autumnal evening, Orlando, Edith, and Fulbert, were standing on the extreme left verge of St. Christopher's cliff, on the edge of a precipice washed by the waves which dashed in foam on the steep and narrow shore below. The spot was inapproachable from the land; the jutting rocks on either side advancing into the ocean, formed a little bay; at the back arose the perpendicular cliff; the ocean rolled its heavy breakers in the front, rendering a landing full of peril to those who might attempt it.

Orlando, when in Edith's sight, loved to court danger, for her smile rewarded him; but he better loved the mild reproof his rashness drew, in those low tones of tenderness. He wished to gather samphire, and gaily laughing at her fears, prepared for the descent; his friend stood by; she gently urged him to remain; but she will prize me more when I return, Orlando thought, and turned to go. But when he saw that tearful eye, and marked the paleness of her cheek, he clasped her hand—'Dear Edith, we shall meet again'—his looks spake all she loved, yet feared to hear. Again she smiled, and saw her friend descend with sickening velocity. The rope on which his whole dependence hung caught on the sharp projection of the rock, and strand by strand gave way. Orlando saw the impending fate; he raised his eyes, and Edith shrieked in agony; that parting look of love could never be forgot; she saw no more, but sinking on the earth, the dash of waves, the echo of the rocks, and the low groan of parting life, spake horror to her soul. With sudden frightful eagerness she gazed adown the cliff—

———'we gaze, how long we gaze, despight of pain;
And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain!'

She passed her hand across her brow to dull the sense of pain; she knew not what had passed, and her strained sight was dim and vacant: once more arose that low faint groan—sense, feeling, all returned—the dimness fled before

her gaze—she saw that lovely form now stretched in death—that speaking eye for ever closed—that open brow bathed by the ocean's foam—all human help was vain—she knew, she felt it so, and closed her eyes in hopeless agony. The Mordaunts sought the spot—they found their youthful friend —his slight and active limbs were cold in death—

> 'And the spirit that sat in his bright blue eye
> Was struck with cold mortality.'

In silence they hollowed his narrow bed; the ocean waves roll o'er it, the spirit of the storm moans wildly o'er the spot, but the wanderer rests in peace—

> 'Blest be his generous soul—a purer spirit has
> not heaven.'

Upon the bosom of her mother lay the unconscious Edith; her sister bathed her pallid brow, and roused her from her trance. She wildly looked around—she laughed in bitter mirth, whilst at intervals returning reason strove to regain its empire. Clasped in her mother's arms, she called upon her name, and bade her save her child —again she madly shrieked, and sense and reason fled. As time rolled on, his lenient power stilled these tempestuous feelings, and a settled melancholy took possession of her soul.

> 'She walked upon the earth as one who knew
> The dread mysterious secrets of the grave;
> But never o'er her eye of heavenly blue
> Lighted a smile———
> ——————— she had flown
> To endless grief for refuge; she would rave,
> And to the night-winds tell her tale unknown;
> Or wander o'er the heath, deserted and alone.'

Her sister's love, her parent's tenderness, soothed, but abated not this settled sorrow. She loved to be alone; and when the moon shone calmly on the waters, then would she steal unto that fatal spot; and, bending o'er the giddy verge, think on the days of yore. Then would her spirit commune with her love, and she would talk as though her friend were near. His last kind gift would press upon her heart, whilst she dwelt upon his words. And as she marked her thin and fading form, she joyed to think that they should meet again, and thought upon the tomb till death had lost its horrors.

The moonbeams dwell upon the cliff, but Edith is not there; that broken heart has sunk to rest—that aching head is pillowed on the earth—she sleeps beside her friend in sweet eternal peace, and spirits bless the spot.

ORIGIN OF GAS ILLUMINATION.

All those (says M. Biot, in a late number of the Journal des Savans), who have bestowed any attention on the progress of the useful arts, must have remarked that inventions which have turned out the most profitable have often ruined their authors and those who first attempted to carry them into execution. The use of gas for illumination, which forms a great object of speculation, and as it is said of profit in England, produced no advantage to Lebon, the engineer who seventeen years ago invented it in France; and Leblanc, another Frenchman, who invented the still more important art of extracting soda from sea-salt, an art which has since employed a multitude of works, and made the fortune of their proprietors, died in abject poverty.—Of the progressive steps which led to the application of gas to the purposes of illumination, the same learned writer gives the following particulars:—It was about 1683 that Becher, a skilful chemist, discovered that coal when calcined in close vessels yielded a kind of oil resembling tar, and capable of serving for the same uses. Experiments made in 1785, in Alsace, for the extraction of this oil, proved that the calcined coal left in the retort was of excellent quality for melting iron, and for all domestic purposes. In 1768, M. de Limbourg having employed the same processes at the forges of Theux in the principality of Liege, substituted for earthen retorts, which had till then been made use of, retorts of cast iron, which are

more durable, and in which an opening may be made, provided with a door for putting in and taking out the coal. These experiments were repeated with success in England and France. In the prosecution of them it was found, that besides the solid and liquid products there was disengaged an inflammable gas, composed of carbon and hydrogen, and which was therefore denominated carbureted hydrogen. This gas has since been ascertained by analysis to be variable in its proportions, that is to say, it may contain, according to circumstances, a certain quantity more of carbon or hydrogen, a point of great importance, on account of its consequences. It was farther discovered that charcoal, when calcined, gives out a small quantity of water and azote, which are probably detained by absorption in its substance, and that it also yields a small quantity of vinegar, oxyd of carbon, and ammonia; and that these products, the last of which is employed by dyers, are in sufficient abundance to be of some value. No one, however, thought of applying the carbureted hydrogen gas to any useful purpose; though it was well known to possess the property of burning with a bright flame, when mixed with the oxygen, which naturally exists in atmospheric air. It was in 1799 that Lebon, the engineer, first conceived the idea of this application, and realised it the same year at Paris in a public experiment, exhibiting the interior of his house and his garden illumined with carbureted hydrogen gas, which, issuing from a large reservoir, where it underwent a slight compression, was conducted to the lamps by small tubes furnished with cocks, that could be opened at pleasure to light the gas, or closed to extinguish it. Lebon set up one of these apparatus, which he called *thermo lamps,* at the Theatre de Louvois, where every body had an opportunity of seeing it for several months. It was the very same apparatus now employed in England, but on a much larger scale. The only difference is, that Lebon obtained his gas by the calcination of wood, and that the English extract it from coal, the only fuel used by them. It is true, that this modification probably renders the gas cheaper, unless in the calcination of wood we might perhaps be indemnified by the formation of a greater quantity of vinegar, which is well known to be a product very much used in the arts, and even the special object of certain manufactories, where it is still extracted from wood by distillation, while the apparatus is heated by the combustion of the hydrogen gas that is disengaged when once the distillation is begun.

STORY OF THE RED MAN AND THE MINIM.

Mankind have a natural fondness for the wonderful. Superstition with all its terrors gains most ground in times of calamity and disturbance, when important political events are approaching, and a latent fermentation begins to spread through a country. Thus Virgil has transmitted to posterity in beautiful verses the account of the wonders which preceded the assassination of Cæsar. Montezuma's death and the destruction of his empire were announced beforehand to the Mexicans by the appearance of a comet. A husbandman had also a dream prophetic of misfortune, and threatening words, pronounced by invisible persons, were heard in the air. It is well known also that Henry IV. had some days before his death a secret, indistinct presentiment of his melancholy fate, and several times told Sully that he knew he should be murdered.

When the sanguinary Nero had expiated his crimes by an ignominious end, a superstitious alarm seized the Christians whom he had persecuted. For a considerable time they persuaded themselves that Nero was not dead, but that by the decrees of the Almighty he was destined to renew their sufferings, and to spread fresh misery

over the world. And who is there but knows what frequent reference was made in the first years of the French revolution to the prophecy, as it is called, of a St. Cesarius, which actually seemed to apply in a striking manner to various circumstances of those days * ?

The late remarkable events in France were also preceded by a multitude of popular tales, and all sorts of fabulous stories. Most of them originated in the *fauxbourgs* of Paris, and are unworthy of notice; but some are accompanied with such singular circumstances and details as at least to afford a momentary amusement. At the head of these popular legends must be placed the wonderful history of the Red Man, which was circulated in March 1814, in many companies in Paris. The Red Man, thus runs the story, appeared for the first time to General Buonaparte, then in Egypt, the evening before the battle of the Pyramids. Napoleon, attended by several officers, was riding past one of those monuments of antiquity, when a man wrapped in a red mantle came out of the pyramid, and motioned him to alight and follow him. Buonaparte complied, and they went together into the interior of the pyramid. After an hour had elapsed, the officers became uneasy at the long absence of their commander: they were just on the point of entering the monument in quest of him, when he came forth alone, with a look of evident satisfaction. Before this interview with the Red Man, he had steadfastly refused to give battle: but now he issued orders to prepare immediately for attack, and the following day he gained the victory of the Pyramids. Buonaparte, continues the story, had made a compact with the Red Man for ten years. The time expired a few days before the battle of Wagram. He solicited a prolongation of the term from the Red Man, who yielded to the urgent request of his *protegé*, and entered into a second contract with him for five years. It is true that during the two last of them he did not strictly perform his engagements, but many a good paymaster fails at last; and besides, such adventures as this must not be scrutinized too closely. The second contract was to terminate with the 1st of April, 1814; and lo! in the preceding January, some days before Napoleon's departure from Paris, the Red Man appeared at the entrance of the Tuilleries, and desired to speak with the emperor. He came, it seems, to remind his friend, with the utmost punctuality, of the near approach of the second term. The sentinel refused him admittance; the stranger extended his hand towards him, on which the soldier, as some relate, was immediately consumed to ashes, or, according to others, was rendered unable to move a finger, and the Red Man proceeded without obstruction. A chamberlain, whom he accosted in the palace, asked him if he was provided with any letter or introduction. 'No,' said he; 'but go and tell your master that a man dressed in red desires to speak with him immediately.' The chamberlain, thinking that he should divert the emperor by this message, hastened to announce the extraordinary visitor. His astonishment may be conceived, when Napoleon, with a look so gloomy as to dispel in a moment every trace of gaiety in his attendant, ordered the Red Man to be introduced, and shut himself up alone with the stranger. Inquisitive, like any other person, the chamberlain first applied his eye and then his ear to the keyhole, and thus overheard a warm conversation between the monarch and the mysterious man, in the course of which the latter made use of these words: 'Remember, from the first of April I will have no more to do with your affairs: such is the tenor of our long concluded agreement, to which I am determined inflexibly to adhere. You must, therefore, by the above-mentioned time have either vanquished your enemies

* *This was written in 1817.*

or made peace with them: for, as I have told you, on the first of April I shall withdraw my aid from you, and what will be the consequence you well know.' In vain did the emperor allege the impossibility of settling his affairs with all Europe in so short a space; in vain did he solicit a farther prolongation of the treaty. The Red Man remained inflexible, and vanished, as some assert, through the floor. This visit is universally believed in Paris to have hastened the departure of the emperor, who was now aware that he had no time to lose. The prediction of the Red Man was punctually accomplished. On the 31st of March the allies entered Paris; and from that moment all those who knew of this story, and their number was not small, perceived that the Red Man kept the word which he had last given much more faithfully than he had fulfilled his contract.

Another extraordinary story, which about the same time made considerable noise at Paris, related to a monk of the order of Minims. This man, who resided at Paris, and was highly respected in his quarter for his benevolence, predicted in the beginning of March, to all who chose to listen to him, that the emperor would be precipitated from the throne between the 24th and 30th of that month. The minister of the police, to whose department, as it seems, the prophets belonged, sent for the friar, and threatened him confinement in a state prison. 'Do as you please,' replied he; 'since I am to die on the 16th of March, it is of very little consequence where I spend the few remaining days of my life.' Upon this declaration the Minim was dismissed as an old, crack-brained, gossiping fellow. On the 17th of March the minister is said to have accidentally recollected the circumstance, and to have sent to the friar's residence to inquire whether the prophet had died on the preceding day. His prediction was found to be literally accomplished, and the body was already in the coffin. Naturally enough this fulfilment of the first part of his prophecy proved an unlucky omen in regard to the second, which was in like manner verified by the capitulation of the 30th of March.

What renders these two stories rather *piquant* is, that great numbers of people can testify that they were not fabricated after the events had happened; but that the one was in circulation above a month, the other at least eight days, previously to those events, and that the circumstances occurred exactly at the dates which had been foretold.

EXTRACT FROM THE 'HISTORIA MAJOR' OF MATTHEW PARIS, MONK OF ST. ALBANS.

Adventures of King Richard 1st, on his return from Palestine.

1. In the autumn of the year 1192, the ships being prepared, and every thing rightly disposed of, King Richard, with his queen, his sister Jane, Queen of Sicily, and the rest of his nobles, crossed the Mediterranean; all of whom were subjected to unusually tempestuous weather at sea, and to various evils when they touched the land. Some escaped to the shore almost naked, with the destruction of their ships, and the loss of their treasures, and but few gained the port destined for their safety. Those who escaped the dangers of the sea beheld everywhere hostile forces arising against them. Many had a heavy ransom set upon their heads; nor had they any means of escape, as though sea and land had both conspired to punish the deserters from the cross; whence it is manifest, that their retreating before the accomplishment of their pilgrimage was displeasing to the Lord; who had decreed that they should prosper in the Holy Land, subduing their enemies for them, and delivering to them that land for which they had undertaken so grievous a pilgrimage; for on the feast of Quadragesima, following their departure, Saladin, the invader of Christendom

and of the Holy Land, finished his accursed life by a miserable death; and had they been present they might easily have recovered the country, during the quarrels and disputes maintained by the sons and neighbours of the aforesaid Saladin for the possession of his kingdom.

II.—As to King Richard, he having, with several of his followers, been afflicted for six weeks by grievous storms at sea, and as he approached the coast of Barbary (being three days' sail distant from Marseilles), having heard the growing rumour, that the count de St. Gilles and the other princes, through whose territories he had to pass, had, with one accord, conspired against him, and laid snares for him, determined to return to England by way of Germany, in disguise. And having changed his course accordingly, landed with a few of his followers, namely, Baldwin de Bethun, and Master Philip, his clerk, and Anselm, his chaplain, and a few Templars, at a certain sea-port in the territory of Sclavonia, by name Zara; and sending forthwith a messenger to the nearest castle, demanded a safe conduct and undisturbed passage from the lord of the province. The king, on his passage, had bought three precious stones, namely, carbuncles, vulgarly called rubies, of a certain Pisan, for 900 byzants; one of which, set in a golden ring, he sent to the lord of the castle by the aforesaid messenger, who being asked by the said lord what persons they were who demanded safe conduct, answered, that they were pilgrims returning from Jerusalem; and being asked their names, he replied, 'one of them is called Baldwin de Bethun, the other Hugh, a merchant, who also hath sent you this ring;' but he, having inspected it for some time, said, 'his name is not Hugh, but King Richard;' and added, 'although I have sworn to lay violent hands on all pilgrims who return from those parts, and not to receive any presents from them, yet, regard being had both to the value of the gift and the giver, in that he hath so much honoured me, who am unknown to him, I both return the jewel, and give him licence to depart.' The messenger, on his return, related these things to the king, who, with his companions, having bought some horses, departed from the city in secret, and proceeded some way undisturbed. But the aforesaid lord had privately sent a messenger to his brother, that he might seize the king in passing through his territory, which lay on his road. At which territory, when the king had arrived and entered the city, where the brother of the aforesaid lord was lying in wait for him, the latter immediately called to him one of his most faithful adherents, of Norman parentage, by name Roger de Argenton (who had remained with him twenty years, and had given his niece in marriage to him), and ordered him diligently to examine the houses where those pilgrims might sojourn, and, if possible, to discover the king either by his speech, or by any other token, promising him half the city for a reward, if he could intercept him. Roger, having examined the lodgings of the pilgrims, at length found him whom he sought; who for a long time would not discover himself to him, but at length, forced by the importunity and entreaties of his faithful examiner, confessed who he was. He, urging him with many tears to make instant escape, furnished him with an excellent horse for the purpose, and then returning to his master, told him that the report of the king's arrival was but an idle rumour; and that it was only Baldwin de Bethun and his comrades, who were returning from pilgimage; whereat his lord being enraged, commanded them all to be seized. But the king departing secretly with William de *Stargo* (*de la Pole*), and a slave, who understood German, continued on his road without food for the space of three days and three nights. Then, being compelled by hunger, he turned himself towards the city of Grab in Austria, hard by the Danube; where, to crown his mis-

fortunes, it chanced that the Duke of Austria was at that time abiding.

III.—King Richard being thus compelled by necessity, sent his slave to the market-place of the city to buy some food to satisfy their hunger. The slave, when he arrived at the market-place, bearing himself with a pompous and haughty demeanor, and dealing about his byzants somewhat too largely, was apprehended by the citizens, and commanded to give an account of himself. He answered, that he was the slave of a certain rich merchant, who would reach the city within the space of three days; and being thereupon discharged, he returned to the king in his private abode, and exhorted him to make his escape instantly, relating what had happened. But the king, after his sufferings on the sea, was resolved to rest a few days in that city. Meanwhile, as the aforesaid slave was often in the market-place going backwards and forwards, it happened that, on the festival of St. Thomas the apostle, he chanced incautiously to carry thither the king's tablets under his girdle, which the magistrates seeing, again caused him to be apprehended, and tortured him in divers modes, threatening that they would cut out his tongue unless he immediately confessed who was truly his master. At length, being compelled by the force of his torments, he informed them of the whole truth: whereof having immediately apprised the duke, he ordered the king's lodgings to be surrounded, and himself peremptorily summoned to make his surrender. The king, nevertheless, remained unterrified by the host of barbarians against him; but being aware that his valour would not long prevail against their force, commanded them to bring the duke, saying, that he would render himself prisoner to him only. The duke immediately approaching, the king marched out to meet him, and delivered up his sword to him, together with himself. The duke, in great joy, took him along with him in an honourable manner, and then committed him to the custody of some trust-worthy soldiers, who guarded him closely both day and night with drawn swords. The which lamentable misfortune is not to be supposed to have occurred without the peculiar judgment of God, although not manifest to us, whether it were to chastise the youthful errors of the king, or the sins of his subjects; or that the same king might be recalled to penitence by being deservedly punished for the violence with which he besieged his fleshly father, Henry, when lying on his sick bed, in the city of Mans, with the assistance and counsel of the king of France. And although he did not actually slay him with the sword, yet, by frequent assaults, he forced him to leave that place; all which things, beyond doubt, contributed to his death.

IV. During the year of our Lord 1193, King Richard remained in the custody of the Duke of Austria, who sold him to Henry, Emperor of the Romans, for sixty thousand pounds of silver, after the measure of Cologne. The emperor, on receiving him (which was the third week after Palm-Sunday), ordered him to be placed in close custody; and for the purpose of obtaining from him an unreasonable sum of money for ransom, he ordered him to be carried *into the land of the Triballi*, out of whose prisons no one who had entered was ever known to return—of whom Aristotle speaks in his fifth book, saying, 'It is reckoned right to slay one's father among the Triballi;' and of whom elsewhere it is written,

'Sunt loca, sunt gentes, quibus est mactare parentes.'

In this confinement he never was allowed to rest, except under the custody of a multitude of soldiers and attendants, some of whom accompanied him night and day with drawn swords. A body of guards surrounded the bed of the king, and did not permit any of his followers to pass the night with him. Yet none of these things could in the least degree disturb the coun-

tenance of that most serene prince; and he ever appeared both cheerful and free in words—bold and daring in deeds—as the time, place, or occasion required. How many jokes he passed on his guards—how often he derided them when intoxicated—how often he measured his own strength with that of such gigantic forms—I leave to others to relate.

§. V.—The emperor, displaying an angry and implacable disposition towards the king, would never demean himself so far as to call him into his presence, or to converse with him; but, preferring many grievous accusations against him and his people, he spread various calumnies respecting him. But at length, through the mediation of friends on both sides, especially of the Abbot of Clugny, and William, the king's chancellor, the emperor, having convoked his prelates, dukes, and counts, ordered the king to be brought before him, and accused him on various charges before them all. In the first place, namely, that by his counsel and assistance he had himself lost the kingdom of Sicily and Apulia, which descended to him, by hereditary right, after the death of William its king: to gain which he had procured a large army, by means of an infinite sum of money; while he had also faithfully promised him assistance to wrest that kingdom from Tancred. He then accused him concerning the king of Cyprus, who was united to him by relationship, whom he had unjustly deprived of his kingdom and thrown into prison, and had by force made himself master of his lands and treasures, and sold the island to a foreigner. He then brought against him the death of his heir, the Marquis of Montferrat, who, through his machination and treachery, had been slain by the Persians; and, moreover, that he had suborned persons to assassinate his liege lord the king of France, to whom he had not preserved his faith pledged, as had been solemnly agreed between both in their common pilgrimage. He also complained, that he had ordered the standard of his relation, the Duke of Austria, to be cast into the common sewer, on account of their quarrel at Joppa, and had every where dishonoured those of the German nation in the Holy Land, in word and deed. To answer these, and other such calumnies, the king was cited before the emperor—whereon, standing in the midst of the assembly, he so well and clearly replied to each objection separately, as to excite admiration and reverence in the minds of all men; and so as no farther suspicion of the things whereof he was accused remained in the breasts of his hearers: and so clearly did he prove the truth of his assertions by probable arguments, that he destroyed all those false suspicions which were brought against him; especially denying all manner of treachery or contrivance, as to the death of any prince whatsoever; asserting that he was at all times ready to prove his innocence against such accusation, as the emperor's court should think fit. And when he had for a long time thus eloquently defended himself before the emperor and his barons, the former admiring the force of his arguments, first having called him, then arose and embraced him; and from that moment began to act more mildly towards him, and to honour him with his familiarity. Accordingly, by the mediation of the friends of both parties, the treaty was carried on for a long time for the redemption of the king. At length they agreed to this,—that the emperor should receive 140,000 merks for the king's ransom, according to the measure of Cologne—all which he was to pay before he should be set at liberty. All the bishops, dukes, and barons of the empire, then promised upon oath, that as soon as the king had paid the aforesaid sum, he should be permitted to return to his kingdom in peace. The conditions of this agreement were promulgated in England by William, bishop of Ely, chancellor of the king, who brought with him the king's letter, and the golden ball of the emperor; and

immediately an edict was published by the Royal Justiciaries, that all bishops, clerks, counts, and barons, and all abbeys and priories, should contribute the fourth part of their revenue towards the ransom of the king; and for that pious end, they collected all the gold and silver chalices. The order of the Cistercians, which had hitherto been free from all exactions, gave its whole stock of wool towards this loyal purpose. No church or order, no age or sex, was omitted; but all were forced to contribute towards the liberation of Richard.

KENILWORTH, AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

By the Author of Waverley. Edinburgh and London, 1821. 3 vols. 12mo.

The very name of this novel raises a blush on our cheeks, for having so long delayed to gratify the impatience of our fair readers by a notice of it. Seriously, we have not felt any pleasure in the delay; and if it were not that we know it is one of their peculiarities to be 'constant only to be kind,' we should be in utter despondency from the apprehension of having forfeited our claim to some portion of their favour. Our office of Editor of the LADY'S MAGAZINE is peculiarly gratifying to our feelings, and we are anxious to discharge its duties with that degree of gallantry, which, in our opinion, becomes it: considering ourselves a sort of *cavaliere servente* to our lovely subscribers, we are as anxious to gratify any of their little whims and caprices (which are always so amiable in a pretty woman), as any one of the numerous adorers that haunt their levies, their promenades, and their boudoirs. An eager thirst after novelty, and especially a fashionable novelty, we have not failed to discover to be a very conspicuous characteristic of the angel sex; and we hope that such of them as patronise our labours will admit, that we are generally sufficiently on the alert to gratify this propensity, by a prompt notice of every thing that can excite it, and perhaps the present is the first instance in which we have glaringly transgressed the rule we lay down for ourselves. A *new* novel, ever since novels were invented, has been an object of irresistible attraction to the ladies; but of late years, that description of publication has entirely lost its credit in favour of a more narrow distinction—a *new* novel by Walter Scott. This is now the grand object of interest, the most prominent feature of a bookseller's shop; and we have been frequently tempted to envy that race of mortals, usually so despised by authors, when we have observed with what fascinating insinuation the idols of our adoration have entreated precedence in the reading of Walter Scott's last new novel. Oh! what 'compunctious visitings' now agitate us, on having been so backward to review Walter Scott's last new novel. One advantage may perhaps arise from this very delay, that we may be able more coolly and deliberately to deliver our opinion on so important a production, than in the first bustle of eager anxiety. Speaking apart, however, we must admit, that these novels, attributed to Walter Scott, are worthy of the admiration they have received; that is as far as any novel can be so, and we hope our fair readers will not accuse us of schism, in hinting a doubt on that subject: they are assuredly far superior to any other work of fiction that has appeared during the last half century. And whether or not Walter Scott be the author, is a point still contested; and perhaps if we were called on to pronounce an opinion, we might, from his poetry, be inclined to judge him incapable of producing such excellent prose: they are fully worthy of that precedence before all other novels of modern manufacture, which is so generally, we may say universally, allowed them. Our admiration of these entertaining works, however, does not amount to a prejudice in favour of all that proceeds from the same pen; and we are constrained by justice to allow, that there is a *lamentable inequality* amongst them,

which would be surprising, were it not almost a matter of course, that a person who writes so much should necessarily fall short at times of that excellence which he attains at others. Waverley, Guy Mannering, and the Antiquary, have, in our opinion, never been equalled; and though Old Mortality, Rob Roy, and the Heart of Midlothian, may claim a proud rank amongst the fictitious literature of their age, they must yield the palm to their predecessors, and be content with the decided superiority over all the later productions of the same writer. The most striking prefections that meet the attention are the interest and skilful construction of the fable, the force and accuracy with which the characters are drawn, the vividness of the descriptions, and the general brilliancy of the style. The deep antiquarian research of the author, too, enables him to mark the peculiar character of distant ages by numerous traits so correct and spirited, as to bring our ancestors and those of our northern neighbours in all but living reality before us. His native Scotland, however, is his favourite field; and though the force of his genius may enable it to spring up and blossom in another soil, it is there that it revels and luxuriates in all the beauty, freshness, and fertility of aboriginal growth and stamina. This is an almost necessary consequence of his more intimate acquaintance with the scenery and manners, to say nothing of that predilection in favour of his own country, which is so distinguished a characteristic of Scotchmen. Ivanhoe was an instance of the unfavourable effects of English air upon the Scottish muse. A fable of little art or interest, an almost destitution of character, descriptions and incidents furnished by Turner, Hollingshed, and other writers on the Saxon antiquities of Britain, were its principal features; and had not these defects been in some measure redeemed by some beautiful little touches in the characters of the Jew and his daughter, in which the hand of the master could be recognised, it would have been necessary, in pity to the author, to have struck it from the list of his works. Of the Monastery and the Abbot we will not venture to say a word, because we do not wish to recollect that this admirable author has sometimes failed on his own ground.

Of the novel now before us we may shortly say, that it ranks neither amongst the best nor the worst of the novels by the same hand. It is greatly superior to Ivanhoe, and must, under all circumstances, be esteemed a very interesting and well written story: it would probably have been considered excellent, if Waverley, and the other we have before named, had never been written.

England is the scene of action, as the title imports, and the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth the time. The principal action of the story arises out of the political intrigues of the Earl of Leicester, and the ambitious projects which the obvious partiality of the queen for him engendered in his bosom. He has eloped from her father's house with a certain Amy Robsart, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart, of Lidcot Hall, in Devonshire, and privately married her, and lest such a step should injure his political views, he keeps her secluded in a very retired mansion, called Cumnor-priory, near Cumnor, in Oxfordshire, under the guardianship of one of his creatures, called Anthony Foster. His Amy, however, had, previous to her acquaintance with the Earl, been betrothed to one Tresilian, a gentleman of Cornish family, of excellent character, but no rank. In the course of his pursuit after her, he discovers her residence in Cumnor, and finding Varney, the Earl's master of the horse, on the spot, imagines that he is the seducer. He avails himself of his interest with the Earl of Sussex, the great political opponent of Leicester, to present a petition to the queen, complaining of the seduction, and demanding the restitution of the fugitive



to her father. The matter of this petition obtains the attention of the queen at a grand court held at Greenwich, at which both earls are present. Varney being called on to explain, affirms that he is actually married to Amy, and privately hints to her majesty, that the distraction of the earl occasioned by a recent passion, which he gives her to understand has no other object than herself, has suffered him to pay little attention to the proceedings of his household. The queen ends the affair by announcing her intention to visit the earl at Kenilworth, in the ensuing week, and desires that all the parties, the lady included, may appear before her. Varney is a selfish wretch, who is determined to make the earl's ambition a stepping-stone to his own; and with this view is prepared to request or execute any crimes that may afford a prospect of success. He first attempts to persuade the earl to compel his wife to assume the character of Mrs. Varney, at Kenilworth; which plan is instantly rejected by Leicester, both as inconsistent with his feelings and impracticable. Varney, however, succeeds, by pressing on him the emergency, in extorting his consent to give the lady a potion, which shall render her incapable of appearing at Kenilworth. He accordingly posts away to Cumnor, with a mountebank, whom the earl patronizes, in the character of an astrologer, and who is to manufacture the draught. The attempt to force this upon Amy awakens her fears for her life, and being assisted by an emissary of Tressilian's, who has repaired to Cumnor to watch the progress of affairs, she escapes from the priory, and betakes herself to Kenilworth, where she obtains admission in the disguise of one of the numerous revellers, jugglers, and mummers that were to assist at the festival. Her object is to make a personal appeal to the affection of the earl; but the letter which she writes for this purpose, immediately after her arrival, does not reach his hands In the mean time she has an interview with Tressilian, whom she binds by a promise not to interfere in her affairs for the space of four and twenty hours. The queen, shortly after her arrival, demands the presence of the lady, when Varney unblushingly assures her that she is in Oxfordshire, in a state of sickness, that unfits her for the journey, and produces the certificate of the aforesaid mountebank to confirm his statement. Poor Tressilian, though he knows and affirms the falsehood of this assertion, is prevented by his promise to Amy from entering into any explanation, and accordingly cuts but a very poor figure. Amy being alarmed in the chamber she occupies, which is that allotted to Tressilian, by the incursion of one Michael Lambourne, a hired bully of Varney's, who looks upon her as a private inamorata of Tressilian's, abruptly flies to the pleasance, and secretes herself in a grotto. At the very same moment, Leicester has been powerfully urging his suit to the queen, who requests to be left alone in the pleasance. Here she meets with Amy, and a most interesting scene ensues, in which the queen recognises her as the daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart, and the Earl of Leicester is called on for an explanation. This is all but satisfactory; the queen suspects the truth, and has expressed her indignation in the strongest terms, even ordering him into custody, when the evil genius, Varney, appears, and stating his wife to be mad, which the agitation and incoherence of Amy supports, she is conveyed away in the custody of Lord Hunsdon, and the queen is reconciled to Leicester. The earl, however, conscious that the queen's favour—that even his life—hangs upon a thread, prepares, by summoning all his friends, and exerting all his political interest, to set the sovereign at defiance; but Varney turns him from this project, by suggesting not only the danger, but that his wife is unworthy of such a sacrifice being made on her account, as she is not herself faithful. In support of

this accusation, he mentions Tressilian's visit to Cumnor, his petition to the queen, and, above all, her being secreted in his very chamber at Kenilworth, a fact to which there are several eyewitnesses. He succeeds in rousing the earl's jealousy to such a pitch, that he consents to deliver Amy up to Varney, to be destroyed, and resolves to revenge himself personally on Tressilian. Varney now obtains an order from the queen, for the delivery of Amy into his custody, and instantly sets off with her to Cumnor, as the fittest place for perpetrating his atrocious design. The period of Tressilian's promised silence having expired, he seeks the Earl of Leicester, as the fittest person to give a satisfactory explanation of all the mystery and contradictions which he has observed: the earl, full of jealous fury, looking on him as the seducer of his wife, immediately provokes him to single combat, in the course of which Tressilian is disarmed, and is on the point of receiving the earl's steel in his heart, when a messenger enters with Amy's letter, which clears up every doubt, and proves the villany of Varney. Leicester immediately sends off Lambourne in pursuit of Varney, to recall his instructions, and then repairing to the queen, confesses his marriage. After venting her spleen and disappointment in the bitterest sarcasm and invective, the queen gives him permission to proceed to Cumnor. Varney, on being overtaken by Lambourne, not only declines complying with the earl's mandate, but to protect himself, shoots the messenger, and rifles his pockets, that the murder may appear to be the work of robbers, and proceeds with his charge to Cumnor. On their arrival, the lady is placed, for greater security, in Foster's own apartment, where he keeps his gold; and being an inveterate miser, he has contrived an ingenious piece of machinery, to protect himself and his treasure. This is no other than a trapdoor in the flooring of the gallery which leads to his chamber, which may be pulled up in the manner of a drawbridge, and cut off all communication; for, from its peculiar situation in the building, it is not over any other room or staircase, but covers a chasm which extends to the very foundation of the building. On observing this, Varney inquires whether the door cannot be so placed as to have the appearance of security, and yet to give way and fall under upon the slightest pressure. Foster answers in the affirmative, and Varney then commands him so to arrange it. This, after quieting his conscience, by warning Amy not to come from the chamber till the earl's arrival, he does. Varney is much disappointed that Amy does not attempt to escape, but hits on an infernal expedient to bring her forth. He goes into the yard, and imitates the private signal which the earl was used to give on his arrival; the unhappy lady gives into the snare, and rushing with eager joy from her chamber, treads on the fatal trap, is precipitated into the depth below, and in a few moments is no more. The arrival of the earl, immediately after this catastrophe, ends the story. The principal incidents of the life of this Countess of Leicester are to be found in a poem, call Cumnor Hall, by Mickle, the translator of Camoens. The numerous episodical characters and incidents we have not mentioned, as they do not boast any peculiar interest or power.

The most striking feature of the performance is the queen; and her character is portrayed with a degree of spirit and fidelity that is infinitely delightful. That of Amy, too, possesses great interest, from the tenderness and devotedness of her affection for the earl; while Varney is one of those sterling, unalloyed villains, which the writers of the old school delighted to draw. The Earl of Leicester is a temporising courtier, who has not courage enough to be a downright villain: he is not a villain by principle, but only from momentary suggestion; which, if not so detestable, is more contemptible than the



other. The whole tribe of Gosling, Lambourne, Blount, Foster, Wayland Smith, and Flibbertigibet, are very amusing in their places, but do not demand any particular notice here. One of the chief perfections of the work is, the excellence with which the quaint and antiquated diction of those times is imitated; it is, to be sure, a little formal and roundabout, but there is a raciness and spirit in it, which contrasts both forcibly and favourably with the mawkish insipidity that marks the conversational style of our modern fashionables. The court at Greenwich, the revels at Kenilworth, and other local circumstances are described with all that vividness and richness, which brings the scene immediately before the mind's eye, and is one of the leading excellencies of the author of the Scotch novels. It is rather remarkable that this story, though possessing, in our opinion, more genuine dramatic interest than any other from the same hand, has given birth to no one drama at any theatre, worthy of any degree of public favour. A few trifling anachronisms, such as making Shakspeare and Raleigh grown men in the prime of life, in the very early part of the reign of Elizabeth, may be pardoned, from the additional interest the introduction of such personages imparts to the story.

A HINT TO A KING.

There was one Ferguson, an intimate of King James I., who, being about the same age, had been a playfellow with him when they were young, came with him into England, and, extending the rights of friendship too far, frequently took the liberty of advising, and sometimes admonishing, or rather reproving his sovereign. The king was often vexed by his freedoms, and at length said to him, between jest and earnest, 'You are perpetually censuring my conduct: I'll make you a king some time or other, and try you.' Accordingly one day, the court being very jovial, it came into his majesty's head to execute this project; and so calling Ferguson, he ordered him into the chair of state, bidding him there play the king; while, for his part, he would personate Johnny Ferguson. The mock-sovereign put on the airs of royalty, and talked to those about him in a strain like that of the real one, only with less pedantry. It was a perfect comedy, till the unlucky knave turned the tables, and came all of a sudden to moralize on the vanity of honour, wealth, and pleasure; to talk of the insincerity, venality, and corruption of courtiers, and servants of the crown; how entirely they had their own interests at heart, and how generally their pretended zeal and assiduity were the disguise of falsehood and flattery. This discourse made a change in some of their countenances, and even the real monarch did not relish it altogether. He was afraid it might have some effect upon his minions, and lessen the tribute of adulation they were used to offer with great profusion, when they found how this wag observed and animadverted on it. But the monitor did not stop here: he levelled a particular satire at the king. For the mimic, pointing directly to James (who was to personate Ferguson), raising his voice, 'There,' said he, 'stands a man whom I would have you imitate: the honest creature was the comrade of my childhood, and regards me with a cordial affection to this very moment: he has testified his friendship by all the means in his power; studying my welfare, guarding me from evil counsellors, prompting me to princely actions, and warning me of every danger; for all which, he never asked me any thing: and, by Jove, though I have squandered thousands on several of you, yet, in the whole course of my life, I never gave him a farthing.' The king, nettled by this sarcasm, cried out to Ferguson, 'Augh! you pauky loun, what wad you be at? Awa aff my thrane, and let's hae na mair o' your nainsance.'

ENGLISH FEMALE COSTUMES FOR JUNE.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Amidst the variety of out-door materials which at present compose the attire of our English belles, there is none more prevalent than the light coloured silk pelisses: they are made with very little trimming, open in front, and simply embroidered round the bottom with two or three rouleaux of white satin; generally worn with a beautifully embroidered laced or flounced muslin petticoat: the colours most prevalent are sky blue, levantine, or pear-colour, and bright purple; but the favourite carriage pelisse is of white satin, or of sea-green *gros-de-Naples*, which latter is elegantly and richly ornamented down the front with rich silk cord, in a kind of military style: each braid is finished by large oblong buttons, the same colour as the pelisse, and lined throughout with white sarsnet.

Spencers are likewise in much requisition for out-door costume, especially for young persons, composed of various coloured satins; but the most elegant is the pearl-coloured satin, made with a pelerine cape, and high standing collar, which is trimmed round with two rows of blond quilled full: sleeves to correspond.

Levantine, with gossamer, satins, sarsnets, and figured gauzes, still continue for every degree of costume in full and half dress. The body made partially high, short sleeves, with fine long sleeve of net to cover the arm. Washing silks, with cambric and muslin spencers, are much worn for home dress, some of lilac and others very elegant, composed of pale pink, figured with black, and trimmed with lace, with one or two broad flounces at the border of the same material as the dress; or broad wadding pipings of satin laid on in separate divisions; this, with a black silk French apron, gives an elegant finish to this morning attire.

Embroidered cambrics, or fine India muslin for robes, are now prevalent at all times of the day, and evening walking attire.

Bonnets of green silk gauze, leno, coloured sarsnet, or spotted velvet, are much worn; they are lined with pink or blue, and ornamented with flowers or plumage. The lilac, the rose, and a long train of rival sweets, offer themselves at the shrine of female beauty, which, with the harmonious assortment of well chosen colours in dress, produce so many pleasing images to the mind, that when a beholder sees them, he is ever put in temper to admire; and when those are found blended with the beauties of a lovely girl, the effect is irresistible. Fancy bonnets of all kinds and colours are much in favour; but those of the latest and most fashionable for walking are the open Leghorn: feathers with this bonnet are most in vogue, and are ornaments of graceful negligence; they are seen falling carelessly, and floating with ease over the shoulder: for muslin and fancy silk bonnets, the Lapland moss, the floss silk, or vandyke puffings, seem likely to preponderate, as the favourite trimmings at the edges and crowns.

The most tasteful morning dress is of light twilled or plain sarsnet, of pale unobtrusive colour, such as Nile-water, lilac, grey, and olive-green, made half high, and bordered with several flounces of the same material, each finished with a satin rouleau; the bust with satin rouleau in serpentine work, and finished with buttons.



Walking Dress



Cornettes, or mobs, are of various kinds: those for the morning are made low in the crown, with two quillings of fine lace next to the face, and are lined with coloured sarsnet, with a half wreath or full clusters of pale flowers. Those for dinner parties or theatres are profusely adorned with flowers, and are composed of fine net, satin, or coloured crape. The favourite colours are celestial blue, primrose, pink, lilac, and tea-green.

MORNING COSTUME.

Round frilled robe, of thin jaconet or corded muslin: the body made to draw narrow towards the lower part of the waist, and finished with a pelerine cape, falling over the shoulders; a short full sleeve terminating in vandyke points, each division frilled to correspond with the dress; the long sleeve completed at the wrists with full puffings of clear muslin: with this dress is worn a lace net habit shirt, and fichu à la laitiere, elegantly embroidered; mob of fine lace tied with pale pink ribbon, and a fancy hat of the usual mode, considerably bent down in the front, and ornamented with a profusion of crape or gauze.

EVENING DRESS.

Frock of pink imperial flowered gauze, worn over a white satin slip, ornamented at the feet with a broad flounce of Mechlin or Urling's patent lace. The body long, and finished with a stomacher front, composed of alternate lace and pipings of satin, ornamented round the bust with a fall of broad lace to correspond. The hair is arranged à la vandyke, with a wreath of flowers placed very backwards, and satin band entwined with pearls. The shoes are of white satin. Gloves of white kid, and ear-rings to correspond with the ornaments of the head. Fan of mother of pearl.

POETRY.

SONNET TO MELANCHOLY.

Well mayst thou, Goddess Melancholy! seek
To throne thyself upon my lady's brow.
For who could view thy placid features now,
And say, thou art not lovely? That fair cheek,
I ween, and those mild eyes (whose light doth break
More soft and sweetly through their silken lids
Than the young morn, when first Aurora bids
Her beams go forth to gild the lofty peak
Of some proud hill), would make ev'n wanton mirth
Forbear her smiles, and, lost in wonder, stay
Her frolic foot; while list'ning to thy lay,
Thy sadly pleasing lay, her thoughts from earth
Would quickly steal, and rise on rapid wing
To realms of bliss, where 'sounds seraphic ring.'

EMMA'S RETORT.

'Tis said, stolen goods ne'er prosper,—well,
Another course pursue, man;
I hate those beaux who kiss and tell,
And, therefore, *Mister New-man.*

Yet, if pursued by faithful love,
Thy Emma find thee true, man,
As faithful thou might'st Emma prove,
And make her *Mistress New-man.*

Strange paradox for lovers, too;
Go ask thy priest the clue, man,
Then our friends soon may, 'how d'ye do,
Mister and *Mistress Newman?*'

EMMA.

ON A LIBRARY.

Rollio, who values nothing that's within,
Rates books like beavers—only for their skin.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TAJO.

Translated from the Spanish of Fray Luis de Leon, by Captain T. A. Anderson, H. M. 19th regiment.

[This poem is founded on the destruction of the Gothic monarchy, in the reign of Don Roderic, and the entire conquest of Spain by the Moors, who were assisted by Count Julian, a Spanish grandee, in revenge for the violation of his daughter Florinda, by Don Roderic. This event took place A. D. 714.]

In Tajo's orange-blossom'd bowers
Stern Roderic pass'd his guilty hours,
In beauty's lap, inglorious lot!
His country and his crown forgot.
One sleepless night he left his bed,
The river's sandy brink to tread,
Lured by the cool refreshing gale,
That softly swell'd the fisher's sail:
The moonbeam brighten'd all the scene,
The dark brown rocks, and glens between;—
Awhile the haughty monarch stood
And gazed upon the quivering flood,
When, lo! the gently eddying tide
Seem'd for an instant to divide,
And half in shadow, half in light,
Slowly arose, appalling sight!
The Spirit of the mountain stream!
His fiery eye-balls angry gleam,
His chilling frown, his stedfast look,
The crest-fall'n Roderic could not brook.
The shuddering king he sternly ey'd,
And thus in tone prophetic cried:—

'Tyrant! wanton paramour!
Dallying in an evil hour.
Hark! the trampling hostile scouts!
Hark! the deafening shrieks and shouts!
Monarch! ere too late, refrain,
Fatal fair! Iberia's bane!
Death to all thy princely race,
Tyrant! lurks in her embrace:
See! oh see! the shining brand
Falls on this devoted land;
View her sire his wrongs proclaim,
Bent on vengeance, deaf to fam:
Now from Cadiz' sea-girt walls
Hagar's turban'd sons he calls,
Lybia's tribes their cymbals sound,
Swarthy nations flock around,
Arabs brandishing the lance,
Shriek aloud, advance! advance!
Myriads to their banners throng,
In pomp barbaric borne along:
Mark what squadrons crowd the plain,
Fill the ships, and cleave the main!
Straining arms the gallies ply,
White in foam the billows fly,
Winds propitious waft them o'er,
Now they gain the fated shore!
War and havoc round thee press,
Canst thou still the maid caress?
Calpé owns the Moorish blade.
View her crescent flag display'd:
Rise, or be for ever lost;
Lace thy corslet, arm thine host;
Mount, and spare not spur or rein;
Deep thy desperate falchion stain!
See, the slaughter rages round,
Horse and horseman bite the ground!
Weltering in their mutual blood,
Moor and Christian choke the flood,
Sweeping headlong to the main,
Batter'd arms, and warriors slain!
Till the fifth returning night
Ebbs and flows the tide of fight.
King! the sixth, thy downfall brings,
And wide the Moorish standard flings!'

Here ceas'd the voice—the echoes round
Seem'd to prolong the solemn sound;
The moon withdrew her shining beam,
And mist and vapour hid the stream.

THE POOR MAN'S LABOUR.

A SONG.

My mother wept—the stream of pain
Flow'd fast and chilly from her brow,
My father pray'd, nor pray'd in vain,—
Sweet mercy cast a glance below.
Mine husband dear, the sufferer cried,
My pains are o'er—behold your son!
Thank Heaven, sweet partner, he replied,
The poor boy's labour is then begun.

Alas! the hapless life she gave
By fate was doom'd to cost her own;
Soon, soon, she found an early grave,
Nor stay'd her partner long alone;
But left their orphan here below,
A stranger wild beneath the sun,
This lesson sad to learn from wo—
The poor man's labour is never done.

No parent's hand, with pious care,
My childhood's devious path to guide,
Or bid my vent'rous soul beware
The griefs that smote on every side.
'Twas still a round of changing wo,
Wo never ending, still begun,
That taught my bleeding heart to know,
The poor man's labour is never done.

Soon dies the falt'ring voice of fame;
The vows of love too warm to last;
And friendship, what a faithless dream!
And wealth, how soon thy glare is past!
Yet still one hope remains to save—
The longest course must once be run,
And in the shelter of the grave
The poor man's labour must be done.

EPIGRAM

To a worthy Alderman, Candidate for the Office of Lord Mayor.

The watermen won't give a vote
Against their privileges;
They scarcely now can keep a boat,
Yet folks cry 'vote for *Bridges*.'

O. F.

THE LEGEND OF THE STATUE.

At the entrance of the Temple of the Graces, lately erected at Woburn Abbey, is a beautiful statue, by Canova, of the youngest daughter of his Grace the Duke of Bedford, pressing a dove to her bosom.

Louisa, wandering through the wood,
Had caught one summer-noon a dove,
And, blest beyond expression, stood
The picture of infantile love.

She press'd, with Medicean grace,
The bird within her snowy arms,
And downward bent her sunny face
To kiss away its wild alarms.

It was a needless thought—the bird
Was far too happy to depart,
Finding, by every pulse that stirr'd,
Its warmest nest was on her heart.

And he who chanced that girl to see
So gently smooth each ruffled feather,
Wish'd that the captive dove and she
Thus, ever thus, might dwell together.

Canova heard that wish of his,
And, by a magic of his own,
Re-echoed the fond parent's bliss,
And fix'd the lovely twins in stone.

The Statue cannot speak her power,
The mild bird raise its sculptured wings;
Yet, struck in taste's divinest hour,
We half misdeem them living things!

A ray is in her smile—her eye—
It cannot be the beam that falls
From the sun's splendour in the sky—
Without are bowers, around are walls.

In that serenely-speaking smile,
We live our childhood o'er again;
But sadness chills our cheek the while,
To think we cannot feel as then.

When youth's full fire is in our eyes,
We steal from Venus' car a turtle,
And nestle—who would not?—the prize
Upon our heart with chains of myrtle.

But of the many cherish'd thus,
How few, fond girl, like thine remain,
Nor, home returning, leave to us
Chill'd heart, dark throe, and vacant chain.

But thou, in life's young loveliness,
From age to age as now shall stand,
Smiling with rapture so to press
Love's turtle with thy little hand.

Fit guardian of so fair a shrine!
The loveliest of those Graces three
May well like thee her head decline—
Thou art herself in infancy.

When a few summer suns make ripe
That flower which glads the parent stem,
Statue! thy living prototype
Shall burst its bud, and show like them.

J. H. W.

THE GREEN SPOT THAT BLOOMS O'ER THE DESERT OF LIFE.

A SONG.

O'er the desert of life, where you vainly pursued
Those phantoms of hope which their promise disown,
Have you e'er met some spirit divinely endued,
That so kindly could say, You don't suffer alone?
And, however your fate may have smiled or have frown'd,
Will she deign still to share as the friend or the wife?
Then make her the pulse of your heart; for you've found
The green spot that blooms o'er the desert of life.

Does she love to recall the past moments so dear,
When the sweet pledge of faith was confidingly given,
When the lip spoke the voice of affection sincere,
And the vow was exchanged and recorded in Heaven?
Does she wish to rebind what already was bound,
And draw closer the claim of the friend and the wife?
Then make her the pulse of your heart; for you've found
The green spot that blooms o'er the desert of life.

SONNET

On reading the 'Vale of Slaughden,' A Poem, by James Bird.

When night hath roll'd her mantle o'er the sky,
And stillness broods above the glassy stream,
Then have I roved, in fancy's wildest dream,
And caught, with list'ning ear, the thrilling cry
Of the lorn nightingale,—till ecstacy,
In soft delirium, stole across my breast,
And every ruder passion sunk to rest;
While danced the heart, and rapturous joy beat high,
So sweet the magic of her melody,
I've shed a tear to mark the dim stars fade:
I could have linger'd in that music-shade
For ever, as the rich tones floated by;
So you, sweet Bird, young fancy's darling child,
Touch the soft lyre, and 'tune your woodnotes wild.'

C. C.

EPIGRAM

On the Bank Paper now in Circulation.

The world *four* noted times or ages own,—
Namely, the Golden, Silver, Brazen, Iron:
Of which, except the last, there's little known,—
And *that* with evils did mankind environ;
When an old lady,—kind and wond'rous sage,
A *fifth* devis'd—yclep'd 'the Paper age.'

Oxsar.

IMAGINATION.

Imagination! Thou whose kindling eye
Erst pierced the crystal glories of the sky;
Saw Gods in grief—and, awe-struck at the sight,
Denied a mortal's misery to light;
Oh! once again vouchsafe to point our view,
And raise the vision of the past anew;
Such as Timanthes saw, till Aulis' tale
Embodied—turn'd the shudd'ring nations pale.
Then time at last were cheated of his prey,
The pen would snatch the pencil from decay.
The vision rises—mark, 'amid the band,
So ghastly wan, the victim princess stand;
Not as ere while, in impotence of pray'r,
But stamp'd a silent convert to despair.
Fix'd as the wife that turn'd her longing gaze,
Where nought but stone could tolerate the blaze;
Oppos'd—confronted—like as Lot had been,
Had but one glance resought his bosom's queen.
Like to huge Atlas, when his weaker foe
Struck with his gorgon talisman the blow.
The king—the father stands—but veil'd in grief,
Since dumb conviction dares not hope relief.
Stupendous thought! to veil a mortal's throe,
To give to fancy, e'en a God in woe.
No! not a pang the pencil e'er portray'd
So much of mourning majesty convey'd:
Still is his form, and can that calm express
More than a God's epitomis'd distress.
Colossal all! here pity turns to gaze,
And pour the speechless homage of amaze.

But mark that eye! its fix'd and glassy stare
Might basilisk the demon of despair.
No hope on earth, the princess looks on high,
And dread Diana answers from the sky.
Such look our loveliest when her cherub fled,
Fix'd on its car of glory as it sped;
And ere her herald pass'd the gates of bliss,
Clapp'd the glad wing, and join'd him with a kiss.
Genius of Britain! thou that o'er her bier
Still in distraction shed'st the unceasing tear;
Shall Grecian woe absorb thy wond'ring gaze,
And Grecian art monopolize thy praise?
Bid thine own children vindicate thy name,
And Painting tell thy tale of tears to Fame;
Then 'neath thy cypress wreath may start a smile,
To see thy grief immortalize thine isle.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The *Tempest* was repeated on Thursday the 17th May, at this theatre, altered to an opera. This play has long been a favourite on the stage, and has so much intrinsic merit as a fine acting drama, that it ought not to have been profanely touched to gratify the ear with additional songs. There have not, however, been many encroachments on the dialogue of the play, which it would be difficult to improve. The parts were all ably sustained by those whose merits are so well known to the public, that we need not give them any comment.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS

Mrs. Edward Archer Wilde, College hill, of a daughter.

At Wokingham, Berks, the Lady of Bartholomew Browne, Esq. of twin daughters.

The Lady of F. Farr, of Lombard-street, of a son.

At Bromley Common, Kent, the Lady of Henry Meux, Esq. of a daughter.

At her house in Spring Gardens, Lady Elizabeth Smith, of a daughter.

At Brompton, the Lady of the Rev. George A. E. Marsh, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

By the Rev. William Bowsher, John Parkinson, Esq. his Majesty's Consul at Pernambuco, to Penelope Page, third daughter of William Page, Esq. of Southampton.

At Bury St. Edmund's, Mr. Thomas Win[illegible] of Percival-street, Northampton-square, [illegible]ah, third daughter of the Rev. William [illegible]ng, of Bury St. Edmund's.

At St Sepulchre's church, James, only son of James Shaddock, Esq. of Ripon, Yorkshire, to Rebecca, eldest daughter of Mr. John Knight, late of Smithfield-bars.

Captain Fitzclarence, to Lady Augusta Boyle.

At Grantham, George Prichard, Esq. of Broseley, Shropshire, to Harriet, daughter of William Ortler, Esq. of the former place.

DEATHS.

In his 8th year, Edward, the youngest son of Mr. A. P. Driver, jun. of Southwark.

Peter, the infant son of Mr. Benjamin Chandler, late of St. Paul's Church-yard.

Maria, the wife of John Vegary, of Paradise-street, Lambeth.

At East Sheen, Francis Nicholas Gandolfi, Esq. of Throgmorton-street, London, aged 38.

At his house in Scott's-yard, Cannon-street, Francis Smith, Esq. aged 83.

At his lodgings in Parliament-street, Westminster, Brevet Major Thomas Howard, of the 70th regiment of foot.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

A comprehensive and accurate survey of modern literature requires a more extended and general knowlege, than an individual observer can be expected to possess: it ought rather to be the work of an association of *literati.* The elder Pliny, indeed, presented to his countrymen a view of the state of science and the arts, and his multifarious performance was considered as amusing, informative, and instructive: yet, in various parts and in numerous instances, he evinced an ignorance of the particular subject of discussion. In one branch of learning, the exertions of a single writer are sometimes superior to the labors of a society. Furetières, for example, compiled a more estimable dictionary of his native language than the aggregate French academy had produced. But, when all branches of learning are discussed, it may be contended that two or more contributors are better than one, in allusion to an old proverb which I need not repeat. In defiance of this axiom, the present editor, unadvised and unassisted (for surely no aid is necessary in a slight sketch), ventures to offer some remarks on the existing state of literature.

Theology may justly form the primary topic, to which we doubt whether due attention is now given. In the reign of the first James, many learned divines flourished; and, when his grandson of the same name, the infatuated bigot, misgoverned the realm, the number did not appear to be diminished. But, in our own times, we cannot boast of the transcendent learning of our clergy. Undoubtedly, there are some who can ably defend the doctrines and discipline of the church, and can preach sermons which are not contemptible. There are many who maintain the dignity of their holy profession, both in erudition and in morals, and whom even calumny has not dared to stigmatize. Some excel in poetry; some are intelligent critics; and not a few are gifted with philosophical minds: but no one, we think, will say that our ecclesiastical hemisphere exhibits a bright galaxy or a luminous assemblage. The majority, as Pope says of archbishop Secker, are *decent*; and that is, perhaps, a sufficient, if not a high panegyric.

That learning which is connected with natural philosophy is more stu-

diously cultivated. The Newtonian system has been boldly assailed; but it has been defended with superior vigor, and maintained by scientific ability. At the same time, philosophy seems to have been rendered more subservient to the accommodations of ordinary life, and more promotive of human comfort and convenience, than it ever was before the present century.

In natural history, we have some distinguished proficients. The Linnæan classification has been improved, and new light has been thrown upon the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. A taste for botany is particularly prevalent; and though some of its fair votaries are chiefly influenced by an admiration of floral beauty, others attend to the science with more enlightened views, and have even given to the world the fruits of their researches.

In the history of states and of empires, I do not find that any living writers have been so fortunate as to obtain very high celebrity. When Hume and Robertson were in the zenith of their fame, an ingenious and well-known essayist put this question to the readers of history:—'Where, after all, is the painting of a Livy, or the concise elegance of a Sallust?' or where (he might have asked) is the *acumen* of a Tacitus? If such interrogatories might then have been reasonably urged, they may now more appropriately serve to expose, by the answers which they will quickly elicit, the inferiority of recent British historians.

If poetry could shine in proportion to the number of its cultivators, this might be called the age of poetical excellence. We have the productions of the muse in every form and upon almost every subject. By no rules are the authors fettered; and to common sense they have no strong pretensions. They readily listen to the suggestions of Sir Francis Bacon, who says, that 'poetry is a kind of learning extremely licentious, and truly belonging to the imagination, which, being unrestrained by laws, may make what unnatural mixtures and separations it pleases.' They wantonly riot in the regions of fancy, soar into the clouds, and lose themselves in pathless wanderings. Yet some there are, who enchant us with the flowers of poetry; who make affecting appeals to our keenest sensibilities, and alternately soothe and animate their readers. At the head of the splendid groupe, lord Byron is usually placed, though his claim to the honor of supremacy is contested by various critics. The author of Marmion is also a towering object in the poetic horizon. He excels in the representation of scenes of chivalry, and excites the most pleasing emotions in the details of amorous sentiment. Southey is endowed with unquestionable talents, and has a natural vein of poetry: but, if we may judge from appearances, he is endeavouring to *write himself down* Coleridge has been styled the most imaginative poet of the age; yet his effusions are not generally admired, and some of them sink beneath contempt. Crabbe has been blamed for entering too fully into the *minutiæ* of vulgar life.

The decline of the drama is a frequent source of regret. Where many theatres flourish, dramatists will necessarily be numerous: but such is the scarcity of talent, that no comedy of superlative merit has been produced since the School for Scandal, and no excellent tragedy has appeared since the witty author of that celebrated piece ridiculed the dull and abortive efforts of dramatic pretenders. We have been favored with *miscellaneous* plays (as some imitations of popular German pieces may be called), not reducible to any distinct class; and to some of these we may allow considerable merit, even amidst the introduction of false sentiment and improbable incidents. The plays of Joanna Baillie are not so obviously borrowed from that school: but they partake of its wild extravagance; and her Montfort, in particular, is justly amenable to critical animadversion, for

deriving fierce resentment and implacable revenge from a very inadequate cause. Maturin pretends to follow nature, while he multiplies scenes of horror, and, like a ranting player, 'tears a passion to rags.' Sheil is a great borrower, while he asserts his claim to the praise of originality.

In the composition of romances and novels, it does not appear that the British writers have lately declined. In merit and potency, Sir Walter Scott is 'himself a host,' if we may really consider him as the author of Waverley and Guy Mannering. Masterly delineations of character and manners, strong elucidations of the motives of action, a vivid display of all the passions which agitate the frames and influence the conduct of human beings, and powerful excitements of interest and sympathy, have secured to this writer a very high degree of popularity. Even those pieces which he seems to have written for an increase of fortune rather than for the extension of his fame, have not exposed him to the asperity of censure,—so strong is the hold which he has taken of the mind of every reader of taste and sentiment. Other novels occasionally appear; but they are in a great measure superseded by the attractions of this fascinating author.

Godwin is not only a political œconomist, a biographer, and an essayist, but also a writer of fictitious narratives. He has an acute perception and inventive powers, not sufficiently chastened, however, by the coolness of judgement. Caleb Williams is his first and best novel; and it continues to please, without including a detail of the perplexities and the delights of love. Maturin's novels would be more agreeable, if they were less wild and desultory.

Among the female novelists of the day, we may give the palm to Madame d'Arblay, Miss Edgeworth, and Mrs. Opie. The first lady exhibits a variety of characteristic portraits, and gratifies us by the skilful construction of her stories. The second touches, with a spirited pencil, the follies and caprices of fashionable life; and the third rouses the best feelings of the heart. Mrs. West is not only a strenuous advocate of morality; but her talents also enable her to afford that fund of amusement which softens the apparent rigidity of her precepts. Lady Morgan writes with vivacity, and pleasingly depicts the Hibernian character. The venerable Hannah More must not be forgotten on this occasion. Her novel of Cœlebs, though too grave for the generality of readers, is by no means uninteresting; and her religious and moral works reflect high credit upon her character.

Elementary works, connected with the important task of education, have been multiplied and greatly improved. Mrs. Barbauld, in addition to her poetical merit, is an amiable and respectable veteran in this department; and the laudable example of Mrs. Trimmer has excited, among ingenious and well-disposed females, the sedulous zeal of imitation.

The literature which refers to politics I am almost unwilling to discuss, because it is apt to produce asperity and ill-will, in the perturbed state of the public mind; yet something ought to be said upon a subject of general concern. No very interesting or well-written political pamphlets have lately appeared; but, in the daily and weekly vehicles of intelligence some portion of literary talent is occasionally observable. Constitutional topics are freely examined; the fine arts are noticed with a critical eye; the varying manners and fashions are praised or satirised; and the drama (the mirror of life) is systematically investigated. But an overweening self-conceit, a strong propensity to scandal, and the increasing malignity and virulence of party, have so debased many of these prints, that an honest and candid mind turns from them with disgust. Both parties are intemperate, acrimonious, and illiberal; but the ministerial editors seem to be more *au fait* than their opponents in using the

language of defamation and scurrility. They are seemingly of opinion, that they cannot be too free in speaking of the conduct of their audacious adversaries, whose licentiousness would otherwise trangress all bounds. They have lately procured the aid of a body of men called the constitutional association. I know, and respect, some of the members of this society; but I cannot refrain from observing that their irritability scoffs and spurns at moderation, and their zeal outruns their prudence and discretion. If a political junta be formed, it ought rather to be composed of that part of the community which cannot expect the powerful assistance of the attorney and solicitor general. 'Libels (says a learned judge) abound on both sides:' but the new auxiliaries of the court encourage one species, while they feel the highest indignation at the prevalence of the other class. Is it just or reasonable to prosecute only those who have found specks in the sun or in the constellation of power, and do not conceal the discovery? Are all to be denounced as bad subjects, who make occasional mention of the existence of abuses and grievances? Are those to be called libellous incendiaries, who deny or dispute the infallibility of his majesty's ministers? Are those to be stigmatised as seditious democrats or rank jacobins, who claim the privileges of Britons, and the full enjoyment of all the blessings of the constitution? But let me check the spirit of rambling, and not quit the flowery paths of general literature for the thorny maze of politics.

In this sketch the reviews ought not to pass unnoticed, as they have a considerable influence on the minds of readers. The principal works of that description are the Quarterly and the Edinburgh Reviews. A rivalry in politics, and an emulation of learning and talent, actuate the writers, who, not content with meagre and desultory criticism, produce long essays and dissertations, which are sometimes [illegible] amidst an apparent oblivion of the works that gave rise to them. A greater degree of vigor is manifested in the Scotish work, while a superiority of erudition appears in the other. The Monthly Review has long been ill-conducted; and it therefore declines in influence and in fame. The Critical Review was formerly a respectable work; but, if it be not now extinct, it is at least approaching to expiration.

To the magazines some attention is also due. That which was the first in point of time, is not at present the first in merit. Every number certainly contains some valuable articles; but they are mingled with much trash, and the poetry is generally despicable. The magazines published at Edinburgh are considered, even by many English readers, as superior in the talent which they display to those which the London press pours forth. Several ingenious writers are liberally paid by the northern proprietors for their communications, when the favors of volunteer correspondents are either insufficient in number or supposed to be defective in excellence.

Such is the present avidity for the perusal of periodical productions, that they are eagerly multiplied by the corresponding zeal of publishers. There are many, we believe, who seldom read except when reviews, magazines, or newspapers, are before them; and, to those who have little leisure, they are useful substitutes for profound and recondite reading. They are amusing and instructive, and suggest interesting topics of speculation and inquiry.

REMARKS ON THE DISCOVERIES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

From the highest to the lowest orders of creation, there is a regular chain of subordination and dependence; and, if one single link be broken or disarranged, the connexion will be lost, and the whole system will fall into confusion.

It has been remarked by those whose conviction has arisen from the sublime and practical verity of the system established by Sir Isaac Newton, that, if any of the calculations of that accurate and enlightened philosopher had failed, the laws and operations of the heavenly bodies could not be ascertained to move by any positive and determined rules. The justness of this compliment has been fully evinced by the irrefragability of his arguments; and the experiments that have been made, to investigate and substantiate his problems, are highly creditable to the profundity of his researches, and reflect an eternal honor upon his country and his name.

It is not, at present, our intention to dive into the different systems which he has so ably refuted, or to remark upon his contest with the celebrated Leibnitz, over whom he so gloriously triumphed; but we shall content ourselves with stating the principal discoveries made by the celebrated Pythagoras, and hinting at their similitude to those of our own ingenious and immortal Newton.

To Pythagoras must be ascribed the merit of the first discovery of the obliquity of the Zodiac. He also broached the opinion, that from the sun the moon derives the splendor of her beams. He taught that the rainbow is only the reflection of light, an assertion clearly elucidated by the division of the rays that fall upon the prism, an instrument of simple construction, invented and brought to perfection by our enlightened countryman.

To the Greek philosopher it was known that the evening star, which astronomers denominated Venus and Vesper, was the same as the morning star, which they distinguished by the names of Lucifer and Phosphorus; but how far it depended upon the great body of the heavenly system for its sustentations of light, does not appear to have entered into his inquiries.

It was the Samian who first divided the surface of the earth into zones: that portion occupying the centre between the tropics he named the torrid zone, those between the tropics and the polar circles the temperate, and those approaching the poles the frigid, or the frozen zones: but the discovery of the hypothenuse in geometry, and its subsequent demonstration, so highly gratified his philosophical mind, that he is said to have sacrificed a hundred oxen to the muses, as a grateful memorial of the success of his talents; but this oblation may be surely doubted; when it is observed that the Pythagorean philosophy prohibited the effusion of blood.

It is believed that by this extraordinary man, or by some of his disciples, those numerical notes, or characters, which are distinguished by the appellation of ciphers, were first invented, and that he was likewise acquainted with the system of the *tenfold progression*; the little finger supplying the place of *units*, the next, ascending, that of *tens*, the third *hundreds*, the fourth *thousands*, and the thumb *tens of thousands*. This mode of multiplication is both simple and practical, and is of use to those who are not perfect in the multiplication table.

For instance, if I wish to know the amount of six times six, I put down one finger on each hand for every unit short of ten, and, as six want four of ten, I find that I have dropped four fingers upon each hand. The two thumbs that are erect go for ten each; I then multiply the fingers that are down by each other: four times four making sixteen, and the two thumbs ten each, which, being added to the multiplied fingers, make, in all, thirty-six; and this rule will serve as far as *nine* times *nine*.

The hypothesis of Newton, respecting the form of the earth, has been proved by various experiments, made in different regions; from which it appears that, according to his suggestion, it must be compressed at the poles, and thus forms the figure of an oblate spheroid. His discovery of the

fixed station of the sun, and of the revolution of the planetary system around his orbit, in confutation of the erroneous opinions of Ptolemy and Tycho Brahe, has reduced this part of natural philosophy to a standard, which, in all probability, will not be invalidated by future discoveries. Nor are the other proofs of his sublime and comprehensive genius, his theory of light and colors, and his doctrine of the gravitation of bodies, less entitled to the admiration and gratitude of posterity.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—I beg the favor of your attention to the following remarks, which have been occasioned by perusing the account, given by the rector of Pabsdorf, of 'Living Toads found in Stones,' and his conjectures on the subject, given in your Magazine for April, under the head of 'Collections from Natural History.' It is not my intention to dispute this well-attested fact; nor shall I attempt to throw farther light on the subject; but, when I consider the import of the passages which I shall hereafter transcribe, I am led to conclude that the author has completely *overlooked* that standard of truth, the Bible, from which alone authentic information can be derived, with regard to the early periods of history; for I cannot suppose it to arise from *ignorance*, nor would I willingly believe that he had any improper views.

Considering farther, how many thousands of my countrywomen employ their leisure hours in the perusal of your widely-circulated miscellany, I feel it my duty to point out the most striking differences between his reasoning (if reasoning it can be called), and the express declarations of Holy Writ; though, I doubt not, many thinking minds have already been led to the same suggestions.

In discussing the second question proposed, 'how and when the toads came into the stones,' he says, 'After some unknown catastrophe which our earth suffered, the sea at length disappeared; and, from a world of water, arose a world of land.' By this, I presume, he refers to the deluge; but, can this be an *unknown catastrophe* to any one who has read the Bible? and can the world be with propriety denominated entirely a new world? for, though we know not what changes it may have pleased the Almighty to effect on the surface of the globe during the prevalence of the waters, no new creation took place; but it is said, 'And the waters returned from off the earth,' plainly intimating that the earth still remained.

The rector also remarks, 'It is impossible to determine the time when the last grand transformation took place, which caused the former world to make way for this: but every one who knows how much time is necessary to produce a new creation of plants and animals out of the bosom of the earth, according to the laws of nature, must easily discern that many centuries must have passed away since that great catastrophe happened.'—Where, then, is his knowlege of ancient history? A reference to this will immediately inform us, that the deluge took place 2,348 years before the Christian æra, in the year of the world 1656.

In another place he observes, 'If the earth is to be again inundated with water, and its inhabitants destroyed and repeopled, the inhabitants of the new world will form nearly the same conception of the animals and vegetables of the present world, as we form of those of the world which preceded the present.' How can he for a moment entertain such an idea, when we have the express declaration of the Almighty to the contrary, and have the recollection of it so often and forcibly brought to our minds, by the beautiful token of the covenant in the heavens, which we cannot witness without sentiments of gratitude and admiration? 'I do set my bow in the cloud; and it shall be for a token

of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: and I will remember my covenant which is between me and you, and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh.'

The study of natural history is one of the most interesting to the human mind, and cannot fail to lead the thoughts 'through Nature up to Nature's God, and to give rise to a variety of pleasing and instructive reflections. How much is it to be lamented that such a study should ever be so perverted, as to aid, in appearance, the designs of scepticism and infidelity! But we of this favored isle have, I trust, been too well instructed in our duty to be easily led astray from our belief in the word of God. Let the contemplation of his omnipotence in the works of creation, lead us to exclaim, in the words of our immortal poet,

> These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
> Almighty! thine this universal frame,
> Thus wond'rous fair, thyself how wond'rous then!
> Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens,
> To us invisible, or dimly seen
> In these thy lowest works: yet these declare
> Thy goodness beyond thought and pow'r divine.

CLERICUS.

AN INVESTIGATION OF THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

THE play of Hamlet, though wonderful in its conception, and astonishing in its execution, has met with numerous readers, who have questioned the probability of its plot, and the consistency of its characters. This arises, I conceive, from the seeming irregularity of Hamlet's behaviour, and from the apparent incoherence of his discourse. This play is not calculated to please the many; it is written for the understanding, and not for the eye. To be properly comprehended, it must be repeatedly perused, as every speech exhibits intense thought and feeling. Common readers, not being aware of this, judge of it without sufficient reflection, and declare it to be confused and unnatural, because its beauties are not discernible upon a careless view.

The pith of every objection is contained in Doctor Johnson's opinion of this play; I shall, therefore, select the latter part of it, which relates to the supposed defects of the Danish prince, that my observations may have some ground to rest upon. I do not, however, intend regularly to answer the remarks of this learned writer: the tenor of my defence will form a general reply. An examination of particulars would be a criticism on the fallibility of Johnson, and not an essay on the excellencies of Shakspeare.

'Of the feigned madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause; for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the madman most, when he treats Ophelia with so much rudeness; which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty.'

'Hamlet, through the whole piece, is rather an instrument than an agent. After he has, by the stratagem of the play, convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him; and his death is at last effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.'

'The catastrophe is not very happily introduced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily be formed, to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl.'

'The poet is accused of having shown little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification, which would arise from the destruction of

an usurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious.'

When the play opens, Hamlet is living at the court, 'two months, nay, not so much,' after his father's death; the sudden, the untimely death of a father beloved and respected. Even in this short time, his mother, forgetting at once all the affection of the deceased king, casts aside her weeds, and marries her 'husband's brother,' who usurps the Danish throne. Hamlet alone remains inwardly affected at the recent calamity, and outwardly respectful in the attire which such a calamity requires. The son alone is sad—sad, even amidst those scenes of dissipation in which his mother is reveling, and his 'uncle father' carousing.

This is the situation of affairs at the opening of the play. Who, then, can wonder at Hamlet's melancholy, his apathy to common things arising from a rooted remembrance of more material objects, his love of loneliness, his apparent rudeness, or his suspicions? If it be generally allowed, that to draw from Nature is best, and to copy her virtues and her failings is to take the leading path to perfection; Shakspeare has a right to claim our praises and acknowlegements: the scenes of the play spring from each other in a natural manner; the characters are such as deeds so horrible and situations so alarming must supply; the incidents are interesting, and the feigned madness of Hamlet is wrought with amazing skill. There is no occasion to speak of the poetry, of the pathos and spirit, or of the wit; no one has dared to object, none can object; consequently, defence would be needless, and praise superfluous. Having spoken thus generally of the high merits of this play, I proceed to examine it in particulars.

The suspicions which the prince entertains of his father's death, and which he had ventured very obscurely to hint to his early friend and schoolfellow Horatio, are suddenly strengthened almost to certainty by his description of having seen the restless spirit of the murdered Dane. He agrees to watch with his friend at the usual hour;—midnight comes; the 'perturbed spirit' glides on his astonished sight, and 'courteously beckons him' to follow.

All endeavours to arrest his progress are vain; he feels that his fate depends on this moment, and resolves to obey the awful requisition. He follows;—and, from the spirit, obtains a full relation of the 'most unnatural murder,' of his uncle's cruelty, and of his mother's infidelity.

His mind is now turned from doubt to certainty, from anxious suspicion to terrible truth. The means by which his parent was 'sent to his account,'—the person who furnished those means,—the time,—the place,—are all explained to him; the explanation also is not made by a person of this world, but by an awful and fitful visitant from another; by the apparition of his father! Hamlet is at once awakened from the idleness of suspicion to the business of revenge; from the solitariness of sorrow to the active considerations of dreadful undertakings. He is at once forced to mingle with a riotous court, that his plans of justifiable revenge may not be defeated. He is compelled to wear an aspect of forgetfulness;—to be gentle and gracious with an incestuous mother, and calm and courteous to a crafty murderer.

From the moment that the ghost has 'harped his fears aright,' he bends a cautious eye on the whole court. He examines every look, and considers every question, lest the observer or the interrogator should gain the secret of his soul. Horatio and the companions of his watch are bound over to keep 'their fingers on their lips;' and, at the time Polonius encounters the young Dane, 'when sadly the poor wretch is reading,' the prince, under the semblance of madness, evades all questions, and consequently defies all suspicion or discovery.

The observation of Hamlet is next directed to two early friends, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern: their sudden arrival at Elsinore, gives him reason to suspect that they were sent by the king to probe his intentions. By their confusion he perceives that his ideas were justly founded, and makes pertinent remarks on the occasion.

By such a mind as that of Hamlet, every trifling incident is considered with relation to its future effect. He endeavours to turn the common occurrences of life to purposes the most secret and serious, and thus by the simplest means to gain a knowlege of the ideas and intentions of his uncle the fratricide. By such a poet as Shakspeare, who (if we may judge from the depth and clearness of his writings) could catch the whole characters of the most crafty and the most elevated beings of the world, and whose quick and fiery genius could conceive the most sublime ideas and fashion them at will, this great delineation of a mind, agitated by one vast undertaking, could alone be manageable. Inferior writers would have given the plain outlines of the plot, would have put into the mouth of Hamlet such speeches as virtuous and astonished princes should make, and the conclusion of their drama would have been wound up in the most orderly and orthodox manner. But the gentlemanly, studious, and melancholy Hamlet would have been lost:—his thoughtful manner, his forced and *gloomy* gaiety, and his solitary reflections, would have been lost.

Hamlet no sooner hears of the arrival of the players, than it occurs to him, that they would be excellent instruments to probe the king's conscience. He resolves upon having a play at court which shall represent the murder of his father. To this the king and queen readily consent, flattering themselves that it will serve to remove the sadness which had so long clouded the prince's disposition. This plan succeeds;—the king, touched by the truth of the scene, suddenly breaks up the entertainment, and leaves Hamlet convinced of his villany. The horrible tale, unfolded to him by supernatural means, is now confirmed by human evidence. The king, seeing the danger of Hamlet's remaining longer at court, now resolves upon sending him to England. A vessel is immediately prepared, and the prince is hurried on board; but it is scarcely 'two days at sea,' ere a pirate-ship attacks it, and, in the grapple, Hamlet boards, and is made prisoner. The Danish vessel gets clear, and the prince is set on his own land again by the pirates. Nothing arises here to mar probability; this sea-affair is communicated to Horatio by letter, and Hamlet returns to the palace.

At an interview with his old friend Horatio, the dreadful effects of continual thought are apparent in the increased melancholy of Hamlet. The king sends to invite him to a fencing-match with Laertes. In this match it has been arranged, that the prince is to be destroyed by means of a foil tipped with poison: he suspects some foul machinations: yet he attends the king, and plays the match with Laertes, in which he is wounded; but in a scuffle the combatants exchange weapons, and Hamlet wounds his opponent. The venom is of so potent a nature as to leave only 'half an hour's life.' Before his death, Laertes explains the whole plan of the king, and informs the prince how his death has been effected. Hamlet immediately, upon finding his span of life so short, remembers his promise of revenge, and before the whole court stabs the incestuous king. The queen dies by drinking from a poisoned cup which her husband had prepared for the prince, and thus her punishment is brought about by means in which her son had no part. There is a beautiful moral to be found in the mode of taking away the queen's life. She is destroyed by the very man for whom she 'had filed her mind;' so that her vices eventually prove the cause of her destruction.

I have thus gone through the plot; which surely ought not to be considered as a faulty one. Hamlet finally accomplished the spirit's commands, even at the loss of his own life. There is no open violation of the unities; and every character is marked with beautiful propriety. I proceed to offer some remarks on a few scenes in which the prince's character is generally considered as most defective, with the hope of removing all doubt and objection.

In the scene with Ophelia, Hamlet's manner has been by many considered as horribly unfeeling. This consideration of it arises, however, from a misunderstanding of the 'cunning of the scene.' Dr. Johnson says that there is no reason for such treatment. Let the scene be well observed and examined; and the strength of his assertion will be easily ascertained. Ophelia is discovered by Hamlet immediately after a solemn soliloquy upon the troubles of this life, and the awful dangers of a future world. His mind therefore is melancholy, more than usually dejected: he addresses her kindly,—converses with her kindly; but when the lady seeks to return to him 'his remembrances,' it instantly convinces him, that she is sent to discover the state of his feelings and intentions; then it is that he puts on a feigned unkindness, and the purport of his incoherent discourse may be seen to be a disguise under which his most serious secret may be preserved. The reader may perceive a melancholy about the wildest part of his converse, that shows how foreign such treatment is to his heart. There is a cause of vital importance hanging on his mind; and he would rather sacrifice his own private feelings of affection, than neglect a business of such dreadful and momentous consequence. This view will surely place his character in a proper light, and I hope it will be allowed, that his 'harsh treatment' rises not from neglect but necessity.

The third scene of the third act, in which Hamlet discovers the king at his prayers, has been considered as particularly tending to take from the character of the former that humanity which is so delightful in him. His actions there, however, should not be judged as springing from a person commonly situated; no, they arise from a mind torn by contending passions, and perhaps go farther to prove the humanity of his feelings than any other passage in the whole play. Had he been divested of pity, what could have stopped him from sacrificing the king to his just revenge? He, however, has a relenting nature, and, upon seeing his uncle in the act of praying, finds an excuse for deferring his purpose. His pity prevails over his abhorrence, and he abstains from taking that life which is the horror of his soul. Before he quits the chamber, he forms a different excuse for postponing the execution of the spirit's command, and makes his engagement with the queen the apparent cause of his procrastination. This appears to me the light in which the scene should be viewed; and, as different situations supply different feelings, this great struggle between immediate revenge and manly pity, casts an appearance of ferocity over a character whose nature is the most gracious, gentle, and generous.

There are, I believe, no other objections which may not be answered in a similar manner; that is, by considering the distressing, the dreadful situation in which Hamlet is placed.

It will not perhaps be uninteresting to point out, amid the numberless beauties of this astonishing drama, one thought, which may have escaped general observation, but which clearly proves that Shakspeare was a close observer of nature. The queen, in relating the death of Ophelia, describes the fatal spot; and, in this description, the following lines must certainly have been drawn from immediate observation:—

'There is a willow grows ascant the brook,
'That shows his *hoar leaves* in the *glassy stream*.'

Those who have ever noticed the leaf of a willow, will remember, that it is *hoar* at the back; consequently, when the tree droops over the stream, the water catches the *reflection* of this part.

Of the general character of Hamlet, it is impossible to speak, except in terms of the highest admiration. A grand and original vigor of thought, an uncommon mental energy, softened by a philosophic calmness, and shaded by a dignified melancholy, procure for him at once our love and our pity. It is also impossible to reflect on the strange situations and dreadful dangers to which he is exposed, without inwardly conjecturing his plans and his passions, or openly confessing the probability of his faithless resolves and tardy executions. It is impossible to view him as the son, the scholar, or the lover, and not pay to Shakspeare that tribute of respect which his knowlege of nature so unquestionably merits. Our great bard has drawn him at once impressed with the most respectful remembrance of his murdered father, and the greatest abhorrence of the murderer. He has softened the picture by inspiring him with the most ardent affection for the amiable Ophelia. To this lady his treatment may at times appear harsh and cruel; but, in his strangest flights of feigned madness, a lurking tenderness may be perceived by a nice observer, which tends to expose the agony of a restless and wretched mind, and takes the stings from expressions outwardly distressing and apparently unfeeling. In addition to all this, Shakspeare has given him those fine feelings which so ill fit him for the deep and deadly purposes of revenge. We willingly forgive Hamlet all his delay for the agitations which have prompted it. We enter into his plans with eagerness, and allow, upon their failure, that, so circumstanced, our own successes would have been no better. We look back (when the ghost appears to him in the closet-scene), we find all his faults the faults of nature; we yield to his doubts, his suspicions, and his severities. We view him as an actual human being, so harassed by reflections, and so situated in affairs. And it is not until our minds are abstracted by other matters, that the 'witchery of the scene is lost.'

What is by many conceived to be the chief objection to the character of Hamlet is the irresolution of his mind; this I consider as the greatest beauty, and what constitutes the character's high claim to perfection. Had the Danish prince been drawn as a tame listener to a formal ghost, and a regular agent of preconcerted revenge, all the nice points of his mind would have been lost. But he is represented to us as an affectionate son, always mingling past recollections with future resolves; giving up immediate plans of punishment for future ones of more promising prospect; unsettled in his mind and unhappy in his heart.

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE FOR THE DISCOVERY OF A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

Performed in the years 1819 *and* 1820, *in his Majesty's ships Hecla and Griper, under the orders of William Edward Parry, R.N. F.R.S.*

INTENSE was the interest excited by this remarkable voyage; and the result of the bold undertaking, though not completely satisfactory, is far more gratifying than the enterprise of captain Ross. Through that sound of which Mr. Ross fancied that he saw a speedy termination, his more zealous and persevering successor penetrated to the polar sea. The extraordinary length of the winter precluded an advance to that strait which separates North America from Asia: but captain Parry hopes to reach that spot in the ensuing summer; and to him, and his intrepid associates, we earnestly wish success.

The two ships commenced their voyage in May, 1819. They were fitted out with every aid which human in-

genuity could suggest, both for comfort and science; and, as the crews consisted chiefly of those whose good conduct on the former expedition had acquired the confidence of their superiors, the voyage commenced under the most favorable auspices. On entering Davis' Strait, the adventurers began to encounter the usual difficulties and dangers attendant on navigating the Arctic Seas; and being baffled in their attempt to penetrate the ice to the Western Coast, they proceeded up the Strait, and, entering Baffin's Bay, made a resolute and successful effort to pass through an immense barrier of ice, which occupied the middle of it, running eighty miles in a N. W. direction; and arrived on the southern side of the entrance into Sir James Lancaster's Sound on the 30th of July. Here, captain Parry remarks, they seemed to have reached the head-quarters of the whales, eighty-two being seen on that day: hence he concludes the Greenland fishermen's idea, that the presence of ice is necessary for the finding of whales, to be erroneous, there not being any ice in sight at the time when the whales were most numerous. He approached the entrance of this sound a month earlier than captain Ross had done in 1818; which he attributes to his being assured, from the experience he had gained in the former voyage, that he should find an open sea to the westward of the barrier of ice in the middle of Baffin's Bay; which confidence gave him the resolution to persist in forcing his passage through it, though it had never before been crossed in this latitude at the same season: such is the value of experience. Many of the party landed at Possession Bay, and recognised the objects they had remarked there in the former expedition; and Mr. Fisher, the assistant-surgeon, found the tracks of human feet upon the banks of a stream, which seem, at first, to have struck him with as much surprise as Robinson Crusoe felt at seeing the print of the savage's foot in the sand; but, on a more accurate examination, they were discovered to have been made by the shoes of some of the same party eleven months before.

It was not without considerable emotion that captain Parry entered the great Sound, or inlet of Baffin's Bay, to which his attention was particularly directed by the orders of the admiralty, and on the exploration of which the success or failure of the whole expedition might be expected to turn. The contrariety of the wind, and the unequal sailing of the Griper, kept the whole party in a painful state of impatience, which they beguiled, as well as they could, by continual soundings and surveys, and by reckoning the whales. At length an easterly breeze springing up, on the 3d of August, the Hecla crowded all sail, and was carried rapidly to the westward. Eagerly prosecuting their adventurous course, the two vessels passed several headlands, and entered the Polar Sea. Favorable appearances were then presented of an open passage to the west; and the comparative quickness of the navigation from Beechy Island to Cape Hotham, produced among the seamen an unusual elevation of spirits. Land was observed to the northward, consisting of a series of islands; and after many obstructions, and a tedious navigation from fogs and ice, they arrived at Melville Island. Still proceeding to the westward, they crossed, on the 4th of September, the meridian of 110° west from Greenwich, in the latitude of 74° 44′ 20″, this being the first stage in the scale of rewards granted by act of parliament; by accomplishing which, the crews became entitled to five thousand pounds. They cast anchor in a roadstead, which captain Parry named the Bay of the Hecla and Griper, upon which circumstance that gentleman observes,

'This bay was the first spot where we had dropped anchor since leaving the coast of Norfolk; a circumstance which was rendered more striking to us at the moment, as it appeared to

mark in a very decided manner the completion of one stage of our voyage. The ensigns and pendants were hoisted as soon as we had anchored; and it created in us no ordinary feeling of pleasure, to see the British flag waving for the first time in these regions, which had hitherto been considered beyond the limits of the habitable part of the world.'

The increasing dangers and difficulties attendant on a continuance of the voyage to the westward, the rapid formation of the ice, the shortness of the daylight, and the effects which the crew of the Griper, forced on shore by the ice, began to feel from the efforts constantly necessary to work her, compelled captain Parry to turn his thoughts to the providing of winter quarters, for which he finally fixed on the eastern side of Melville Island. The labour of cutting a canal through the ice, in order to get the ships into a place of safety for the winter, may be imagined by our readers when they are informed that its length was four thousand and eighty-two yards, and the average thickness of the ice seven inches. On the 26th of September, the ships were securely harboured, and the joyful event was hailed by both their companies with three hearty cheers.

'Having now,' says the captain, 'reached the station, where, in all probability, we were destined to remain for at least eight or nine months, during three of which we were not to see the face of the sun, my attention was immediately, and imperiously, called to various important duties; many of them of a singular nature, such as had, for the first time, devolved on any officer in his majesty's navy, and might indeed be considered of rare occurrence in the whole history of navigation. The security of the ships, and the preservation of the various stores, were objects of immediate concern. A regular system to be adopted for the maintenance of good order and cleanliness, as most conducive to the health of the crews during the long, dark, and dreary winter, equally demanded my attention.

'Not a moment was lost, therefore, in the commencement of our operations. The whole of the masts were dismantled except the lower ones, and the Hecla's main-top-mast, the latter being kept fidded for the purpose of occasionally hoisting up the electrometer-chain, to try the effect of atmospherical electricity. The lower yards were lashed fore and aft amidships, at a sufficient height to support the planks of the housing intended to be erected over the ships, the lower ends of which rested on the gunwale; and the whole of this frame-work was afterwards roofed over with a cloth, composed of wadding-tilt, with which waggons are usually covered; and thus was formed a comfortable shelter from the snow and wind. The boats, spars, running rigging, and sails, were removed on shore, in order to give as much room as possible on our upper deck, to enable the people to take exercise on board, whenever the weather should be too inclement for walking on shore. It was absolutely necessary, also, for the preservation of our sails and ropes, all of which were hard-frozen, that they should be kept in that state till the return of spring; for, as it was now impossible to get them dried, owing to the constantly low temperature of the atmosphere, they would, probably, have soon rotted had they been kept in any part of the ships, where the warmth would occasion them to thaw; they were, therefore, placed with the boats on shore, and a covering of canvas fixed over them.

'As soon as the ships were secured and housed over, my undivided attention was in the next place directed to the comfort of the officers and men, and to the preservation of that extraordinary degree of health which we had hitherto enjoyed in both ships.'

Among the captain's judicious regulations for preserving the health of his crew, his precaution in allowing them a quantity of vinegar with their meat,

and seeing them take every day a portion of lime-juice and sugar, must be particularized as one great cause of their remaining almost entirely free from that dreadful disorder—the scurvy. His next care was for their minds, the health of which he wisely considered as having no small influence on that of the body.

'Under circumstances of leisure and inactivity,' says he, 'such as we were now placed in, and with every prospect of its continuance for a very large portion of a year, I was desirous of finding some amusement for the men during this long and tedious interval. I proposed, therefore, to the officers to get up a play occasionally on board the Hecla, as the readiest means of preserving among our crews that cheerfulness and good-humour which had hitherto subsisted. In this proposal I was readily seconded by the officers of both ships; and lieutenant Beechy having been duly elected as stage-manager, our first performance was fixed for the 5th of November, to the great delight of the ship's companies. In these amusements I gladly undertook a part myself, considering that an example of cheerfulness, by giving a direct countenance to every thing that could contribute to it, was not the least essential part of my duty, under the peculiar circumstances in which we were placed.

'In order still farther to promote good-humour among ourselves, as well as to furnish amusing occupation, during the hours of constant darkness, we set on foot a weekly newspaper, which was to be called the *North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle*, and of which captain Sabine undertook to be the editor, under the promise that it was to be supported by original contributions from the officers of the two ships: and, though some objection may, perhaps, be raised against a paper of this kind being generally resorted to, in ships of war, I was too well acquainted with the discretion, as well as the excellent dispositions of my officers, to apprehend any unpleasant consequences from a measure of this kind; instead of which I can safely say that the weekly contributions had the happy effect of employing the leisure hours of those who furnished them, and of diverting the mind from the gloomy prospect which would sometimes obtrude itself on the stoutest heart.'

It seemed that the sinking of the sun below the horizon, for above a quarter of a year, was a subject of painful feeling to the animals who might consider themselves the lawful possessors of the island, as well as to the human beings who had sought a temporary asylum on it; for from that time the wolves began to approach the ships, as if drawn thither by melancholy sympathy, and would howl most piteously for hours together, much to the annoyance of a beautiful little white fox, which had been caught in a trap, set under the bows of the Griper, and which, from the nervous irritability it betrayed at the sound of their voices, seemed as if it had been accustomed to consider them as signals of destruction to its tribe. The wolves seldom appeared in a greater number than two or three together; and it is remarkable that, although the men were constantly intent on killing or catching some of them, they never could succeed, though these animals made acquaintance with all the dogs belonging to the vessels. Only one bear was seen during the winter; it was of the white kind, and tracked one of the men quite to the ships; but, being saluted by a volley of balls, it made a retrograde motion and escaped.

The officers remarked, with philosophic eyes, the meteoric appearances, and fantastic illusions of light and colour, with which Nature seems to amuse herself in these dreary solitudes, as if, secure from the prying impertinence of man, she wished to gambol with her powers. At one time the moon appeared curiously deformed by refraction, the lower edges of its disc seeming to be indented with deep notches, and afterwards to be

cut off square at the bottom; whilst a single ray, or rather column of light, of the same diameter as the moon. was also observed to descend from it to the top of the hill, like a pillar supporting it: at another, light transparent clouds were seen to emit columns of light upwards, resembling the Aurora Borealis; toward the south-east, being exposed to a very light sky, they had a pale brown appearance. The Aurora Borealis itself seldom appears to have been witnessed in the splendor with which it occasionally illuminates the Shetland Isles, or other places in the Atlantic, about the same latitude as that which our adventurers had reached: still it was both frequent and vivid enough to give variety and beauty to the long nights they had to endure.

Weary of a long confinement, twelve of the party, in June, 1820, engaged in a tour over the island, though a more unpromising subject for the excursion of a party of pleasure cannot well be imagined. They took tents and fuel with them, as well as provisions, and carried their luggage in a small light cart, to which the sailors occasionally appended their blankets, by way of sails. They traveled by night, as well to have the benefit of any warmth the sun might give for their hours of rest, as to avoid the glare of its light upon the snow. The dwarf willow, sorrel, poppy, and saxifrage, were the vegetable productions which they met with: and, at a place they called Bushnan Cove, which appeared to be one of the pleasantest and most habitable spots they had seen in the Arctic circle, a ranunculus was found in full flower, literally wasting 'its sweetness on the desert air.' The animals they saw were mice, deer, a musk ox, a pair of swallows, ducks, geese, plovers, and ptarmigans, with some of which they occasionally varied their fare. Along the beach to the westward, they found a point of land eighty feet above the sea, which they named Point Nias; and had the patience to raise on it, as a memorial of their exertions, a monument of ice, of a conic form, twelve feet broad at the base, and as many in height. They enclosed in it, in a tin cylinder, an account of the party that had erected it, with a few silver and copper English coins; and Mr. Fisher, the assistant surgeon, took care to construct it with a solidity which may make it last for years as a landmark. On a point of land within a hundred yards of the sea, the remains of six Esquimaux huts were discovered; the owners of which might probably be in the habit of visiting the island in the months of July and August, when it should appear that they would meet with a good supply of game.

After a fortnight's absence, the party returned to the ships. Summer now began to make itself visible. A great quantity of sorrel was daily gathered; hunting-parties procured fresh animal food; and what had perhaps more effect on the health and spirits of the men than any thing else could have produced, on the 22d of June, the ice was observed to be in motion.

'On the 16th of July, the streams of water in the ravines were once more passable with great ease, and the snow had entirely disappeared, except on the sides of those ravines, and in other hollows where it had formed considerable drifts; so that the appearance of the land was much the same now as when we first made the islands in the latter part of August the preceding year. The walks which our people were enabled to take at this period, when the weather was really mild and pleasant, and to our feelings quite as warm as the summer of any other climate, together with the luxurious living afforded by our hunting parties, and by the abundant supply of sorrel which was always at command, were the means of completely eradicating any seeds of the scurvy which might have been lurking in the constitutions of the officers and men, who were now, I believe, in as

good health, and certainly in as good spirits, as when the expedition left England. Gratifying as this fact could not but be to me, it was impossible to contemplate without pain the probability, now too evident, that the shortness of the approaching season of operations would not admit of that degree of success in the prosecution of the main object of our enterprise, which might otherwise have been reasonably anticipated in setting out from our present advanced station with two ships in such perfect condition, and with crews so zealous in the cause in which we were engaged.'

It might have been supposed, from the intenseness of the cold which had so long prevailed, that, notwithstanding every precaution, serious mischief would have arisen; and it is therefore natural to inquire what were the bodily feelings of the persons who were thus exposed to the unprecedented rigors of an inhospitable clime. Four of the men being led, in the ardor of chase, several miles in pursuit of a deer, two of them returned much affected by the cold; and another soon after re-appeared, of whom Mr. Fisher says, in his journal,

'One of his hands was very much frost-bitten; and he was altogether in such a state of pain, stupor, and confusion, that his answers to the questions that were put to him were so incoherent, that nothing could be learned from him. It may easily be conceived then, that if we were apprehensive before, we had double reason to be so now; for, even the first two of the party that returned, were very much exhausted; and, as to the person just mentioned, it is very clear that he could not have held out much longer; for both his body and mind had suffered very considerably from the severity of the weather.'

The most remarkable part of the story is, that the man who had been longest missing, returned some hours after, without having suffered the least from the cold. The same appearance of stupor, resembling the effect arising from intoxication, was observed in other instances; and the parts immediately affected by cold became gelid, colorless, and insensible, until acted upon by a warmer atmosphere, when pain ensued of almost intolerable acuteness. A servant of captain Sabine, being employed in extinguishing a fire which occurred in the house on shore, remained in the open air, with naked hands, for a considerable time, when the thermometer was from 43 to 44 degrees below zero. His fingers were immediately plunged into a cold bath; but the water in contact with them continued to congeal, even half an hour after they had been immersed; and it was above two hours before their flexibility could be restored. Pain ensued, so acute as to occasion faintness; very active inflammation, reaching up to the arm, followed; and each hand, from the wrist downward, was speedily enclosed in a bladder, containing upwards of a pint of fluid. On three fingers of one hand, and on two of the other, this vesication did not form; and they continued cold and insensible at the extremities, even when the action of the arteries had been restored as far as the first joints. When the inflammation had subsided, a separation between the dead and the living parts took place, and amputation became necessary.

Ten months had elapsed from the commencement of their dreary sojourn, before the two captains and their crews could venture to renew their voyage. On the 1st of August, they set sail to the westward, and continued their course, amidst temporary obstructions, during one half of the short season which is allowed for the navigation of that part of the Polar Sea—a period not exceeding seven weeks. They had reached the longitude of 113° 48′, when the consideration of the increasing peril induced them to return to Baffin's Bay, as they had then no chance of penetrating to Behring's Strait. They carefully explored the

western side of that bay, and met with some whale-fishing vessels in a latitude previously deemed inaccessible. In the inlet called the Clyde, they found a tribe of Esquimaux, superior in point of civilisation to the inhabitants of North-Greenland. They returned by the way of Scotland, and, after an absence of about eighteen months, safely arrived in the Thames.

The question that now offers itself is, whether the voyage which we have thus noticed, suggests an additional probability of the effective discovery of a north-west passage. That the existence of a communication between Barrow's and Behring's Straits has been indisputably proved, it would be at least premature to affirm. So far, however, as the limits of our knowlege have been extended by this voyage, we are entitled to maintain that the probability of a communication is greatly heightened. That portion of the globe which was supposed to consist of solid continent has been found to be broken into detached portions, intersected by numerous navigable channels; and it is fair to presume that the number of these inlets will be increased by future observation. The possibility of penetrating through the barrier of ice has also been demonstrated; and these two circumstances give us reason to hope, that perseverance in following the clue with which we are now presented, may enable us at length to unravel the mazes of this labyrinth. At the same time we must remember what has been accomplished in another direction. In 1818, lieutenant Kotzebue, in the Russian service, entered, in the latitude of 67½°, an inlet on the western coast of America, into which he penetrated as far as the meridian of 160° west of Greenwich. Now captain Parry, in an opposite direction, advanced as far as the 113th degree; so that there are, between the points at which they respectively stopped, no more than 47 degrees, measured on a very limited circle. What is still more important, the natives of this inlet informed Kotzebue, that at the end of the inlet was a strait, through which there was a passage into the great sea; and that it required nine-days' rowing with one of their boats, to reach it. This sea could be no other than the Polar Ocean; and the entrance of such a strait cannot be very far removed from the limit of Parry's progress. At the same time, to counteract the expectation which we might otherwise entertain of his penetrating to this strait, and by that to the Pacific, it must be acknowleged that his first attempt in 1819 to pass beyond the western extremity of Melville Island, and still more, his renewed efforts in 1820, prove that, in the state of the ice in that quarter, there is something peculiarly unfavorable to a continued progress. If, however, this channel should prove impenetrable, there are others, leading in a more southerly direction, particularly the Regent's Inlet, to be explored, through some of which we confidently hope that the long-sought passage may be found; and who can forbear to wish that its discovery may be an honour destined for an officer so meritorious and respectable as captain Parry?

ACCOUNT OF A NEWLY-DISCOVERED TRIBE OR COMMUNITY OF ESQUIMAUX.

In our summary of the voyage to the Arctic ocean, we confined ourselves to those particulars which regarded the nautic part of the subject, the progress of discovery, the probability of farther success, and the contrivances by which the adventurers secured their personal comforts amidst the intensity of cold, and in the gloom of seclusion. We now vary the scene by calling the attention of our readers to the captain's interesting account of the Esquimaux, of both sexes, seen in the Clyde inlet. Near one of the islands with which this sound is studded, he observed four canoes paddling toward the Hecla.

The strangers 'approached with great confidence, and came alongside without the least appearance of fear or suspicion. While paddling toward us, and indeed before we could plainly perceive their canoes, they continued to vociferate loudly; but nothing like a song, nor even any articulate sound, which can be expressed by words, could be distinguished. Their canoes were taken on board at their own desire, plainly intimated by signs, and with their assistance; and they at once came up the side without the least hesitation. These people consisted of an old man, apparently much above sixty, and three younger, from nineteen to thirty years of age. As soon as they came on deck, their vociferations seemed to increase with their astonishment, and, I may add, their pleasure; for the reception they met with seemed to create no less joy than surprise. Whenever they received a present, or were shewn any thing which excited fresh admiration, they expressed their delight by loud and repeated ejaculations, which they sometimes continued till they were quite hoarse and out of breath with the exertion. This noisy mode of expressing their satisfaction was accompanied by a jumping, which continued for a minute or more, according to the degree of the passion which excited it, and the bodily powers of the person who exercised it, the old man being rather too infirm, but still doing his utmost to go through the performance.

'After some time past on deck, during which a few skins and ivory knives were bought from them, they were taken down into the cabin. The younger ones received the proposal to descend somewhat reluctantly, till they saw that their old companion was willing to shew them the example; and they then followed without fear. We had soon occasion to remark that they were much better behaved people than the Esquimaux who had visited our ships in 1818, on the north-eastern coast of Baffin's Bay. Although we were much at a loss for an interpreter, we had no great difficulty in making the old man understand, by showing him an engraved portrait of an Esquimaux, that lieutenant Beechey was desirous of making a like drawing of him. He was accordingly placed on a stool near the fire, and sat for more than an hour with tolerable composure and steadiness, considering that a barter for their clothes, spears, and whalebone, was going on at the same time near him. He was, indeed, kept quiet by the presents which were given him from time to time; and when this failed, and he became impatient to move, I endeavoured to remind him that we wished him to keep his position, by placing my hands before, and assuming a grave and demure look. We now found that the old gentleman was a mimick, as well as a good-natured and obliging man; for, whenever I did this, he always imitated me in such a manner as to create considerable diversion among his own people, as well as ours, and then very quietly kept his seat. While he was sitting for his picture, the other three stood behind him, bartering their commodities with great honesty, but in a manner which shewed them to be no strangers to traffic. If, for instance, a knife was offered for any article, they would hesitate for a short time, till they saw we were determined to give no higher price, and then at once consented to the exchange. In this case, as well as when any thing was presented to them, they immediately licked it twice with their tongues; after which they seemed to consider the bargain satisfactorily concluded. The youngest of the party very modestly kept behind the others, and, before he was observed to have done so, missed several presents, which his less diffident, though not importunate companions, had received. As the night closed in, they became desirous to depart, and they left us before dark, highly delighted with their visit.

'As I had purchased one of their

canoes, a boat was sent to land its late owner, as only one person can sit in each. Mr. Palmer informed me, that, in going ashore, the canoes could beat our boat very much in rowing, whenever the Esquimaux chose to exert themselves; but they kept close to her the whole way. During the time that they were on board, we had observed in them a great aptness in imitating certain of our words; and, while going ashore, they took a particular liking to the expression of 'hurrah! give way!' which they heard Mr. Palmer use to the boat's crew, and which they frequently imitated, to the great amusement of all parties.

'Being desirous of seeing more of these people, of whom the first interview had given us a favourable impression, I determined to lie-to during the night, and to take the ships higher up the inlet on the following day. Soon after we had landed [*upon the nearest island*], the old Esquimaux and one of his younger companions paddled over from the main land, and joined us. They brought with them, as before, some pieces of whalebone and seal-skin dresses, which were soon disposed of, great care being taken by them not to produce more than one article at a time, returning to their canoes, which were at a little distance from our boat, after the purchase of each of their commodities, till their little stock was exhausted. Considering it desirable to keep up among them the ideas of fair and honest exchange, which they already seemed to possess in no ordinary degree, I did not permit them to receive any thing as a present, till all their commodities had been regularly bought. While we were waiting to obtain the sun's meridian altitude, they amused themselves in the most good-natured and cheerful manner with the boat's crew; and lieutenant Hoppner, who, with Mr. Beverley, had joined us in the Griper's boat, took this opportunity of making a drawing of the young man. It required, however, some shew of authority, as well as some occasional rewards, to keep him quietly seated on the rock for a time sufficient for the purpose; the inclination they have to jump about, when much pleased, rendering it a penalty of no trifling nature for them to sit still for half an hour together. To shew their disposition to do us what little service was in their power, he afterwards employed himself in sharpening the seamen's knives, which he did with great expertness on any flat smooth stone, returning each, as soon as finished, to it's owner, and then making signs for another, which he sharpened and returned in the same way, without any attempt, and apparently without the smallest desire, to detain it. The old man was extremely inquisitive, and directed his attention to those things which appeared useful, rather than to those which were merely amusing. An instance of this occurred on my ordering a tin canister of preserved meat to be opened for the boats' crews' dinners. The old man was sitting on the rock, attentively watching the operation, which was performed with an axe struck by a mallet, when one of the men came up with a looking-glass. I held it up to each of the Esquimaux, who had also seen one on the preceding evening, and then gave it into each of their hands successively. The younger one was quite in raptures, and literally jumped for joy for nearly a quarter of an hour; but the old man, having had one smile at his own queer face, immediately resumed his former gravity, and, returning me the glass, directed his whole attention to the opening of the canister; and, when this was effected, begged very hard for the mallet which had performed so useful an office, without expressing the least wish to partake of the meat, even when he saw us eating it with good appetites. Being prevailed on, however, to taste a little of it with some biscuit, they did not seem at all to relish it, but ate a small quantity from an evident desire not to offend us, and then deposited the rest safely in their canoes.

They could not be persuaded to taste any rum, after once smelling it, even when much diluted with water. I do not know whether it be a circumstance worthy of notice, that, when a kaleidoscope or telescope was given them to look into, they immediately shut one eye, and one of them used the right, another the left eye.

'In getting out of their canoes, as well as into them, great care is required to preserve the balance of these frail and unsteady coracles; and in this they generally assist each other. As we were leaving the island, and they were about to follow us, we lay on our oars to observe how they would manage this, and it was gratifying to see that the young man launched the canoe of his aged companion, and, having carefully steadied it alongside the rock, till he had safely embarked, carried his own down, and contrived, though with some difficulty, to get into it without assistance. They seem to take especial care, in launching their canoes, not to rub them against the rocks, by placing one end gently in the water, and holding the other up high, till it can be deposited without risque of injury.

'As soon as we began to row, the Esquimaux vociferated their newly-acquired expression of 'Hurrah! give way!' which they continued at intervals, accompanied by the most good-humoured merriment, as we crossed over to the main-land. There being now a little sea, occasioned by a weather tide, we found that our boats could easily beat their canoes in rowing, notwithstanding their utmost endeavours to keep up with us.

'The two Esquimaux tents, which we were now going to visit, were situated just within a low point of land, forming the eastern side of the entrance to a considerable branch of the inlet, extending some distance to the northward. The situation is warm and pleasant, having a south-westerly aspect, and being in every respect well adapted for the convenient residence of these poor people. We landed opposite the point, and walked over to the tents, sending our boats, accompanied by the two canoes, round the point to meet us. As soon as we came in sight of the tents, men, women, children, and dogs, were all in motion, the latter [*last*] to the tops of the hills out of our way, and the rest to meet us with loud and continued shouting; the word *pilletay* (give me) being the only articulate sound we could distinguish in the general uproar. Beside the four men whom we had already seen, there were four women, one of whom, being of the same age as the old man, was probably his wife; the others were about 30, 22, and 18 years old. The first two of these, whom we supposed to be married to the two oldest of the young men, had infants slung in a kind of bag at their backs, much in the same way as gypsies are accustomed to carry their children. There were also seven children, from three to twelve years of age, beside the two infants in arms, or rather behind the mothers' backs; and the woman of thirty was with child.

'We began, as before, by buying whatever they had to dispose of, giving in exchange knives, axes, brass-kettles, needles, and other useful articles, and then added such presents as might be farther serviceable to them. From the first moment of our arrival till we left them, or rather till we had nothing left to give, the females were particularly importunate with us, and 'pilletay' resounded from the whole troop, where-ever we went; and they were extremely anxious to obtain our buttons, apparently more on account of the ornament of the crown and anchor which they observed upon them, than from any value which they set upon their use; and several of these were cut off our jackets to please their fancy. When I first endeavoured to bargain for a sledge, the persons I addressed gave me distinctly to understand by signs, that it was not their property, and pointed towards the woman who owned it; though my ignorance, in this respect, offered a good opportunity of defrauding me, had they been

so inclined, by receiving an equivalent for what did not belong to them: on the owner's coming forward, the bargain was quickly concluded. The pikes which I gave in exchange underwent the usual ceremony of licking, and the sledge was carried to our boat with the most perfect understanding on both sides. In another instance, an axe was offered by some of the Griper's gentlemen as the price of a dog, to which the woman who owned the animal consented. To show that we placed full confidence in them, the axe was given to her before the dog was caught, and she immediately went away with a kind of halter, or harness of thongs, which they use for this purpose, and honestly brought one of the finest among them, though nothing would have been easier than to have evaded the performance of her contract.'

A NARRATIVE OF TRAVELS IN NORTHERN AFRICA, IN THE YEARS 1818, 1819, AND 1820; BY CAPTAIN LYON, R. N.

An immense portion of Africa is still unknown to Europeans; and ages may yet elapse before a complete knowlege of that quarter of the globe will be obtained by the geographical investigator. Within the last thirty years, however, some progress has been made in the adventurous task of discovery, notwithstanding the insalubrity of the climate, the danger of famine, and the risque of barbarian hostilities.

In the year 1819, Mr. Ritchie, under the patronage of the British court, of the pasha of Tripoli, and the sultan of Fezzan, commenced, with captain Lyon and Mr. Belford, a journey of exploration. After a short visit to the Gharian mountains, inhabited by Arabs, who dwell in arched subterranean chambers, the three gentlemen proceeded toward Morzouk, the sultan's capital, in company with that prince. In their progress, they were kindly received by the wife of a Sheik or Arab chief; and the captain thus describes the interview:

'A boy who accompanied us from Tripoli, came to me, full of the praises of Lilla Fatima, the fat wife of Sheik Barood, a white woman, who, he said, was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, and so fat that she could scarcely walk: 'her arm (God's blessing on it) is as big as my body,' continued he, 'and she says she should like to see you and Sidi Yussuf.' Such a hint was not to be rejected, and I immediately paid her a visit, the boy acting as my interpreter. On my entrance, she so veiled herself, as to exhibit to advantage her arm with all its gay ornaments; and on my requesting to be favoured with a view of her face, she with very little reluctance gratified me. Her chin, the tip of her nose, and the space between her eyebrows, were marked with black lines; she was much rouged; her neck, arms, and legs, were covered with tattooed flowers, open hands, circles, the names of God, and of her numerous male friends. A multitude of poor thin wretches resembling witches, sat round her in astonishment, never having in their lives seen such a paragon of perfection. Like all other Arabs, they touched what pleased them most, one admiring this object, another something near it, so that our poor belle was sometimes poked by a dozen fingers at once; all, however, agreeing on one point, that she was beautifully and excessively fat; and I must say I never before beheld such a monstrous mass of human flesh. One of her legs, of enormous size, was uncovered as high as the calf, and every one pressed it, admiring its solidity, and praising God for blessing them with such a sight. I was received most graciously, and invited to sit close to her, when one of the first questions she asked me was, whether in my country the ladies were as fat and handsome as herself? For the plumpness of my countrywomen, I owned, with shame, that I never had seen one possessed of half such an ad-

mirable rotundity, which she took as a great compliment, but I did not attempt to carry the comparison farther, though she was really very handsome in face and features.'

In passing over the Great Desert, the captain and his associates encountered a sand wind, which, while it lasted, produced distressing effects; but no serious accident occurred before they reached Morzouk. This is a walled town, having had formerly seven gates. Of these, however, four are walled up, in order to prevent the escape of the natives, when called upon by the sultan's tax-collectors. The population of the city is not very considerable, as it does not exceed 2500. Rain is here unknown; and therefore buildings are found to be sufficiently durable, if formed of balls of dried clay, and mud instead of mortar. The houses, generally of one story, receive all the light from the door; at least among the lower classes; and each door turns upon a pivot, on the plank which is next to the wall.

Soon after their arrival here, the three adventurers were successively attacked by illness, to which the horrors of distress and want were added. So low were their finances at this time, that they could only purchase corn for their subsistence; and, for six weeks, they tasted no meat except an occasional pigeon killed in their garden. Mr. Ritchie had shewn signs of convalescence; but his disorder returned with greater violence, and he became delirious. As he was of the medical profession, a constant anxiety was displayed by the natives to partake of his drugs; for which they seem to have felt an inclination as voracious as it was extraordinary. During the inability of his companion, the captain took upon himself the office of compounding and administering the medicines; which he appears to have done much to the satisfaction of the numerous applicants.

'Our having a stock of medicines was a sufficient inducement to all our visitors to find themselves very ill, and to imagine not one but every disorder in the country. When I commanded at the laboratory, I took good care to give such doses as were not easily forgotten. Many of the women required a great deal of explanation, how any thing taken into the stomach could relieve a head-ache. Purgatives were always despised, in comparison with emetics. The allowance which would suffice for a strong European, took no effect with them; but, when a double dose was given, it pleased so much, that many requests were made for 'just such another dose as was given to such a one, which made him so sick that he almost died.' The prevalent disorder, when a man wanted medicine for novelty's sake, was being 'ill all over.'

After the death of his intelligent companion, the captain, finding that he had not a sufficient supply of the pecuniary means of peregrination, only made a short progress to the south of Morzouk, visiting the black population which forms the prey of the slave-hunters from Fezzan and other countries.

The plan adopted by the Arabs, in taking these victims of brutal injustice, is described in the following manner: —'They rest for the night two or three hours ride from the village intended to be attacked: and after midnight, leaving their tents and camels with a small guard, they advance so as to arrive by daylight; they then surround the place, and, closing in, generally succeed in taking all the inhabitants. As those who elude the first range, have also to pass several bodies placed on the look-out, and armed with guns, their chance of escape is almost impossible. On a rising ground, at a convenient distance, is placed a standard, round which are stationed men prepared to receive and bind the captives, as they are brought out by those who enter the town: when bound, the pillagers return for fresh plunder. In the course of one morning, a thousand or fifteen hundred slaves have sometimes been procured in this manner, by two or three hundred men only.'

We have also some notice of the subsequent fate of these unhappy beings. During the author's abode at Morzouk, 1400 slaves were brought in at one time, the greater part being females:

'We rode out to meet the great kafflé (cavalcade,) and to see them enter the town. It was indeed a piteous spectacle! These poor oppressed beings were, many of them, so exhausted as to be scarcely able to walk; their legs and feet were much swelled, and by their enormous size formed a striking contrast with their emaciated bodies. They were all borne down with loads of fire-wood; and even poor little children, worn to skeletons by fatigue and hardships, were obliged to bear their burdens, while many of their inhuman masters rode on camels, with the dreaded whip suspended from their wrists, with which they from time to time enforced obedience from these wretched captives. Some of the women carried little children on their backs, some of whom were so small, that they must have been born on the road.'

With regard to the course of the Niger, and the fate of Park, Mr. Lyon supplies no information that can be depended upon. He deems it impossible that Park should still be alive at Timbuctoo, as some have imagined him to be, detained there by the sultan on account of his skill in surgery, because this could not occur without being known to the slave-traders, who enter every house, even that of the sultan himself; whereas, they all deny any knowlege of a person thus detained, or in any manner answering to the description of Park. Our author's course did not conduct him sufficiently to the south to afford him much chance of discovering the course of the Niger; but all the information which he collected concerning it, seems to favor the opinion that it runs into the Nile.

SAVAGE PATRIOTISM.

A MEXICAN TALE.

Caracaros derived his origin from the imperial family of Mexico. Deploring the fate of his ancestors, who had been sacrificed to the treachery and inhumanity of the Christian invaders, he took the field twice against the Spanish viceroy with great success, and would in all probability have possessed himself of the capital, but for the baseness of his countrymen, who insidiously betrayed him to Don Lopez, one of the Spanish generals. Finding his head-quarters surprised, he cut his way, with a small band of faithful followers, through a numerous body of the enemy, in the most desperate manner. He fled with precipitation to a desolate spot, where he confidently hoped to find a temporary asylum from the malice of his enemies. The Spaniards, by this stroke, had gained an important advantage: those Mexicans, who were not slain in the attack, laid down their arms, and became slaves to the conquerors, who at the same time seised a great treasure which the unfortunate chieftain had accumulated for the promotion of his patriotic views.

Among the prisoners were his wife Orella, and his daughter Zedaria, a beautiful girl, about twelve years old; they were taken undistinguished amidst the tumult, and carried to Mexico. Orella studiously concealed her rank from the Spaniards, hoping that she and Zedaria might more easily escape, as private persons, than if their real characters were known. They were settled in the family of Don Lopez, who had recently married a daughter of the viceroy. This lady, though a native of Spain, compassionated the sufferings of the miserable people over whom her father exercised his stern authority. She no sooner saw Zedaria, than she conceived a regard for her, and placed her and her mother among those females who were constantly about her person.

Orella had formed several schemes, with a view of escaping to the arms of her affectionate Caracaros; but the great distance of his abode from Mexico, and the continual successes of the Spaniards against the natives who made any opposition to their progress,

deterred her from attempting to quit her station. The repeated alarms which she suffered, and her anxiety for her husband's fate, threw her into a malady which nature could not sustain, and she died in Zedaria's arms, conjuring her, in her last moments, to pursue her father's fortune, and never to depart from that religion in which she had been educated.

Caracaros did not continue long in the place where he first took refuge; but, with his son and a small party, penetrated through a desert part of the country, till he arrived among a warlike nation, settled near the Pacific ocean. By declaiming against Spanish tyranny, he hoped to gain some assistance for his desponding brethren, who groaned under an oppressive yoke. He long remained among his protectors, before he could influence their determination. They were not very eager to oppose an army of Europeans, who from report could command thunder and lightning to destroy their assailants: but they at length permitted him to raise as many men as would voluntarily enter into his service. He assembled about 1000 men, with whom he returned to Mexico, not doubting that his army would be considerably increased, when his adherents should find that he was able to resume an offensive attitude.

During these transactions, the wife of Don Lopez had behaved with the greatest tenderness to Zedaria, who was so filled with gratitude for the favors which she had received, and so unable to resist the arguments which were used to prevail upon her to renounce Paganism, that she readily embraced the Catholic religion, and was baptised in due form by the name of Mariana.

Don Sebastian, the youngest son of a Spanish grandee, who commanded a troop of horse under Don Lopez, and occasionally visited his family, was charmed with the beauty and accomplishments of this amiable captive. He was too much a man of honor to violate the laws of hospitality by attempting to seduce her from the protection of his friend, and had too much pride to think of declaring a virtuous passion for an obscure slave, who was supposed to be the offspring of a mere peasant: yet he could not absent himself from the object of his admiration, and every day added to the violence of his passion, which was at length discovered by Don Lopez; who, having long secretly entertained unlawful views upon his wife's favorite, resolved to break off the new connection as soon as possible, and, pretending to be greatly offended at Sebastian's conduct, desired him not to appear at his house. The lady of Lopez was carried off by a sudden illness about this period; an accident which gave Sebastian the greatest concern, as he had for some time suspected a rival in the general. Trembling for the consequences, the young officer was determined at all events to rescue Mariana from ruin. With this view, he boldly avowed his great affection for her, and applied to the viceroy for leave to marry her in public. This request was not complied with; but the governor directed, that, as the girl was a Christian, and as her kind mistress had made her free some time before her death, she should be at liberty to leave the family of Lopez whenever she might think proper. The Spanish general, irritated at these proceedings, ordered his attendants to remove Mariana in the night to a village about six miles from the capital, near the place where his head-quarters were fixed.

Caracaros, being joined by a great number of the wretched natives in his march, advanced against the vanguard of the Spaniards, who, not imagining that their foes were so formidable, were quickly routed. Lopez narrowly escaped captivity, and fled with disgrace. The village to which Mariana had been sent fell into the hands of Caracaros; and, as she was richly habited, she was supposed to be a person of no small distinction, and, as such, brought to her father. Four years had elapsed since he last beheld

her; but, as soon as he saw her, he recollected her to be his long-lost child. She threw herself at his feet, and was unable to express her feelings from an excess of surprise and joy. After mutual caresses, she was sent under the conduct of her brother to a town which was garrisoned by the Mexicans, as a place of security; while Caracaros was determined to pursue his advantage, and push on to the walls of Mexico. The next morning, however, he found it necessary to alter his resolution, as he was informed that a body of the Spaniards and their auxiliaries, consisting of four times his number, were strongly posted within a league of the city, and his followers seemed to be unanimous in resolving not to hazard a battle against such superior force. For this reason, he, though unwillingly, wheeled about, and divided his troops into small bodies, in order to harass the enemy by desultory warfare. In the night, a messenger arrived at his camp, with the unwelcome intelligence, that a detachment, which he had sent off under the command of his son, had been defeated by a troop of horse, and that the gallant youth had been mortally wounded by the Spanish officer, whose principal object seemed to be the abduction of Zedaria, in which he was too successful.

The distress which Caracaros felt upon this occasion, can be more easily imagined than described. He started from his tent, frantic at the intelligence, and flew to the spot where his son had fallen. The youth had fought with uncommon courage hand to hand with the enemy's chief, who made a furious attack, and who, when he saw Zedaria in the hands of his followers, bade them desist from the combat, and rode off in triumph.

The Spanish officer was no other than Don Sebastian, who, being posted within a few miles of the head-quarters of Don Lopez, no sooner discovered that his adorable Mariana had been carried off, than he resolved to rescue her, or die in the attempt. He soon discovered the place of her concealment, and surprised her by his sudden appearance. He fondly caressed her, while she expressed her apprehensions for her brother's safety with the most affectionate anxiety. This prompted her to explain to Sebastian who she really was, and to acquaint him with the reason which induced her to keep her birth a secret. The Spaniard was alarmed at this intimation: he knew that he had given the youth a mortal wound, but thought it best for the present to conceal it from her, and use all the means in his power for the alleviation of her sorrow.

An inundation prevented Sebastian from returning to the capital by the usual road; and, in endeavouring to ford a small river which had been greatly increased by the floods, he was suddenly surrounded by one of the parties which Caracaros had despatched to harass the enemy. He fought courageously for some minutes; but his horse, receiving a wound from one of the enemy's arrows, leaped into the flood, and was carried down the stream with the greatest rapidity. His troops, being pressed by a superior force, were presently broken and put to flight; and Zedaria was carried off by the Mexicans. Caracaros, keenly deploring the death of his son, had retired to an unfrequented cave, which he fixed upon as the burial-place of the lamented youth. The sight of his daughter threw a suffusion of joy over his countenance: he tenderly embraced her, and, hearing of the manner in which she had been treated by Sebastian, suspected that she had a partiality in his favor. He was soon confirmed in his conjecture, when she stated that the young Spaniard desired nothing more than to put an end to the bloody war which had been so long carried on with the natives, and that, as a proof of his earnest wish for a reconciliation, he had requested her to inform the chieftain of his eager wish for a matrimonial alliance. Caracaros started at these words, and darting a resentful look at Zedaria, rushed into

the cave, whence he instantly returned bearing a bloody robe. 'Behold,' said he, 'degenerate girl, these fatal stains! This is thy brother's vestment; his blood cries loudly for vengeance on that villain in whose praises you have been so lavish.' Zedaria, filled with horror, sunk senseless on the earth; and when she had been carried off by her attendants, the agitation of her mind threw her into a disorder, from which the most melancholy consequences were apprehended.

Sebastian, after being hurried a considerable way down the stream, with difficulty reached the opposite shore; and wandering through unfrequented paths, he at length arrived at a village garrisoned by the Spaniards, where he learned the important news that Don Lopez had resigned his military employments, and that he himself was advanced to the chief command of the Spanish force. This intelligence greatly relieved the perturbation of his mind, and, after making the necessary preparations for dislodging the enemy, he sent overtures of a very honourable nature to Caracaros, and repeated the offer which he had before made, with respect to his daughter. The inflexible chief, however, would hearken to no terms of accommodation, and pursued his operations with redoubled vigor.—Weary of making war in detail, he encouraged his troops to hazard a general conflict. With a view of deceiving the Spaniards, the natives made a feint of retiring before them. The Europeans pushed close upon their rear, till the Mexicans came between two hills, when they suddenly [illegible], and Sebastian found himself flanked by two large bodies of his enemies. The action soon became general; but, Caracaros having received a shot in his lungs, his followers were disheartened, and put to flight, notwithstanding their advantageous position. A great slaughter ensued; and the wounded chief, with the shattered remains of his troops, took refuge in the town of Mestees, which was immediately invested by the victor. Finding that his death was approaching, he sent for Zedaria, who was then in a state of convalescence. Weeping and trembling with anxiety, she fell upon her knees, and kissed her father's hand; but he turned from her, and, bitterly reproaching her for having betrayed her country, forsworn the gods of her progenitors, and wished to marry the murderer of her brother, stabbed her to the heart.

This ferocious act struck all the beholders with horror. A few minutes after, Sebastian, to whom the gates had been opened by the people, upon his solemn promise that their lives should be spared, entered the mournful apartment; when Caracaros, observing him confounded at the dreadful spectacle, in dying accents addressed him thus: 'Christian, my son is revenged;—thou shalt not exult over his grave: my daughter owes her death to thee. Be assured that Caracaros despised thy offers, as he wished not to survive the freedom of his country.' Death stopped farther utterance. All the spectators directed their attention to Sebastian, who threw himself on the body of the lifeless Mariana, in an agony of despair; and it was with the utmost difficulty that his attendants could separate him from her. The unfortunate lady was buried with great pomp in the cathedral of Mexico, by the direction of her afflicted lover, who caused a monument to be erected to her memory, with an inscription engraven in letters of gold, recounting her melancholy story.

THE SPANISH PEASANT GIRL;

A Tale, translated from the French of Berthoud.

[This article is extracted from Gold's London Magazine.]

In the province of Andalusia, there is a little valley embosomed in mountains, and known by the appropriate appellation of the 'Vale of Solitude.' It is intersected with numerous rills that descend with the violence of ca-

taracts from the adjacent precipices, and meander in graceful undulations through the valley. To the west of the landscape, amid the magnificent ruins of the Moorish palaces, the eye of the passing stranger discovers a little cottage, sheltered with luxuriant ivy, and environed with the loftiest rocks. A few years ago, it was the ornament of the scene; but, like its once happy owners, it has now gone to decay. The hand of time has placed his withering mark upon its beauty; and day after day it crumbles gradually to earth. But it is still an interesting ruin, and, when viewed in connexion with the tale which I am about to relate, arrests in an extraordinary degree the imagination of the traveller. In my younger days I have often listened to it with transport; and while the Andalusian peasants hymned on their mountain pipes the mournful burthen of days long since past, I have wept even as a child for the misfortunes of Annette, the pretty peasant.

At the close of a long summer evening, while the village groupes were dancing on the green, don Manuel, a young Spanish nobleman, was observed to enter the little cottage of the Vale of Solitude, where Annette and her mother resided. He was apparently fatigued with the exertion of continued travel; and, as he pleaded the danger of removal, from wounds received in a skirmish with a guerilla party, he was permitted to continue in his present abode. From the beautiful tenant of the cottage, who was at that time the pride and envy of the valley, he received every attention that his debilitated frame required. She administered to his comfort, assuaged the anguish of his wounds, and alleviated by her cheering presence the solitude of his situation. Under such affectionate superintendence, his health gradually improved, and, in the course of a long summer ramble with Annette and her mother, he announced his intention of quitting them for ever. The innocent girl was unprepared for such sudden intelligence: she had suffered her young heart to be captivated by the gallantry of the stranger without an effort to resist him. She had fondly pictured to her mind the moment when she might love him for ever, and, if reason hinted the improbability of an union, her enthusiasm dispelled it with regret. But the time was now come when they should part, and the tears sprang to her eyes as she dwelt on the approaching separation. In a voice half-choked by anguish, she pressed the supporting arm of the nobleman to her heart, and requested him sometimes to think of her with kindness. Don Manuel was himself affected. If he had before thought of Annette, as a simple peasant, this instance of her artlessness inspired him with more tender emotions. After much affected hesitation, he consented to remain till the termination of the month, and implored the young villager to grant him one parting interview before he should quit her for ever. Secure in the consciousness of her own purity, the innocent girl acquiesced, and consented to meet him alone at the village festival, which ensued at the close of the week. This precaution was necessary for the purposes of Manuel. Educated in a dissipated court, he was a stranger to the refined sensibilities of the heart. The beauty of Annette had excited his passions; her innocence had inspired him with hope. He saw her increasing tenderness, and, with all the eloquence of which he was master, strengthened the prepossession. But the rectitude of her principles, and the vigilance of her mother, who seemed unwilling to countenance his longer stay, filled him with distrust; and, under the pretence of a final interview, he succeeded in persuading her to meet him, when her mother had gone to the neighbouring village.

The long-expected evening at last arrived, and Annette was punctual to her appointment. As the bell from the neighbouring convent chimed the hour of vespers, and the peasants pre-

pared for their bolero, she stationed herself at the extremity of the dance. In an instant a figure, muffled in a night-cloak, stood beside her. 'Annette,' he said, 'do you not know me?' Tremblingly she caught his hand, and removed with him from the scene of rustic revelry. The night was calm, and the nightingale from the distant woodlands had already commenced her song. The moon shone bright in the heavens, and a heavy languor breathed in the evening gale, that communicated to the soul a corresponding sensation of voluptuousness. The stranger seated himself by the bank of a mountain streamlet, and motioned Annette to his side. He talked to her of their approaching separation, of the distance that would soon remove them from each other; and spoke to the heart of his victim. 'I shall wander, Annette,' he exclaimed, 'to other scenes; but my soul will be ever desolate. Amid the din of war and the gaieties of fashion, I shall call to mind the evening rambles we have taken, and cling to the days that are past. But you, my love, will still be happy, and, in the arms of some worthier person, may forget the stranger who adored you.' He paused—he pressed her convulsively to his heart, and kissed her glowing cheek. Tears were the only answer she could make, but the passions of her soul spoke in her flushed bosom and palpitating heart. Don Manuel observed his triumph. He folded her gently to his breast, and roved with wanton eye over the charms, which the light Spanish garb did not sufficiently conceal; and he eventually succeeded in profaning that holy sanctuary of love, which it was worse than sacrilege to have violated. Night, tranquil night, was the only witness of the poor girl's disgrace; and the summer gale the only tell-tale that whispered the story of her degradation. With faltering steps she rose from the bank where she was seated, and moved onward to the cottage. Manuel followed at a distance, and came up with her as she reached her home. With the eloquence of desperate infatuation, he urged her to fly from the village, where every scene would remind her of her disgrace. He promised to write to her mother, and request her to follow them; and at last succeeded in persuading her to enter his chariot, which was stationed near the cottage.

On their arrival at Seville, Manuel paid that deference to his mistress, which her desolate situation required. She seemed grateful for his kindness, but pined in excess of melancholy. She was like some tender flower, transplanted from its kindred soil, to bloom and wither in a foreign land. Still she never complained; and it was only in the sweet hopelessness of her smile, that the secret of her sorrow could be discovered. In the long summer twilight she would love to seat herself by her favorite harp, and play some plaintive air that reminded her of the home of her infancy. The thoughts of her childhood would then rush over her soul, and she would weep from the bitter reflections which they inspired. But youth is incapable of lasting grief; and the gay associates of don Manuel were ill calculated to cherish the softer emotions of the soul. Annette gradually improved in spirits, and would often escape from the bitterness of the moment, to the refined flattery of her admirers. This, though at first accepted as a mere opiate for grief, soon became necessary to her existence; and, ere a few months had elapsed, the once tender, melancholy Annette, was toasted among the debauchees of Seville as the dashing mistress of don Manuel. So complete a transformation of character was the gradual work of time. It commenced in flattery, and terminated in the ruin of its victim. Among the profligate acquaintances of her seducer, was a young man who paid assiduous court to her beauty. He was witty, accomplished, and well calculated to excite favorable sentiments in the weak breast of a woman. He told her she was handsome, and she believed it; and,

under pretence of excessive sensibility, estranged her affections from her former protector.

When the heart of a female is once led astray, inevitable ruin must ensue. Such was the case with Annette, she rushed blindly from vanity to folly, from folly to vice; and completed her destruction by eloping with her paramour from the palace of don Manuel. A duel with his rival ensued; and, by the death of his antagonist, he was compelled to quit Spain. To heal his wounded feelings, he wandered from clime to clime a helpless, hopeless pilgrim, and endeavoured in vain to escape from the settled blight of his own soul. In spite of her desertion, he still loved Annette, and her image was ever present to his mind. He wrote often to his friends to inquire after her, but was informed in reply that her character was blighted, her principles utterly destroyed.

Time rolled: but Manuel was still the victim of an almost incurable gloom. Two years had now elapsed since he last quitted his native land; and during that interval he had been a wanderer on the face of the earth. He had roved in the sunny clime of Italy, and visited the consecrated ground of ancient Greece. He had lived in England, the seat of love and freedom; had deeply studied the characters of mankind and the laws of nations; and resolved at last to return home an accomplished traveler.

The sun was setting as he reached Seville, from which he had so long been absent. A sigh escaped his bosom, while he thought of the past, and reflected on his present situation. On arriving at the great gates of the prison, a numerous crowd had collected. Manuel stopped to survey them, and beheld workmen busy in the erection of a scaffold. He inquired the reason of the assemblage, and was informed, that on the morrow the celebrated courtezan, Annette de Sévigné, was to be executed for the murder of her child. Shocked at such unexpected intelligence, he requested permission to see her, and with some difficulty was allowed to have one parting interview with her before the arrival of the confessor.

On entering the dungeon at the appointed time, he beheld an elegantly-formed female leaning by the grated casement, and gazing with fixed interest on a portrait. She turned round at the noise of approaching footsteps, and disclosed the features of Annette. But the softness that once pervaded her countenance was gone, and a flush of conscious pride reigned there in its stead. She recognized Manuel at a glance, and with a haughty movement beckoned him from her presence. 'Annette,' he exclaimed in a mournful voice, 'do you forget your friend?'—'Forget him,' she replied, 'yes, all is forgotten now, but the sense of wrong, and the desire of revenge. But I have had it,' she shouted out with the phrensy of passionate delirium, 'and shall die amply gratified.' 'Dearest Annette,' resumed her lover, 'listen, if not to me, at least to a superior power: to-morrow those beautiful limbs will be exposed to the gaze of thousands; that countenance to public derision. But though your death must thus inevitably occur, there is a God above before whom your thoughts are registered, and to whom you must make ample atonement. Repent, then, while time yet permits: dare to be virtuous, and you will still be happy.'—'Happy!' said the murderess, with a burst of scornful derision; 'Yes; I have once known happiness; but who was he that deprived me of it? I was happy in the bosom of my family; happy among my native mountains. But even there a seducer discovered me; he found me blooming like a flower on its parent stem, and, having rifled its sweetness, left it to wither and to die. Speak—do you know such a man?'

'Dearest girl,' resumed Don Manuel; 'by the memory of those happy days, by the affection you have ever evinced to your mother, to that parent who nurtured your earliest childhood,

I implore you to save your own soul. Trust me, there is a better world, love, where, though the time of our separation is tedious, we may yet meet again.'—'Can that be a world of happiness, where even the seducer can find access?' resumed Annette. 'Away with your wretched cant! I seek not a better world than that which I must shortly quit. I have sought pleasure,—I have found it; and now that my course is finished, I will sink like the setting sun, emblazoned in tenfold splendor. You tell me there is a God; that he is the guardian of virtue: why fell not his thunderbolt on the head of the seducer, when the sanctuary of innocence was profaned?'—At this instant the turnkey entered, and the heavy bell from the dungeon tower announced the approach of twilight. Manuel gazed at the prisoner, as she stood with folded arms in an attitude of scornful majesty. 'Can this be the young peasant,' he mentally exclaimed; 'lovely, innocent, as I once knew her?' and a tear sprang to his eye at the recollection. 'Farewell, my poor girl,' he resumed; 'we part to meet no more in this world; and will you not vouchsafe one look of kindness?' The prisoner started at his words; her voice lost its firmness; and a sigh escaped her bosom. 'Farewell,' she sobbed out; 'from my very soul I forgive you; for oh! can I bear enmity against him who first won my infant heart? You look now, as you looked when I first knew you, and the appeal is irresistible.'—The conversation was here interrupted by the approach of the confessor, and the order for strangers to retire. Manuel slowly quitted the dungeon, and, with one parting look of the deepest affection, closed the sullen gates of the prison.

In a state of disquietude he returned to his lonely residence, where every thing reminded him of Annette. In one corner of the saloon her picture was still hanging, beautiful as when first he saw her. Her favourite harp had been untouched during his long absence, and the breeze whispered mournfully among the chords. As he listened to its melancholy music, the thought of past times rushed back upon his soul, and he threw himself on his couch in a restless agony of spirit. At daybreak he was roused from his gloomy reveries by the approach of the confessor whom he had seen on the preceding night. He came with a message from Annette, who was desirous of seeing her seducer once more before she died. The guard appointed for the execution was stationed at the great gates of the prison as he entered, and the hollow sound of the death-bell smote heavily on his heart. The prisoner met him at the entrance of the dungeon. She was arrayed in a deep suit of black, and the flush of haughty boldness had faded from her countenance. 'I sent for you,' she said, 'that I might bid you a last farewell, and inform you of the sincerity of my repentance. The confessor has lately visited me, and his exhortations have turned my thoughts to heaven. It is that alone which now consoles me in my dying moments, and assures me that we shall yet meet again. Forgive me, love, if yesterday I distressed you; I have only a few more hours to live, and they shall be spent in prayer for you. But stay—I have a mother, and it is on her account that I was desirous of seeing you. Be kind to her, Manuel, when I am gone, and remember that she has now no protector but yourself. She will need your support, and will often talk with you of her lost Annette. The cottage, too—let it ever remain unaltered, and moulder to earth as a memorial of its former tenants. Let the scenes I once loved be still visited, and my name be sometimes recalled with affection. Let—'

The dungeon clock now struck the hour of eight, and the muffled drums of the prison guard announced the preparations for the execution. Annette started at the sound, and, re-

questing to be left alone with Manuel, dictated the following lines to her mother:

'Dearest mother,—In the closing hour of existence, the thoughts of your suffering weigh heavily upon my heart. I see, I feel your grief; but, to assuage in some degree your sorrows, have gained a faithful friend who will cherish you when I am gone. Then weep not for me; I leave you only for a while to be re-united in a better world! But oh! dearest mother, it is a cruel stroke for one so young as I am, to sleep in the dark night of the tomb, where there is no sweet sunshine to enliven, no cheering voice to awaken me to happiness. I shall merely add a few words, and then bid farewell. The stranger who will deliver you this letter was the first object of my youthful attachment. He seduced my mind from virtue, but even that is forgiven now. Then speak not harshly to him, lest in the bitterness of the moment he curse the memory of Annette. Farewell.'

It was now nine o'clock, the hour appointed for the execution. The guard re-entered the dungeon, and bade Annette prepare to ascend the scaffold. With a firm composed step, she moved towards the platform which was erected in front of the prison. Don Manuel followed by her side, and, as she ascended the fatal steps, wrung her hand in an agony of affection A numerous crowd was assembled below, and the heavy sound of the death-bell increased the gloom of the spectators. The prisoner advanced; she gave the fatal signal, and in an instant was stretched dead at the feet of her seducer. With trembling steps he raised her from the ground, but life was extinct. A smile was on her countenance in death, but the hectic glow was succeeded by a deadly paleness.

In an agony of suffering, don Manuel prepared to obey the last wishes of poor Annette. He left Seville on the instant, and arrived at the once-loved Vale of Solitude. It was evening when he reached the cottage, the scene of his early happiness. He entered; an old lady was stationed at the entrance in an attitude of deep devotion. Her Bible lay beside her, and a portrait of Annette was on the table. She started at the noise of his footsteps, and with some difficulty recalled his features to her mind. 'I am not now,' she feebly said, 'as you once knew me, Don Manuel. I am a poor wretched creature, whose days are numbered in the land. I do not desire to upbraid you; for your own feelings must be sufficient torture.' On perusing the letter of her daughter, she continued, 'Annette has forgiven you, and I cannot withhold my commiseration. All I request is, that when I am numbered with the dead, as I soon must be, you will bury me in the same grave with my child.' Manuel promised obedience, and slowly retired from the apartment. Worn down with anxiety, and fearful of future temptations, he at last resolved to enter the monastery of the Carmelites, and pass the remainder of his days in solitude. He died soon after his admission, and at his own particular request was buried in the little garden of the cottage.

I was yet a boy* when these circumstances occurred, but the remembrance is indelibly imprinted on my memory. The story was told to me by an old Carmelite monk who was well acquainted with the narrative. The peasants too had heard the tale, and would often hymn the death-dirge of the lovers on their mellow mountain-pipes. But years have rolled on, and the remembrance of poor Annette is fading from the minds of the villagers. You may sometimes meet with an old cottager who knew her well when he was a child, and who loves to recall her to his mind with fondness. But these instances are rare, and in a short time will be entirely forgotten.

When I was last in the neighbourhood of the Vale of Solitude, I visited

* The author is supposed to speak in his own person.

the cottage of Annette. It was overgrown with henbane and nightshade, and afforded a melancholy epitome of past happiness. I paused; an utter stillness reigned around, save when the raven screamed his death-song I entered the room where Annette had once lived. I saw the harp which was once hers, and it was mouldering in silent decay. The spider had woven his web among the chords, and the whole scene spoke of gloomy desertion. As I gazed on the ruined dwelling, the past rushed over my soul, and I wept in excess of melancholy. I knelt down in silent adoration, and offered up a prayer for the repose of the departed. The sun was sinking as I turned my steps instinctively to the spot where don Manuel slumbered. It was in a little nook at the extremity of the garden, unnoticed by epitaph or elegy. A wild rose was blooming on the sod; and a few withered leaves from the hanging cypress were strewn upon the grave. The last rays of the setting sun shone sweetly upon the tomb, and lightened up for a moment the vivid feelings of my heart. 'Sleep sweetly,' I exclaimed, as I departed, 'spirit of former days! for the most glorious object in nature pays thee his farewell visit ere he sinks into the embrace of Thetis.'

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MARINO FALIERO, DOGE OF VENICE; AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY, WITH NOTES: BY LORD BYRON.

EVERY production of this celebrated writer claims general notice and attention; but we frankly confess (and perhaps the opinion may argue a want of taste) that we do not greatly admire this dramatic effusion. It is defective in artful construction, in interest, and in the adaptation of sentiment and remark to the time when the doge lived. It is inferior in beauty to the Venice Preserved of Otway, which in various points it resembles; nor is it even equal to Manfred, the earlier production of his lordship's dramatic talents. It exhibits, however, a variety of beauties, occasional vigour, and sometimes an intensity of feeling.

The plot may be briefly stated. Faliero, a man of talent and courage, was elected in 1354 to the dukedom. An insult offered to his wife by a senator named Steno, who was punished for the offence with imprisonment and temporary banishment, instead of being condemned to death or to perpetual exile, roused the indignation of the doge, and concurred with his ambitious spirit to hurry him into a conspiracy for the subversion of the aristocratic government. He is not represented in the tragedy as the original contriver of this scheme, but is drawn into it by the solicitations of Bertuccio, an aspiring malcontent. An unexpected discovery, however, saves the state; and the traitorous doge is decapitated.

A dialogue between Faliero and his wife, when his discontent is ready to burst forth, is pathetically interesting. She exhorts him to support that state which, on one glorious day, he rescued from the danger of ruin. He tells her, that Venice has forgotten that day, and then says,

Farewell,
Sweet Angiolina! I must to my cabinet;
There's much for me to do, and the hour hastens.

Angiolina. Remember what you were.

Doge. It were in vain:
Joy's recollection is no longer joy,
While sorrow's memory is a sorrow still.

Angiolina. At least, whate'er may urge, let me implore
That you will take some little pause of rest;
Your sleep, for many nights, has been so turbid,
That it had been relief to have awak'd you,
Had I not hoped that nature would o'erpower
At length the thoughts which shook your slumbers thus.
An hour of rest will give you to your toils
With fitter thoughts and freshen'd strength.

Doge. I cannot—
I must not if I could; for never was
Such reason to be watchful: yet a few,
Yet a few days, and dream-perturbed nights,
And I shall slumber well—but where? No matter.
Adieu, my Angiolina.

Angiolina. Let me be
An instant, yet an instant your companion:
I cannot bear to leave you thus.

Doge. Come then,
My gentle child—forgive me: thou wert made
For better fortunes than to share in mine.
Now darkling in their close tow'rd the deep vale
Where Death sits rob'd in his all-sweeping
shadow.
When I am gone—it may be sooner than
E'en these years warrant, for there is that stirring
Within—above—around,—that in this city
Will make the cemeteries populous
As e'er they were by pestilence or war—
When I *am* nothing, let that which I *was*
Be still sometimes a name on thy sweet lips,
A shadow in thy fancy, of a thing
Which would not have thee mourn it, but remember;
Let us be gone, my child; the time is pressing.

At the meeting of the conspirators, the doge's speech is seemingly elaborate, but not very spirited or dignified. His momentary compunction is more naturally expressed.

Doge. And is it then decided? must they die?
Israel Bertuccio. Who?
Doge. My own friends by blood and courtesy,
And many deeds and days—the senators?
Isr. Ber. You pass'd their sentence, and it is a just one.
Doge. Ay, so it seems, and so it is to *you*;
You are a patriot—a plebeian Gracchus—
The rebel's oracle—the people's tribune—
I blame you not, you act in your vocation;
They smote you, and oppress'd you, and despis'd you;
So they have *me*: but *you* ne'er spake with them;
You never broke their bread, nor shar'd their salt;
You never had their wine-cup at your lips;
You grew not up with them, nor laugh'd nor wept,
Nor held a revel in their company;
Ne'er smil'd to see them smile, nor claim'd their smile
In social interchange for yours, nor trusted
Nor wore them in your heart of hearts, as I have:
These hairs of mine are grey, and so are theirs,
The elders of the council; I remember
When all our locks were like the raven's wing,
As we went forth to take our prey around
The isles wrung from the false Mahometan;
And can I see them dabbled o'er with blood?
Each stab to them will seem my suicide.

Many of the speeches are too long for theatrical representation. The piece, indeed, was not intended for the stage; and, when it was brought forward at Drury-lane theatre, it did not meet with that success which would have gratified the admirers of lord Byron's former productions.

Among the most pleasing passages may be reckoned the soliloquy of Lioni. The language is flowing and elegant, and the tone of sentiment is soothing and tranquillising. The senator is supposed to be looking from an open lattice toward the sea in a moonlight night, after retiring from a festive party: he says, that the glare of torches and lamps, gleaming along the tapestried walls,

Spread over the reluctant gloom which haunts
Those vast and dimly-latticed galleries,
A dazzling mass of artificial light,
Which show'd all things, but nothing as they were.
There Age essaying to recall the past,
After long striving for the hues of youth
At the sad labour of the toilet, and
Full many a glance at the too faithful mirror,
Prank'd forth in all the pride of ornament,
Forgot itself, and trusting to the falsehood
Of the indulgent beams, which show, yet hide,
Believ'd itself forgotten, and was fool'd.
There Youth, which needed not, nor thought of such
Vain adjuncts, lavish'd its true bloom, and health,
And bridal beauty, in the unwholesome press
Of flush'd and crowded wassailers, and wasted
Its hours of rest in dreaming this was pleasure,
And so shall waste them till the sunrise streams
On sallow cheeks and sunken eyes, which should not
Have worn this aspect yet for many a year.
The music, and the banquet, and the wine—
The garlands, the rose odours, and the flowers—
The sparkling eyes and flashing ornaments—
The white arms and the raven hair—the braids
And bracelets; swanlike bosoms and the necklace,
An India in itself, yet dazzling not
The eye like what it circled; the thin robes
Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and heaven;
The many twinkling feet so small and sylphlike,
Suggesting the more secret symmetry
Of the fair forms which terminate so well—
All the delusion of the dizzy scene,
Its false and true enchantments—art and nature,
Which swam before my giddy eyes, that drank
The sight of beauty as the parch'd pilgrim's
On Arab sands the false mirage, which offers
A lucid lake to his eluded thirst,
Are gone.—Around me are the stars and waters—
Worlds mirror'd in the ocean, goodlier sight
Than torches glar'd back by a gaudy glass;
And the great element, which is to space
What ocean is to earth, spreads its blue depths,
Soften'd with the first breathings of the spring;
The high moon sails upon her beauteous way,
Serenely smoothing o'er the lofty walls

Of those tall piles and sea-girt palaces,
Whose porphyry pillars, and whose costly fronts,
Fraught with the orient spoils of many marbles,
Like altars rang'd along the broad canal,
Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed
Rear'd up from out the waters, scarce less strangely
Than those more massy and mysterious giants
Of architecture, those Titanian fabrics,
Which point in Egypt's plains to times that have
No other record. All is gentle: nought
Stirs rudely; but, congenial with the night,
Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit.
The tinklings of some vigilant guitars
Of sleepless lovers to a wakeful mistress,
And cautious opening of the casement, showing
That he is not unheard; while her young hand,
Fair as the moonlight of which it seems part,
So delicately white, it trembles in
The act of opening the forbidden lattice,
To let in love through music, makes his heart
Thrill like his lyre-strings at the sight;— the dash
Phosphoric of the oar, or rapid twinkle
Of the far lights of skimming gondolas,
And the responsive voices of the choir
Of boatmen answering back with verse for verse;
Some dusky shadow chequ'ring the Rialto;
Some glimm'ring palace roof, or tapering spire;
Are all the lights and sounds which here pervade
The ocean-born and earth-commanding city—
How sweet and soothing is this hour of calm!
I thank thee, Night! for thou hast chas'd away
Those horrid bodements which, amidst the throng,
I could not dissipate: and, with the blessing
Of thy benign and quiet influence.
Now will I to my couch, although to rest
Is almost wronging such a night as this.

ON THE PROGRESS AND UTILITY OF CHEMISTRY.

[*From the Quarterly Journal of Science.*]

In conjecturing the future fortunes of mankind, from their past and present condition, moralists have confined their views chiefly to political and religious considerations. The diffusion of general literature has been regarded by many as of equivocal benefit, since, in this respect, the press has been too often a pander to the basest propensities of our nature. But there is one ameliorating power, of modern growth, which has been almost entirely overlooked, though its influence is great, and unalloyed with evil. The cultivation of chemical science, by all ranks, from the archduke to the artisan, has spread a spirit of tranquil research and philanthropic sympathy, through the whole family of Europe. In each of its enlightened states, there is a society, respectable by its numbers, talents, and virtues, who are ardently devoted to this fascinating and fruitful study; and who find, in its pursuit, an inexhaustible source of intellectual vigor and delight. Every new discovery and improvement, being a real benefaction and positive increase of enjoyment to the whole chemical world, must excite, in every well-constituted bosom, a feeling of gratitude and friendship toward the successful investigator, in whatever country or condition he may be placed. Hence, though human infirmity has introduced a few blemishes into the history of modern chemistry, its career has not been disgraced by such angry and jealous defiances as were bandied about over Europe a century ago, by Leibnitz, the Bernouillis, and other leading geometers. With some trivial exceptions, resulting from temper and situation, the chemical history of our time exhibits a fairer picture of human nature and purer patterns of liberality, truth, and justice, than can be paralleled in any extensive association, since the primitive Christian church. What a contrast between the cordial co-operation of European chemists, and the polemic sectarianism of the philosophers of Greece! The names of Davy, Wollaston, Berthollet, Gay-Lussac, Berzelius, Klaproth, and Werner, create a regard even for the country which each respectively adorns, and will minister to its renown, in ages and regions too remote to feel any interest about those bustling spirits, who now flutter round the summit of its political pyramid. Into what insignificance do the grandees and demagogues of ancient Syracuse dwindle, in the venerable presence of Archimedes!

The activity of the modern chemical world is no less remarkable than its liberality. The busy fermentation of its spirits is strikingly manifested in the prodigious multitude of chemical

journals and compilations, which annually appear. These indicate a corresponding multitude of scientific readers. Beside the number of general students, who, from the cloisters of classical literature, and of geometry, have been allured to enter the temple of the modern Hermes, by the singularity, splendor, and importance of the trophies which it displays, an immense crowd of votaries have been summoned from the manufacturing classes of society. Chemistry has thus created a new population of practical philosophers, who reason more profoundly and accurately than the old masters of Grecian wisdom. Every metallurgist, bleacher, dyer, calico-printer, vitriol or soda manufacturer, &c. who aims at precision and perfection in his processes, becomes a student of chemical science, and follows, with a lively interest, every discovery which may bear, in any way, on his peculiar art.

While chemistry invites the scholar to the laboratory of nature, by the wonders which she is ready to reveal, and the manufacturer, by the hope of applying to pecuniary advantage the secrets thus acquired, there is no formidable obstacle placed at the entrance-gate. The candidate of mechanical science must, on the other hand, plod through the fatiguing and intricate avenues of mathematics, before he can become a successful student. He derives only a few general principles from observation and experiment; and from these he must obtain, by mathematical procedure, an infinite number of deductions. The chemist can rarely venture to employ the rigid methods of geometrical research. His general facts are not numerous; and they are modified by a thousand peculiarities which experiment alone can ascertain. Mechanical science considers the most general qualities and actions of bodies; chemical science, the differential and specific. The former launches out at once into the wide ocean of research; and, guided by her quadrant and compass, discovers new lands. The latter steers along a strange and ever-varying shore, with the plumb-line in her hand, and examines, at every turn, the structure of the coast and the nature of its productions. A few spirits, impatient of this servile, though sure navigation, have stood venturously out to sea, trusting to their charts and instruments, but, after a vague and perilous voyage, have either returned into soundings, fatigued and disappointed, or have perished in the vortex of hypothesis.

If we estimate the proportion of chemical students, in a country, from the number and variety of its chemical publications, Great-Britain would seem entitled to high pre-eminence. We possess five journals devoted in a great measure to chemistry, beside the transactions of the different scientific societies in which chemistry and its subordinate studies occupy a prominent place. Our press pours forth, almost annually, rudiments, catechisms, elements, principles, manuals, dictionaries, systems of chemistry, and conversations on it, in great profusion; of which the successive editions prove the demand for them to be constantly renewed. We have, at least, six respectable chemical compilations, by different persons, while the French are satisfied with one treatise, that of M. Thenard.

Over all the British compilers, Dr. Thomson claims precedence. Some of the others are content to transcribe from his collection, but he seldom condescends to pay any of his brother compilers a similar compliment. Possessing the minute patience of an index-framer, rather than the enlarged capacity of a systematist, he has contrived to bring together, in his successive editions, a great number of chemical facts, with copious references, convenient to the student, and imposing on the general reader; but, in our opinion, not entitling his work to be called a System of Chemistry. The account of this science which he drew up for the supplement to the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, which appeared

about 1800, presents all the peculiar qualities of Dr. Thomson's manner of writing, and is the best compend of chemistry that he has yet offered to the public. When the details of phænomena are condensed within such a compass, his scholastic divisions and subdivisions on the Peripatetic plan, answer very well, and form a convenient *catalogue raisonné* of the facts. But we think that he has failed in attempting to extend that sketch into a system. Whenever he begins to generalize, his technical decision of manner leaves him, and, to the surprise of the readers of those clear details, which he had merely transcribed from experimental chemists, he becomes obscure and contradictory. To this defect, a more serious fault has been added, which, progressively gaining force, has of late become almost intolerable; we mean, the preference of hypothesis to fact on innumerable occasions; so that it is difficult for the experienced chemist, and impossible for the tyro, to distinguish between them in his works.

View of the present State of Science, by Sir Humphry Davy; being part of a Speech lately addressed to the Royal Society.

In pure mathematics, though their nature, as a work of intellectual combination, framed by the highest efforts of human intelligence, renders them incapable of receiving aid from the observation of external phænomena, or the invention of new instruments; yet they are, at this moment, abundant in the promise of new applications; and many of the departments of philosophical inquiry which appeared formerly to have no relation to quantity, weight, figure, or number, are now brought under the dominion of that sublime science, which is, as it were, the animating principle of all the other sciences.

When the boundary of the solar system was, as it were, enlarged by the discovery of the Georgium Sidus, and the remote parts of space accurately examined by more powerful instruments than had ever before been constructed, there seemed little probability that new planetary bodies should be discovered nearer to our earth than any of those already known; yet this supposition, like most others, in which our limited conceptions are applied to nature, has been found erroneous. The discoveries of Piazzi, and those astronomers who have followed him, by proving the existence of Ceres, Pallas, Vesta, and Juno, bodies smaller than satellites, but having the motions of primary planets, have opened to us new views of the arrangements of the solar system. Astronomy is the most ancient of the sciences, and that which makes the nearest approach to perfection: yet, relating to the immensity of the universe, how unbounded are the objects of inquiry it presents, and, among them, how many grand subjects of investigation; such, for instance, as the nature of the systems of the fixed stars, their changes, the relations of cometary bodies to the sun, and the motions of those meteors, which, in passing through our atmosphere, throw down showers of stones: for it cannot be doubted, that these bodies belong to the heavens, and that they are not fortuitous or atmospheric formations; and in a system, which is all harmony, they must be governed by fixed laws, and intended for definite purposes.

The grand question of universal gravitation, and of it's connexion with the figure of the earth, has been long solved; but the mechanical refinements of one of the fellows of our society have afforded means of estimating with more perfect exactness the force of gravity; and that pendulum which is so well fitted as a standard of measure, may be admirably applied, so as to acquaint us with the physical constitution of the surface of the earth. I trust that we shall have some interesting new experiments on this subject. Our brethren of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, who

have labored with so much zeal and activity toward the measurement of a great arc of the meridian in France and Spain, are, I know, extremely desirous that their measures should be connected with those carried on by the command of the Board of Ordnance in Britain; that the work should be completed by the philosophers of both countries. Should this be done, there will be established, on the highest authority, an admeasurement of nearly twenty degrees, or one-eighteenth of the whole circumference of the earth, from the Shetland Islands to Formentera, which will be a great record for posterity, and an honor for our own times.

I cannot pass over the subject of the figure of the earth, without referring to the late voyage to the Arctic regions, which has shewn that there is an accessible sea to the west of Baffin's Bay, presenting hopes of greater discoveries, and which has terminated in a way equally honorable to those by whom the expedition was planned, and to the brave, enterprising, and scientific navigators by whom it was executed. Such expeditions are worthy of the greatest maritime nation of the world; shewing, that her resources are not merely employed for gaining power or empire, but likewise, for what men of science must consider as nobler purposes, in attempting discoveries which have the common benefit of mankind for their object, and the extension of the boundaries of science.

In the theory of light and vision, the discoveries of Huygens, Newton, and Wollaston, have been followed by those of Malus; and the new phænomena of polarization, which we owe to the genius of that excellent and much-to-be-lamented philosopher, are constantly leading to new discoveries. Notwithstanding the important labors of Arago, Biot, Brewster, and Herschel, the inquiry is not yet exhausted; and it is exceedingly probable that these beautiful results will lead to a more profound knowlege than has hitherto been obtained concerning the intimate constitution of bodies, and establish a new connexion between mechanical and chemical philosophy.

The subject of heat, so nearly allied to that of light, has lately afforded a rich harvest of discovery; yet it is fertile in unexplored phænomena. The question of the materiality of heat will probably be solved at the same time as that of the undulatory hypothesis of light, should the human mind ever be capable of understanding the causes of these mysteries. The applications of the doctrine of heat to the atomic or corpuscular philosophy of chemistry, abound in new views; and probably at no very distant period these views will attain a precise mathematical form. There are many remarkable circumstances which seem to point to some general law on the subject. First,—the apparent equable motion of radiant matter, or light and heat, through space. 2. The equable expansion of all elastic fluids by equal increments of temperature. 3. The contraction or expansion of gases by chemical changes, in some direct ratio to their original volume; for instance, $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{1}{3}$. 4. The circumstance that the elementary particles of all bodies appear to possess the same quantity of heat.

In electricity the wonderful instrument of Volta has done more for the obscure parts of physics and chemistry, than the microscope ever effected for natural history, or even the telescope for astronomy. After presenting to us the most extraordinary and unexpected results in chemical analysis, it is now throwing a new light upon magnetism; but upon this question I shall enter no farther, as it was discussed in the discourse given in the award of the Copleian medal to M. Oersted, by my predecessor in office*, with all his peculiar sagacity and happy talent of illustration.

To point out all the objects worthy of inquiry in chemistry, would occupy

* Sir Joseph Banks.

the time appropriated to many sittings of the society. I cannot, however, avoid mentioning, among important desiderata, the knowlege of the nature of the combinations of that principle existing in fluor or Derbyshire spar, and which has not yet been obtained pure; the relations of that extraordinary fact, the metallization of ammonia; and the connexion between mechanical and chemical phænomena in the action of voltaic electricity. I must congratulate the society on the rapid advances made in the theory of definite proportions ,since it was first advanced in a distinct form by the ingenuity of Mr. Dalton. I congratulate the society on its progress, and on the promise it affords of solving the recondite changes owing to motions of the particles of matter, by laws depending upon their weight, number, and figure, and which will be probably found as simple in their origin, and as harmonious in their relations, as those which direct the motions of the heavenly bodies, and produce the beauty and order of the universe.

The crystallizations or regular forms of inorganic matter are intimately connected with definite proportions, and depend upon the motion of the combinations of the elementary particles: and both the laws of electrical polarity, and of the polarization of light, seem related to these phænomena. As to the origin of the primary arrangements of the crystalline matter of the globe, various hypotheses have been applied, and the question is still agitated, and is perhaps above the present state of our knowlege; but there are two principal facts which present analogies on the subject: one, that the form of the earth is that which would result, supposing it to have been originally fluid; and the other, that in lavas, masses decidedly of igneous origin, crystalline substances similar to those belonging to the primary rocks, are found in abundance.

In following the sensible phænomena of nature from the motions of the great masses of the heavenly bodies, which first impress the senses and affect the imagination, to the changes individually imperceptible, which produce the phænomena of crystallization, there is a regular gradation, and a series conformable to analogy; and, where crystallization ends, another series, that of animated nature, begins, governed by a distinct set of laws, but obedient to a principle, the properties of which, independent of matter, can never be submitted to human observation. The functions and operations of organized beings, however, offer an infinite variety of beautiful and important objects of investigation; for instance, in those refined chemical processes, by which the death and decay of one species afford nourishment for another and higher order; by which the water and inert matter of the soil and the atmosphere are converted into delicately organized structures, filled with life and beauty.

In vegetable physiology, how many phænomena still remain for investigation; the motion of the sap, the functions of the leaves, for instance, and the nature of the organs of assimilation!

In animal physiology the subjects are still more varied, more obscure, and of a higher character. May we not hope that those philosophers of the schools of Grew and of Hunter, who have already done so much for us, will not cease their efforts for the improvement of those branches of science, which are not merely important in their philosophical relations, but of great utility, the one to agriculture, and the other to medicine.

TRAVELS IN GEORGIA, PERSIA, ARMENIA, ANCIENT BABYLONIA, &c.

During the years 1817, 1818, 1819, *and* 1820; *by Sir Robert Ker Porter. Vol. I.*

Few countries are more interesting objects of survey than those which have been visited by this ingenious

artist. The earliest seat of the human race, the cradle of ancient mythology, history, science, and arts, may be supposed to demand, from the inquisitive spirit of Europeans, a high degree of respect and attention. We may lament the low state of the arts and of civilisation in these regions; but this consideration will not discourage inquiry, or seriously abate the eagerness of curiosity.

Passing through the southern provinces of Russia, sir Robert soon reached Odessa, a place of great commercial importance. As an instance of the spirit of improvement observable in that part of the empire, he mentions the example of general Kobly, whose 'property in that neighbourhood is of considerable extent, and great value. The soil produces abundance of corn, besides feeding multitudes of sheep, bred from the original Merinos. This latter speculation has been found highly profitable to the landholders in general, whose pastures every where around rival those of Koblinka; some having from twenty to thirty thousand sheep in their flocks, equal in form and wool to any of the species I ever saw in Spain. The breed is crossed by Moldavian ewes, but the fleece does not degenerate.'

At Koblinka he witnessed, with melancholy sensations, a grass-fire, which frequently spreads a temporary desolation over a vast tract.

'This terrible accident generally happens by the carelessness of the bullock-drivers, or of persons belonging to caravans of merchandize, who halt for the night on the open plain, and, on departing in the morning, neglect to extinguish their fires. Wind, or some other casualty, brings the hot embers in contact with the high and dry grass of the Steppe; it bursts into flame, and burns on, devouring as it goes, with a fire almost unquenchable. That which I now beheld, arose from negligence of this kind, and soon extended itself over a space of forty wersts; continuing its ravages for many days, consuming all the outstanding corn, ricks, hovels, in short, every thing in its devastating path; the track it left was dreadful.'

The grass-fire is scarcely less destructive to the crops of grain, than a little worm (peculiar to the Black Sea) is to the fleets of Russia:—

'The progress of that worm is as certain and as swift as the running grains of an hour-glass. It preys on the ship's bottom, and, when once it has established itself, nothing that has yet been discovered can stop its ravages. Even coppered vessels are ultimately rendered useless, when any small opening admits the perforation of this subtle little creature.'

At Kherson our author visited the tomb of the philanthropic Howard, which is an obelisk of whitish stone, sufficiently high to be conspicuous at a considerable distance. At New Tcherkask, the capital of the Donskoy country, he paid his respects to the celebrated Platoff, who received him with kindness and hospitality. The palace of this chief is a fine building; a guard of Cossacks kept the gate; others, with naked swords, stood at the great door of entrance; while many officers in waiting occupied the passages and anti-rooms:—

'On being ushered as a stranger into an apartment, where I was met by the Attaman's secretary, (the only person in his establishment who could speak French,) I mentioned my name to him, and the good gentleman's joyous surprise was no unpleasant token of his chief's welcome. I did not delay being conducted to the Attaman's presence; and words cannot express the hospitable greeting of the kind old man. He embraced me, and repeatedly congratulated himself on the events, whatever they might have been, which had induced me to change my route to that of his territory. When he could spare me to proceed, he said, he would pledge himself that I should have every facility in his power to bring me to Tiflis in safety. The police-officer of Tcherkask, being in the room, was ordered to provide me suitable

quarters in the town; but the Attaman's table was to be mine, and he commanded an equipage to be placed entirely at my disposal. I urged that my stay must be short; but he would not hear of my leaving him till I had shared with him the honor of a visit he was then expecting from the grand duke Michael. Anxious as I was to lose no time in crossing the Caucasus, I could not withstand persuasions flowing from a heart so kind to myself, and grateful to my country. He expressed, in the most enthusiastic language, his sense of the attentions bestowed on him by all ranks of persons during his stay in England, and said, that independent of private respect for individuals, he must always consider himself fortunate when circumstances brought any Englishman into the Donskoy country to whom he might evince his gratitude.'

'The hour of dinner, in this country, is generally two o'clock; but Count Platoff always dined at five, or sometimes a little later. The manner of serving the repast differs in nothing from the style at Moscow, excepting that more wine is drank. The wines most in use, come from the Greek islands; yet his excellency boasts his own red and white Champagnes of the Don, which, when old, are hardly inferior to the wines of that name in France. I drank at the Attaman's table another sort of red wine, as excellent as any from Bourdeaux. It is made by a family of Germans, whom his excellency brought from the Rhine. And, from these specimens, I have little doubt that were the like culture of the grape, and similar treatment of the juice when pressed from the fruit, pursued throughout the country, the Donskoy vineyards would produce wines that might rival, not only those of Greece, but of France and Germany.

'Game is abundant here, and of the most delicious sort, particularly bustards, pheasants, partridges, &c. Fish, too, are in equal plenty; and, as a luxury, sturgeon holds an eminent place. Indeed, good cheer of all kinds is procured at a very moderate expense; and if I may be allowed to judge, by the liberal examples I saw, the bounties of nature are neither neglected nor churlishly appropriated by the natives of the Don.'

Sir Robert speaks in high terms of the Cossacks of the Don, as robust, fair, and handsome, hospitable, brave, honorable, and scrupulously religious; the Cossack women are inferior to the men in personal endowments, as well as in mental ability:—

'The usual female appearance is short stature, faces of strong Tartar features, with eyes, however, almost invariably large and dark. The style of dress is decidedly fashioned from the east. A sort of *chemisette* (or small shift) of coloured linen, buttoned round the neck, and with sleeves to the wrist; a pair of trowsers, of similar stuff, are covered by a silk caftan, reaching as low as the ancles. This upper garment is fastened from the neck to the bottom of the waist, with buttons of small pearls, in form and workmanship like those in gold or silver from Brazil. The waist is bound with a girdle also, ornamented with pearls, and frequently clasped by a diamond buckle. The heads of married ladies are adorned with, literally, a silken night-cap, which is wrapped about with a gaily-coloured handkerchief, in the form of a fillet. The unmarried (like the damsels in Russia of the lower class) wear their hair in a long plait down their backs; but with this difference from the Russian girl, —instead of a bunch of ribbons at the termination of the plait, the handkerchief with which the head is bound, twists round the braid, nearly to its end, something in the manner of the Corsican caps.'

The author's picturesque and animated description of the stupendous mountains of Caucasus, may be quoted with applause.

'No pen can express the emotion which the sudden burst of this sublime range excited in my mind. I had seen almost all the wildest and most gigantic

chains in Portugal and Spain, but none gave me an idea of the vastness and grandeur of that I now contemplated. This seemed nature's bulwark between the nations of Europe and of Asia. Elborus, amongst whose rocks tradition reports Prometheus to have been chained, stood, clad in primeval snows, a world of mountains in itself, towering above all, its white and radiant summits mingling with the heavens; while the pale and countless heads of the subordinate range, high in themselves, but far beneath its altitude, stretched along the horizon, till lost to sight in the soft fleeces of the clouds. Several rough and huge masses of black rock rose from the intermediate plain; their size was mountainous; but being viewed near the mighty Caucasus, and compared with it, they appeared little more than hills; yet the contrast was fine, their dark brows giving greater effect to the dazzling summits which towered above them. Poets hardly feign, when they talk of the genius of a place. I know not who could behold Caucasus, and not feel the spirit of its sublime solitudes awing his soul.'

He describes, with great minuteness, the dangers and difficulties which he encountered in passing Mount Caucasus, an attempt in which numbers of persons annually perish. On his arrival in the Georgian capital, he paid particular attention to the baths. A mountain stream, which is pure and cold at its source, is mingled at Teflis with hot springs. The water which supplies the bathing-houses, both for the men and women, which are distinct, is strongly impregnated with sulphur. Its degree of heat may be reckoned from fifteen to thirty-six degrees of Reaumur, in the several basins; but at the source of the hot stream it is about forty-two. The baths of the men are described as extremely filthy: what those of the women are will appear from the following extract:—

'I was urged by the gentleman who accompanied me, to try if we could not get a glimpse into the baths dedicated to the fair sex. The attempt seemed wild; but, to please him, I turned towards the building, and, to our astonishment, found no difficulty in entering. An old woman was standing at the door; and she, without the least scruple, not only showed us the way, but played our sibyl the whole while. In one of the bathing-rooms nearest to the door we found a great number of naked children, of different infantine ages, immersed in a circular bath in the middle of the chamber, where their mothers were occupied in washing and rubbing them. The forms of children are always lovely; and, altogether, there being a regularity, and its consequent cleanliness, attending the adjustment of their little persons, we looked on, without receiving any of those disagreeable impressions which had disgusted us in the baths of their fathers. Passing through this apartment, without any remark of surprise or displeasure from the mothers of the children, we entered a much larger chamber, well lighted, and higher vaulted in the roof. No water was seen here; but a stone divan, spread with carpets and mattresses, was placed round the room, and on it lay, or sat, women in every attitude and occupation consequent on an Asiatic bath. Some were half-dressed, and others hardly had a covering. They were attended by servants, employed in rubbing the fair forms of these ladies with dry cloths, or dyeing their hair and eye-brows, or finally painting, or rather enameling, their faces. On quitting this apartment (which we did as easily as we entered it, without creating the least alarm or astonishment at our audacity), we passed into the place whence they had just emerged from the water. Here we found a vast cavern-like chamber, gloomily lighted, and smelling most potently of sulphuric evaporations, which ascended from nearly twenty deep excavations. Through these filmy vapours, wreathing like smoke over the surface of a boiling caldron,

we could distinguish the figures of women, in every posture, perhaps, which the fancy of man could devise for the sculpture of bathing goddesses. But, I confess, we were as much shocked as surprised, at the unblushing coolness with which the Georgian Venuses continued their ablutions, after they had observed our entrance; they seemed to have as little modest covering on their minds, as on their bodies; and the whole scene became so unpleasant, that, declining our conductress's offer to show us farther, we made good our retreat, fully satisfied with the extent of our gratified curiosity.

'Persons who bathe for health do not remain longer than a few minutes, or whatever time may be prescribed, in the water; but when the bath is taken for pleasure, these people are so fond of it, that, like the Turks in the case of opium, they prolong its application to such an extent, as ultimately to be equally injurious to their strength and personal appearance. Some pass many hours every day in this debilitating atmosphere, independent of one whole day in each week; great part of which, however, is spared from the water, to be spent in making up their faces, blackening the hair, eye-brows, and eye-lashes, so as to renderonly occasional repairs necessary during the ensuing week. Thus occupied in the vaulted room, these Eastern goddesses, growing in renewed beauty under the hands of their attendant graces, meet each other in social conference; discussing family anecdotes, or little scandals of their acquaintance; and, not unfrequently, laying as entertaining grounds of retaliation, by the arrangement of some little intrigue of their own. For, I am told, there are days in the week when any lady may engage the bath for herself alone, or with any other party she may choose to introduce as her companion. The good dame who was our conductress, I understood, is never backward in preparing such accommodation.'

This apparent indelicacy has been increased by a frequent intercourse with the Russians, whose laxity in that respect is well known. The Circassian women, with an exception of particular tribes, are more modest and reserved: but their manners will probably soon be corrupted by evil communication. They are now brought up in simple and domestic habits by their mothers, a mode of education that must make the act of being torn from their parents and country (so frequently the case) doubly distressing to the youthful victims.

'They are taught by their mothers not merely the use of the needle in decorative works, but to make their own clothes, and those of the men of their family. Soon after a female infant is born, her waist is encircled by a leathern bandage, sewn tight, and which only gives way afterwards to the natural growth of the child. It is then replaced by another; and so on till the shape is completely formed, according to the taste of the country.

'After marriage, the women are kept very close, not even their husbands' own relations being suffered to visit them; but, what seems an extraordinary inconsistency, a man has no objection to allow that privilege to a stranger, whom he permits to enter the sacred precincts of his home, without himself to be a guard over its decorum. For it is a rule with the Circassians never to be seen by a third person in the presence of their wives; and they observe it strictly to their latest years.'

[*To be continued.*]

THE BENEFITS OF TEMPERANCE AND EXERCISE.—A TALE.

After the followers of Mohammed had made their way into India, a part of that country was governed by a sultan, who, at an advanced age, had only one child. The constitution of the young prince was seemingly delicate: at least his fond mother was of that opinion. She pretended that study would hurt his health; and, therefore, he was not much troubled with

the fatigue of instruction. In his fifteenth year, he was seised with a malady to which none of the physicians of India could give a name. For a considerable time it baffled all their skill, and my readers will not wonder at it when I tell them, that this terrible disease is what we call a nervous disorder, which, though very slight in itself, brought on one more difficult to cure; I mean what the French call *ennui*.

The physicians tried all sorts of remedies, at least all they were acquainted with, in vain; they even called in the aid of magic; had recourse to incantations, philtres, and spells, in order to recover the prince from the languor into which he had fallen: but all was in vain; the disorder kept its ground; neither magic nor drugs, the power of flattery nor the excitements of pleasure, could awaken him to a sense of enjoyment, or draw him from the listless torpor in which he was plunged. The afflicted sultan, having had recourse to all the regular means of cure without success, caused proclamation to be made, that the man who could discover a remedy for the prince's disorder, should be raised to the highest dignities of the state. A crowd of candidates for the honor of curing the prince presented themselves; for even at that time, and in that remote region, there were many quacks. One protested, that he could immediately remove the disorder by means of an infallible pill; another, that he would conquer it by a few doses of a wonder-working powder; a third was certain, that it could never resist the power of his system-searching drops; and a fourth, who treated all the rest as mere pretenders, asked only to be allowed to apply a certain external remedy, the success of which, he said, would soon convince the world, that nobody understood the nature of the disorder but himself.

Thus the poor patient, after being tortured *secundum artem*, was obliged to run the gauntlet through a multitude of quacks, who left him still worse than they found him. The sultan was so enraged at their repeated failures, that he published an edict, condemning all those who should undertake the cure of the prince without success, to lose their heads.

A stranger at length presented himself to the sultan, and offered to restore the young prince to health upon certain conditions. His address, which was grave and simple, yet dignified, prepossessed the monarch in his favor. Unwilling that he should hazard his life upon slight grounds, the sultan interrogated him with regard to the remedy which he meant to apply. 'Great monarch,' replied he, 'I can only say, that my nostrum is infallible; but its effects are slow, and the manner in which it must be applied cannot fail of proving unpleasant to your son: for this reason I request, that he may be given up to my care for three months, during which time I must be suffered to exercise unlimited authority over him, and no other person (not even yourself), must be allowed to see him. On these conditions, I will undertake his cure.

It will readily be believed, that a proposal of this nature sounded strangely in the ears of a despotic monarch. The sultan tried to induce Hassan (for so the stranger was called) to undertake the cure without removing the prince. He offered him a great treasure, and even a part of his dominions, in vain; Hassan resolutely persisted in rejecting any other terms than those which he had proposed. The sultan at length acceded, but he took care that the house to which the prince was removed should be surrounded by guards. When he alighted at the gate of the mansion, which was situated in the midst of a large garden, Hassan dismissed the retinue of the prince, and led him into his new habitation; but the moment the royal youth cast his eyes round him, he demanded what Hassan meant by bringing him to such a miserable hovel. 'Where,' cried he, 'are the soft sofas, the rich carpets, the costly paintings, which ought to adorn the apartment destined for me? I see nothing here for convenience, nor even for use.' 'Great

sir,' replied Hassan, 'these couches, though not soft, are not inconvenient; this matting will supply the place of carpets: as to paintings, they would be wholly unsuitable to an apartment like this.'—'But why,' said the prince indignantly, 'have you brought me hither?'—'Because it is only here that I could hope to complete your cure.' This answer did not satisfy the prince, but it had the effect of silencing him.

Presently supper was brought in; but when the prince saw, that it consisted only of bread, milk, and fruit, his indignation knew no bounds; he accused Hassan of an intention of destroying him by hunger, and declared that he would instantly return to his father's palace. Hassan listened to all his intemperate expressions with the greatest humility: he assured him, that the regimen, necessary for his cure, consisted of viands of the simplest nature; and he added, with a confident air, that these were far more delicious than their appearance promised.

For a long time the prince paid no attention to what he said; at length it grew late, and between anger and fasting the youth was exhausted: necessity conquered pride; he began to eat, and, to his great surprise, found his supper good: in short, he ate heartily, and was beginning to get into better humor with Hassan, before the latter conducted him to the chamber where he was to sleep, which was as destitute of luxury and accommodation as that in which he had dined. Poor Hassan was again overwhelmed with reproaches, and again had recourse to the same means of exculpation: all this was necessary for the prince's cure. 'But how is it possible,' cried the youth, 'that I can be cured without sleep? and do you suppose that I can ever enjoy any on this miserable couch?'—'Yes,' replied Hassan, boldly; 'you will taste upon it the sweetest repose you have ever enjoyed.' These words added to the prince's indignation, and he continued to lament the certain deprivation of his rest, till he dropped into a profound and refreshing sleep.

With the first beams of the morning Hassan presented himself to his royal patient, whom he requested to rise, and accompany him. The first impulse of the prince was to refuse; but by this time he began to stand a little in awe of Hassan, and he sullenly complied; but, to his surprise and displeasure, Hassan presented to him a plain robe, instead of the magnificent one which he had worn the day before. He haughtily demanded the reason of the change; Hassan replied, that he would account for it in a few minutes. As soon as the prince was dressed, he led him into the garden, and, taking a spade, requested he would assist him in digging.

At these words, the prince lost all command of himself. 'Base slave!' cried he, 'was it to heap insults upon me, that thou broughtest me hither? Convey me instantly to the sultan, my father, if thou valuest thy life.'

'My life,' replied Hassan humbly, 'is indeed in the hands of my lord the sultan, to whom I would immediately conduct you, if I did not think that by leaving me you would for ever deprive yourself of all hope of recovering your health. Your cure has already made some progress; for you have shaken off a part of the languor which benumbed your faculties, and robbed you of all sense of enjoyment; your food, your couch, were prepared by medical art, and it is evident that you have profited by them. Observe this spade; the handle, you see, is perforated in many places; it is filled with the choicest drugs, and when you have used it for a certain time, their virtue will reach the seat of your disease. It is on this experiment that my most powerful hope rests; but the fulfilment of that hope must depend upon yourself.'

This speech made a sensible impression upon the prince, because he was conscious that what Hassan said of the improvement which had already taken place in his health was true. 'Well, then,' cried he, taking up the

spade with a sigh, 'if it must be so!' and he began digging with a very bad grace. Hassan worked close by his side, and he took care that the patient should not leave off, till it was evident that his pores were sufficiently open to enable him to profit by the medicated spade: when that was the case, they rested for some time, and then returned to the house, where a plain repast was served up to the prince, who, however, did not complain this time of his fare; in fact, exercise and hunger, combined, rendered it delicious.

While they were at work in the garden, a flower of peculiar beauty had attracted the attention of the prince; he asked Hassan some questions concerning it, and this led to a conversation respecting the different properties of plants and herbs. This conversation Hassan contrived to resume after dinner: well acquainted with the wonders of nature, he knew how to convey instruction under the form of amusement; and he managed so skilfully, that the prince did not yawn above two or three times during the evening. The next day and several others passed in a similar manner: the mornings were devoted to labor, and studies of various kinds filled up the evenings, and amused the prince; for Hassan possessed an art rare indeed in an instructor, that of knowing the precise moment when to leave off.

The prince's cure advanced so rapidly, that, long before the expiration of the three moons, he thought himself convalescent. Hassan, however, was of a different opinion. 'The smallest change in your course of life,' said he, 'or even a removal from this place, may occasion a relapse, which must prove fatal. Let me beseech you, therefore, to wait till all danger is over.'

The prince, who was by this time very well reconciled to his new mode of life, cheerfully complied.

The three moons elapsed, and the anxious sultan presented himself, to see what Hassan had done for his beloved son. Scarcely could he believe his eyes, when the prince ran to meet him; and he beheld, instead of the pale emaciated boy, whose listless step and languid eye shewed the cruel malady which was consuming him, a blooming, animated youth, whose firm tread and ruddy cheek gave appearance that he was in perfect health. Need we paint the delight with which the father clasped him to his heart, or the gratitude which he expressed to Hassan for his restoration? He vowed that the preserver of his son should be loaded with riches, and honored in future next to himself, throughout his empire.

'Mighty sultan,' cried Hassan, 'the reward you offer is far above my merits, and what I neither desire nor deserve. I have, it is true, restored the prince to health, but I have done so without the aid of medicine. I was convinced that temperance, exercise, and employment, were the only remedies he wanted: the event has proved that I was right; but, if I had said so, my words would have been disregarded. I was obliged, therefore, to avail myself of an innocent artifice, and to impress the mind of the prince with such an opinion of my medical skill, as should induce him to obey the rules I laid down.'

'Still,' said the sultan, 'I am not the less indebted to you, since, by whatever means his cure has been effected, it is evidently complete. But explain to me what methods you pursued with him.' Hassan did so; and when he had finished, 'I perceive,' cried the sultan, 'that you are not less a physician for the mind than for the body: remain then, sage Hassan, with my son, and complete the work you have so happily begun. You have already convinced him, that health and repose can only be procured by exercise and temperance: go on, and by your precepts render him worthy of the high station which he is one day to fill.'

The young prince acquiesced with joy in this arrangement, and Hassan accepted with gratitude the honor offered to him. The prince never had any return of his disorder; and when, some years afterward, he was called

to the throne, his upright and patriotic administration conciliated the regard and affection of his people.

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

The new novel in the press, by this prolific writer, is not entitled, as was reported, the Buccaneer (a name which suggests the wild and sanguinary adventures of the freebooters of the New World), but the Pirate; and the scene is laid in the Shetland Isles, about the end of the seventeenth century. We have reason to believe that this romance will rank among the very highest of the long succession of tales, with which the *great unknown* has astonished and delighted the world, and which 'rival all but Shakspeare's name below.' The publication of one of his works forms an æra in the literary world, to which book-readers, as well as booksellers, look forward with eager expectation. 'Age cannot wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety.' Each novel opens to us a delightful circle of acquaintances, whose characters and faces are equally new to us, yet possess all the reality and verisimilitude of long-remembered friends.

> 'New as if brought from distant spheres,
> Yet welcome, as if lov'd for years.'

Inviting and defying criticism, they have employed and exhausted the ingenuity of contemporary critics, in analysing and defining their merits, and in erecting theories, which the next 'plain tale' has falsified and overturned. They have furnished materials for some of the most attractive dramas of the present day, and tasked the utmost exertions of the present generation of actors to embody the bright creations of the northern minstrel. To the sister art of design they present an almost matchless store of incidents, worthy of the noblest efforts of the pencil and graver. The talents of Westall, Stothard, and Allan, have [illegible]eady been exerted in illustrating [illegible]els; but their success, we [illegible]orry to be obliged to observe, has [illegible] been commensurate with their previo[illegible] reputation nor with the interest of the subject. The most appropriate and interesting illustrations we have seen are a series of portraits of the historical characters introduced in the novels, executed in a style of great elegance and accuracy. For our own parts, we prefer the real lineaments of the hero or heroine to any which the genius of the painter can imagine for them; and we turn with unmingled delight from the recording page to the speaking portrait, to trace, in the features of the chivalrous Montrose, the polished but unrelenting Claverhouse, the gallant and all-accomplished Raleigh, the ambitious Leicester, the lion-hearted Elizabeth, or the lovely and fascinating, but unfortunate Mary, the feelings, passions, virtues, or accomplishments, so eloquently pourtrayed in the magic tale of the mighty novelist.

J. B.

THE BOYS OF ST. PAUL'S

These children were famous for acting the mysteries, or holy plays, and even regular dramas. They often had the honor of performing before our monarchs. As preparations were expensive, they petitioned Richard II to prohibit some ignorant and inexperienced persons from acting the History of the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the clergy of the church. They had their *child-bishop*, who assumed the state and attire of a prelate. Ludicrous as this holy counterfeit was, dean Colet expressly orders that his scholars shall, 'every *Childenmas* daye, come to Paulis churche, and heare the *chylde-bishop's* sermon, and after be at the high masse, and each of them offer a penny to the chylde-bishop, and with them the maisters and surveyors of the scole.' This character was very common in many of the churches in France, under the name of *l'Evêque des Foux*, or *l'Archevêque des Foux*. They were dressed in the pontifical habits, and sang such indecorous songs, and behaved so improperly in other respects, that at length they were suppressed, at the request of the dean and chapter of Rheims.



THE DEATH OF THE COUNTESS OF LEICESTER.

We were on the point of giving an illustration of the elegant engraving which represents this melancholy catastrophe; but, on referring to the sketch of Kenilworth, which appeared in our last number, we find that the mode and circumstances of the lady's death are there stated almost as fully as in the romance itself.

ENGLISH FEMALE COSTUME FOR JULY.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

For walking dresses or half evening costume, the coloured *gros-de-Naples* are principally worn: they are ornamented round the bottom with very broad borders, composed of distinct stripes of flutings cross-wise, of the same material as the dress. Pelisses of *gros-de-Naples* are trimmed with matted satin of the same colour. High dresses of cambric muslin are also worn with two narrow flounces at the hem, richly embroidered, and a broad border above formed of fine letting in lace with a narrow quilling to answer the flounces placed zig-zag, and which produces a very novel and beautiful effect: the full parts at the top of the long sleeve, called the *mancherons*, are ornamented to correspond with the border. Chintzes with three or four flounces pointed are much worn for home costume, as are plain sarsnets and muslin striped in colours with deep borders or trimmed with lace. India muslins are much in requisition for half dress; and fine book muslin is made up in evening dresses with satin bodices, more than any other article, while gauze, crape, and nets, are confined principally to the ball room.

The fancy Leghorn bonnets, embroidered in colours, most generally pink, lilac, or pale blue, are much in favor, as are straw hats of rice straw lined with *ponceau*, and crowned by five or seven long feathers; white, and *ponceau*, clear muslin bonnets for morning and evening, are likewise much used. Leghorn bonnets are ornamented with bouquets of roses, hearts'-ease, rockets, and the drooping flower; they have high crowns and pokes. The marabout feathers are sometimes worn with this bonnet, variegated and slightly tinted at the edges with pink or blue. Several hats are ornamented only with bows of riband, or very full rosettes: underneath is worn a small mob, formed of a rouleau of striped gauze, which has the effect of a turban. With this head dress, the hair is arranged in two rows of curls, or in Charles the Second's style; the forehead bare as far as the temples, from which depend full clusters of cork-screw ringlets to fall to the tip of the ear: in full dress, depend carelessly over the shoulders. Ball dresses are chiefly of net over rose-coloured satin, or tunics of white satin tied upon one side with garlands of flowers. The waists are shorter, and braffoats modestly conceal the breasts: the corsage is very much pointed.

The ornaments on the hair for young people consist of wreaths of flowers, or wreaths of silver foliage. Between the profusion of curls are sometimes placed at alternate distances roses without any leaves.

The favourite colours are, pale blue, blush, rose colour, emerald green, lilac, Nile-water green, and celestial blue.

The most fashionable jewellery for half dress is coral; and for full, gems of every colour. Trinkets are now worn suspended from the neck in the form of seals.

WALKING DRESS.

A plain robe of white Indian muslin, ornamented at the feet with several flounces richly embroidered or vandyked. Spencer of pink flowered silk; pelerine cape, with Bourdeaux points, and fastening behind, surmounted by a triple British ruff; below the cape is a trimming round the back, and sloping over the shoulders, meets with a point in front of the bust; frog buttons of the same colour: a short top sleeve slashed over the shoulders, each division headed with a piping of satin, cuffs to correspond. Hat of fancy straw, lined with pale pink, with a long white veil of white gauze, or rich clusters of spring flowers. French black Bourdeaux slippers, and green parasol, fringed or bordered with white.

EVENING DRESS.

A round robe of white crape, ornamented at the feet with a flounce of Urling's patent lace, headed by a broad bias satin, and terminating with narrow points, confined by a piping of the same material: the flounce interspersed with small rosettes of full satin. White satin corsage, superbly ornamented with a coquillage plaiting on the bust of fine Mechlin lace. Sash of broad white watered riband, with small bows, and long ends; short full sleeves to correspond with the body, confined round the arm with alternate rosettes of lace and satin. Head-dress *à la turque*, with a bandeau of pearls across the forehead, and marabout feathers placed on the left side. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

POETRY.

TRANSLATION OF THE 21st ODE OF ANACREON.

The child of Tantalus now stands
A rock upon the Phrygian sands;
And, flutt'ring on a swallow's wing,
Pandion's daughter greets the spring.
But *I*—I would, I were a glass,
That thou might'st gaze upon my face:—
I would I were thy lucid vest
That thou might'st bear me on thy breast:
I would I were the sparkling wave
Whose joyous tides that fair form lave:—
I would I were the drops that dew
Thy braided locks of sunny hue,
The pearls that bind thy neck of snow,
The zone that clasps thy vestment's flow;
The sandals on thy polish'd feet:
Sure to be *trod* by *thee* were sweet!

ADA.

ANAC. ODE 22.

Give me, oh! give me, nymph divine,
Breathless to quaff deep draughts of wine;
For, scorch'd by summer's burning breath,
My *fervid* spirit droops in death.
And give me flow'rs, whose mingled blush
Upon my ardent brow shall flush:
But oh! what wreaths can shade impart
To the fierce summer of my heart?

ADA.

FROM BION.

Hesper! whose bright lamp hung above
Is dearest to the queen of love
Hesper! loved star! whose sacred light
So sweetly crowns the brow of night,
Than Cynthia's ray more mildly pale,
Yet by the host of stars obeyed,
To thee a lover's vows are paid,
Beloved and lovely light! all hail!—
For late beneath thy gentle ray
Tranced in delicious dreams I lay;
My flock was couch'd around in sleep,
The moon shone feebly on the deep,
But thou didst smile—benign and bright
Thou shed'st around thy conscious light!
The infant orb but newly born
Sick'ning with envy and with scorn,
In pain beheld thy sweeter ray,
And turned her pallid face away.
Not as the torch of guilt or shame,
Hesper! I bless thy holy flame;
Nor does thy dubious radiance see
The home-bound trav'ler fall by me.
Oh no! the thefts of love are mine;
Nor does thy sacred lustre shine
On aught of bliss more pure and sweet
Than when two mutual lovers meet!

ADA.





LINES SUGGESTED BY A FINE SPRING MORNING.

How pleasant 'tis, at lovely sunny morn,
  With happy feelings and a mind at ease,
To see upon the frost-bespangled lawn
  The long long shadows of the waving trees!
And when, at times, of wild bird flitting by
  A momentary shade sails o'er the green,
And in the new born azure of the sky
  The freshen'd breeze of spring disports serene!
When the soft note of birds is sometimes heard,
  And clustering snowdrops hang the virgin head,
And Nature, kindling at her Maker's word,
  Puts forth her bright green shoots from ev'ry bed.
And, sweeter still! when 'mid so many charms
  The objects dearest to my bosom play,
My lovely daughter in her father's arms
  Rejoicing, rosy, in the youthful day!
What is like Nature? to what scene like this
  Can art with all her [illegible] give birth?
None!—but in Nature there is [illegible] bliss,
  And [illegible] can make a Heaven on earth!

ADA.

SONNET.

By J. M. Lacey.

Oh! lovely spring, how welcome is thy beam
  To one who [illegible] months of sickness have de-[illegible]!
It comes like some reviving, gentle dream,
  When nature seeks her renovating rest:
It comes to bless the earth, and give again
  The glories that dread winter far had hurl'd;
To dress with scented flowrets ev'ry plain,
  And decorate anew a smiling world.
Soft spring! faint emblem, thou, of heav'nly peace;
  Thy sweetest roses blossom but to die,
While heav'nly happiness can never cease,
  But lives to bless the soul's eternity!
Oh! when I meet of mortal life the doom,
  May such pure joys be mine beyond the tomb!

THE FUNERAL OF AN ECCENTRIC BUT WORTHY DIVINE.

[*From the 'Third Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of a Wife,' lately published.*]

When the good man had breath'd his last,
Poor Mrs. Syntax stood aghast;
Then clos'd her pale cheek to his face,
And clasp'd him in a long embrace;
Nor did she on the horror wait,
To contemplate the work of fate;
But to the *hall* in hurry hied,
With little *Johnny* by her side,
She told her state, pale as despair,
And fill'd the house with sorrow there.

Thus Syntax clos'd his life's career,
With all to hope and nought to fear.
The frequent tear still in his eyes,
Worthy prepar'd the obsequies,
With all due rites to grace the end
Of his belov'd lamented friend.
O 'twas a melancholy scene,
When he was borne along the green!
What train of mourners did appear,
And scarce an eye without a tear!
No toil the harvest fields display;
It seem'd grief's mournful holiday.
The village wept—the hamlets round
Crowded the consecrated ground,
And waited there to see the end
Of pastor, teacher, father, friend!
When in the cold ground he was laid,
Poor Patrick, from his trembling spade,
Could scarce the light dust scatter o'er
The form which he should see no more.
At first the bursting sorrow came
In floods, upon the widow'd dame;
But, by affection's care consol'd,
Unruly grief was soon control'd;
Religion, too, had taught her mind,
In law divine, to be resign'd;
Though, for the rankling heart-felt wound,
A perfect cure was never found.
O 'twas a loss! the blessing flew—
Th' enjoyment and the prospect too!
It was a tranquil calm delight;
No glare,—but ev'ry day was bright.
Through life's lone way she travel'd on,
In gloomy guise, with *Little John;*
The relict of the man they lov'd,
She still the *Worthies'* kindness prov'd;
While *Dicky Bend*, and his fond wife,
Had been and were her friends through life.
But, once a year, affection's claim,
The pilgrim widow always came
To Sommerden, to shed a tear
Beside his tomb who died for her;
And *Little John*, as there he knelt,
Was taught to weep for what she felt;
And, as he wept, he scarce knew why,
Lisp'd the instinctive agony.

The tomb near path-way side appear'd,
By *Worthy's* sadden'd friendship rear'd:
Near it, the dark o'er-spreading yew
Sheds tears of morn and evening dew;
And, as the sculpture meets the eye,
'Alas, poor Syntax!' with a sigh,
Is read by ev'ry passer by;
And wakes the pensive thought sincere,
For ever sad! for ever dear!
My verse has now no more to tell,
'Tis story's done.—Syntax, farewell!

A RECIPE FOR MATRIMONY.

F[illegible] maiden whose beauty [illegible] e'er will admire,
But whose manners are all that the heart can desire;
Let her know how to read, and withal how to write,
But not in deep learning or science delight.

U U

Let her temper be mild, yet not servile or tame;
And, if errors should call for occasional blame,
Let her venture to reprimand ev'n her dear lord;
But not, like Xantippe, still have the last word.

A regard for œconomy let her possess;
For wanton extravagance leads to distress:
But she never must cruelly spurn from her door
The sons of misfortune, the helpless and poor.

Let her set an example of virtue to all,
And religion maintain, whate'er chance may befall;
And, if her whole conduct should thus be correct,
She will surely conciliate both love and respect.

C. C.

THE MAGNANIMITY OF A NEGRO;

BY SELLBECK OSBORN.

[*A slave, who might have saved himself during a storm by leaping into a boat from a sinking ship, put two children on board, when he found that only sufficient room was left for them, and perished by remaining on the wreck.*]

Tremendous howls the angry blast;
The boldest hearts with terror quake:
High o'er the vessel's tott'ring mast
The liquid mountains fiercely break.
Each eye is fix'd in wild despair,
And death displays its terrors there.

Now plunging in the dread abyss,
They pierce the bosom of the deep;
Now rise where vivid lightnings hiss,
And seem the murky clouds to sweep:
Through the dark waste dread thunders roll,
And horrors chill the frigid soul.

The storm abates; but, shatter'd sore,
The leaky vessel drinks the brine;
They seek in vain some friendly shore,
Their spirits sink, their hopes decline.
But, lo! what joy succeeds their grief!
Kind Heaven grants the wish'd relief.

See, on the deck, young Marco stands,
Two blooming cherubs by his side,
Entrusted to his faithful hands,—
'A mother's joy, a father's pride;'
Tho' black his *skin*, as shades of night,
His *heart* is fair; his *soul* is white.

Each to the yawl with rapture flies,
Except the noble generous boy;
'Go, lovely infants, go,' he cries,
'And give your anxious parents joy.
No mother will for Marco weep,
When fate entombs him in the deep.

Long have my kindred ceas'd to grieve;
No sister kind my fate shall mourn;
No breast for me a sigh will heave,
No bosom friend wait my return!'
He said, and, sinking, sought the happy shore,
Where toil and slav'ry vex his soul no more.

AN ADDRESS TO NATURE;

From Maturin's Poem of The Universe.

Nature—ethereal essence, fire divine,
Pure origin of all that earth has fair,
Or ocean wonderful or sky sublime!
Thou—when the Eternal Spirit o'er the abyss
Of ancient waters, moving, through the void
Spoke, and the light began!—Thou also wast—
And, when the first-born break of glorious day
Rejoic'd upon the youthful mountains, Thou
Cam'st from its God, the world's attemp'ring soul!
From thee, the Universal Womb conceived
Its embryon forms, and teemingly array'd
All earth with loveliness and life—the things
That draw the vital air or brightly glow—
The animate, or silent beautiful,—
High spreading glories of the wilderness,
That lift their blossomy boughs in summer air,
From Araby to Ind; flinging sweet dews
Upon their fugitive twilight:—or the trees
And flow'rets of the vernal temper'd zone,
Brief pensioners of spring, that deck earth's wilds
Bestrew'd with all diversities of light,—
Seen in the rainbow when its colour'd arch
Hangs glitt'ring on the humid air, and drives
The congregated vapours.—So array'd
In manifold radiance, earth's primeval spring
Walk'd on the bright'ning orb, lit by the hours
And young exulting elements, undefil'd,—
And circling, free from tempest, round her calm
Perennial brow,—the dewy zephyrs, then,
From flower-zon'd mountains, wav'd their odorous wings
Over the young sweet valleys, whisp'ring joy—
Then goodliest beam'd the unpolluted—bright—
Divine similitude of thoughtful man,
Serene above all creatures—breathing soul—
Fairest where all was fair,—pure sanctuary
Of those sweet thoughts, that with life's earliest breath,
Up through the temp'rate air of Eden rose
To Heav'n's gate, thrilling love!—Then, Nature, then,
Thy Maker look'd upon his work and smil'd,
Seeing that it was good!—And gave thee charge
Thenceforth for evermore with constant eye
To watch the times and seasons, and preserve
The circling maze, exact. Pure minister
Of his unerring, all-pervading mind!

AN EPIGRAM.

Once, at a masquerade, a *painted* fair
Was wand'ring o'er the room in piteous case:
'I've lost my mask,' she cried with mournful air;
'No,' said a friend, 'you have it on your *face*.'

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE CORONATION.

In law the king never dies: that is, as soon as one sovereign resigns his breath to the law of mortality, another prince steps into his place, and immediately exercises all the functions of royalty. A coronation, therefore, does not appear to be absolutely necessary: yet, as it is supposed by the court to be highly expedient, because it sanctifies the royal person, and tends to impress the people with a religious awe, the king has fixed the 19th day of July for this solemn and imposing ceremony.

The ancient crown of England, embellished and enriched, will first be placed upon his majesty's head; but, immediately afterward, he will wear a new crown, much more brilliant and splendid. This is about fifteen inches in elevation: the arches, instead of sinking in their centre, are raised almost to a point, being themselves embossed and edged with brilliants, and supporting an orb of brilliants more than six inches in circumference. This is surmounted with a Maltese diamond cross of exquisite workmanship, on whose top and sides are suspended three remarkably large pearls. In the front of the crown is an unique sapphire of the purest and deepest azure, two inches long and one broad. At the back is the ancient ruby, which was worn by Edward the Black Prince and our Fifth Henry, in the victories of Poictiers and Agincourt. The sapphire and ruby are respectively inserted in a cross of brilliants, while the other parts of the crown are occupied with diamond flowers. The rim is encircled with diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies of very considerable magnitude, and the whole is surrounded immediately above the ermine with large pearls. The sceptre for the right hand is of pure gold; the handle is plain, the upper part wreathed. Its length is two feet nine inches; the pommel at the bottom is enriched with rubies and small diamonds, and for five inches and a half above the handle it is curiously embossed and embellished with the most valuable jewels. The top rises into a *fleur de lis*, enriched with precious stones; above this is a beautiful amethyst surmounted by a rich cross. Another sceptre, and the globe, are equally rich. The golden vessel which will contain the sacred oil is in the form of an eagle, with its wings extended upon a pedestal of pure gold, finely chased. The anointing spoon is of curious antique workmanship. The staff, ring, and bracelets, are all of gold; as are likewise the spurs, which are said to have been worn by William the Conqueror.

The throne erected in Westminster-hall is of a quadrangular form, surmounted by a square canopy, composed of crimson velvet, richly trimmed with gold fringe. It stands upon a platform, four feet high, which will be approached by the performance of distinct ceremonies at each landing-place or succession of steps. A long platform, the canopy of which is elevated about fourteen feet from the ground, will extend from the hall to the abbey. On this the whole procession will slowly move. The king will be arrayed in silver tissue, over which will be a garment of crimson velvet, curiously embroidered; and an ermined robe, nine yards in length, enriched with the most splendid decorations, will form the exterior of the dress. The antique seat, called St. Edward's Chair, being handsomely fitted up, will serve for a throne during the ceremony. When the king has been crowned and anointed, he will return with increased pomp to the hall; and the solemnity will conclude, in the genuine English style, with a festive entertainment. The guests, at six tables, will amount to 312. The high steward, the earl-marshal, and the high constable, on horseback, will attend the presentation of each course at the royal table; and between the first and second courses, the champion will advance, to defend, against all opposers, the claim of George the Fourth to the throne.

THE ROYAL TOUR.

It is not absolutely certain that the intended tour will be undertaken; but, if the king should continue to enjoy a good state of health, and no unforeseen obstacle should arise, there is no reasonable doubt upon the subject It is expected that his majesty will direct his course to Shrewsbury, stopping by the way at the seat of Mr Cecil Forester. After receiving the homage of the loyal but proud Salopians, he will proceed to Wynnstay, attended by divisions of the yeomanry cavalry. He will enter the picturesque vale of the Dee, and cross that river below the grounds of Wynnstay. In his way through the park to the noble mansion of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, he will pass under triumphal arches, erected for the occasion by the liberality of the opulent baronet; and, for two days, the scene will be enlivened by pompous festivities. Resuming his journey, the king will soon arrive at Holy-head, where he will embark in one of the royal yachts for Dublin. On his landing at Dunleary, he will be received in due form by the civil and military authorities; and a long train of respectable persons will form a procession and escort to the castle. Whether his majesty will visit Scotland in the sequel is uncertain; but probability favors the report of such an intention.

EXHIBITIONS CONNECTED WITH THE FINE ARTS.

It has been said, that the arts are most flourishing when the professors are left to themselves, and prosecute their studies without royal or aristocratic patronage. But this remark will

not appear to be strictly just, when we consider the low state of the arts in Great Britain in the reigns of George I. and II., who had little taste for any thing but politics. The late earl of Orford illiberally said, that, if a painter has a pencil and an author a pen, it is their own fault if they do not rise to fame and fortune. This was only an excuse for his own meanness. High encouragement is generally requisite for success in the arts; and their present state in this country may serve to exemplify the assertion. They now bask in the sunshine of royal favor; they are liberally fostered by noble *amateurs*; and their progress is visibly aided by the establishment of a respectable academy, and by a consequent series of annual exhibitions.

The Royal Academy.—As an aggregate body of works of art, the present exhibition is inferior to many of the preceding displays: yet it must be allowed that pieces of great merit are scattered through the mass. Some veteran professors continue to exhibit, and young artists are rising into fame. Portraits, as usual, predominate even to a surfeit, and historical pictures are very scarce. Academicians, associates, and ordinary exhibitors, seem not to think it necessary, or even equitable, to attempt that branch of which the president is either incapable or unambitious. In the collections of old paintings, portraits are as inferior in number as they are subordinate in estimation; and, as they do not fully call forth the exertions of genius, we wish not to see them, on any occasion, wantonly multiplied.

The most striking pieces which have any connexion with history, are those of Northcote, A. Cooper, Etty, and Allan. The marriage of Richard duke of York, by the first-mentioned artist, is a very pleasing picture: the young bridegroom seems to take some interest in the ceremony, while the infant bride looks innocently inattentive. The coloring is good, without being gaudy; and the composition does not detract from the painter's well-earned fame. Cooper's battle of Marston-Moor is spirited and highly finished; the figure, attitude, and countenance, of Oliver Cromwell, are finely delineated. The triumphal and voluptuous navigation of Cleopatra on the Cydnus, delineated by Etty, exhibits a high degree of grace and beauty; and the murder of archbishop Sharp, represented by Allan, is impressively horrific. This subject is borrowed from one of the Tales of my Landlord, but it is properly historical. A man of feeble nerves might really shrink from the appalling view, which the ingenious artist presents, of the sanguinary outrage. The helpless prelate is hemmed in by his implacable foes, who are as eager as dogs are when they surround their overtaken prey to destroy him. Their ireful and eager looks, their strenuous and impatient action, the application of the death-intending hand of Balfour to his sword, the rider who looks on the dreadful scene with his head muffled up in his cloak, and held to his mouth, the pale hue of his horse who looks at the transaction as if also conscious of its horror, the dark spring of the young lady to afford protection, the ominous shade over the sky and the figures, save a few lights that flash here and there like the fierce eyes of the assassins amidst their darkened looks,—all these, with the grave and neutralized coloring, and the beautiful execution throughout, give high interest to the scene.

Among the portraits, the chief praise is due to those of the president. The marquis of Londonderry makes a conspicuous figure in his gorgeous *paraphernalia*. A sapient critic remarks, that the head is that of a smirking *dandy* rather than of an accomplished statesman; and he therefore concludes that the *character* of the portrait is not appropriate: but we would ask, is a painter obliged to find superior sagacity and profound sense for the great men whose features he delineates? Another critic observes, that the face is too florid, and there is a manifest want of harmony in the entire picture, although each part taken by itself is good. There is a glaring fault also in the coloring of the sky, which Sir Thomas often falls into—it is a bright flaming blue color, which is quite out of nature; the intention is obviously to set off the flesh, but this is not a legitimate artifice—it is one which the ancient masters never practised. The president should study them; and, if this consideration does not weigh with him, he should recollect that there are many who study him, and render his defects double by their bungling imitations. Examples of this may be found easily in the *blue-*[illegible] backgrounds, which disfigure the walls of Somerset-house. A better portrait, by the same artist, is that of the late Mr. West, which is as masterly in the execution as it is faithful in the resemblance. That of the princess Charlotte is a good likeness; but the countenance is too pale and death-like. The representation of Mr. Palmer, treasurer of Christ's hospital, has been highly praised; and there are many who admire the Baring groupe.

Some good portraits by Sir William Beechey, Raeburn, Shee, Owen, and Philips, also meet the eye; but we have not room for a length of detail, though we must not suffer Mr. Jackson's tribute to the merit of Northcote to pass unnoticed. It is unquestionably a fine portrait, in the various requisites of skill, coloring, fidelity, and character.

The May-Day of Leslie pleasingly brings to our view the times of queen Elizabeth, and the joyous sports of the enlivening spring. Hilton's Nature blowing bubbles for her children, is a fanciful and elegant piece. Thomson's Bed-Time is worthy of his tasteful pencil: Howard's Sabrina displays considerable beauty of design and expression; and Singleton's Lysander claims our approbation. Wilkie has only two pieces in the whole collection. 'Guess my name' is well planned and exquisitely finished; and the fair puzzler, who hides the eyes of her favorite swain, is a charming figure, inspiring pleasantry and good humor. We are not so well pleased with the other piece, styled the News-mongers: [illegible] the composition is good, though the color-

ing is faulty. Mulready exhibits only one picture,—the Careless Messenger detected. A boy leaves an infant sleeping near his basket, that he may play at ring-taw with a young friend: he suddenly beholds his mother, approaching to chastise him. The figures are skilfully arranged; their looks are expressive; and the tints are brilliant. Landseer's two productions—the Rat-catchers, and the Impertinent Puppies dismissed by a Monkey,—are humorous and well-designed; and Kidd's Drunken Smith manifests a considerable improvement in the style of that ingenious artist.

Fuseli always evinces talent; but it is usually mingled with extravagance. We prefer his sketch of Jealousy to his Alcmaeon and Prometheus. Stothard's Vintage is not unworthy of his reputation. Constable's landscapes are admired, because they make very near approaches to the look of rural nature. Callcott's Squally Day, and Collins' views of different parts of the coast, arrest the attention; but some admirers of the picturesque are better pleased with the view of Thorpe, by Mr. Stark, of Norwich. The play of light, the varied tints of the foliage, and the rich breadth of shadow in the fore-ground, giving a harmonizing effect to the little vistas in the distance, render this landscape exceedingly attractive.

Among the miniature painters, Newton and Robertson seem to be pre-eminently distinguished; and in the enamelling department, Bone and Muss are most conspicuous.

Proceeding to the works of our present sculptors, we give in the first place Mr. Chantrey at the head of his profession. His busts of the marquis of Londonderry, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Wordsworth, and the bishop of Rochester, are particularly striking. We have no intention of making his works, like the rod of Moses, swallow up those about him; on the contrary, there are sculptures of such close affinity to the excellence of his chisel, as, in some degree, to divide the palm; among which, with others, are those of [illegible], Rossi, and Behnes. Beside the busts, there is also a tolerable proportion of groups and monumental designs. Nothing can exceed the character and appropriate attitude of Westmacott's [illegible] female, or the unconstrained simplicity which marks her whole arrangement. The same artist's figure of Resignation, though less attractive in our eyes, has a strong claim to encomium. Rossi's Celadon and Amelia cannot, we think, be viewed without admiration. The moment chosen for the representation is judicious. It is that which is the most filled with mixed emotion, and is on every account most awful and interesting. It is that when the ill-fated maiden hears, in the dreadful voice of the storm, her untimely call to the grave, and just before the fond presumption of her lover is confounded by the flash which lays her breathless at his feet. In such a scene the task of the sculptor is more difficult than that of the poet; but a fine imagination, and a spirit congenial to poetry, have here surmounted obstacles which industry alone could never have removed. The story is so told, that nobody can mistake it; even the violence of the storm is expressed by its effect upon the drapery. The moral beauty is just as exquisite: the purity, fondness, and shrinking timidity of the female, are represented with a happy power, by giving to marble the most tremulous and sensitive expression:—and the presage of immediate fate, 'that grew and shook her frame near dissolution,' is embodied with peculiar felicity. The confidence of the lover, who finds only in danger an opportunity of affording protection to the object of his regard, is given with an elevation of feeling which approaches to the sublime: and the grace of the manly form in a moment of such generous excitement is delineated more with a feeling for nature, than with a view to theatric effect. It is the result of the harmony of proportion, and the propriety of action, and bespeaks a genius familiar with classical models, and attentive to the grand principles of nature.

The British Institution.—The exhibition superintended by this society is highly honourable to British talent, and cannot fail of exciting that emulation which tends to invigorate the exertions of genius.

The landscapes are very numerous, and some are in the first style of art; but there are many which remind us of the dullness of a plodding topographer, compared with the vivacity and spirit of a tasteful observer. Those of Gandy, Linton, Wilkes, Stark, Samuel, and other artists, are pleasing and attractive. We do not arrange them according to their actual superiority: we leave that point to the superior taste of professed connoisseurs.

Among the historical pieces, Belshazzar's Feast, by Martin, is pre-eminently conspicuous. A critic, in a periodical work, has spoken of it in the most contemptuous terms; while, with striking inconsistency, he imprecates evil on the 'wretch who would unnecessarily encumber the child of genius, as he toils up the hill of fame.' The scriptural narrative treats of the tyrant's making a great feast—his calling to it the thousand of his lords—his commanding to bring in the precious vessels from the temple of Jerusalem—the sudden appearance of a writing on the wall in mysterious characters—the king's altered countenance—his vain request to the astrologers to decipher it—Daniel's terrible interpretation of it in prophesying the tyrant's downfal with that of his kingdom. The painter has translated the original into graphic poetry; for, beside giving the historical facts, he has enriched his work by imaginative *addenda*. He has augmented the impression arising from personal and moral catastrophes, by appropriate aspects in nature, by lightnings and the lunar orb. To enable him to display these, he has represented the feast as taking place in an uncovered hall, while dancing is going on in another that is roofed, and which is connected with the first in equal width and continuation of line, prolonging the noble perspective to a very

remote distance, in rows of ponderous columns and galleries filled with musicians. Through the top of the first hall are seen rising in Babylonian sublimity of size and height, those architectural mountains, the tower of Babylon, and temple of Belus. About these play the forked and impetuous lightnings, reddening the clouds that are in careering motion, and about to obscure the sedate moon. The elemental glare and turmoil above are analogous, and give increased energy, to the greater terrors below. In a hall, whose Asiatic size and style would alone fill the mind with grandeur, a multitudinous concourse of persons have come to the feast: some tremble as they sit round the luxurious tables; but the greater number, hastily driven from their recently joyous seats in violent agitation, run distractedly about, fall on the floor, or hide their faces from the strange horror of the mystic writing. The trembling monarch starts from his throne, while a set of conspirators with daggers, who appear to be watching an opportunity of taking away his life, are themselves astounded; the very lights turn aside their flames from the vision, the sacred vessels from Jerusalem flash more brightly their gold and silver beams, the hall appears more luminous from the light that is emitted from the writing, inanimate objects seem to become animate, and the glory of the subject, and of painting itself, shines into the bosom with an impression of vehement and awful grandeur.

The directors of this institution have not confined their grand display to British paintings, but have introduced a capital collection of the works of the ancient masters. The enjoyment, arising from the view of these performances, may be considered as one of the most refined that human nature is capable of, except those luxuries of the heart which result from the exercise of patriotic and social affections. All the principles of the Flemish and Dutch, and a large portion of those of the Italian artists, may be here seen and studied It is a glowing hive of some of the most exquisite sweets of art, extracted from the richly stocked tracts of intellectual and physical nature, suited to every taste and every constitution of mind. Such tastes and such minds will here revel in the pastimes and gaieties of the Flemish and Dutch painters with Rubens at their head; with Teniers, Ostade, Jan Steen, in their merry-makings; will accompany Cuyp and Both, through their sunny hills and valleys; Ruysdael, Hobbema, through their sedate scenes; Vandervelde, Ruysdael, Backhuysen, on watery Cuyp, Potter, Snyders, Wouvermans, among their breathing animals; Vanderheiden, through his nicely finished buildings; Rembrandt, amidst his solemnly shaded landscapes and figures. But they will expand with nobler conceptions in company with the dignified Titian, the tender and graceful Guido, the lovely Corregio, the wild Rosa, the fascinating Veronese, and other ornaments of the Italian

Exhibition of Mr. West's Pictures.—The admirers of the late president's pictorial skill may now be gratified with a view of ninety-three pieces, exhibited in a judicious arrangement by the sons of that celebrated artist. In the great room, which produces a very solemn effect on the spectator, like that experienced on beholding the interior of a grand cathedral, are the sacred subjects painted for his late majesty; and the two principal pictures by Mr. West, *Christ Rejected*, and *Death on the Pale Horse*. As these have been so long before the public, we shall merely say, that if Mr. West had only produced these pieces, he would have acquired high fame.

The smaller room is full of interesting pictures. Among these, we would particularly direct the attention of visitors to No 66, the earliest performance of Mr. West's childhood, and to 65 (Boys and grapes), the last effort of his pencil—a pencil exercised through more years than are usually allotted to the span of humanity. There are some admirable sketches in this room; and Alexander the 2d of Scotland rescued from the fury of a stag, is one of his most vigorous historical productions: while the Golden Age is one of the most pleasing of his classical works.

Taken altogether, this is, in our opinion, an exhibition likely to be very popular. The religious and moral tendency of all Mr. West's paintings is here most conspicuous.

Exhibition of Paintings in Water Colors.—Among the ingenious men, whose exertions have contributed to the improvement of this branch of art, the names of Cristall, Fielding, Varley, J. Smith, and W. Turner, may be mentioned with no small degree of praise. The first-named artist exhibits nineteen landscapes and subjects from rustic life, in which a warm and gentle feeling, a pure style of design, and harmonious coloring, are seen with their full power of enchantment. Mr. Fielding has thirty-four views, some of which display much picturesque fancy, with a considerable sense of the sublime and beautiful: but his intense feeling of richness in nature, not unfrequently urges him into a dazzling lustre in the azure of his skies and seas. This extreme brilliancy is not warranted by truth or refined taste. He has, however, the power to throw a fascination into these vivacious hues, by the skill of his oppositions and their depth of tone; and this exhibition owes no mean portion of its imposing aspect to the vigor, variety, and number of his performances.

Mr. Varley has two landscapes, which are touched with his usual negligent freedom; and, in a scene from the Bride of Abydos, the wing of his imagination soars to an elevation equal to that of Byron himself. The deep and mournful loneliness of this scene, united with the solemnity of the hour, fills the soul with melancholy pleasure.

Mr. Smith, the beauty and loveliness of whose scenery have obtained for him the ap-

pellation of *Claude Lorrain Smith*, has two views in Italy; the Lake and Town of Lugano, in Lombardy; and the Approach to Como from Milan. The perspective is correct, and the point of view so well chosen, as to form, in each, a composition in which the objects groupe with much elegance and simplicity. These fine productions possess all the pure day-light and charming serenity which characterise the skies in that delightful country. Mr. Turner exhibits Llanberis Lake, with a fine autumnal effect; the Shepherd, a scene near Glocester; Oxford, from Headington Hill; and Salisbury Plain. He paints in water colors with much force and harmony; and his best works in oil possess great truth, power, and harmony.

The British Gallery in Hill-street.—The collectors of works of art were long prejudiced against native genius: but the efforts of British artists under the patronage of our late sovereign, strikingly tended to the dissipation of such prejudices; and, for some years, the collection exhibited by Sir John Leicester has had a great effect in exciting a just sense of the merit of our countrymen. The form of admission to his gallery is by a gratuitous ticket, which may easily be procured from the keeper of the British Institution. The baronet, since his exhibition in 1819, has added a groupe of Angels, painted by Northcote, about thirty years ago; a view of Kilgarran Castle, by Turner; a Magdalen, by Romney; and the Congratulation, by Harlowe. The Mermaid, by Hilton, which was exhibited in an unfinished state, is now hung up with the artist's last touches. A bust of West is also introduced, as a just tribute of respect to the father of British historical painting; it is executed by Mr. Behnes, and is esteemed a good likeness. Among so many pictures by different artists, there must be various degrees of merit, and some defects; but the whole series does honor to the taste and munificence of the collector. The British painters, on public grounds, owe a public testimony of respect and affection to this amateur, as their earliest advocate and patron.

Various Exhibitions.—An artist of considerable merit, Mr. Hoffland, has exhibited a View of Richmond, originally designed for the Royal Academy, to which he has added some other pieces. It seems that the multitude of portraits sent to the Academy for exhibition was so great as to exclude Mr. Hoffland's picture from an eligible situation. How deeply is it to be regretted that a host of unmeaning heads, possessing no intellectual attraction, should be allowed to choke up the rooms of the Academy, and nauseate the public! A small number of portraits would sufficiently show the skill of our principal artists in that branch of art; and the other academicians should send as few as possible, and be content to satisfy their ambition with the reflection, that a national academy ought not to be a show-room of portraits, though conducive, perhaps, to their private interest in the way of emolument or ambition. The heads of bewigged judges and bishops, dowager duchesses, children in leading strings, empty-headed dandies, peers known only in Debrett, and gormandizing aldermen, would better be reserved for the academician's private gallery. The portrait of Byron, Scott, or Wellington, or that of any eminent intellectual individual, creates a feeling of interest in the beholder, and is an attractive object: it is even a part of literature or history; but what communion can such hold with the motley crowd whose visages cover the academy walls, and exclude finer specimens of art? If each academician must exhibit his full stock of portraits, let the Academy build an additional room out of the ample funds with which its exhibitions have supplied it. Mr. Glover has opened an exhibition of his charming works. Mr. Ward has exhibited an allegorical picture of the Battle of Waterloo. It displays considerable, though misused talents. We had hoped that allegorical painting, on a great scale at least, was in the grave "of all the Capulets;" but Mr. Ward has called it from its dusty habitation, neither for his own advantage, nor for that of the illustrious duke and his gallant associates. We ought not to omit, that the engravers, having formed a society under the royal patronage, have opened a spacious room for the display of their productions; and we do not exaggerate, when we affirm, that the congregated prints form a brilliant constellation in the galaxy of graphic art.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

COVENT-GARDEN.

After the revival of the Chances, in which Miss Hallande made her first public appearance, and acquired the reputation of a good singer and a pleasing actress, the manager of this theatre gratified the public with a new tragedy, called Damon and Pythias, founded on a classical story. A Syracusan senate proposes to elect to the chief dignity of the state Dionysius, a successful general. Damon, irritated at the elevation of one, beneath whose ambitious sway the liberties of Syracuse may be extinguished, flies to the house of his friend Pythias, who is on the eve of marriage with the young Calanthe; exclaims against the expected proceeding of the senators, swearing that he, even unsupported, will defeat their project; and, having in his haste forgotten his own dagger, borrows that of Pythias, and goes off to the senate-house to use it. The senators are in the moment of decreeing the crown to Dionysius, when Damon

rushes into the assembly. The vote passes: Dionysius becomes tyrant, orders Damon into the custody of his guard; and the latter ineffectually tries to stab him. He is ordered to prison and execution. Pythias, at the altar, hears of his friend's fate; defers his marriage, flies to the prison, and undertakes the far-famed responsibility of the story. Calanthe endeavours with all a woman's power to dissuade him from this dangerous risque of life, and shake his confidence in his friend's honor. Damon also withstands her entreaties and departs, while his friend remains in prison. His father and wife now unite their solicitations to induce him to fly from his dungeon; and the means of escape are offered him by a stranger (Dionysius in disguise); but Pythias is proof against their solicitations. Damon arrives at his villa, and confides the secret to his faithful freedman, who determines to save his master. The interview of Damon with his wife and child exposes his firmness to a severe trial; but he rushes from their presence, and then learns from the freedman that he had slain his steed. Damon seizes the servant in the determination to destroy him, and then die, if he cannot rescue his friend. At Syracuse all is dismay: the hour of execution approaches; Pythias is led forth. During this suspense, a horseman is seen. He bounds from a flying steed, springs forward to claim his place on the scaffold, and sinks exhausted with the superhuman toil of his fleet career. This high display of virtue and friendship so strongly influences the feelings of Dionysius, that he grants a full pardon to Damon.

This piece is attributed to a youth named Banham, who received some aid in the composition from Mr. Shiel. It displays little force of imagination, and appeals rather to our sensations than to our passions; it shows the mere surface, the face of human nature, leaving the intricate workings of the heart out of the question: the plot and incidents are more suitable for a melo-drama; and sometimes we thought we perceived incongruities in the characters. On the other hand, there are many skilful touches in the dialogue; and the language, on the whole, is easy and graceful. The two friends, C. Kemble and Macready, performed admirably; but the part of Calanthe was not very ably or impressively sustained by Miss Dance. This actress first appeared in the character of Mrs. Haller; and she has since represented Belvidera with tenderness and pathos; but her Lady Townly is more generally admired.

DRURY-LANE.

A new serious opera, entitled Dirce, or the Fatal Urn, has lately appeared at this theatre. It was borrowed from Metastasio, with a view of naturalising the recitative drama upon the English stage; but recitative is neither adapted to the language nor to the taste of this country. The subject is taken from classical history. The wrath of Apollo has demanded of the Thracians the annual sacrifice of a virgin, and the victim is to be determined by lot. Timanthes (Braham), the supposed son of Demophoon (Horn), is secretly married to Dirce (Miss Wilson), the daughter of Cleanthes. The fatal lot falls on Dirce; and Timanthes, to save her, reveals his marriage; but the Thracian law punishes with death the union of a subject with any of the royal progeny, and Dirce, from a victim, becomes a criminal. At the intreaties of his younger son, Cherinthus (Madame Vestris), and of his mistress, her life is spared. Timanthes has, however, farther trials of his fortitude; he discovers that Dirce is the daughter of Demophoon, and the discovery would be fatal, did he not ascertain, at the same moment, by a fortunate coincidence, himself to be the son of Cleanthes. In this event is involved the accomplishment of an oracular prediction. The wrath of Apollo ceases, and the dreadful sacrifice is abolished. There is fine music in this piece from Mozart, Rossini, and other composers of eminence; and a few original airs have been supplied by Braham and Horn. Miss Wilson executed some of the airs with great spirit; and Braham shone conspicuously in a brilliant air, 'Awake my soul to glory.' Madame Vestris sang charmingly; and the opera was favorably received: but, for the reason before assigned, it has not been honored with a frequency of repetition.

ERRATA.

Page 109, line 8, for *though*, read *thou*.
183, 8 from the bottom, for *blood*, read *purity*.

THE

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REMARKS ON THE IMMOLATION OF WIDOWS IN INDIA.

In every age and nation, the purity of religion has been corrupted by the grossness of superstition. The majority of mankind, destitute of refinement, and habituated to vulgar sensations, have little or no conception of spiritual worship, and seem to consider their God as a being of like passions with themselves. Even the Greeks and Romans, the most polished of all the ancient communities, associated with the grandeur of Omnipotence the basest vices and the most contemptible follies, and endeavoured to appease or conciliate their deities by the formality of exterior oblation and sacrifice. Such offerings are necessarily absurd, because God, being a spirit, ought to be worshiped in spirit and in truth, with a pure heart and devout gratitude. This sentiment is professed by all judicious Christians; yet it does not preclude superstitious observances, or the influence of visionary terrors. The superstitions, however, of the catholics and other Christians, are innocent and even laudable, when contrasted with the barbarous and execrable practices of the Hindoos. A detail of the various profanations of religion prevalent among the natives of India, would lead us over too wide a field: we shall therefore only advert to the most abominable of all their customs, the immolation of widows. The origin of this practice is differently stated. Some refer it to that remote period, when the death of Bramah produced among his wives such a paroxysm of grief, that they desperately rushed into the flames which were kindled upon his funeral pile. The wives of the chief officers of state, emulous of the fame of conjugal love and attachment, followed the example of self-sacrifice, when death deprived them of their respective husbands; and, as the artful and unfeeling Bramins hoped to gratify their selfish interests by the encouragement of such a practice, not only by securing the most undeviating attention to every thing that could prolong their own lives, but also by robbing future victims of their ornamental appendages, they extolled in pompous terms the meritorious nature of the sacrifice, and propagated through the empire the zeal of imitation. By others, the introduction of the custom is attributed to the wickedness of the Hindoo wives. At an early period, it is said, many of these

females ventured to poison their husbands, whose behaviour and conduct had excited disgust or resentment; and this horrid act became so alarmingly frequent, that a law was enacted for the burning of every wife on her husband's funeral pile. The priests endeavoured to make this sacrifice rather voluntary than compulsory, by annexing to it the most glorious rewards that religion could offer; and, to promote it the more effectually, they entailed degradation and infamy on the refusing female. Their influence at length prevailed to such an extent, that many widows courted death as a refuge from the miseries of this world, while others reluctantly yielded to the dictates of stern authority. Mr. Holwell applauds the 'heroic, rational, and pious principles,' of those who thus devote themselves to a premature death; but his arguments would equally serve to recommend suicide to every widow in Great-Britain, and the principles which he advocates are not only proofs of extreme infatuation, but are totally irreconcileable with true piety.

These remarks were suggested to us by a recent debate in the house of commons. A motion for an inquiry into this subject was made by the upright and philanthropic Mr. Buxton, who declared, that in one of the presidencies of British India (that of Calcutta), 2366 females had been seen to perish, within the last four years, upon the funeral piles of their husbands. That number, he said, had openly perished under the eyes of the magistracy, exclusive of those who had suffered in secret, or by the connivance of a mercenary police. By the Mohammedan law the practice was discouraged, and therefore in many places discontinued: but it still prevailed to a great extent in countries under the British jurisdiction. Not only had the disciples of Mohammed abolished this usage; but the French, Dutch, and Danes, had accomplished the same object in their Indian settlements. Many of the native princes, particularly the rajah of Travancore and the peishwa, of whom the latter was a Bramin, had also put an end to this revolting custom. He therefore hoped, that the British rulers would exert their utmost efforts to extinguish so great an evil, and thus evince their regard for justice and humanity. Many of these murders (for so these sacrifices ought to be called) took place in repugnance to the Hindoo law itself. By that law, females under 16 years of age were not allowed to ascend the funeral pile; yet it would appear, from the papers for which he was about to move, that girls who were only 12, 13, or 14 years old, had been sacrificed; and, in one instance, a child, whose age did not exceed eight years, became a victim to the horrible custom. By the Hindoo law, those widows were also exempted, who, in the event of their death, might leave children under three years of age, unless some security should be given that proper care would be taken of the infants. It was also specifically ordained, that the sacrifice should be perfectly voluntary, and that no drugs should be administered for the purpose of causing intoxication; but these provisions of the law were not complied with. He lately had a conversation on the subject with one of the India Company's chaplains, who stated, that, as he was sailing on a river in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, he observed a crowd on the bank, and found that the people had assembled to witness the burning of a widow, who was then performing her preparatory ablutions. When that part of the ceremony was concluded, she was led to the pile; but she fainted repeatedly. The people began to grow impatient, and she was at last placed on the pile in an insensible state, and lashed to the dead body of her husband. The unfortunate creature, however, recovered her senses, and struggled to escape. A Bramin immediately placed a torch in the hands of one of her children, who set fire to the pile; and the whole was quickly consumed.—Mr. Buxton had also been

informed of an instance where the family of the individual had not money to procure wood enough to form a proper pile. In that case, a child was compelled to apply fire to the face of his deceased father, and then to place the flame beneath the body of his living mother. The fire took effect; but a considerable time elapsed before the sufferings of the unhappy woman were terminated. Though he did not think that it would be proper to put an end to this practice by force, he was of opinion that the natives of India ought to be restrained within the laws of their own religion. These evils, he said, arose from one cause—the ignorance of the natives; and the only cure was instruction. Every reflecting person, therefore, must perceive the utility of extending the benefits of education among such a blind and bigoted race. He then moved for copies or extracts of all communications received from India relative to this subject. We are sorry to observe, that, though the motion was not opposed, the ministry would not promise to interfere in an authoritative manner. This cool indifference assumes the form of delicacy and the appearance of moderation: but it does not reflect credit upon those statesmen who, in other points, subject the Hindoos to a yoke not the most lenient; and it is neither accordant to the feelings of humanity, nor to the views of enlightened and dignified policy.

THE PORTFOLIO, NO. XI.

Kenilworth.—CUMNOR, in Berkshire, has lately been visited by a number of Oxonians, anxious to verify, by local inspection, the details given in 'Kenilworth' of Anthony Foster's mansion; and the old sign of the Bear and Ragged Staff has already been restored, by subscription, and placed over the village alehouse, as kept by the late Giles Gosling. We therefore conceive that the publication of the following interesting letter will be acceptable to our readers:—

Extract from a volume in the Bodleian Library, printed in 1584, entitled, 'The Copie of a Leter, wrytten by a Master of Arte of Cambrige, to his Friende in London, about some Procedinges of the Erle of Leycester and his Friendes in England.

'Onlie for the present I must advertise you that you may not take holde so exactlie of al my l. doinges in women's affaires, neither touching their marriages, neither yet their husbandes. For first his lordship hath a speciall fortune, that when he desireth anie woman's favor, then what person soever standeth in his way, hath the luck to die quicklie, for the finishing of his desire. As for example: when his lordship was in full hope to marrie her ma: and his own wyfe stoode in his light, as he supposed; he did but send her asid, to the house of his servaunt Forster of Cumner by Oxforde, where shortlie after she had the chaunce to fal from a paire of stares, and so to breake her neck, but yet without hurting her hoode, that stoode upon her heade. But Sir Rich. Varney, who by commaundment remayned with her that daye alone, wyth one man onlie, and had sent away perforce al her servauntes from her to a market two miles of, he (I say) with his man, can tel how she died; wh. man being taken afterward for a felonie in the marches of Wales, and offering to publish the maner of the said murder, was made awaye privilie in the prison. And Sir Richard himself, dying about the same time in London, cried piteously and blasphemed God, and said to a gentleman of worship of myne acquaintance, not long before his death, that al the divels in hell did teare him in peeces. The wyfe also of Balde Butler, kinsman to my l. gave out the whole fact a little before her death. But to return unto my purpose, this was my lordes good fortune to have his wyfe die at that tyme when it was like to turne moste to his profit.'

Spanish Literature.—We observe with pleasure, that the literature of Spain is beginning to revive from the

ashes in which it was nearly extinguished by the past despotism of its princes and priests. The different decrees of the Cortes, concerning the general plan of national instruction, give very reasonable grounds for hoping that the best consequences will result from the choice of books made, and the scheme intended to be pursued in future. In the schools of theology, the institutions of Lyons are to be followed, which are completely at variance with the old scheme of theological education in Spain. The Spanish theological teachers have already learned that there is a vast difference between the respect and limited obedience due to the chair of St. Peter, and the obligation to support the abuses of the Roman court, which tend unceasingly to augment the pontifical power over the churches of catholic countries. They are also now aware that the treasures of Spain need no more go into the pockets of the holy see, under pretence of the purchase of brevets and bulls, which were in reality unknown during the first ages of the church, and were not known in Spain before the 12th century. They have discovered that the spiritual and the temporal powers are and ought to be separate in the state. Finally, they know that the state of servitude has arrived at its close. All these things will be firmly implanted in the minds of their youth, by the study of the new theological institutes.

The state of the fine arts in Spain is not so low as many might be induced to suppose. There are at present living many artists of talent: schools of design have been established in all the provinces; and in Madrid the new state of things has contributed to give a fresh impulse to all which relates to art. Instruction is afforded to youth daily by the first teachers in geometry, perspective, drawing, and decoration. To facilitate the study of painting, a museum has been opened by the government, near the Prado, in Madrid, where 332 pictures of the first Spanish masters are laid open to the public. The king ordered all the original pictures to be exhibited there, which belong to the palaces of Madrid, Aranjuez, and Retiro. The law which suppressed the convents, added many fine pieces to this collection; and it contains 43 pictures by Murillo, 44 of Velasquez, 42 of Melendez, 28 of Ribera, 15 of Joannes, and 8 of Cano, beside many of the productions of modern artists.

Modern Greek Literature.—Ambrosins Argentis (who is scarcely seventeen years of age, a student of the great college at Chios) has printed an Essay upon Navigation, in which he warmly exhorts the inhabitants to apply particularly to maritime commerce, as an inexhaustible source of riches and prosperity. A plan is in agitation to establish at Chios a Greek Journal, for the instruction of the people. The printing-press erected in the capital is in a very satisfactory state. One of the most distinguished of the Greek literati, professor Koumass, of Smyrna, has lately published elementary instructions in philosophy, to which he has prefixed a short view of the labors of the Germans in this branch of learning. This work has been received with a degree of enthusiasm. The Greeks at Constantinople have been for some time engaged in printing a dictionary of ancient and modern Greek, which is to consist of six large volumes. This great work appears under the auspices of the patriarch Gregory, a native of the Peloponnesus, a prelate equally distinguished by the qualities of his mind and heart. All the archbishops, and most of the archons, or magistrates, have encouraged this laudable undertaking by their subscriptions. A new and very useful establishment at Constantinople, is a philanthropic fund for the support of indigent students. It is under the immediate direction of three Greek archbishops, and several merchants. The above-mentioned patriarch constantly shows himself a zealous friend and protector of public instruc-

tion, and courageously opposes the rapacity and Machiavelism of the greater part of the Phanarists, *i. e.* the Greeks who are in the service of the sultan. The great college at Chios, which has increased so as to become a kind of European university, continues to flourish in spite of all obstacles. It contains above 470 students, a considerable number of whom are natives of the Peloponnesus, Cephalonia, and the islands of the Archipelago. It is remarkable, that two youths from the interior of North-America have repaired to Chios, to study the language of Homer. Mr. Varvoti, one of the richest Greek merchants, has presented 30,000 francs to the college, together with a great number of books purchased at Paris.

Character of George II. by James Earl Waldegrave.--The king (says the earl, in 1758,) is in his 75th year; but temperance and an excellent constitution have hitherto preserved him from many of the infirmities of old age. He has a good understanding, though not of the first class; and has a clear insight into men and things, within a certain compass. He has more knowledge of foreign affairs than most of his ministers, and has good general notions of the constitution, strength, and interest of this country; but, being past thirty when the Hanoverian succession took place, and having since experienced the violence of party, the injustice of popular clamour, the corruption of parliaments, and the selfish motives of pretended patriots, it is not surprising that he should have contracted some prejudices in favour of those governments, where the royal authority is under less restraint.

Yet, prudence has so far prevailed over those prejudices, that they never influenced his conduct. On the contrary, many laws have been enacted in favor of public liberty; and, in the course of a long reign, there has not been a single attempt to extend the prerogative of the crown beyond its proper limits. He has as much personal bravery as any man, though his political courage seems somewhat problematical; however, it is a fault on the right side; for, had he always been as firm and undaunted in the closet, as he showed himself at Oudenarde and Dettingen, he might not have been so good a king in this limited monarchy.—Too great attention to money seems to be his capital failing; however, he is always just and sometimes charitable, though rarely generous; but when we consider how seldom the liberality of princes is directed to a proper object, being usually bestowed on a rapacious mistress, or an unworthy favorite, want of generosity, though it still continues a blot, ceases to be a vice of the first magnitude.

Upon the whole, he has some qualities of a great prince, many of a good one, none which are essentially bad; and I am thoroughly convinced that, hereafter, when time shall have worn away those specks and blemishes which sully the brightest characters, and from which no man is totally exempt, he will be numbered amongst those patriot kings, under whose government the people have enjoyed the greatest happiness.

The Glory of Great Britain in our own Times.—England, says the Rev. Mr. Croly, was the only nation, that, in the midst of universal overthrow, never suffered a signal casualty in arms. She went on, still protected. She had the blessing of the prophet; in the midst of her warfare, 'peace was within her walls, and plenteousness within her palaces.' She purchased her renown by no interruption of her native pursuits, and she did not draw back a single step in science, in accomplished literature, in noble discovery, in munificent charity, in the purity of her laws, in the sincerity of her established faith: while her walls were beleaguered with the warfare of the world, she held her gates open, day and night, to the exile and the fallen. Like an earthly providence, 'she cared for all.'

In the very whirlwind of her power, she provided for the world's health—her fleets of war spread the Scriptures round the globe! To those who saw that time of the distress and perplexity of nations—the universal polity, like a sea upturned by storms, men's hearts failing them for fear, the mighty of the earth calling to the caves and mountains to hide them;—England—stately and unshaken, standing in a towering and solitary splendour, which grew with the deepening of the storm, her hand stretched out unweariedly to save, and her serene eye fixed on heaven—might have looked less like a being that felt hourly exposed to the common convulsion and decay, than the minister and angel of a superior throne—a being beyond the touch of casualty, impassive and immortal. The triumphs of peace followed the triumphs of war. Her old rival was destined to receive a king only at her hands. The usurper of France was destined to be given up to her only, as her slave. She was yet to wear the noble crown of moral glory. She had abolished the slave trade. As the crowning and consummation of her fame, she was delegated to abolish Christian captivity among the infidels. Those are the monuments by which she has been permitted to make her name memorable to all time—her two great pillars, the limits to man's progress in that boundless sea of humanity, hitherto reached by no other nation, and (if to be passed), to be passed only by her own illustrious adventure.

Specimen of the late King's epistolary Talents.—During the memorable contest between Mr. Pitt and the coalition party, in 1784, when a political union was proposed, his majesty thus wrote to his favorite minister:—

Queen's House, 30 m. past 10 a. m.

Mr. Pitt is so well apprised of the mortification I feel at any possibility of ever again seeing the heads of opposition in public employments, and more particularly Mr. Fox, whose conduct has not been more marked against my station in the empire, than against my person, that he must attribute my want of perspicuity in my conversation last night, to that foundation; yet, I should imagine it must be an ease to his mind, in conferring with the other confidential ministers this morning, to have on paper my sentiments, which are the result of unremitted consideration, since he left me last night, and which he has my consent to communicate, if he judges it right, to the above respectable persons.

My present situation is, perhaps, the most singular that ever occurred, either in the annals of this or any other country; for the house of lords, by a not less majority than near two to one, have declared in my favor; and my subjects at large, in a much more considerable proportion, are not less decided: to combat which, opposition have only a majority of twenty, or at most of thirty, in the house of commons, who, I am sorry to add, seem as yet willing to prevent the public supplies. Though I certainly have never much valued popularity, yet I do not think it is to be despised, when arising from a rectitude of conduct, and when it is to be retained by following the same respectable path, which conviction makes me esteem that of duty, as calculated to prevent one branch of the legislature from annihilating the other two, and seizing also the executive power, to which she has no claim.

I confess I have not seen the smallest appearance of sincerity in the leaders of the opposition, to come into the only mode by which I could tolerate them in my service,—their giving up the idea of having the administration in their hands, and coming in as a respectable part of one on a broad basis; and, therefore, I, with a jealous eye, look on any words dropped by them, either in parliament, or to the gentlemen of the St. Alban's Tavern, as meant only to gain those gentlemen, or, if carrying farther views, to draw Mr.

Pitt, by a negotiation, into some difficulty.

Should the ministers, after discussing this, still think it advisable that an attempt should be made to try, whether an administration can be formed on a real, not a nominal wide basis, and Mr. Pitt having repeatedly, and as fruitlessly, found it impossible to get even an interview, on what opposition pretends to admit as a necessary measure, I will, though reluctantly, go personally so far as to authorize a message to be carried, in my name, to the duke of Portland, expressing a desire that he and Mr. Pitt may meet to confer on the means of forming an administration, on a wide basis, as the only means of entirely healing the divisions which stop the business of the nation. The only person I can think, from his office, as well as personal character, proper to be sent by me, is lord Sidney: but should the duke of Portland, when required by me, refuse to meet Mr. Pitt, more especially upon the strange plea he has as yet held forth, I must here declare that I shall not deem it right for me ever to address myself again to him.

The message must be drawn on paper, as must every thing in such a negotiation, as far as my name is concerned; and I trust, when I next see Mr. Pitt, if, under the present circumstances, the other ministers shall agree with him in thinking such a proposition advisable, that he will bring a sketch of such a message for my inspection. GEORGE R.

Chinese Religion, Morality, and Policy.—In 1712, the emperor of China sent an ambassador to treat with the khan of the Tourgouth Tartars; and, in the instructions which he gave to his representative, we find the following intimation of the principles which directed and regulated his government:—'If you should be asked what we principally esteem and revere in China, you may make this reply:—'In our empire, fidelity, filial piety, charity, justice, and sincerity, are esteemed above all things. We revere and abide by them. They are the principles upon which we administer the empire as well as govern ourselves. In the face of danger, we firmly adhere to them. There have been many who have even fearlessly encountered death rather than abandon them. We likewise make sacrifices and oblations; we pray for good things, and we deprecate evil things; but, if we did not act honestly, if we were not faithful, pious, charitable, just, and sincere, of what avail would be our prayers and sacrifices? In our empire, fidelity, filial piety, charity, justice, and sincerity, are our ruling principles, the objects of our veneration, and the constant guides of our conduct. In our empire, therefore, there is no hostile array of shields and spears; no severe punishments are inflicted; and we have now for a long time enjoyed uninterrupted peace and tranquillity.'

Fortuitous Discovery of Madeira.—In the reign of Edward the Third, Robert Machin, a youth of genteel but not of noble birth, became enamoured of Ann d'Arfet, or d'Aufet, the beautiful and accomplished heiress of a baronial family. The lady favored and returned his love; but her father, not regarding the proposed alliance as of a sufficiently elevated character, procured a royal order for the imprisonment of Machin, and compelled his daughter to give her hand to one, whose name, whatever might be his rank, has not descended to posterity. Machin, stung to madness by his wrongs, determined to avenge them; and, though his Anna had become the bride of another, he succeeded in carrying her off; and, with a small but faithful train, the fugitives embarked at Bristol for France. The weather, unfortunately, proved adverse; the vessel's crew possessed little skill in the art of navigation; they were, consequently, driven into the main ocean; and there, deprived of almost every hope, they were, for thirteen days, the sport of conflicting elements. On the morn-

ing of the fourteenth day, land was descried, and the land proved to be Madeira. For a time, the lovers were as happy as their guilt would allow; but various sinister events occurred; the lady died of a broken heart; and Machin, borne down with grief, misery, and remorse, became her partner in the grave. The spot of their interment was beneath a large and widely-spreading tree. At their feet was erected a cross of cedar, with an inscription by Machin himself, briefly recording their fate, and requesting that, should any Christians settle there, they would build and dedicate a church to Jesus Christ upon the spot. When Madeira was re-discovered by the Portuguese, under the command of Juan Gonsalvo Zarco, the request was fully complied with: the tree was cut down, a small church was built with its timber, and the pavement of the choir was intersected with the bones of the unfortunate lovers.

Diving Machine.—A machine, called a Dolphin, has been invented by Farkas, an Hungarian. The continental papers have described some of the advantages of the instrument, but not its construction. An experiment was made with it at Vienna in the military swimming-school at the Prater. The servant of the inventor plunged with the Dolphin into water that was 24 feet deep, and walked upon the bottom over the whole square of the swimming-school. To prove that there could be no want of light, Farkas sent down a lantern; and, when it was taken up again, the light was still burning. After the man had remained one hour under water, he returned to the surface without assistance; not because he wanted air, but because all who were present were satisfied with the success of the experiment, and desired that he would ascend.

Echo.—Among the most remarkable echoes in Europe, that in the avenue of the Chateau Villebertain near Troyes may be reckoned; it repeats a verse of twelve syllables distinctly. Near Glasgow we have heard that there is an echo which repeats any air of eight or ten notes played on a trumpet, but a third *lower*. We do not know that such an echo really exists, and we shall not cite that in Ireland as a companion for it; but the French, who contrive to be lively upon all subjects, have a little dialogue between a lover and an echo, calculated to display the national genius for punning, which runs thus:—

Lover—Dis-moi, cruel amour, mon bonheur est il evanoui?

Echo—Oui.

Lover.—Tu ne parles pas ainsi, quand tu seduis nos cœurs, et que tes promesses perfides les entrainent dans de funestes engagemens.

Echo.—Je ments!

Lover.—Reponds moi—me reste-t-il encore quelque espoir ou non?

Echo.—Non!

Lover.—Eh bien! c'en est fait, tu veux ma mort! J'y cours; et toute la contrée, instruite de tes rigueurs, ne sera plus assez insensée pour dire de toi un mot d'eloge.

Echo.—Déloge.

Le Bateau Roulant, or the Rolling Boat.—Some trials of a boat, on a new construction, are said to have lately been made at Paris. In the second trial the inventor placed himself, with his apparatus, below the platform of the Pont-Neuf. He set out from this point at ten minutes before ten o'clock, having on board M. Dacheux, an experienced mariner, who took charge of the helm; Messrs. Marlet and Thibault, inspectors of the navigation, followed in another boat, to observe the operations. In twenty minutes he proceeded beyond the Pont-Royal, after having passed and re-passed under the arches, and landed opposite the Quay d'Orsay. There he made his land apparatus act, and roll the boat to the school of natation, which was the end of his expedition.

The inventor asserts that his machine will roll the boat on the land, or navigate it in the water with equal ease, and that neither motion is interrupted, nor is the velocity impeded. The boat may go with the wind, or

against it, and tack, ascend, and descend a river at pleasure, with greater rapidity than an ordinary boat.

Joe Miller, famous for the Jests published under his name.—Many have supposed that this humorous character only existed in the title-page of the Wit's Vade-Mecum, which was first published in 1739: but it appears, from good authority, that he was a comedian of some repute, though he was so illiterate, that he could scarcely read the parts which were allotted to him. The book was compiled after his death by some of his friends, who pretended that the jests were 'first carefully collected in the company, and many of them transcribed from the mouth, of the facetious gentleman whose name they bear;' but some are as old as the time of Plutarch.

Flattering Reply.—A young lady, who entertained a high opinion of her personal attractions, said to a gentleman (the collector of these varieties), 'Sir, you are so cold and insensible and unfriendly, that you are never disposed to pay me a compliment.'—'That (said her friend without hesitation) is absolutely unnecessary; for, whenever you are engaged at the toilette, your mirror pays you a high though silent compliment.' The lady smiled with evident self-complacency; and she never afterward rallied the gentleman upon his seeming inattention to those charms which he thus unexpectedly and cordially acknowleged.

A Sun-Stroke.—The same person, being at a social party, heard the master of the house refer to a letter which he had received from the late judge Hardinge, beginning with these words: —'*My dear Sun-Beam.*' The eccentric singularity of this address, said the host, so staggered him that he could not go on. 'Then,' his guest observed, 'it was a *coup de soleil* to you!' alluding to the sudden effect of the stroke of a vertical sun.

Punning.—A wit sarcastically observed, that a man who is in the habit of punning will not scruple to pick pockets. The remark was more ludicrous than appropriate. An obliquity of understanding may perhaps be shown by a constant desire of punning; but a pun, when it is applicable and not far-fetched, excites and promotes pleasantry.

A young Oxonian, when he returned from the university to his father's habitation, observed a breach in the roof, which admitted rain. He immediately exclaimed, 'Sir, I am glad to see that you are so hospitable.'—'Why,' said the father, 'do you now take notice of that circumstance?'—'I knew,' replied the son, 'that you always kept a good house; but now I perceive you keep an *open* house.'

The late chief justice, lord Ellenborough, relaxed his gravity, even on the bench, by an occasional pun. When a high-spirited tradesman was subjected to the ordeal of his court for sending a challenge, and threatening to post, in every coffee-house, the coward who refused to meet him in the field, the judge observed, that the defendant would act more in character by carefully *posting* his books, than by *posting* his friends or his neighbours who had the misfortune to offend him.

APHORISMS OR MAXIMS, AND PITHY SENTENCES.

MAN may be considered as a machine. The pursuit of happiness is his business or employment; virtue is his collection of instruments, and the goods of fortune are his materials. In proportion as the workman, the instruments, and the materials, excel, the work will be executed with greater skill and efficiency.

The difference between honor and honesty is chiefly in the motive. An

honest man does that from duty, which the man of honor does for the sake of character. True honor is, to ordinary honesty, what a court of equity is to common law.

Genius is a secret gift of the Deity, which the possessor displays unknown to himself.

As the charity mentioned by the apostle covers a multitude of sins, so good-breeding hides many faults. The ambitious, the covetous, the proud, the vain, the angry, the debauchee, are *all lost* in the character of the *well-bred man*. On the other hand (says the abbé de Bellegarde) ill-breeding is not a *single* defect. It is the result of *many*. It is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others the attention due to them. It is a *peevish malignity*, which inclines us to oppose the inclination of those with whom we converse; it is the consequence of a foolish vanity, which has no complaisance for any other person; the effect of a proud and whimsical humor, which soars above all the rules of civility; or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind, which pampers itself with a rude and disobliging behaviour.

He who runs after wit is apt to embrace folly.

The reason why fools so often succeed in their plans, is, that, never distrusting themselves, they always persevere.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth appear like falsehood.

Wit and good-nature are very frequently separated; but *taste* and *good-humor* are generally connected.

Poetry, and consumptions, are the most flattering of diseases.

The words *no more* have a singular pathos!—reminding us of past pleasure, and pointing to its eventual conclusion.

Hope is a flatterer, but the most upright of all parasites; for she frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his superior.

Every *good* poet includes a critic. The reverse will not hold.

We want a word to express the *Hospes* or *Hospita* of the Romans; among *them*, perhaps, the most respectable of characters. We translate them into *host*, which we also apply to an inn-keeper. Neither have we any word that will strictly express *amica*, as if we thought a woman somewhat more, or less, than a friend.

What an unfortunate necessity is it, in the constitution of man, that his understanding is scarcely matured, when the organs of his body begin to fail!

There are some persons, from whose conversation we retire with a thorough conviction of the existence of a *vacuum*.

It is a common complaint, that fortune rarely favors men of true worth. Lucian accounts for it by making the God of riches say, 'I am blind; and, as among men the rogues are more numerous than persons of an opposite description, is it a wonder that I should not be able to find the smaller number?'

True merit almost invariably produces envy, of which detraction and calumny are the ordinary consequences. These attacks, however, make no permanent impression: the darts are shaken off, like dew-drops from a lion's mane.

Beauty without virtue is like eloquence without sense or judgement.

More genuine courage is shown in refusing to accept a challenge, and defying the sneers of the profligate, than in hazarding your life for the preservation of imaginary honor. To fight a duel is the *acme* of absurdity, because it is not calculated to afford the desired satisfaction; and it is, at the same time, as inconsistent with religion, as it is repugnant to humanity.

Mad-men and fools, says Rochefou-

cault, see every thing through the medium of their humor: thus, if an ill-natured person is dissented from in a debate, as he can never imagine himself wrong, he sets his antagonist down for a fool, little suspecting that his hearers with greater propriety will form the same opinion of him.

An ill-tempered person is mostly addicted to slander; and, knowing the intemperance of his own thoughts, he seeks for hidden meanings, never meant: 'he sees more devils than all hell can hold.'

Openness and candor have been mistaken by subtle and designing men for want of capacity; yet we ought rather to consider honesty and honor as the surest concomitants of profound wisdom.

Many call him weak and fickle who changes his opinion, not reflecting that an alteration of circumstances will cause an alteration of sentiment. The Portuguese have a proverb on this subject: 'The wise man changes his opinion often, the fool never.'

The will of an ill-natured man is his law; his fist is his logic; he is generally envious, avaricious, always tyrannical, ambitious, and contemptuous; mostly ungrateful, illiberal, passionate, and treacherous; a bear in society, and a pest to his family. He is seldom a friend to any one; and his own misery not being problematical, he renders all around him as miserable as himself.

Every instance of the insincerity of a reputed friend increases our dependence on the efficacy of money, as we are inclined to covet what produces an external respect, when we are disappointed of that which is internal and sincere.

High spirit in a man is like a sword, which, though worn to annoy an enemy, is often troublesome in a less degree to a friend. He can hardly wear it so inoffensively, as not to alarm or incommode some of those with whom he associates.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS SCULLION; A NOVEL, BY CERVANTES.

An ingenious correspondent having recommended to our notice the minor productions of the author of Don Quixote, we endeavoured to procure a copy of the *Novelas Exemplares*; for so the writer styled those novels which, he intended, should afford a moral example; but, being disappointed in our search, we have borrowed, from a respectable monthly publication, an epitome of one of the twelve pieces comprised in the collection.

Two rich gentlemen, who were not only neighbours but friends, resided at Burgos. Their names were don Diego de Carriazo, and don John de Avendano. Each had a son: don Diego's was named after himself, and don John's was christened Thomas. Thomas Avendano had hardly attained the age of thirteen, before he began to show symptoms of a roving disposition; and he, soon after, privately left his father's house. He visited different cities in Spain, where he contrived to live by his wits: but fixed his head-quarters at a place on the Mediterranean coast, celebrated for a tunny-fishery, and called the Almadrabas of Zahara. There he took his degree as master of all arts, and as knave complete. After three years had elapsed, feeling a strong desire to revisit his native place, he bade adieu to his associates, promising to return in the following summer. His arrival at his father's house was hailed with joy by his friends and relatives. He told a fictitious tale of his travels, and all was forgotten. Among those who received him with open arms, not the least delighted was young Carriazo, with whom he soon contracted a strict friendship. To him he confided the whole story of his adventures, and painted, in such colors, the Almadrabas of Zahara, that his young friend besought him to concert measures that they might escape together to the 'rogue's domain.' This was not very difficult to effect. They pretended a

strong inclination to enter as students at Salamanca, and were provided by their kind parents with ample means, and despatched on the road to the seat of learning under the care of a tutor, accompanied by two servants. To both tutor and servants they gave the slip, when they reached Valladolid, leaving a short epistle behind them, in which they stated, that they had resolved to abandon letters, and follow the profession of arms; they added, that it was their intention to embark for Flanders. On arriving at Madrid, they sold their mules, disguised themselves in plain apparel, and proceeded toward Toledo. As they entered the town of Yllescas, they overheard two muleteers discoursing, one of whom was extolling the charms of a fair scullion, belonging to an inn at Toledo, called the Sevilian. So extravagant were his praises of her beauty, that they excited the curiosity of the two friends: accordingly, on reaching Toledo, the first object of their search was the sign of the Sevilian, which they soon found, and were admitted as lodgers, notwithstanding the meanness of their dress, pretending that they had been sent forward to await the arrival of their masters, who, they said, were two cavaliers of Burgos, traveling to Seville. When Constantia (for that was the name of the fair scullion) first made her appearance, Thomas Avendano was so bewitched, that he could not utter a word; and suddenly formed the resolution of remaining for a time at the inn. His companion, not liking to proceed on the journey alone, and willing to humor his caprice, proposed that he should fill the place of the hostler, who had just quitted his post, and offered to hire himself as water-carrier to the inn, under the name of Lope the Asturian. They easily persuaded the host to accept their services, until the arrival of their pretended masters, which, they said, might be for some time retarded. Carriazo, however, soon got into trouble, and afterwards into prison. On being released, the first question he asked of his friend Thomas, was respecting the progress he had made in gaining the affection of the fair scullion.

'Scullion, do you call Constantia, brother Lope?' replied Thomas; 'God forgive you, and bring you to a true sense of your error.' 'Is she not a scullion then?' rejoined the Asturian. 'I have yet to see her scour the first dish.' 'Never mind,' said Lope, 'if you have not yet seen her scour the first dish, provided you have seen her scour the second, or even the hundredth.' 'I tell you, brother,' answered Thomas, 'that she does not scour: she attends only to her duty, which is to take care of the plate; for there is a good deal in this house.' 'Why, then,' said Lope,' do they nickname her, throughout the city, the illustrious scullion, if her office is not to scour the dishes? But, doubtless, it must be because she scours plate, and not earthenware, that they give her that epithet of illustrious. Setting that aside, however, tell me, Thomas, how stand your hopes?'

Thomas declared that he was almost in despair, for that Constantia only replied to his protestations by casting her eyes on the ground. He still, however, continued his addresses; and, not content with making love, made verses also in her praise, which he inscribed in the book used for keeping the account of the corn, and then, tearing out the leaves, amused himself, at his leisure moments, with reading his compositions; but one unlucky morning, he was suddenly called away when he was employed in penning some stanzas: the host entered the stable in his absence, and, happening to cast his eyes on the book, which lay open by the loft, read as follows:

'Who is it that Love blesses?
  Who ne'er confesses.
Who triumphs o'er his pains?
  Who ne'er complains
Who finds his joys complete?
  Who scorns retreat.
Thus may I hope at length to gain
All that my soul would fain obtain,
If, till the lovely prize be won,
I tell not, faint not—love still on.

'How is Love nourished?
With smiles 'tis fed.
What keeps its ardour down?
An unkind frown.
Will it from frowns arise?
O no! it dies.
Then clearly is reserv'd for me
Of love an immortality,
Since she, who causes all my pain,
Shows neither favor nor disdain.

'What can despair supply?
One hope—to die.
What death can cure such ills?
That which—half kills.
Is it then best to die.
No, still to try;
For truly does the proverb say,
That when the storm has pass'd away,
A milder, calmer sky appears:
So smiles, Love's sunshine! follow tears.

'Shall I my love declare?
When hope looks fair.
Will hope look fairer still?
O yes, it will.
Death yet meanwhile may come!
So let it come;
For, gazing on Constantia's eyes,
Though all my hopes should find a tomb,
'Tis luxury to breathe ev'n sighs.

Shocked at this offence, the host ran with the book to his wife. They consulted together, and at length questioned Constantia, who denied that Thomas, the hostler, had ever made love to her. The host was inclined to turn him out of doors at once; but his wife over-ruled this, and, by her advice, he replaced the book where he had found it, determined to watch the conduct of the offender very narrowly for the future. Thomas returned to the stable, and, finding his verses where he had left them, tore them out of the book, little suspecting into whose hands they had fallen. Constantia and he had not yet exchanged a word; but, shortly after, she came to him, and, complaining much of the toothache, asked if he could furnish her with a remedy. He said he would give her a prayer, which, if gotten by heart, would effect a thorough cure. Retiring to his room, he brought from it a paper, which he put into her hands. Constantia went into the house, and, opening the paper, read as follows:

'Mistress of my soul! I am a gentleman, born at Burgos, and, if I should chance to survive my father, heir to an estate of two thousand ducats a year. Having heard the report of your beauty, which is rumored far and wide, I left my country, disguised myself, and, in the dress in which you now see me, came to throw myself at your feet. If you will be mine, on the only terms consistent with your virtue, revolve in your mind what proofs you would require me to give you that all which I say is true; and, when you are convinced of that, if my offer meets your approval, I will marry you; and, in obtaining you for my wife, I shall consider myself the happiest man in the world. All that I entreat of you at present is, not wholly to cast off affection so ardent and so pure as mine; for, if your master should hear of my passion, and not believe its sincerity, he will banish me from your presence, which will be the same as condemning me to death. Let me live in your sight, until you have the means of convincing yourself of the truth of what I tell you, considering, that he who has committed no other fault than that of adoring you with his eyes, does not merit so severe a punishment. You may reply to this without awakening the suspicions of those who are continually gazing on you: for your looks are to me so expressive, that, whilst an angry one would kill me, a kind one would revive me.'

Whilst Constantia was reading the paper, the heart of Thomas was agitated, between the fear of a sentence of death, and the hope of a restoration to life. She soon re-entered; and whether or not the perturbation, excited by meeting with what she so little expected, added fresh lustre to her beauty, she certainly never appeared so lovely. She had torn the paper, and, holding the pieces in her hand, she said to Thomas, who was so confounded that he could hardly stand:

'Friend Thomas, this prayer of your's has more the appearance of witchcraft and deception, than of a pious supplication: so I will put no

faith in it, nor make any use of it; and I have therefore torn it, that it may not be seen by any one more credulous than myself. Learn prayers of another sort, for such as this will do you no good.'

So speaking, she returned into the house, leaving Thomas in great perplexity, but somewhat comforted by the reflection that she now knew his secret, and that, as she had not acquainted his master with it, he should not be turned out of doors.

Lope, the Asturian, had, in the mean time, gone to purchase an ass, in order to commence his new trade. Whilst he was bargaining with a gypsey, a lad, who was passing by, offered to sell him one at a cheaper rate. He followed the lad to a spot where several water-carriers were standing, and observed an ass, which was highly extolled by all present. The bargain was concluded for the purchase of the animal, and Lope paid sixteen ducats to the owner, who said that he wanted the money to pay his expenses to his own country, where he had engaged to marry a distant relative.

Whilst this was passing, four other water-carriers were playing a game at cards, stretched at their ease on the ground, which served them instead of a table, their cloaks being substitutes for a green-cloth. The Asturian stopped to observe them, and remarked that they played more like archdeacons than water-carriers; for each had for his stock more than a hundred reals in silver and copper. At length one lost all, and, if another had not gone into partnership with him, he would have become bankrupt. The two partners continued to lose in company, till, all their money being gone, they desisted and arose. The ass-vender, seeing this, said, if a fourth could be found, he should like to play, but that he disliked a three-handed game. The Asturian, who was like sugar, which never spoils pottage, as they say in Italy, offered to make a fourth. They [illegible]iately took their seats, com[illegible] the game with spirit, and, as they chose to play for money rather than time, Lope very shortly found himself six crowns minus; and, feeling his pockets empty, offered to play for his ass. They accepted the offer, and began by staking a fourth part of the value of the ass, proposing to play for a quarter of it a time. Lope's ill-luck still continuing, he lost four games successively, and with them the four quarters of his beast, the person of whom he had purchased it being the gainer; who, rising to take possession of his winnings, was stopped by the Asturian, and reminded that he had only won the four quarters of the ass and not the tail, which he (Lope) demanded to have restored to him that he might go his way. This demand of the tail excited great merriment amongst the company, and some, learned in the law, were of opinion that it was an unfair demand, observing, that, when a sheep or other animal is sold, the tail is not separated from the carcass, but given in with one of the hind quarters. To this Lope replied, that the butchers in Barbary usually divide the animal into five parts, whereof the tail constitutes the fifth portion; and, when the said butchers cut up the beast, they account the tail of equal value with either of the quarters: and, as to giving the tail into the bargain, he allowed that such was the custom, when the animal was sold alive and not quartered; but he objected, that his ass was not sold but played for, and affirmed that it never was his intention to stake the tail; therefore he insisted that it should be restored to him on the instant, with all thereunto appertaining, commencing from the brain, and including the back-bone, even to the last hair at the end. He maintained this demand in such a resolute tone, clapping his hand all the while on the hilt of his dagger, that the water-carriers stood in suspense, and were at a loss what to do; at length one of them proposed that they should play another game, and that he should stake the tail against one of the other quarters. This was agreed to, and

Lope gained the game; his antagonist was piqued—staked a second quarter, which Lope likewise won—a third, and then a fourth, with the same success, till Lope gained the whole of his ass back again. His adversary then offered to play for money, which Lope at first refused, but, being pressed, consented, and that likewise he won, leaving the intended bridegroom without a single maravedi to pursue his journey. The poor fellow, in despair, cast himself on the ground; but Lope liberally returned him all his money, and even the price of the ass, for which generosity he was loudly applauded by the by-standers, who followed him in a crowd to his home.

The affair became a general topic of conversation, and caused so much mirth and astonishment, that two days had scarcely elapsed, when, as he was going about selling water, he saw himself pointed at with the following exclamation: 'That is the water-carrier who owned the tail of the ass.'

The boys, laying down their ears at this, learned the whole story, and Lope no sooner showed his face in the streets, than they cried from all quarters: 'Asturian, give up the tail.' Finding himself assailed so loudly by so many tongues at once, he spoke not a word, hoping by his silence to stop this torrent of impertinence; but the more silent he remained, the more did the boys continue to cry out, till at length his patience was converted into rage. He then alighted and labored about him with his stick; which was like bruising powder and then setting fire to it, or cutting off the Hydra's head; for, as fast as he knocked one boy down, not seven only, but seven hundred arose in his stead, who, with still greater frequency and importunity, cried out to him to give up the tail. At last he was glad to betake himself to his lodgings, till the evil planet should pass over his head, and that provoking demand of the tail should be effaced from the boys' memories.

He soon, however, repaired to his friend Thomas, who advised him not to go about the streets on his ass, or at least to choose those that were the least frequented, and, if that should be of no avail, to give up the trade of water-carrier.

[*To be continued.*]

ON BEAUTY.

BEAUTY, as it depends so much upon idea and difference of taste, can never be defined in a manner truly satisfactory to all parties. While some insist that it depends not upon a certain set of features, others declare that it is composed of true harmony and proportion. It has been rendered intricate, whereas it is one of the most simple of all ideas: it is only keeping close to nature, and every difficulty in its composition will be lost. Hogarth's principles of beauty are, fitness, variety, uniformity, simplicity, intricacy, and quantity; but, according to Mr. Burke, its requisites are smallness, smoothness, variety in the direction of the parts, delicacy without strength, and colors clear and bright.

Beauty may be divided into two departments; the sublime, and what may be styled the harmonic: they are totally different from each other in effect, and are the peculiar distinctions of the two sexes. In proportion as the male partakes of the harmonic, so much does he lose in dignity; and the more the female acquires of the sublime, the more she loses in sweetness and delicacy.

Strict proportion, the first principle of the sublime, is seldom seen, except in pictures and statues, and, being the result more of reason than of nature, is more applicable to the reflecting sex. Mr. Burke, in reasoning by analogy, led himself into a gross error in supposing that proportion was not a real cause of beauty, whereas, in the sublime order, it is the most distinguishing point. Beauty, rightly defined, is symmetry of parts. Expression is likewise a grand assistant: it

was the error of Guido to be so extremely solicitous in attiring his figures with beauty (cold and artificial) that he rarely consulted the temper or disposition of his subject, and thereby rendered most of his pieces insipid and unintelligible to the mind's eye, by their want of expression. The forehead is the throne of majesty; the eye and eyebrows are the seats of expression. Without this requisite, even symmetry loses its effect;

> For what are all
> The forms which brute unconscious matter wears,
> Greatness of bulk or symmetry of parts?
> Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
> The superficial impulse; dull their charms,
> And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
>
> AKENSIDE.

Grace is analogous to elegance; it may be called elegance in grandeur, and consists in that fitness of doing certain things, so seldom acquired, and belongs to attitude and motion. In this, more than any other, the sublime connects itself with the harmonic, and, by blending the austere graces of Michael Angelo with the more soft and finished coloring of Titian, renders the possessor more agreeable to the delicate taste of the softer sex.

The harmonic consists in shape, smoothness, and color. The beauty of shape consists in its symmetry, the proper disposition of every part, and a judicious melting into an entire whole. The figure rather inclining to the diminutive than to height: the head small, the neck straight, flexible and rather long, increasing in size and whiteness toward the bosom: the bosom well divided, the breasts rising gently, round and firm, and their natural whiteness heightened by a few blue swelling veins; the shoulders gently spread, with some appearance of strength; the sides long, and the hips rather wider than the shoulders, gradually rounding and tapering to the knee; the knee even, and the leg straight, yet varying with the just swelling of the calf, and descending with a quick turn toward the feet, the smallness of which is their chief beauty*.

Smoothness is particularly requisite in the harmonic, as it gives an air of delicacy to the most ill-made form.

The effect of color is so imposing, that, with some, it is synonymous with beauty. The variety of color is in the head and face; the beauty of the rest of the body is in its uniformity of white. To begin with the hair:—the color of the hair is according to taste; and its length is subject to the same ordeal. Although black hair is particularly calculated to set off the whiteness of the skin, the preference is frequently given to a light brown, full, and carelessly waving in unpremeditated ringlets.

The forehead should be small, smooth, and open, with a gentle rise, and the eye-brows, formed by nature to protect the eye, well divided, broad, and freely, not stiffly, arched.

The eye, speaking a language more delicate than the tongue, should be full of expressive eloquence, and either blue, hazel, or black: its beauty consists chiefly in its languor or briskness. A blue eye has more sweetness and delicacy; the others have more vivacity and expression. When once the languid eye makes itself understood, its expressions are deep and lasting; the others, surprising by their splendor, and dazzling by their vivacity, lose the effect by the quickness of the cause.

The cheeks require to be soft and plump, with an air of delicate health richly tinted with a vermilion hue.

The nose should be placed exactly in the centre of the face, mounting abruptly, with a rising upon its top scarcely perceptible.

The teeth and lips form the beauty of the mouth. The teeth should be

* Let not our modest readers suppose, that these allusions have any indelicate tendency. We are speaking, philosophically and scientifically, of the constituents of beauty. We have no more indecent views than the sculptor of the Medicean Venus.

rather long, narrow, and highly polished: the lips pouting, with a living redness. It is in the lips, as Ariosto says,

That those soft words are form'd, whose power detains
Th' obdurate soul in love's alluring chains;
'Tis here the smiles receive their infant birth,
Whose sweets reveal a paradise on earth.

COURTS OF LOVE.

When the Troubadours wandered over Europe, singing to the harp the praises of the idolised fair, and reciting tales of heroism and chivalry, various points of love and gallantry gave rise to disputes, which were not easily settled without the animosity of contest. Courts were therefore instituted, for the decision of these *weighty* points. Some lady, distinguished by rank and beauty, associated to herself a competent number of other judges, sometimes amounting to sixteen or twenty. André the Chaplain mentions, among others, the courts of the ladies of Gascony, of Ermengarde viscountess of Narbonne, and of the queen Eleanor. This princess was married to Louis VII. of France, called the Young, and afterward to our Henry II. Before these awful and lovely tribunals, the rival poets used to appear in person, and plead their cause; and the proceedings, in all probability, very nearly resembled those of the courts of justice at that time, where all the pleadings were *ore tenus*, or conducted in open court without the intervention of writing. These compositions were called *Tensons*, apparently because they arose from *contention*; and the judgements were styled *les arrêts d'amour*. André has given us a collection of the principal rules by which these judicatures were guided, and which are said by him to have been revealed to a Breton knight in the following manner. The champion, wandering through a thick forest, in hopes of encountering the great Arthur, was met by a fair lady, who thus addressed him:—' I know whom you seek; but your search is vain without my aid. You have sought the love of a Breton lady, and she requires you to procure for her the celebrated falcon, which reposes on a perch in the court of Arthur. To obtain this bird, you must prove in combat the superior charms of the lady of your heart over those of the mistress of every knight in the court of that prince.' A number of romantic adventures follow. At last, the knight finds the falcon on a perch of gold: a paper is suspended to the perch by a golden chain; this paper contained the code of love, which it was necessary for the knight to promulgate before he could bear away the falcon as a prize.

This code of erotic law was presented to a tribunal composed of many brilliant and beautiful judges. It was adopted by them, and ordered to be observed by all the suitors of their court, under heavy penalties. It contained thirty-one articles, of which we shall give a few:

1. Marriage is no excuse against another attachment. 2. He, who knows not how to conceal, knows not how to love. 3. No one can love two persons at a time. 4. Love must always increase or diminish. 16. At the sudden appearance of his mistress, the heart of a true lover trembles. 23. A true lover must *eat and sleep sparingly*. 28. A moderate presumption is sufficient to produce suspicion in the mind of a lover. 30. The image of his mistress is present, without intermission, to the mind of a true lover.

It does not clearly appear what were the sanctions of these laws, or by what process the courts of love enforced obedience to their decisions. Perhaps many of the cases, which came within their cognizance, were merely fictions of the imagination, for the purpose of displaying the poetical talents of the advocates, and the wit and beauty of the judges. M. Raynouard, however, seems to consider these tribunals as possessed of the power of enforcing their decrees, not indeed by the exertion of force, but by the stronger

agency of opinion—of opinion, which permitted not a knight to enjoy tranquillity in the bosom of his family, while his peers were waging war beyond the seas—of opinion, which compels the gamester to pay a debt of honor with the money, for want of which an industrious tradesman is starving—of opinion, which does not permit a man to refuse a challenge, though the law has designated it a crime—of opinion, before the influence of which even tyrants tremble.

It is, however, very questionable, whether this powerful influence could ever be called into action in any instance; for in the questions, which were propounded for the consideration of the judges, the names of the parties do not appear to have been introduced, and, therefore, it was impossible to direct the anathemas of the court against any particular individual. The Troubadours, who pleaded the cause, generally appeared only in the character of advocates. In André's history, the parties to the cause are merely designated by a *quidam* or *quædam*. We shall give some of the cases, with the decisions of the lady-judges, for the edification of our fair readers, especially those who are casuistically and coquettishly inclined.

Case. A knight betrothed to a lady had been long absent beyond the seas. She waited in vain for his return, and his friends, at last, began to despair of it. Impatient of this delay, she found a new lover. The secretary of the absent knight, indignant at the infidelity of the lady, opposed this new passion. Her defence was this:—'Since a widow, after two years of mourning, may receive a new lover; much more may she, whose betrothed husband, in his absence, has sent her no token of remembrance or fidelity, though he had the means of transmitting it.'

This question occasioned long debates, and it was argued in the court of the Countess of Champagne. The judgement was delivered thus:—'A lady is not justified in renouncing her lover, under the pretext of his long absence, unless she has certain proof that his fidelity has been violated, and his duty forgotten. There is, however, no legal cause of absence, but necessity, or the most honorable call. Nothing should give a woman's heart more delight than to hear, in lands far distant from the scene of his achievements, the renown of her lover's name, and the reverence in which he is held by the warlike and the noble. The circumstance of his having refrained from despatching a messenger, or a token of his love, may be explained on prudential reasons, since he may have been unwilling to trust the secret of his heart to every stranger's keeping; for, though he had confided his despatches to a messenger, who might not have been able to comprehend them, yet, by the wickedness of that emissary, or by his death on the journey, the secret of his love might be revealed.'

ORIGIN OF THE PROVERBIAL PHRASE —THE GREY MARE IS THE BETTER HORSE.

AN English gentleman, having married a young lady who was handsome, accomplished, and rich, expected to reap the harvest of matrimonial felicity; but he soon found that she was of a high domineering spirit, always contending to be mistress of him and his family; and he therefore resolved to part with her. He went to her father, and told him, he found his daughter of such a temper, and was so heartily tired of her, that, if he could replace her in her former home, he would return every penny of her fortune. The old gentleman, having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was a common case with them all, and consequently no more than he ought to have expected. The husband said he was so far from giving

his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a very intractable spirit; and certainly no man, who had a due sense of right and wrong, would ever submit to be governed by his wife. 'Son,' said the old man, 'you are little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all indeed by the same method: however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness them to a cart, in which I will put a basket containing one hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you shall find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbours: if, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune.'

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected, the young man, therefore, set out with great eagerness, to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife.

At the first house that he saw, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go to the door; here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making farther inquiry: at the next he met with something of the same kind; and at every ordinary house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone. When he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county, he knocked at the door, and, inquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant, that his master was not yet stirring, but that his lady was in the parlour. The wife, with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said, if his business was very urgent, she would wake her husband to let him know it, but would much rather not disturb him. 'Really, madam,' said he, 'my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me: you will, doubtless, think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for a stranger to be so free: but, as a great wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. What I wish to know is this—whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you.'—'Indeed, sir,' replied the lady, 'that is an odd question; but, as I think no one ought to be ashamed of acting rightly, I shall not scruple to say, that I have been always proud to obey my husband in all things: but, if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me; for here he comes.'

The gentleman at that moment entered the room, and confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favor: upon which he was requested to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept it as a present. A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most; but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle: her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be the most useful to them; but madam still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. 'What,' said she, 'and will you not take her then? But I say you shall; *for I am sure the grey mare is much the better horse.*'—'Well, my dear,' replied the husband, 'if you will have it so, I must give way.'—'You must take an egg,' replied the gentleman carter, and I must take all my horses back, and endeavour to live in peace and harmony with my wife.'

ON THE FIRST INTRODUCTION OF FEMALES UPON THE STAGE.

It is not a little remarkable, that two of the most attractive features in modern dramatic representation were introduced at the same time, and that at a period much later than is generally imagined. We allude to the use of scenes and decorations, and the still greater improvement, that of assigning to females their proper characters. Sir William Davenant, to whom the stage has been largely indebted, first introduced scenes at the Duke's old Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the restoration of Charles II, and they were soon after used in the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane; about the same time, women were taught to act their own parts in plays, which had hitherto been personated by men; and we have an account of several performers who particularly distinguished themselves in this line of acting, before the suppression of the theatre during the puritanical authority of the commonwealth; among the men who were the most remarkable for their apparent effeminacy, was Stephen Hammerton, who is said to have been 'a most noted and beautiful woman actor,' and who played at Blackfriars in the age immediately succeeding Shakespeare. Two men of the names of Hart and Clun, who had been bred up to the stage, also played women's characters; Hart played the Duchess in the Cardinal, and one Burt also distinguished himself as Clariana, in Love's Cruelty. Alexander Goffe, the jackall of the poor players, during the suppression, was also a 'woman actor.'

These male representatives of the softer sex, occasioned some inconvenience; and a ludicrous anecdote is related, that occurred when Charles II visited the theatre; the performance not commencing at the usual time, 'the merry monarch, scandalous and poor,' sent to know the reason of the delay, when the manager came [illegible] and begged the indulgence of his majesty for a few minutes, as 'the queen was not yet shaved.'

To us, there appears something so repulsive in the exhibition of boys or men personating female characters, that one cannot conceive how they could ever have been tolerated as a substitute for the spontaneous grace, the melting voice, and the soothing looks of a female, without undergoing so unnatural a metamorphosis, that it was quite impossible to give the tenderness of a woman, to any perfection of feeling, in a personating male; and to this cause may we not attribute that the female characters have never been made chief personages among our elder poets, as they would assuredly have done, but they knew the male actor could not have sufficiently affected the audience. A poet who lived in Charles II's day, and who has written a prologue to Othello, to introduce the first actress on our stage, has humorously touched on this gross absurdity:—

> 'Our women are defective, and so sized,
> You'd think they were some of the guard disguised;
> For, to speak truth, men act, that are between
> Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
> With brows so large, and nerve so uncompliant,
> When you call *Desdemona*—enter *Giant*.'

Yet, at this time, absurd custom had so prevailed over sense, that Tom Nash, in his Pierce Pennilesse, commends our stage for not having, as they had abroad, women-actors, or 'courtezans,' as he calls them; and, even so late as in 1660, when women were first introduced on our stage, endless are the apologies for the *indecorum* of this novel usage! Such are the difficulties which occur even in forcing bad customs to return to nature; and so long it takes to infuse into the multitude a little common sense! It is even probable that this happy revolution originated from mere necessity, rather than from choice; for the boys who had been trained to act female characters before the rebellion, during the suspension of the theatre, had grown too masculine to resume their tender

office at the restoration, and, as the same poet observes,—

> 'Doubting we should never play agen,
> We have played all our *women* into *men*.'

So that the introduction of women was the mere result of necessity: hence arose all these apologies for the most natural ornament of the stage.

The first actress, whose name we meet with on the London stage, was Mrs. Hughes, who, we find, played Desdemona at Drury-lane, in 1663, and it is not improbable that she was the first female player; but, whatever reluctance there might have been to introduce females on the stage, they became immediately too attractive to be discontinued, and an old writer says, 'we have seen at both houses (Drury-lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields) several excellent actresses justly famed, as well for beauty as perfect good action.'

We have been led to notice this subject from the circumstance of two pieces being now played at the London theatres entirely by females; this, however, though a novelty to us, is by no means without a precedent, for our ancestors had not long witnessed the advantages of female performers, when some plays were represented entirely by women, as they had formerly been by men, in particular the *Parson's Wedding*, a comedy, by Killigrew, which, on its revival, was wholly enacted by females, although there were seven male and six female characters in the piece, exclusive of servants, &c.

A modern writer has discovered a serious danger in female acting, and, although he does not appear to wish to suppress it, he would, we suspect, reduce it under such restrictions as to deprive it of all its charms. M. Porée, in his oration on the stage, made in the Jesuits' College, in Paris, in 1733, makes the following complaint against female players:—

'They indeed don't form the deadly shafts of Cupid, but then they level them with the eye, and shoot with the utmost dexterity and skill. Such women I mean as represent destructive love characters. Don't these appear on the stage, equipped with shafts of every kind, and perfectly instructed to kill? How artfully do they hurl the most inconsiderable dart! What multitudes are wounded by a single javelin!'

What poor M. Porée would have said had he lived to see the present performance at the English Opera, where there are no less than seven ladies on the stage at once, we cannot conjecture!

Female performers were first introduced by Sir William Davenant, at his New Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was opened in the spring of 1662, with the Siege of Rhodes, as we are informed by Downes, in his 'Roscius Anglicanus,' who, being prompter there 44 years, from the time of its opening, is likely to be correct in his statements. According to him, the parts were thus cast:—

'Mr. Betterton acted Solyman the Magnificent; Mr Harris, Alphonso; Mr. Lilliston, Villerius, the grand master; Mr. Blagden, the Admiral; Mrs. Davenport, Roxalana; Mrs. Saunderson, Jane:' the 'which latter lady,' according to Malone, 'is reported to have been the first woman that appeared on an English stage. She afterwards became Mrs. Betterton. Mrs. Hughes, indeed, did not appear at this house, nor at the Drury-lane theatre, which was opened by Killigrew 'on Thursday in Easter week, being the 8th day of April, 1663,' until ten plays had been performed. 'The Moor of Venice,' in the dramatis personæ of which she is first named, is the eleventh in Downe's Catalogue; and the first, 'the Humourous Lieutenant,' was performed twelve successive nights. Malone informs us that scenes were first employed by Sir W. D. at the Cock-pit in Drury-lane, 1658, during the Protectorate: 'not indeed in a play, but in an entertainment entitled, 'the Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru,' expressed by vocal and instrumental music, and

by art of representation in scenes—a daily representation which Cromwell permitted from his hatred to the Spaniards, though he had prohibited all other theatrical entertainments.'

NARRATIVE OF THE OPERATIONS AND RECENT DISCOVERIES WITHIN THE PYRAMIDS, TEMPLES, TOMBS, AND EXCAVATIONS, IN EGYPT AND NUBIA; BY G. BELZONI.

The wonders of Egypt have long excited the studious attention of the European nations. The unfathomable antiquity of the pyramids, the stupendous grandeur of other works of art, and the remarkable appearances and productions of nature in that region, have been frequent objects of research and inquiry. Among the late adventurers whom no apprehensions of danger could deter, Belzoni, a native of Padua, claims the most honorable mention, for his instinctive sagacity and indefatigable zeal. Accompanied by a lady whom he had married in England, and whose courage qualified her to be his companion, he repaired to Egypt, where (to use his own words) he 'succeeded in opening one of the two famous pyramids of Ghizeh, as well as several of the tombs of the kings of Thebes;' one of which, supposed to be the tomb of Psammuthis, 'is at this moment the most perfect and splendid monument in that country.'

When he beheld the ruins of Thebes, he was astonished and delighted.

'The most sublime ideas (he says) that can be formed from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very incorrect picture of these ruins; for such is the difference, not only in magnitude, but in form, proportion, and construction, that even the pencil can convey but a faint idea of the whole. It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence. The temple of Luxor presents to the traveller at once one of the most splendid groups of Egyptian grandeur. The extensive propylæon, with the two obelisks, and colossal statues in the front; the thick groups of enormous columns; the variety of apartments and the sanctuary it contains; the beautiful ornaments which adorn every part of the walls and columns, described by Mr. Hamilton; cause in the astonished traveller an oblivion of all that he has seen before. If his attention be attracted to the north side of Thebes by the towering remains, that project a great height above the wood of palm-trees, he will gradually enter that forest-like assemblage of ruins of temples, columns, obelisks, colossi, sphynxes, portals, and an endless number of other astonishing objects, that will convince him at once of the impossibility of a description. On the west side of the Nile, still the traveller finds himself among wonders. The temples of Gournou, Memnonium, and Medinet Aboo, attest the extent of the great city on this side. The unrivalled colossal figures in the plains of Thebes, the number of tombs excavated in the rocks, those in the great valley of the kings, with their paintings, sculptures, mummies, sarcophagi, figures, &c. are all objects worthy of the admiration of the traveller, who will not fail to wonder how a nation, which was once so great as to erect these stupendous edifices, could so far fall into oblivion, that even their language and writing are totally unknown to us.'

Ascending the Nile, he passed the beautiful Isle of Philoe, and proceeded to the temples of Ybsambul. These are described as being hewn out of the solid rock; the larger has one figure of an enormous size, with only the head and shoulders projecting out of the sand, but beautifully executed. On the upper part, or frieze of the temple, was a line of hieroglyphics which covered the whole front; and, above this, a range of figures, in a sitting posture, twice as large as life.

On his way to the second cataract of the Nile, he crossed over to the isle

of Maniarty, which, from the singular description of its inhabitants, deserves notice:

'We saw fires and people at a distance; but when we arrived, we could not find any one. Their huts were left with all they had, which consisted only of dry dates, and a kind of paste made of the same, which they kept in large vases of clay baked in the sun, and covered with baskets made of palm-leaves. A baking-stove and a mat to sleep on were the whole of their furniture. They had pots and leathern bags to bring water from the Nile for their lands. Their settlement consisted of four men and seven women, with two or three children. They have no communication with the main land, except when the water is low; for, at any other time, the current, being immediately under the cataract, is so rapid, as to render it impossible to ford it; and boats never go to these islands, seldom passing farther than Wady Halfa. They are poor but happy: knowing nothing of the enticing luxuries of the world, and resting content with what Providence supplies as the reward of their industry. There are a few sheep and goats, which furnish them with milk all the year round: and the few spots of land they have are well cultivated, producing a little dhourra, which forms their yearly stock of provision. The wool they spin into yarn; wind the threads round little stones, and thus suspend them to a long stick, fixed in an horizontal position between two trees, to form a warp; and, by passing another thread alternately between these, fabricate a kind of coarse cloth, with which they cover the lower parts of their bodies.'

In another journey to Upper Egypt, he was still more successful in his investigations. He proceeded with Mr. Beechey to Carnak, and examined at his leisure the superb ruins which he there found. In a distant view of them (he says,)—'nothing can be seen but the towering *propylæa*, high portals, and obelisks, which project above the various groups of lofty palm-trees, and even at a distance announce magnificence. On approaching the avenue of sphinxes, which leads to the great temple, the visitor is inspired with devotion and piety: their enormous size strikes him with wonder and respect to the Gods, to whom they were dedicated. They represent lions with heads of rams, the symbols of strength and innocence, the power and purity of the Gods. Advancing farther in the avenue, there stand before it towering *propylæa*, which lead to inner courts, where immense *colossi* are seated at each side of the gate, as if guarding the entrance to the holy ground. Still farther on was the magnificent temple dedicated to the great God of the creation. It was the first time that I entered it alone, without being interrupted by the noise of the Arabs, who never leave the traveller an instant. The sun was rising, and the long shades from the various groups of columns extended over these ruins, intermixed with the rays of light striking on these masses in various directions, formed such delightful views all round as baffled description. I was lost in contemplation of so many objects; and, being alone in such a place, my mind was impressed with ideas of such solemnity, that for some time I was unconscious whether I were on terrestrial ground, or in some other planet.

'I had seen the temple of Tentyra, and I still acknowlege that nothing can exceed that edifice in point of preservation, and in the beauty of its workmanship and sculpture; but here I was lost in a mass of colossal objects, every one of which was more than sufficient in itself alone to attract my whole attention. How can I describe my sensations at that moment? I seemed alone in the midst of all that is most sacred in the world; a forest of enormous columns, adorned all round with beautiful figures, and various ornaments, from the top to the bottom; the graceful shape of the lotus, which forms their capitals, and

is so well proportioned to the columns, that it gives to the view the most pleasing effect; the gates, the walls, the pedestals, and the architraves, also adorned in every part with symbolical figures, in basso relievo and intaglio, representing battles, processions, triumphs, feasts, offerings, and sacrifices, all relating, no doubt, to the ancient history of the country; the sanctuary, wholly formed of fine red granite, with the various obelisks standing before it, proclaiming to the distant passenger, 'Here is the seat of holiness;' the high portals, seen at a distance from the openings to this vast labyrinth of edifices; the various groups of ruins of the other temples within sight; these altogether had such an effect upon my soul, as to separate me in imagination from the rest of mortals, exalt me over all, and cause me to forget entirely the trifles and follies of life.'

The caverns of Gournou, at the foot of the Libyan mountains, next occupied his attention; and his ardent curiosity induced him to penetrate into those abysses. The sepulchres consist of various-sized chambers cut out of the solid rock, and are to be entered only by means of narrow low-roofed passages of considerable length, from 20 feet to between 500 and 600 yards. The natives, it seems, are particularly cautious of admitting strangers into these subterraneous recesses; indeed, the difficulty of penetration might deter any one from the attempt who does not possess an ardent curiosity in research, and a body capable of supporting that peril and fatigue which must be encountered by all who attempt to explore them. The suffocating air, which often causes fainting; the quantity of fine dust which rises, threatening to choke the nostrils, mouth, and lungs; together with the disagreeable effluvia of the mummies, the falling-in of sand in some places, the keen pointed stones in others, and the continual contact with heads, legs, and arms, rags and wooden cases, altogether form a scene astonishing and indescribable.

Belzoni's permanent residence in Thebes was the cause of his success in this particular. He had an opportunity of watching the movements of the natives when they were digging in search of new tombs, and acquired a familiarity with them, which in time induced them to abate much of their caution; otherwise, when a stranger is present, they carefully conceal their operations: and, if he should be curious enough to wish to examine a tomb, they seem willing to show him one immediately, but only conduct him to some of the old tombs, where nothing is to be seen but the empty grottoes in which mummies were formerly deposited, or some half-plundered ones, which give a poor idea of the real tombs.

The people of Gournou live in such caves as have already been opened, and, by making partitions with earthen walls, they form habitations for themselves, as well as for their cows, camels, buffaloes, sheep, goats, dogs, &c.; and, strange as it may appear, although they have at their disposal a great quantity of all sorts of bricks, which are to be found in every part of Gournou from the surrounding tombs, they have never built for themselves a single house. They are idle, destitute of all religion, and appear to be the most unruly people in Egypt. They demand an exorbitant price for pieces of antiquity, and will not part with any unless they can obtain the sum required; for it is a fixed point in their minds that the Franks would not be so liberal unless the articles were worth ten times as much as they pay for them. They are in general true to each other, especially in cheating strangers; but, when an opportunity occurs, they have no hesitation in defrauding one another.

At Carnak, Belzoni was so fortunate as to discover a line of sphinxes. Of the fragments, there were probably twenty; but only five were in

good preservation. Among them was a sitting figure of a young man, nearly of the size of life, of grey granite; the face and arms were in good condition, but the chest and lower parts were quite decayed, and the bust detached from the rest of the body. In the same place were discovered two smaller sitting figures of red granite; an irregularly-shaped stone, divided by lines into small chequers, each of which contained a hieroglyphic. Our author was now perfectly at home in every part of Thebes, and was known by all the Arabs there. Under circumstances so favorable, he became acquainted with the manner in which the Egyptians regulated their burial-places, and the diverse methods which the ancients employed for embalming the bodies according to the wealth or rank of the deceased. He gives a minute and interesting account of the various operations, and of the vases and earthen ornaments deposited with them. In some were found pieces of leaf-gold, beaten nearly as thin as ours; it appeared exceedingly pure, and of a finer color than our own. But what is remarkable, when we consider the warlike nature of the Egyptians, he only discovered one arrow during all his researches; this was two feet long: at one extremity it had a copper point well fixed in it, and at the other the usual notch for receiving the bow-string.

The art of painting was little known to the Egyptians, and their colors were few; nevertheless they displayed great taste in the disposition of them, and produced a much greater effect in softening and blending their tints, than might be expected from their scanty materials. They knew little or nothing of perspective, and all that was done was in profile. As they had no color by which they could imitate the living flesh, they adopted the red for that purpose.

A domestic picture will serve to diversify the scene, amidst these allusions to antiquities. 'The laborer (says our adventurer) comes home in the evening, seats himself near his cave, smokes his pipe with his companions, and talks of the last inundation of the Nile, its products, and what the ensuing season is likely to be. His old wife brings him the usual bowl of lentils and bread moistened with water and salt; and, when she can add a little butter, it is a feast. Knowing nothing beyond this, he is happy. The young man's business is to accumulate the amazing sum of a hundred piastres (two pounds and ten shillings) to buy himself a wife, and to make a feast on the wedding day. If he have any children, they want no clothing: he leaves them to themselves till mother Nature pleases to teach them to work, to gain money enough to buy a shirt or some other rag to cover themselves; for, while they are children, they are generally naked or covered with rags. The parents are roguishly cunning, and the children are schooled by their example, so that it becomes a matter of course to cheat strangers. Would any one believe that in such a state of life luxury and ambition exist? If any woman be destitute of jewels, she is poor, and looks with envy on one more fortunate than herself, who perhaps has the worth of half-a-crown round her neck; and she who has a few glass beads, or some sort of coarse coral, a couple of silver brooches, or rings at her arms and legs, is considered as truly rich and great. Some of them are as complete coquettes, in their way, as any to be seen in the capitals of Europe. I often noticed, that modesty was most apparent among the ugliest. These do not care to let a stranger see their faces; as they have nothing to gain by it, they deem it better to keep it covered: on the contrary, one who hopes to excite admiration in the stranger, takes care that some accident or other shall cause the veil, or cloth, or rag, covering her face, to fall or turn aside. The artifice having succeeded, she pretends to be quite anxious to cover herself again; she is satisfied the stranger has had

his peep, and she passes on, proud that he knows her to be pretty.

'When a young man wants to marry, he goes to the father of the intended bride, and agrees with him what he is to pay for her. This being settled, so much money is to be spent on the wedding-day feast. To set up house-keeping, nothing is requisite but two or three earthen pots, a stone to grind meal, and a mat, which is the bed. The spouse has a gown and jewels of her own; and, if the bridegroom present her with a pair of bracelets of silver, ivory, or glass, she is happy and fortunate indeed. The house is ready, without rent or taxes. No rain can pass through the roof; and there is no door, for there is no want of one, as there is nothing to lose. They make a kind of box of clay and straw, which, after two or three days' exposure to the sun, becomes quite hard. It is fixed on a stand; an aperture is left to put all their precious things into it, and a piece of a mummy-case forms the door. If the house do not please them, they walk out and enter another, as there are several hundreds at their command; I might say several thousands, but they are not all fit to receive inhabitants.'

Among Belzoni's discoveries may be mentioned a tomb in the valley of Beban el Malook; which, he thought, well repaid him for all his fatigues. Strange as it may appear, the entrance into this 'immense and superb excavation' was under a torrent of water, and eighteen feet below the surface of the ground. He soon perceived, by the paintings on the ceiling of the first corridor, and by the hieroglyphics, that this was the entrance of a large and magnificent tomb. After passing another corridor, his progress was stopped by a large pit, made to receive the water that might flow into the passages from the torrents, and serve the purpose of a cesspool or drain. On the opposite side of the pit, facing the entrance, was discovered a small aperture, through which by means of a beam he sent one of his men, who found it to be an opening forced through a wall that had entirely closed the entrance, which was as large as the corridor. It had been closed up and plastered over, so as to induce any one that might discover the tomb to imagine that there was no farther proceeding. When he had passed through the aperture, he found himself in a beautiful and spacious hall, supported by pillars. In the centre of the saloon was discovered a sarcophagus of oriental alabaster, minutely sculptured within and without, with several hundred figures, not exceeding two inches in height, and representing, as may be supposed, the whole of the funeral procession and ceremonies relating to the deceased. When a light is placed in the inside it is perfectly transparent, and may be considered as a most valuable piece of antiquity.

A *fac-simile* of this tomb is now exhibited in London; and we recommend it to the notice of our curious readers, for the apparent fidelity and accuracy with which it is represented.

The next objects of examination were the pyramids; and Belzoni resolved to open one of them to the minuteness of inspection. After several weeks of labor, in which he employed eighty Arabs, he penetrated into that of Cephrenes. He reached the door of the central chamber, which has a painted ceiling, and is above forty-six feet long, sixteen feet wide, and twenty-three feet high. It is cut out of the solid rock, and the roof is composed of large blocks of calcareous stone, meeting in the centre, with the same slope as the pyramid itself. Near the west end is a sarcophagus of the finest granite, eight feet long, without any hieroglyphic upon it. Within it he could only find, at first, earth and stones; but he at length discovered bones among the rubbish. On the wall he perceived an Arabic inscription, importing that the place had been opened (probably in search of treasure) by the king Ali Mohammed. Below this chamber is a smaller one.

with unintelligible inscriptions on the roof and walls.

In a subsequent journey to the Thebais, Belzoni made various discoveries, which we cannot conveniently particularise. He then passed through the desert to the coast of the Red Sea, and acquired that information which enabled him to give an interesting account of the manners and customs of the Ababdi tribes. He returned to Gournou, carried off a fine obelisk from Philoe, passed through a fertile tract to the lake Mœris, searched in vain for the famous labyrinth of 3000 chambers, visited the tombs at El-Cassar, and embarked for Europe in 1819, when he had put an end to all his Egyptian affairs.'

ITALY, BY LADY MORGAN. 2 *vols.* 4*to.*

The talents and reputation of this lady have already introduced her, in all probability, to the knowlege of most of our readers. She has been praised with animation, and censured with some degree of severity: but she derides her assailants, as much as she despises the legitimate princes of Europe. Her survey of France was ridiculed as false and visionary: yet she was more pleased at the smiles and applause of her friends, than disgusted at the frowns of her adversaries; and she again offers herself, undismayed, to the ordeal of criticism. While her husband philosophises, she endeavours to amuse, if not to instruct; and we are so indulgent to the effusions of the female pen, that we shall not assail her with sarcastic reproof or cynical asperity.

This ingenious lady entered Italy by the way of Piedmont. She styles Susa 'the first stage in the theory of agreeable sensations;' and to those who are still congratulating themselves, as they enter it, on their safe descent from the cloud-capped mountains under whose shadow it lies, we wonder not at its appearing so.

Turin, the smallest royal capital in Europe, being only three miles in circumference, she terms a little city of palaces: at the time of the French invasion it contained a hundred and ten churches, all splendidly endowed, and rich in marbles, pictures, and other precious objects. Still, amidst all its beauties, it has 'the fault of incompleteness;' its noblest palaces are to be seen partly unfinished, and partly in ruins; an epitome of the general state of Italian villas, as well royal as noble; being, for the most part, vast, desolate, dreary, and neglected. *Sight-seeing* scarcely begins at Turin; but the library is very extensive, and the biblical treasures it contains are immense. Lady Morgan saw there the famous *Golden Bull of Trebizond*; and she satirically remarks that the diplomacy of it 'is as unintelligible as if it proceeded from that British minister whose *bulls* are not *always golden.*'

Notwithstanding the close imitation of French manners by which Turin has long been characterized, an admiration of English habits is much diffused among its politer circles at this period: our literature is sedulously cultivated by many of the young persons; and our authoress was presented with Italian translations of Lalla Rookh and Childe Harold the day before she left Turin; the general society of which appears, from her account, intelligent, liberal, and courteous.

The cathedral of Milan, which, begun by the usurper Visconti in the 14th century, was finished in the 19th by Bonaparte, who used to gaze on it, when he first arrived in that city, with unsatiated delight, is described by lady Morgan with all that felicity of expression which, in matters that touch her heart or fancy, is peculiarly her own. The architecture, which is mixed Gothic, she leaves to the cavils of the virtuosi, and describes it only as she saw it, in the radiance of the mid-day sun: she speaks with animation of its masses of white and polished marble, wrought into such elegant filigree as is traced on Indian

ivory by Hindoo fingers; of its slim and delicate pinnacles tipped with sculptured saints, and looking (gigantic as it is) like some fairy fabric of virgin silver, dazzling the eye, and fascinating the imagination. Its interior solemnity is represented as finely opposing its outward lustre; and the effect of the contrast was heightened by the splendid procession of the dignified clergy, issuing from the choir; and the more affecting, though less imposing one, of the viaticum borne to some dying sinner.

After the great church comes the Theatre of the Scala, as next in the admiration of the Milanese. The count de Stendhal has left nothing for other tourists to say on this, which boasts of never using, in a second piece, scenes that have been already exhibited in another, and of having 1085 dresses made for one ballet; but he has described nothing belonging to it, as lady Morgan describes the ballet of the Vestale; and we doubt not, that the effect of this piece is as powerful on a people skilled in the language of gesticulation, as any of their best-written tragedies. 'Signor Vigano, the principal ballet-master, is the Shakspeare of his art; and with such powerful conceptions, and such intimate knowlege of nature and effect as he exhibits, it is wonderful that, instead of composing ballets, he does not write epics. The Italian ballet always differed from every other, and seems to have been the origin of the modern melodrame. It borrows its perfection from causes which may be said to be not only physical, but political. The mobility of the Italian muscle is well adapted to the language of gesture, which breaks through even their ordinary discourse; while a habit of distrust, impressed upon the people by the fearful system of *espionage*, impels them to trust their thoughts rather to a look or an action, than to a word or a phrase.' There is a private theatre at Milan, supported with much spirit and considerable expence, chiefly by the second class of society; which in Italy, as in our own country, comprises a large proportion of all that is valuable in the national character.

Milan appears to be in a high state of mental improvement. Several of her nobility eagerly visited England, after the peace of 1815; and, whilst they mingled in the evenings in our most refined and fashionable circles, they devoted their mornings to the most active inquiries into all our arts and establishments, by which they might hope to benefit their native country at their return. From England, count Confaloniere took the plan of the Lancastrian system of education, which was scarcely mentioned at Milan when 'an association was formed for carrying it into execution; and the descendants of the Visconti, Trivulzi, Ubaldi, Lambertenghi, Litta, Borromeo, and Carafa,—names that sounded so fierce and feudal in old Italian story, so often opposed in contest, or ranged in deadly feud,—were here united, to spread that light among the people once so jealously withheld, and which even the fathers of these men would have denied, as dangerous to social order.' The increasing influence of education is felt proportionably among the higher classes of Milan, and more especially among the females, hitherto so uncultivated, so immured in their early youth, and, of consequence, so idle, and so intriguing, under the sanction of matrimony, in their riper years. Equal to Confaloniere in patriotism and science, count Porro must be mentioned as one of the chief ornaments of Milan, the best society of which he collects at his weekly dinners;—and, from lady Morgan's account, an Italian dinner is a very exquisite thing; whereas some of our travellers represent the Italians as scarcely dining at all. These two noblemen have literally introduced new light from England into their native country, exhibiting their houses splendidly illuminated with gas, to the great admiration of the Milanese in general.

From Milan the fair writer conducts

us to Como, the streets of which she describes as dark, narrow, and filthy; its environs are the haunts of smugglers, and are also the quarters of the Austrian soldiers, who are kept there in large and oppressive bodies. 'But whatever are the internal defects of Como, however gloomy its streets and noxious its asmosphere, the moment that one of the little boats which crowd its tiny port is entered and pushed from the shore, the city gradually becomes a feature of peculiar beauty in one of the loveliest scenes ever designed by Nature.' Along a part of the shore of the lake, a long line of spacious and beautiful road has been opened; sometimes walled, sometimes vaulted; banked in from the incursions of the water, and secured, at vast expense and labor, from the falling-in of the heights impending over it. 'This noble work has provided, at the end of centuries, a drive for the accommodation and pleasure of the Comasques, along that part of their lake (still the only part accessible to a carriage); and though it has not yet reached its intended extent, it is still a great public benefit, and is now the Corso of the little capital.'—'On one side of the noble road which owes its existence to her munificence, a plain marble slab informs the passenger that this causeway was raised by a princess of the house of Este, Caroline of Brunswick. But generations yet unborn, destined to inhabit the districts of Como, will learn with gratitude, that the first road opened on the banks of their beautiful lake, was executed in the nineteenth century by a queen of England.'

Lady Morgan feelingly laments the decline of Genoa, reprehends the bigotry and misgovernment of the Sardinian court, mourns over the depopulation of Piacenza, and is not enlivened with the view of Parma: but Bologna puts her into a better humor. As she approached that city, cottages of English neatness, vineyards dressed like flower-knots, and a population the most joyous and active, gave assurances of an equitable distribution of the gifts of Providence.

'Bologna, discernible from afar by its curious leaning towers and high antique spires, reposes at the base of the Apennines, in a situation rich, beautiful, and picturesque. Villas and villages form its suburbs. The singular arcade, leading to the celebrated church of the Madonna, crowning its green hill of pilgrimage, produces a singular effect; and those long lines of arches and columns which front every fabric, and for which Bologna is so noted, present a striking perspective. As we entered the city, a little before the Ave-Maria (that canonical hour when the day's occupations all hasten to conclusion,) rural bustle and rural noise still prevailed in the streets.

'The last vibration of the Ave-Maria bell was tinkling—the last sunlight was fading from the bending tower of the Asinello; the shadows of the arched porticos deepened, and the miracles and processions, painted in fresco on the walls of convents and monasteries (for a moment visible), sunk rapidly in the sudden gloom which terminates Italian twilight. The joyous sounds of the vintage had died away, and were succeeded by the solemn silence, the cloistral sobriety of the learned Bologna of the middle ages—the retreat of studious abstraction and of monastic severity. As the evening advanced, and the moon rose, the tinkling of guitars was heard; the imagery of Shakspeare's plays (one scarcely knew why) was recalled; and when we returned to our hotel, the *Ciechi*, a delightful band of blind musicians, who play for hire in the streets of Bologna till midnight, were assembled to hail other travellers, as well as ourselves, at the Pellegrino, and to symphonize a supper which would have done credit to a Parisian restaurateur. Our first impressions of Bologna were all gracious prophecies of the future, and the *first* day was the *last* in which we were permitted to call or to feel ourselves strangers there.'

After a favorable mention of the Institute, and of the learned women of Bologna, we meet with the following sketch of manners and character:

'The Bolognese, always characterized by the Italians as '*franchi e giocondi*,' have added, since the revolution, to these amiable qualifications a certain *plomb*, which is the result of their improved system of education for both sexes. The total overthrow of monastic institutions obliged parents to educate their children at home, or to send them to the liberal schools newly established, which were calculated to prepare the males for the universities, and then for the world, and the females for those domestic duties once so little known in Italy. The abolition of vain distinctions, which served only to separate and distract, was more willingly submitted to in Bologna than in any other city of the Peninsula; and the permanent effects of this change are more graciously visible in the actual position of society, in which birth forms no ground of exclusion against those who can produce credentials of talent and education.

'The good society of Bologna is made up of whatever is most distinguished among the nobility, professors, bankers, and merchants: even the Casino, that usually exclusive circle in all Italian cities, is here open to the *cittadini* as to the *nobles*; and the cardinal Delegato, who holds an assembly once a week at his palace, has, as yet, made no attempt to restore the ancient system of disqualification for courts and drawing-rooms to all who could not rest their claims upon pedigrees.

'In Bologna the unmarried youth of both sexes are admitted into the circles of their parents (a custom nowhere else subsisting in Italy); and they add that charm to social life, which youth brings with it wherever it sheds its lustre or lends its spirit. The students of the liberal professions, in particular, are interesting from the contrast of their frank, unaffected manners, and enlightened intellects, with the remnants of antique systems and antique forms to which they are opposed.

'With all this tendency of the rising generation in Bologna to the acquirement of useful knowlege and liberal principles, the press is less free than in any state not under papal jurisdiction. It is there, as in Rome, shackled by *Sacerdotal Censors*; and the interdictions of that black volume, the *Pope's Index*, are in full force. Even foreign newspapers enter with great difficulty; and prosecutions have been instituted upon subjects apparently the least susceptible of awakening the vigilance and wrath of Mother-Church, while the pulpit is armed against the liberality of an age which the preachers are ordered to stigmatize as *philosophical*.'

A work so copious and so amusing ought not to be hastily dismissed. We do not approve all the remarks and opinions which it contains, nor do we suppose that any reader will acquiesce in all its statements; and indeed, there is no literary production which will bear very close scrutiny, whether it be written by a superficial observer, or by one who is regarded as a profound philosopher. But narratives of travels are always entertaining; and we shall take an early opportunity of renewing our survey of this work.

THE HARP, A TALE;

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

SELLNER and his youthful bride had begun to taste the first spring of happiness. Their union was not founded on that vague and evanescent passion which lives and dies almost in the same moment: sympathy and esteem formed the basis of their attachment. Time and experience, without diminishing the ardor, had confirmed the permanence, of their mutual sentiments. It was very long since they had discovered that they were formed for each other; but want of fortune imposed the necessity of a tedious probation; till Sellner, by obtaining a patent for a place, found himself in possession of an easy competence, and, on the following Sunday, brought home in

triumph his long-betrothed bride. A succession of ceremonious visits for some weeks engrossed many of those hours that the young people would have devoted to each other. But no sooner was this onerous duty fulfilled, than they eagerly escaped from the intrusion of society to their delicious solitude; and the fine summer evenings were too short for plans and anticipations of felicity. Sellner's flute and Josephine's harp filled up the intervals of conversation, and with their harmonious unison seemed to sound the prelude to many succeeding years of bliss and concord. One evening, when Josephine had played longer than usual, she suddenly complained of head-ache: she had, in reality, risen with this symptom of indisposition, but concealed it from her anxious husband; naturally susceptible of nervous complaints, the attention which she had lent to the music, and the emotions it excited in her delicate frame, had so increased a slight illness, that a fever was evidently preying upon her frame. A physician was summoned, who so little anticipated danger that he promised a cure on the morrow. But, after a night spent in delirium, her disorder was pronounced a nervous fever, which completely baffled the efforts of medical skill, and the ninth day was confessedly mortal. Josephine herself was perfectly sensible of her approaching dissolution, and with mild resignation submitted to her fate.

Addressing her husband, for the last time, she exclaimed:—'My dear Edward, Heaven can witness it is with unutterable regret that I depart from this fair world, where I have found with thee a state of supreme felicity; but, though I am no longer permitted to live in those arms, thy faithful Josephine shall still hover round thee, and, as a guardian angel, encircle thee till we meet again.' She had scarcely uttered these words when she sunk on her pillow, and soon fell into a slumber, from which she awoke no more; and, when the clock was striking nine, it was observed that she had breathed her last. The agonies of Sellner may be more easily conceived than described: during some days it appeared doubtful whether he would survive; and when, after a confinement of some weeks, he was at length permitted to leave his chamber, the powers of youth seemed paralysed, his limbs were enfeebled, his frame emaciated, and he sunk into a state of stupor, from which he was only to be roused by the bitterness of grief. To this poignant anguish succeeded a fixed melancholy; a deep sorrow consecrated the memory of his beloved: her apartment remained precisely in the state in which she had left it:—on the work-table lay her unfinished task; the harp stood in its accustomed nook, untouched and silent; every night Sellner went in a sort of pilgrimage to the sanctuary of his love, and, taking his flute, breathed forth, in deep plaintive tones, his fervent aspirations for the cherished shade. He was thus standing in Josephine's apartment, lost in thought, when a broad gleam of moonlight fell on the open window, and from the neighbouring tower the watchman proclaimed the ninth hour; at this moment, as if touched by some invisible spirit, the harp was heard to respond to his flute in perfect unison. Thunderstruck at this prodigy, Sellner suspended his flute, and the harp became silent; he then began, with deep emotion, Josephine's favorite air, when the harp resumed its melodious vibrations, thrilling with ecstasy. At this confirmation of his hopes he sunk on the ground, no longer doubting the presence of the beloved spirit; and, whilst he opened his arms to clasp her to his breast, he seemed to drink in the breath of spring, and a pale glimmering light flitted before his eyes. 'I know thee, blessed spirit,' exclaimed the bewildered Sellner; 'thou didst promise to hover round my steps, to encircle me with thy immortal love. Thou hast redeemed thy word; it is thy breath that glows on my lips; I feel myself surrounded by thy pre-

sence.' With rapturous emotion he snatched the flute, and the harp again responded; but gradually its tones became softer, till the melodious murmurs ceased. His feeble frame was completely disordered by these tumultuous emotions; when he threw himself on his bed it was only to rave deliriously of the harp: after a sleepless night he rose only to anticipate the renewal of his emotions; and, having impatiently awaited the return of evening, he repaired to Josephine's apartment, where, as before, when the clock struck nine, the harp began to play, in concert with the flute, and prolonged its melodious accompaniment till the tones gradually subsided to a faint and tremulous vibration. Exhausted by this second trial, it was with difficulty that he tottered to his chamber, where the visible alteration of his appearance excited so much alarm, that the physician was again called in, who, with sorrow and dismay, detected aggravated symptoms of the fever which had proved so fatal to Josephine; and so rapid was its progress, that in two days the patient's fate appeared inevitable. Sellner became more composed, and revealed to the physician the secret of his late mysterious communications, avowing his belief that he should not survive the approaching evening. No arguments could remove from his mind this fatal presage; as the day declined, it gained strength; and he earnestly entreated, as a last request, to be conveyed to Josephine's apartment. The prayer was granted. He no sooner reached the well-known spot, than he gazed with ineffable satisfaction on every object endeared by affectionate remembrance.

The critical hour advanced; he dismissed his attendants, the physician alone remaining in the apartment. When the clock struck nine, Sellner's countenance was suddenly illumined; the glow of hope and pleasure flushed his wan cheeks, and he passionately exclaimed—'Josephine, greet me once more at parting, that I may overcome the pangs of death.' At these words the harp breathed forth a strain of jubilee, and a sudden gleam of light waved round the dying man, who, on beholding the sign, exclaimed—'I come, I come to thee,' and sunk senseless on the couch. It was in vain that the astonished physician hastened to his assistance, and he too late discovered that life had yielded in the conflict. It was long before he could prevail upon himself to divulge the mysterious circumstances which had preceded Sellner's dissolution; but once, in a moment of confidence, he was insensibly led to make the detail to a few intimate friends, and finally produced the harp, which he had appropriated to himself as a legacy.

*** Those who believe in the agency of spirits will be particularly interested by this tale; and persons of sensibility, without such belief, will be affected by its pathetic tendency.

THE ADDRESS, OR AN ESSAY ON DEPORTMENT, CHIEFLY AS RELATING TO THE PERSON IN DANCING; BY THOMAS WILSON.

If the importance of an art or practice be measured by its antiquity, dancing may be considered as a most momentous exercise. It appears to have prevailed in the earliest ages. It was used in religious ceremonies; it tended, among savage tribes, to keep up the idea of military movements; and it was subservient to the purposes of social joy. At one time, the Greeks were the best dancers in Europe; but now the French bear away the palm, though Mr. Wilson may be inclined to dispute that assertion.

Our author observes, that bows and courtesies form the grand feature of deportment, and that they are material requisites in polite life. He then speaks *scientifically* of the true principles on which these formalities depend; censures some ladies for the vulgarity of a 'sudden bob;' and exhibits diagrams of the proper mode of performing these essentials of *politesse.* He treats of the manner of putting on and

taking off the hat, of presenting any thing to another person, of entering and leaving a room, of walking and standing, the motion and carriage of the head, arms, and the whole body, &c. This book would have been ridiculed by Dr. Johnson, and admired by the earl of Chesterfield. The peer called the moralist a lettered Hottentot; and the lexicographer, in his turn, arraigned the earl for having taught, in his celebrated letters, the manners of a dancing-master and the morals of a prostitute.

Without an envious disparagement of Mr. Wilson's labors, we doubt the practical utility of his book. Some men and women are naturally graceful: others, during their whole lives, remain extremely awkward. Written rules would neither improve the grace of the former, nor sufficiently correct the uncouthness of the latter. Oral and personal instructions would have a better effect: but, says Mr. Wilson, for a polite address, 'when taught separately, eminent teachers never charge less than from three to five guineas.' As this demand would seriously encroach upon the earnings of a haberdasher's shopman, a milliner's apprentice, or a clownish rustic, they must be content with the operation of common sense upon a flexible figure; while the rich may apply to a professor of exterior polish.

PARISIAN MANNERS AT THE BOULEVARDS ITALIENS.

From the Rev. Mr. Dibdin's Tour in France and Germany.

When the afternoon approaches, the innumerable chairs, which have been a long time unoccupied, are put into immediate requisition; then commences the 'high exchange' of the loungers. One man hires two chairs, for which he pays two sous; he places his legs upon one of them, while his body, in a see-saw, or slanting position, occupies the other. The places, where these chairs are found, are usually flanked by coffee-houses. Incessant reports, from drawing corks of beer-bottles, resound on all sides. The ordinary people are fond of this beverage; and, for four or six sous, they get a bottle of refreshing small beer. The draught is usually succeeded by a doze—in the open air. What is common, excites no surprise; and the stream of population rushes on without stopping one instant to notice these somniferous indulgences. Or, if they are not disposed to sleep, they sit and look about them; abstractedly gazing upon the multitude around, or at the heavens above. Pure, unproductive listlessness, is the necessary cause of such enjoyment.

Evening approaches; when the Boulevards put on the gayest and most fascinating livery. Then commences the bustle of the ice-mart; in other words, then commences the general demand for ices; while the rival and neighbouring *Caffés* of Tortoni and Riche have their porches of entrance choked by the incessant ingress and egress of customers. The full moon shines beautifully above the foliage of the trees; and an equal number of customers, occupying chairs, sit without, and call for ices to be brought to them. Meanwhile, between these loungers and the entrances to the caffés, move on, closely wedged, and yet scarcely in motion, the mass of human beings who come only to exercise their eyes, by turning them to the right or to the left; while, on the outside, upon the chaussée, are drawn up the carriages of visitors (chiefly English ladies) who prefer taking their ice within their closed morocco quarters. The varieties of ice are endless; but that of the *Vanille* is justly a general favorite: not but that you may have coffee, chocolate, punch, peach, almond, and, in short, every species of gratification of this kind, while the glasses are filled to a great height, in a pyramidal shape, and some of them, with layers of strawberry, gooseberry, and other colored ices, like pieces from a harlequin's jacket, are seen moving to and fro, to be silently and certainly

devoured by those who bespeak them. Add to this, every one has his tumbler and small water-bottle by the side of him; in the centre of the bottle is a large piece of ice, and with a tumbler of water poured therefrom, the visitor usually concludes his repast.

It is getting towards midnight; but the bustle and activity of the Boulevards have not yet much abated. Groups of musicians, ballad-singers, tumblers, actors, conjurors, slight-of-hand professors, and raree-showmen, have each their distinct audiences. You advance; a little girl, with a raised turban (as usual, tastefully put on), seems to have no mercy, either upon her own voice, or upon the hurdy-gurdy on which she plays; her father shows his skill upon a violin, and the mother is equally active with the organ; after 'a flourish,' not of 'trumpets,' but of these instruments, the tumblers commence their operations. But a great crowd is collected to the right. What may this mean? All are silent; a ring is made, of which the boundaries are marked by small lighted candles stuck in pieces of clay. Within this circle stands a man, apparently strangled; both arms are extended, and his eyes are stretched to their utmost limits. You look more closely —and the hilt of a dagger is seen in his mouth, of which the blade is introduced into his stomach! He is almost breathless, and ready to faint— but he approaches, with the crown of a hat in his hand, into which he expects you to drop a sous. Having made his collection, he draws forth the dagger from its carnal sheath, and making a bow, seems to anticipate the plaudits which invariably follow. Or he changes his plan of operations on the following evening. Instead of the dagger put down his throat, he introduces a piece of wire up one nostril, to descend by the other— and, thus self-tortured, demands the remuneration and applause of his audience. In short, from one end of the Boulevards to the other, nearly two English miles, there is nought but animation, good humour, and it is right to add, good order.

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CIRCASSIAN MARRIAGES.

From Porter's Travels.

On the morning of the celebration of a marriage, the bride presents her intended husband with a coat of mail, helmet, and all other articles necessary for a full equipment for war. Her father, on the same day, gives her a small portion of her dowry; while he, at the same time, receives from his son-in-law an exchange of genealogies; a punctilio, on which they all pique themselves with as great a nicety, as on any point of personal honour; every man being more or less esteemed, according to the purity and illustrious names of his descent. When the first child of the marriage is born, the father of the bride pays up the residue of her fortune to her husband; presenting her, at the same auspicious moment, with the distinguishing badges of a married woman; which honorable marks are, a long white veil over a sort of red coif; all the rest of the dress being white also. Indeed, white is universal with the women, married and single; but the men always wear colours. The wife has the care of her husband's arms and armour; and she is so habitually anxious he should not disgrace them, that, if she have the most distant idea he has used them with less bravery, in any particular action, than his brethren, she never ceases assailing him with reproach and derision, till he washes away the stain of imputed cowardice, either in the blood of his enemies or his own. At present, the professed religion of these people is Mahometan; but this sort of female heroism speaks more like the high mind of a Spartan virgin or a Roman matron, than one of the soul-less daughters of the Arabian prophet. Formerly the Christian faith had made some progress among them, but not a vestige of its ordinances is now to be found. Hospitality, how-

ever, is an eminent virtue with the tribes of the true Circassians; and it is no inconsequential one, in the remote regions of savage men, and more savage hostility.

REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY;

From Views of Nature and Society in America, by an English Woman.

It was the object of Mr. Jefferson to preserve in every trifle that simplicity, which he deemed the most appropriate characteristic of a republic. At his entrance into the presidency, he felt himself greatly incommoded with the trifling etiquette which the foreign ambassadors, and more especially their ladies, were trying to establish in his own drawing-room; apprehending that the wives and daughters of his official brethren might catch the contagion, he suffered no opportunity to pass without giving it his discountenance. He wisely judged that in this matter, as in most others, example was better than precept, and therefore set about reforming the manners of the city, much in the same way that Franklin might have adopted. If he went to make a morning visit, he rode without a servant, tied his horse to the gate, and walked in as plain Thomas Jefferson. When the different legations came to dine with him, he received them with indiscriminating politeness; welcoming all, he left the company to arrange themselves at his table, of which he did the honors so as to spread ease and cheerfulness around, as well as make his guests in good humor with themselves, and each other. The wife of the Spanish minister, however, upon returning home, began to reflect on the events of the evening. She had been seated below the lady of ———, my informer forgets which ambassador, but one whom she judged of inferior importance to her liege lord. His most catholic majesty had been insulted, she declared, in her person; for was not an insult offered to the wife equally intended for the husband, and, as in this case, an insult to her husband must be meant for the king of Spain. The next morning the Don could do no less than summon a council, consisting of his most chosen friends, among the corps of foreign diplomatists. The case was stated, and their opinions severally taken; one ventured to apologise for the president, on the ground of his ignorance, as a republican, of the rules of etiquette. To this it was replied, that the dignity of his most catholic majesty was not to be laid at the mercy of every man who might call himself a republican. The lady particularly insisted that satisfaction must be given. It was suggested, that the best way would be for Spain's representative to go and ask for it himself. The divan broke up, and one of its members went to advise the president of the matter in agitation. Some hours after, Mr. Jefferson, while occupied in his library, was informed that the Spanish minister was in an adjoining apartment; he immediately called for his boots, and putting one on, and holding the other in his hand, proceeded to the room. Having half opened the door, he gave orders to the servant behind to get his horse ready, and then advancing, and drawing on, as he did so, his remaining boot, welcomed his visitor with his wonted amenity. 'Pray be seated! be seated! No ceremony here, my good sir; very glad to see you;' and then, without regarding the disconcerted air of the astonished representative of Spain and the Indies, entered, with his accustomed ease, into general conversation, opposing the unaffected dignity of the philosopher to the frozen haughtiness of the diplomatist. The combat was soon decided. The Spaniard departed, and reported to his lady and diplomatic friends, that when they went to the house of the American president, they must leave the dignity of their masters at home.

MEMOIR OF MRS. HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI.

This lady was the daughter of John Salusbury, Esq. of Bodvil, in Caernarvonshire, where she was born in 1739. Early in life she was distinguished in the fashionable world as the beautiful Miss Salusbury. In 1763, she married Mr. Thrale, an eminent brewer in Southwark, and member of parliament for that borough. This excellent man, in the year that followed his marriage, was introduced by Mr. Murphy to the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson. The intimacy of that celebrated character with the family quickly increased; and he soon became an almost constant inmate of the villa at Streatham. The conduct of Mr. Thrale to Dr. Johnson was indeed truly praiseworthy. His kind attention to the comfort of his guest, contributed to the prolongation of a most valuable life; and when the benevolent master sunk into the grave, the memory of his kindness was acknowleged by the surviving object of his regard, with the confession that with him were buried many of his hopes and pleasures; that the face upon which he had looked for the last time, had never been turned upon him but with respect and benignity; that he obtained from him many opportunities of amusement, and turned his thoughts to him as a refuge from the 'ills of life.'

Upon the death of Mr. Thrale in 1781, his widow, finding it (as she asserted) extremely perplexing and difficult to live with the doctor, took advantage of a lost law-suit to plead inability of purse for remaining longer in London or its neighbourhood, and retired to Bath, where she knew he would not follow her. She continued, however, to correspond with him, till near the time (1784) of her marriage to her second husband, Signor Piozzi, a native of Florence, and a music-master of Bath; when a very warm expostulation, on the part of the doctor against this step, dissolved their friendship. Soon after her union with Mr. Piozzi, she accompanied him to his birth-place, and they visited several other parts of Europe before their return to England. During her residence in Florence, in the year 1785, chance having brought together, in that city, a few English of both sexes, they wrote, in association, 'The Florence Miscellany,' a collection of pieces in prose and verse. Some specimens of this flighty production appeared in a newspaper of the day, called the World, as well as in several of the magazines. The preface was written by Mrs. Piozzi, to whom, we believe, the conduct of the work had been committed. Several other poetical pieces by this lady, as the Three Warnings, a tale imitated from La Fontaine, a translation of Boileau's Epistle to his Gardener, and a Prologue to the Royal Suppliants, have reached the public eye. Among these the first is to be particularly distinguished as a production of considerable merit; and it was strongly suspected that Dr. Johnson either wrote it or assisted in the composition of it: but it has been since asserted, that this tale was written before her acquaintance with him.

The first regular exploit of Mrs. Piozzi in authorship, was made in the year 1786, when she produced her Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson. Two years after this, she published a collection of letters to and from the great moralist, from 1765 to 1784.

Her anecdotes, as coming from the pen of a writer who had long shared his society and friendship, were perused with great avidity. The late ingenious Joseph Baretti was very severe in his animadversions on this work; and Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot) published a poem, in which he satirised Mr. Boswell and this literary lady under the titles of 'Bozzy and Piozzi.'

It is said that she was not only a woman of talent but of learning. We admit the former assertion, while we deny the latter. 'A little learning is a dangerous thing;' and this lady had merely such a degree of it as emboldened her to risque that self-exposure

which proved her want of real erudition. Her account of her continental tour is amusing, and nothing more; her synonymy is a palpable proof of misapplied talent; and her retrospective view of the last eighteen hundred years only served to evince the ease with which a lively female could pervert history.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH AND CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

ALTHOUGH many anecdotes of this extraordinary man have been given in our miscellany, a summary view of his exploits, government, and manners, will doubtless be expected by our readers. He was born at Ajaccio in Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769, being the eldest son of a professor of the law, who derived his descent from a respectable family in Italy Educated in the military school of Brienne, he early displayed talents and spirit, and evinced a fondness for the art of war. He appeared as an officer of artillery at the siege of Toulon, in 1793, and so highly distinguished himself in the recovery of that town from the allies, that he was promoted to the command of a brigade. Having suppressed an insurrection at Paris, he was placed at the head of the army in Italy, where, in 1796, he met with rapid and uncommon success. He also triumphed for a time in Egypt, and, after his return to France, he took advantage of the unpopularity of the directory, and, by his influence over the army, acquired, in 1799, the chief power in the state. His restless ambition, and the consequent alarms of the European powers, involved him in a succession of wars. One brilliant exploit led to another; and he seemed (as it was said of the great duke of Marlborough) to have chained victory to his chariot-wheels. He not only encircled his own head with an imperial diadem, but gave, to three of his brothers, crowns and kingdoms. He compelled the proudest and most stately sovereign in Europe to accept, as a son-in-law, an unprincipled adventurer, who had no other pretensions than those of bold and successful villany, and who had violated the laws of morality and of his country by an unjustifiable divorce. He dated his arbitrary decrees from the enslaved capitals of Italy or of Germany, while he trampled upon the necks of a prostrate people. His fortunate career at length threw him into a state of mind bordering upon phrensy. He wantonly invaded a country which he had long governed by the medium of an imbecile prince; but his views were checked in Spain by the towering genius of a Wellington; and, when he aimed at new conquests in the north, he was punished by Providence with signal disasters. Having roused the chief powers against him, he was disgraced by an invasion of his empire, and driven to Elba by the general indignation of Europe, which yet was so far mingled with compassion for his fallen state, that he was allowed to console himself with the honor of a principality. His thirst of power being still unallayed, he took an opportunity of returning to France, and was so favorably received, that he even entertained hopes of permanent authority; but he was miserably disappointed. Being totally defeated at Waterloo, he was again deposed; and, having in vain appealed to the indulgence of the British court, was confined to the rocky island of St. Helena, where he died on the 5th of May last, of a cancer in his stomach. His fall from power excited a sensation like a great shock: but his descent from life into the grave, an event much more awful, has hardly caused the slightest emotion. Indeed, he was lost to the world after the battle of Waterloo; for no one could reasonably expect his escape from his insular retreat. His admirers have inveighed against our court, as if his original detention and subsequent confinement were acts of gross illiberality and cowardly baseness: but we cannot admit the propriety of this cen-

sure. He who had entailed incalculable mischief upon Europe, deserved, upon the principles of just retribution, whatever evil he could suffer: to spare his life was an act of sufficient clemency. To have suffered a man of such a character to live in England (as he desired), like a private gentleman, would have been an affront to every humane, honorable, and virtuous person in the united kingdom.

To these remarks we will subjoin those of a periodical writer, who says, that 'it is chiefly as a great master of the art of war and conquest that the name of Bonaparte will go down to posterity. When the extent and splendor of his victories are compared with those of the greatest captains, modern or ancient, it is difficult to fix upon a name to which a superiority over him could be adjudged. Hannibal is regarded as one of the greatest warriors of antiquity. His invasion and occupation of Italy—the horrible carnage which he committed upon armies composed of the flower of the Roman people, the most warlike and patriotic people of the world—with an army composed of the refuse of Spain and Africa, united by no tie but that of plunder, yet made to act and to endure with the utmost force of courage and discipline, is certainly a brilliant phænomenon in the history of military genius. It is perhaps more amazing than the first conquest of Italy by Bonaparte, to which it bears an analogy. But how much has the ex-emperor the advantage, as a statesman and negociator, during that memorable campaign? Hannibal's abandonment of himself to the sensuality of Capua, where he was already lost, before the invasion of Africa by Scipio, is in the spirit of a marauding adventurer, rather than a soldier—and of political talent he gave not a glimpse. Of all the great generals of antiquity, Bonaparte, perhaps, mo t resembled Philip of Macedon, who was unscrupulous in his means, and conquered the bravest and most civil'zed enemies by his intrigues and his inventive genius in military science. In the extent, combination, and sagacity of what, in the military art, is called the *coup d'œil,* Napoleon is said to have surpassed all competition, as well as in the manœuvring of large masses of men. It is said that he could wield an army of one hundred thousand men as easily as a colonel could his regiment. Another quality which he possessed was inspiring the soldier with confidence even to enthusiasm. This art was not confined to his army. The ascendency of his genius fascinated the gaze not only of the French, but even of a great portion of the indifferent of other nations, who did not hate him. He was a brilliant usurper—a character calculated the most of all others to fascinate minds that have any ardor, and affect boldness in speculative principles, and an emancipation from prejudice.

'Madame de Stael describes him as the most selfish of mankind—and probably with truth. His magnanimity, his sublime in sentiment and action, were calculated and artificial. Yet there are in his life some sublime and dazzling traits. His courage in the field has been called in question, but without reason. There are many instances in which he signalized it, but never without an adequate motive—without an emergency, which shed personal lustre upon himself, and held out chances of a great stake. In civil or political emergencies his courage, his self-possession failed; he became confused or intemperate. His literary acquirements (Madame de Stael says) were limited. 'He had a smattering of every thing, which he collected from conversation.' But this lady forgets that his mathematical knowledge was practical and extensive; and there is no doubt that he had read much upon legislation and government. The great object of his life was power—direct, positive power. He spoke his will as if he wished that 'his words were blows.' Even glory, separate from the acquisition of power, had no attraction for him. A leading

feature in his mind was his contempt of men, and his disdaining to conceal it. The latter was an imprudence. He was naturally austere; and he had disciplined his heart to impenetrability. Yet the softness of nature in him was not wholly done away. He had the sentiment of friendship, and more personal friends than most monarchs. His attachment and kindness to his family were remarkable. His mother preserved great sway over him in private, and he possessed the affections of both his wives.

'It is curious enough, that though the relentless enemy of England, it was the nation he respected most. He even excited the jealousy of the French by his *Anglomanie*, at the very moment when he was slandering our nation in the Moniteur. But he refuted his own calumnies, and vindicated the honor of the English by a memorable act—his throwing himself in his last resort upon their justice, and under the shield of the laws against which he had uttered so many a mortal menace. And it may be anticipated with tolerable confidence, that the manner of his confinement, when the spirit of party or the Quixotism of political generosity shall have subsided, will reflect credit upon the liberality and the prudence of the government.'

THE POET; A CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH.

Poets are for the most part thin, and of an irritable habit of body, having a merry or melancholy cast of countenance, and a mood of mind, for which plain reasoning men can see no reason. Your true poet in his walk sometimes hurries on, as if the stones were too hot for his feet, and in a few minutes he will crawl, with his eyes bent downwards, as if he searched for something he had dropped on the ground; when all at once he will set off again on the run. Sometimes he will stop suddenly, and, hanging his head, gaze intently on a tree, or a stone, or a leaf, as if he perceived something in such tree, stone, or leaf, that nobody else could; and then he will smile and sigh at some strange conceit, and leap for joy that he has invented a new reason for sighing. His soul is like a musical organ, and every object he sees can turn the handle of it. A common occurrence, such as a child going to sleep, or a lady singing, he will so twist, and turn, and stretch, and bend, that a plain mathematical man is astonished, and at a loss to know whether or not it is really meant that the child has gone to sleep, or the lady has sung. If he fixes his eyes on an honest man's pretty daughter, he will so bedeck the description of her with roses, lilies, carnation, and ivory, that the young woman cannot be recognized by the father who begot her. He will sometimes gaze on the setting sun as if he had never in his life seen it before; and, as it sinks in the western horizon, he will gaze and look melancholy, as if he never expected it to rise again. Yet the moment he perceives the moon he is equally enraptured; indeed the moon seems to be his greatest favorite, and for no other reason that we know, but that she is like himself, perpetually varying. Should he be an epigrammatist, he is continually striking one finger against the other, to mark that he has found a *point*; if of the amatory class of poets, he is constantly pressing both his fists to his heart; but he is a woful proof of the truth of the old proverb, that 'great talkers are small doers;' for all his love oozes out with his ink, at the end of his pen; and one young woman is called a goddess, and another an angel, while the printer's devil is waiting to take charge of them both. In company, the poet, though present in body, is frequently absent in mind, looking into the fire, and fancying among the embers the forms of castles, rocks, and non-descript animals. Should any of the company mention the last Review, the word operates on his nerves like a necromantic spell to raise a troubled spirit: he starts up in the highest degree of irritation, and, in the vehemence of his applause or censure, perhaps over-

turns the toast, and, in begging pardon for his mistake, dashes the tea-cup out of a lady's hand, and cannot be set quietly on his seat again till requested to read the last sonnet or madrigal which he composed at the desire of a lady of rank and beauty.

ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

Locke, the Philosopher.—Mr. Locke having been introduced by lord Shaftesbury to the duke of Buckingham and lord Halifax, the three peers, instead of conversing with him, as might naturally have been expected, on literary subjects, in a very short time sat down to cards. After looking on for some time, he pulled out his pocket-book, and began to write with great attention. One of the company, observing this, took the liberty of asking him what he was writing? 'My lord,' said Locke, 'I am endeavouring, as far as possible, to profit by my present situation; for, having waited with impatience for the honor of being in company with the greatest geniuses of the age, I thought I could do nothing better than to write down your conversation; and, indeed, I have set down the substance of what you have said for this hour or two.' This well-timed ridicule had its desired effect; and the noblemen, fully sensible of its force, immediately quitted their play, and entered into a conversation more rational, and better suited to the dignity of their characters.

Johnson and Garrick.—The British Roscius was once with Dr. Johnson at a splendid entertainment; and at the table was a guest of whose friend or relative some disgraceful anecdote was then in circulation. It had reached the ears of Johnson, who, after dinner, took an opportunity of relating it in his most acrimonious manner. Garrick, who sat next to him, pinched his arm, trod upon his toe, and made use of other means to interrupt the thread of his narration; but all was in vain. The doctor proceeded, and, when he had finished the story, he turned gravely round to Garrick, of whom before he had taken no notice whatever. 'Thrice,' said he, 'Davy, have you trodden upon my toe; thrice have you pinched my arm; and now, if what I have related be a falsehood, convict me before this company.' Garrick replied not a word, but frequently declared afterwards that he never felt so much perturbation, even when he met 'his father's ghost.'

Shuter.—This comedian was formerly a tapster at a public-house in the neighbourhood of Covent-Garden. A gentleman one day ordered him to call a hackney-coach, which he accordingly did. When the stranger arrived at the place of his destination, he left his gold-headed cane in the coach, and, missing it the next morning, went immediately to the public-house, to inquire whether the boy who called the coach could tell the number. Shuter, who was then no great adept in figures, except in his own way of scoring up a reckoning, immediately replied—'It was two pots of porter, a shillingsworth of punch, and a paper of tobacco.' The gentleman, upon this, was as much at a loss as ever, till the boy took out his chalk, and thus scored the reckoning—14 for two pots of porter, 0 for a shillingsworth of punch, and a line across the two pots of porter, for a paper of tobacco, which formed the number 440. The gentleman in consequence recovered his cane; and, thinking it a pity that such acuteness should be buried in an ale-house, took him away, and put him to school, and thus enabled him to shine as one of the first comedians of his time!

Chatterton.—This unfortunate youth, in company with a friend, was reading the epitaphs in Pancras church-yard. He was so deep sunk in thought as he walked on, that, not perceiving a grave that had been recently dug, he fell into it. His friend, observing his situation, ran to his assistance, and, as he helped

him out, told him, in a jocular manner, he was happy in assisting at the resurrection of Genius. Poor Chatterton smiled, and, taking his companion by the arm, replied,—' My dear friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution —I have been at war with the grave for some time, and find it is not so easy to vanquish it as I imagined— we can find an asylum to hide from every creditor but that!' His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the gloomy reflection; but what will not melancholy and adversity combined, subjugate? Within three days afterward, the neglected and disconsolate youth was no more!

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir—The following estimate of the merits of the histrionic art, and of the wonderful talents of an actress, who has now withdrawn herself entirely from our admiring gaze, appears to me so new and original, as well as so just and eloquent, that I think it will be acceptable to your readers. It is extracted from an interesting article in the Retrospective Review.

J. B.

The Life of Cibber is peculiarly a favorite with us, not only by reason of the superlative coxcombry which it exhibits, but of the due veneration which it yields to an art too frequently underrated, even among those to whose gratification it ministers. If the degree of enjoyment and benefit produced by an art be any test of its excellence, there are few which will yield to that of the actor. His exertions do not, indeed, often excite emotions so deep and so pure as those which the noblest poetry inspires, but their genial influences are far more widely extended. The tenderest beauties of the most gifted of bards find in the bosoms of a very small number an answering sympathy. Even of those who talk familiarly of Spenser and Milton, there are few who have fairly read, and still fewer who truly feel, their divinest effusions. It is only in the theatre, that any image of the real grandeur of humanity, any picture of generous heroism and noble self-sacrifice, is poured on the imaginations and sent warm to the hearts of the vast body of the people. *There* are eyes, familiar through months and years only with mechanic toil, suffused with natural tears, engendered by sacred pity. *There* are the deep fountains of hearts, long encrusted with narrow cares, burst open, and a holy light is sent in on the long sunken forms of the imagination, which shone fair and goodly in boyhood by their own light, but have since been sealed and forgotten in their 'sunless treasuries.' *There* do the lowliest and most ignorant catch their only glimpse of that poetic radiance which is the finest glory of our being. While they gaze on the wondrous spectacle, they forget the petty concerns of their own individual lot, and recognise and rejoice in their kindred with a nature capable of high emprise, of meekest suffering, and of defiance to the mortal powers of agony and the grave. They are elevated and softened into men. They are carried beyond the ignorant present time, feel the past and the future on the instant, and kindle as they gaze on the massive realities of human virtue, or on those fairy visions which are the gleaming foreshadows of golden years, which hereafter shall bless the world. Their horizon is suddenly extended, from the narrow circle of low anxieties and selfish joys, to the farthest and most sacred hills which bound our moral horizon; and they perceive, in clear vision, the eternal rocks of defence for their nature, which the noblest spirits of their fellow-men have been privileged to raise. While they feel that which 'gives an awe of things above them,' their souls are expanded in the heartiest sympathy with the vast body of their fellows. A thousand hearts are swayed at once by the same emotion, as the high grass of the meadow yields, as a single blade, to the breeze which sweeps over it. Distinctions of fortune, rank, talent, age,

all give way to the warm tide of emotion, and every class feel only as partakers in one primal sympathy, 'made of one blood,' and equal in the mysterious sanctities of their being. Surely the art which produces an effect like this—which separates, as by a divine alchemy, the artificial from the real in humanity—which supplies, to the artisan in the capital, the place of those woods, and free airs, and mountain streams, which insensibly harmonize the peasant's character—which gives the poorest to feel the grandeur of tragedy, sweeping by with 'sceptred pall'—which makes the heart of the child leap with strange joy, and enables the old man to fancy himself again a child—is worthy of no mean place among the arts which refine our manners by exalting our conceptions!

It has sometimes been objected to the theatrical artist, that he merely repeats the language and embodies the conceptions of the poet. But the allegation, though specious, is unfounded. It has been completely established by a great and genial critic of our own time, that the deeper beauties of poetry cannot be shaped forth by the actor, and it is equally true, that the poet has little share in the highest triumph of the performer. It may, at first, appear a paradox, but it is nevertheless proved by experience, that the fanciful cast of the language has very little to do with the effect of an acted tragedy. Mrs. Siddons would not have been less than she is, though Shakespeare had never written. She displayed genius as exalted in the characters drawn by Moore, Southern, Otway, and Rowe, as in those of the first of human bards. Certain great situations are all the performer needs, and the grandest emotions of the soul all that he can embody. He can derive little aid from the noblest imaginations or the richest phantasies of the author. He may indeed, by his own genius, like the matchless artist to whom we have just alluded, consecrate sorrow, [illegible]fy emotion, and kindle the imagination as well as awaken the sympathies. But this will be accomplished, not by the texture of the words spoken, but by the living magic of the eye, of the tone, of the action; by all those means which belong exclusively to the actor. When Mrs. Siddons cast that unforgotten gaze of blank horror on the corpse of Beverley, was she indebted to the play-wright for the conception? When, as Arpasia in Tamerlane, she gave that look of inexpressible anguish, in which the breaking of the heart might be seen, and the calm and rapid advances of death traced—and fell without a word, as if struck by the sudden blow of destiny—in that moment of unearthly power, when she astonished and terrified even her oldest admirers, and after which she lay really senseless from the intensity of her own emotion—where was the marvellous stage direction or the pregnant hint in the frigid declamatory text, from which she wrought this amazing picture, too perilous to be often repeated? Do the words 'I'm satisfied,' in Cato, convey the slightest image of that high struggle, that contest between nature long repressed and stoic pride, which Mr. Kemble in an instant embodied to the senses, and impressed on the soul for ever? Or, to descend into the present time and the lowlier drama, does the perusal of the School of Reform convey any vestige of that rough sublimity which breathes in the Tyke of Emery? Are Mr. Liston's looks out of book, gotten by heart, invented for him by writers of farces? Is there any fancy of invention in its happiest mood, any tracing of mortal hand in books, like to the marvellous creations which Munden multiplies at will? These are not to be 'constrained by mastery' of the pen, and defy not only the power of an author to conceive, but to describe them. The best actors, indeed, in their happiest efforts, are little more indebted to the poet, than he is to the graces of nature which he seizes, than the sculptor to living forms, or the grandest painters to history.

COLLECTIONS FROM NATURAL HISTORY. NO. IV.

The Narwhal, called the Sea-Unicorn.—This fish resembles the whale in its form; but the thickest part of its body is toward the middle of the length, whereas in the whale it is very near the head. What is called the horn is properly a piece of bone or ivory, projecting from the snout: it is generally as long as one-third of the body, and tapers to a point, being surrounded by a spiral indentation. That [illegible] which was killed by the crew of the Hecla, in [illegible] Regent's Inlet, measured thirte[illegible] and a half from the horn to[illegible]l; the circumference of the th[illegible] part of the body was about nine [illegible]. Its horn was united to the left side, and on the other side there was no trace of a horn, as is sometimes observed. The narwhal has no teeth; and its tongue, like that of the whale, is only a mass of soft fat; so that its food must be of a very soft nature. The tail and fins consist, as does also the body, of cartilaginous fat covered with skin. Under the skin is a layer of blubber, three or four inches in substance; the flesh is black; and, in the internal parts, the animal bears a close affinity to the class of *mammalia.*

Remains of a Mammoth.—On the western bank of the Medway, two miles and a half to the southward of Rochester-bridge, where two shelves or ledges are seen, indicating the different heights at which the water formerly rested, captain Vetch lately discovered, about 60 feet above high-water mark, the remains of two teeth, one upper grinder being nearly entire, and its fellow in fragments and considerable portions of the bone so extremely decayed, as only to admit lifting in very small portions. The largest portion he uncovered appeared from its breadth and flatness to belong to the cranium or lower jaw, the portions of bones were all found together, and, as no other remains could be discovered by digging in different places near the spot, he concluded that a part of the bones of the head and two teeth were all that were deposited in this place. The teeth were decomposed into *laminæ*, the osseous part being entirely gone and the enamel only remaining.

THE MEETING OF THE CONSPIRATORS AT VENICE.

(*Illustrated by an elegant Engraving.*)

We have already introduced the tragedy of the Doge of Venice to the notice of our readers; but, as we have selected from that piece the subject of an annexed copper-plate, we again call their attention to it. Calendaro is one of the malcontents who conspired to overturn the established government. Having attended the meeting, he impatiently expects the arrival of Bertuccio, who at length appears with a friend in disguise. The stranger, discovering himself, is found to be the doge, whose presence so alarms some of the conspirators with the apprehensions of detection, that they cry out,

To arms! we are betray'd—it is the doge!
Down with them both! our trait'rous captain, and
The tyrant he hath sold us to.'

Calendaro (*drawing his sword*). Hold! hold!
Who moves a step against them, dies. Hold! hear,

Bertuccio. What! are you appall'd to see
A lone, unguarded, weaponless old man
Amongst you?—Israel, speak! what means this mystery?

Bertuccio. Let them advance, and strike at their own bosoms,
Ungrateful suicides! for on our lives
Depend their own, their fortunes, and their hopes.

Doge. Strike!—If I dreaded death, a death more fearful
Than any your rash weapons can inflict,
I should not now be here.

He then proceeds to state his determination of concurring in all the schemes of the party; and, when he has detailed his motives for the bold act, Calendaro exclaims, 'Long live Faliero! Venice shall be free!'

ENGLISH FEMALE COSTUME FOR AUGUST.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

We are truly happy to observe the summer fashions now partially fixed, though, according to the changeful taste and elegant variety of our fanciful votaries of this capricious deity we are constantly subject to slight alterations. High dresses, composed of plain and washing chequered sarcenets, and finished down the bust with braidings or frogs, are much worn, both as morning and half-dress costume. Washing silks of light colours are simply trimmed with full rouleaux of satin, to answer the color, or with a trimming, consisting of two or three rows of separate straps set on, between which are puffings surrounded with colored crewels, and one ornamented with full trimmings edged with correspondent colors. Tabinets or figured lustres are much in estimation for married ladies, but are generally worn with satin bodices and short sleeves, relieved by trimmings of pink, green, or the more favorite color pale blue, the cordages richly finished with lace, and a lace tucker with a broad edge, through which is drawn a riband to correspond. For ball dresses, plain white silks with satin bodices and white satin rouleaux, intermixed with satin rosettes, are much admired; but a more becoming and novel dress for young people, is a muslin skirt over pale colored slips, and looped up with clusters of pale spring flowers. Another very prevalent dress is the colored figured sarcenet worn with short sleeves, which are generally composed of stiffened muslin, under thread-net, ornamented with blond, satin riband, and fancy ornaments.

Spencers are the most prevalent with all the gay and handsome, yet remaining in the fashionable world, among whom the pink, mock velvet, the twilled or plain sarcenets of unobtrusive colors, seem in most favor; those are generally worn with scarf shawls of silk. Bonnets continue much the same as in our last statement, excepting carriage bonnets, which are of transparent gauze, interspersed with flowers in the various folds surrounding the crown. Bonnets of white chip are very common, with the crown very low, and ornamented with a wreath of full blown roses. Small hats with white veils are still in favor, and which we think most tasteful and becoming to a soft and delicate female countenance. The most general and favorite style of head-dress for young persons, we observe, is their own hair elegantly arranged in its native luxuriance, and adorned with flowers tastefully disposed and mingled with their lovely tresses. A small bunch of rose-buds, placed carelessly on one side of the head, is a favorite intermixture for some ladies. Silk stockings with colored clocks are now worn, as are some cotton of a very fine texture. Shoes of light and pale colored silk are in favor, but the most prevalent are those of a mixed or spotted kind, rose, and straw-color, with the single colors of lilac and grass green.



Walking Dress.



Evening Dress.

HALF DRESS.

High dress of fine India muslin, with a falling collar, richly ornamented at the edge with a worked muslin frill: the skirt finished with two deeply embroidered flounces, each headed with open work of the same: sleeves in the antique style, and terminating at the wrist by a broad frill of rich work to correspond. The hair arranged in the ancient and profuse style of Charles the Second's time. Satin Bourdeaux slippers, and yellow gloves.

WALKING DRESS.

Composed of a white skirt, elegantly trimmed with rich embroidered scallop, and rosettes of fine cotton or jaconet muslin; this is headed with a novel and elegant trimming of wadding straps, formed in three divisions, and looped in the centre with riband, each separate strap confined with drop buttons. Sarcenet spencers, either plain or figured, made with a falling collar, and the new *mancherons,* consisting of two rows of separate straps, set on in puffings; and the sleeve is finished with a top sleeve divided in the centre of the arm, surmounted by a raised bias of satin; this is finished at the wrist with cornice ornaments of the Doric rose, and with a *rosace* terminating the belt behind. Silk bonnets of the same material, with a handkerchief pinned tastefully about the crown, with rosettes appearing through the folds, forming a semicircle; full puffings on the edge intermixed with small rosettes and three separate divisions of white satin rouleaux: this elegant bonnet is finished with a superb plume of white ostrich feathers placed on the left side of the crown.

POETRY.

THE OLD BACHELOR;

A new Song.

Ye lads and ye lasses, attend to my song;
If it is not amusing, it will not be long.
I will tell all my courtships with candor and truth;
For I still am in love, as I was in my youth.

A girl I address'd, who was prudish and shy;
But she laugh'd me to scorn, and I could not tell why:
And she said, when I ask'd her the reason to state,
That she could not account for her love or her hate.

I soon try'd another: at first she seem'd pleas'd;
But she told me at last, that she would not be teiz'd:
Yet, with all her pretences, she wish'd to secure me;
I detected her tricks, and she ceas'd to allure me.

To a third I applied: she was lively and gay,
And indulg'd in each innocent frolic and play;
When, however, she seem'd to be ready to yield,
A young warrior came, and drove *me* from the field.

Thus thrice disappointed, I rested awhile,
And sought in amusement my cares to beguile:
But love still intruded, and Cupid essay'd
To make me the dupe of an artful old maid.

That her manners were pleasing, I readily grant;
Nor was she of beauty in absolute want:
She was willing to take me 'for better for worse;'
But I found that she chiefly took aim at my purse.

I left her, and chose a more amiable fair,
Who wish'd to be under a husband's kind care:
Cruel fate interpos'd, and depriv'd her of life;
And her lover, forlorn, is still seeking a wife.

THE MAIDEN'S CONFESSION;

Translated by Mr. Bowring from the Russian Language.

I'm fourteen summers old, I trow;
'Tis time to look about me now:
'Twas only yesterday they said,
I was a silly, silly maid;—
'Tis time to look about me now.

The shepherd-swains so rudely stare,
I must reprove them, I declare;
This talks of beauty—*that* of love—
I'm such a fool I can't reprove—
I *must* reprove them, I declare.

'Tis strange—but yet I hope no sin;
Something unwonted speaks within:
Love's language is a mystery;
And yet I feel, and yet I see,—
O what is this that speaks within?

The shepherd cries, 'I love thee, sweet;'
'And I love *thee*,' my lips repeat:
Kind words! they sound as sweet to me
As music's fairest melody;
'I love thee,' oft my lips repeat.

His pledge he brings,—I'll *not* reprove;
O no! I'll take that pledge of love;
To thee my guardian dog I'd give,
Could I without that guardian live:
But still I'll take thy pledge of love.

My shepherd's crook I'll give to thee;—
O no! my father gave it me—
And treasures by a parent given,
From a fond child should ne'er be riven—
O no! my father gave it me.

But thou shalt have yon lambkin fair—
Nay! 'tis my mother's fondest care;
For every day she joys to count
Each snowy lambkin on the mount:—
I'll give thee then no lambkin fair.

But stay, my shepherd! wilt thou be
For ever faithful, fond to me?
A sweeter gift I'll then impart,
And thou shalt have a maiden's heart,
If thou wilt give thy heart to me.

A TROUBADOUR POEM,

Addressed by a Lady to the Object of her Affection.

Alas! alas! my song is sad;
How should it not be so,
When he who us'd to make me glad
Now leaves me in my woe?
With him, my love, my graciousness,
My beauty, all are vain;
I feel as tho' some guiltiness
Had mark'd me with its stain.

One sweet thought still has power o'er me
In this my heart's great need;
'Tis that I ne'er was false to thee,
Dear friend! in word or deed

I own that nobler virtues fill
Thy heart; love only mine:
Yet why are all thy looks so chill
Till they on others shine?

O long-lov'd friend! I marvel much
Thy heart is so severe,
That it will yield not to the touch
Of love and sorrow's tear.
No! no! it cannot be that thou
Should'st seek another love.
Oh! think upon our early vow,
And thou wilt faithful prove.

Thy virtue's pride, thy lofty fame,
Assure me thou art true,
Tho' fairer ones than I may claim
Thy hand, and deign to sue.
But think, beloved! that to bless
With perfect blessing, thou
Must seek for trusting tenderness:
Remember then our vow!

THE GUITAR.

When Lælia wak'd that wild guitar,
Each string that own'd her raptur'd touch
Gave music to the list'ning air,
And taught the melting heart too much:

But now its deep melodious swell
Is harshest discord to my ear;
For every tone is but the knell
Of moments spent with Lælia here.

Yet Sylvia's hand might charm the Fates,
For she can act a Syren's part;
But oh! the notes her skill creates,
Though sweet, can never reach my heart:

The cause it is not mine to tell;
But this I know,—were Love to do it,
He'd say, the *guitar* sounds as well,
But Lælia's smile is wanting to it.

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE;

From Maturin's Universe.

Come ye! who, wrapp'd in some peculiar lore,
Self-dazzled—call it wisdom—ye, who think
The pomps of pride worth gazing—or who love,
In distant lands, to hunt for monuments
Of fallen empire, and are struck with awe
By pillar, arch, or pile,—who stand transfix'd
Where old Pantheon, beautifully vast,
Uplifts its airy concave—or sublime,
The sky-aspiring dome of Angelo!
Come, and behold this Temple:—when still night
Hath silenc'd the loud hum of wakeful hours—
And the lone pulses beat, as if it were
The general pulse of nature: then, with eye
Of fix'd and awe-struck meditation, look
From world to world! See yonder in the South,
How, with its vast and bright diameter,
The proudest of the planets seems afar
Diminish'd to a point; yet there, perchance,

Are cities with gay spires and towers, above
The pitch of earthly mountains; still beyond,
At sumless distances and thicker far
Than all earth's living myriads, hosts of suns
Throng ether with fix'd rays; or, widely launch'd
Sail awful cycles round the throne of heaven
With their attendant spheres. They are the same
Enduring constellations seen by them,
Your sires, before the flood; still fix'd serene
O'er yon ethereal vault, that lifts itself
In distant grandeur.—'Tis the ancient dome
Of God's most durable fabric: far beneath,
Crown'd with her populous kingdoms, Earth revolves!
An atom in the host of worlds—and still
A world to little man—who looks around,
Within his small circumference, struck with awe
At his own bulk diminutive, and works
The insect monuments of human power,
From Nature's ampler kingdom won by time,
And soon by time to Nature's sway restor'd.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE CORONATION.

This splendid and august ceremonial has at length been solemnised. The brilliant day has passed over our heads like a flashing meteor; but, though transient in itself, it will leave vivid recollections in the minds of many. The attendance was far from being so great as was wished or expected by those who call themselves exclusively loyal; and considerable loss has consequently been sustained by some eager speculators, who hoped to profit largely by the curiosity of the public: but spectacles of this description will always be attractive to a numerous portion of mankind; and, if offence had not been given by the higher powers in more than one instance, there would have been no reason to complain of intentional neglect.

The claim of the queen to a participation of this honor was forcibly urged by her legal advisers; but it was disallowed by the privy council. We do not censure the decision of that assembly as illegal or unconstitutional: but we may venture to reprehend that resentful illiberality which excluded her majesty even from a sight of the ceremonial.

Notwithstanding the drawbacks at which we hinted, public curiosity and interest produced a sensation during the whole of Wednesday night, which, for animation and bustle, gave to the still season of rest the cheerful life of day. The rattling of carriages, the busy hum of men, and the lively note of preparation, marked the night as the continuation of day. As early as one o'clock, Westminster presented a spectacle which confounded the senses. Even at that hour those who had bargained for seats in the abbey and the hall, had commenced their approach to the scene of celebration. From Charing-cross, as the converging centre to the metropolis, there were then two streams of carriages directing their course through the passages respectively marked out, the one appropriated to the visitors of the abbey, and the other to those of the hall. Through the grey mist of morning the gay apparel of the inmates was visible, and excited sensations not to be described. The streets were then crowded with foot passengers, hastening to the common centre of attraction, some eager to secure their seats on the different platforms, and others anxious to gain some standing-place convenient for view. His majesty's foot-guards had been under arms the whole night, and at the dawn were stationed in the posts allotted to them.

As the morning advanced, the scene gathered fresh interest. The sun rose in full splendor about four o'clock, and imparted his golden brilliancy to all around, showing to full advantage the dazzling glitter presented to the admiring spectator At an early hour the bells of St. Margaret's commenced a merry peal, and continued playing alternately every half hour.

The morning of the 19th was ushered in by discharges of artillery in the park, and from the boats on the river, which were continued at intervals during the morning. In consequence of the orders issued for the accommodation of those who came in carriages, and the limitation of the hour at which the visitors were to obtain admittance, the throng of carriages by 6 o'clock was extremely great, and at that hour there was a complete stoppage for a considerable time. Long before this hour many of the company, impatient of the ordinary delay of setting down at the doors, got out of their carriages and hastened to their places of destination through the crowd. Many of the nobility, attired in their coronation robes, alighted before their carriages arrived at the barrier leading to the hall; and the contrast of their splendid robes and coronets, with the surrounding groupe, was pleasingly striking. Every moment some object of attraction was presented to the view of the gazing multitude. The splendid, and in some instances grotesque dresses, of those who were to form part of the grand procession, excited wonder and admiration. Of the latter description were the dresses of the pursuivants, gentlemen pensioners, the attendants of the lords spiritual, and many others, which were formed after the model of ancient times,

Early in the morning, the queen made her appearance with her faithful friends, lord and lady Hood, and lady Anne Hamilton. She was received, in the whole line of her progress, with such acclamations as nearly drowned the occasional cries of disapprobation: but when she approached the abbey on foot, and demanded admission, she was informed that only those who had procured tickets would be permitted to enter; and, when lord Hood repelled, with dignified censure, the brutal insults of some of the courtly spectators, her majesty, smiling with scorn, quitted the scene of royal triumph.

After a long series of orderly arrangements, the king, who had passed the night at the speaker's house, (guarded during his repose by the acting great chamberlain and the usher of the black rod,) entered the hall at ten o'clock, and seated himself on the throne at the end or the hall. The solemnity then commenced with the formality of placing the *regalia* on the table. Those courtiers who were to bear the different articles were then desired to come forward; and the chamberlain put them into the hands of each.

St. Edward's staff was delivered to the marquis of Salisbury.

Lord Calthorpe, as deputy to the baroness Grey de Ruthyn, received the spurs, which are elaborately worked; they have no rowels, but terminate in an ornamental point.

The sceptre with the cross was assigned to the marquis Wellesley.

The pointed sword of temporal justice was delivered to the earl of Galloway.

The sword of spiritual justice was received and borne by the duke of Northumberland. This sword is pointed, but rather obtuse. The length of the blade is about three feet and a half; the breadth an inch and a half; the handle is covered with gold wire. The length of the cross, which is plain steel gilt, is about eight inches.

The Curtana, or sword of mercy, was given to the duke of Newcastle. This sword was the principal in dignity of the three swords borne naked before the king. It is a broad bright [illegible]f which the length of the blade is thirty-[illegible]es, the breadth almost two inches; the h[illegible], which is covered with fine gold wire, is four inches long, and the pommel an inch and three-quarters, which, with the cross, is plain steel gilt. The scabbard is covered with a rich brocade of tissue, with gilt ornaments.

The sword of state was delivered to the duke of Dorset. This is a large two-handed sword, having a splendid scabbard of crimson velvet, decorated with gold plates of the royal badges in order as follow: Up at the point is the orb or mound; the crest is a lion standing on an imperial crown; lower down, are a portcullis, harp, thistle, fleur-de-lis, and rose; nearer the hilt is the portcullis repeated; next are the royal arms and supporters; and, lastly, the harp, thistle, &c. occur again. The handles and pommel of the sword are embossed with similar devices, and the cross has a rose within a laurel on one side, and a fleur-de-lis on the other.

The sceptre with the dove was assigned to the duke of Rutland; the orb to the duke of Devonshire; and St. Edward's crown to the marquis of Anglesea, as lord high steward. The patina, chalice, and Bible, were respectively delivered to the bishops of Glocester, Chester, and Ely. At the commencement of the procession, an anthem, beginning with these words, 'O Lord, grant the King a long life,' was sung in parts, the intervals being filled up by his majesty's band playing, the sounding of trumpets, and the beating of drums, until the arrival in the abbey.

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

The King's Herb-Woman, Miss Fellowes, with her Six Maids, the Misses Garth, Collier, Ramsbottom, Hill, Daniel, and Walker, strewing Herbs.

All these ladies were splendidly dressed in white—Miss Fellowes wore, in addition, a scarlet mantle, trimmed with gold lace.

Messenger of the College of Arms, in a scarlet Cloak, with the Arms of the College embroidered on the left shoulder.

The Dean's Beadle of Westminster, with his Staff.

The High Constable of Westminster, with his Staff, in a scarlet Cloak.

Two Household Fifers, with Banners of Velvet fringed with Gold, and Five Household Drummers in Royal Livery, Drum-Covers of crimson Velvet, laced and fringed with Gold.

The Drum-Major, in a rich Livery, and a crimson Scarf fringed with Gold.

Eight Trumpeters, in rich Liveries of crimson Velvet laced with Gold and Silver, with Silver Trumpets, having Banners of crimson Damask, embroidered and fringed with Gold.

Kettledrums, Drum-Covers of crimson Damask.

Eight Trumpeters in Liveries.

Serjeant-Trumpeter, carrying his Mace.

The Knight Marshal, attended by his Officers.

The Six Clerks in Chancery, in Gowns of black flowered Satin, with black Silk Loops and Tufts upon the Sleeves.

King's Chaplains having Dignities, dressed in their scarlet Habits as Doctors, with black Silk Tippets, and carrying their square Caps in their hands.

The Sheriffs of London.

The Aldermen and Recorder of London.

Masters in Chancery, dressed in their Gowns of black figured Silk, with black Silk Loops and Tufts.

The King's Serjeants at Law, in scarlet Gowns, wearing their Coifs, with black square Caps in their hands.

The King's Ancient Serjeant.

The King's Solicitor-General.

The King's Attorney-General.

Thirty-two Gentlemen of the Privy-Chamber.

Serjeant of the Vestry of the Chapel Royal, in a scarlet Robe, with his Gilt Verge.

Serjeant-Porter, in a scarlet Robe, with his Ebony Staff.

Children of the Choir of Westminster, in Surplices.

Twelve Children of the Chapel Royal, in Surplices, with scarlet Mantles over them.

Choir of Westminster, in Surplices, with Music Books.

Thirty-two Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, in scarlet Mantles.

Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, in a scarlet Gown.

Twelve Prebendaries of Westminster, in Surplices and rich Copes.

The Dean of Westminster, in a Surplice, and Cope of purple Velvet, embroidered with Gold and Silver.

Pursuivants of Scotland and Ireland, in their Tabards.

His Majesty's Band.

Officers attendant on the Knights Commanders of the Bath, with Mantles, Chains, and Badges.

Knights Commanders of the Bath, not Peers.

Officers of the Order of the Bath, in their Mantles, Chains, and Badges.

Knights Grand Crosses of the Bath, not Peers, in the full Habit of their Order, carrying their Caps in their hands.

The knights of the Bath made a splendid appearance. They were in the full dress of their order, consisting of a surcoat of white satin, over which there was a mantle of crimson satin, lined with white, and tied at the neck with a cordon of crimson silk and gold, with gold tassels. On the left shoulder of this mantle was embroidered an eight-pointed silver star, having in the centre three imperial crowns of gold, with the motto '*Tria juncta in Uno*,' in letters of the same. They wore also hats of white silk, ornamented with ostrich feathers; buskins of white kid, gold spurs, and gold-hilted swords, in white leather scabbards. The collars of this order were of gold, and were composed of nine imperial crowns, and eight roses, thistles, and shamrocks, properly enameled, issuing from a sceptre.

A Pursuivant of Arms, in his Tabard.

The Three Barons of the Exchequer, and Three Justices of each Bench, in their Robes, wearing their Coifs, and carrying their Caps in their hands.

The Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in his Robes and Coif, with his Hood and Sleeves, lined with Ermine unpowdered, wearing his collar of SS gilt.

The Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in his Robes, with his Hood and Sleeves, lined with Ermine unpowdered, wearing the Collar.

The Vice-Chancellor.

The Master of the Rolls.

The Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in his Robes and Coif, with his Hood and Sleeves, lined with Ermine unpowdered, wearing his Collar.

The Clerks of the Council in Ordinary.

Privy Counsellors, not Peers, in rich Habits.

Dean of Windsor, Registrar of the Order of the Garter.

Knights of the Garter, not Peers, in the full Habit and Collar of the Order, with Caps in their hands.

The collar of the knights of this order had a very elegant appearance. It was of gold, and consisted of twenty-five roses of red enamel, surrounded by blue garters, on which appears the motto of the order in gold, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense*.' A golden love-knot connected the garters; and to the centre of the collar was suspended the figure of St. George slaying the dragon, which was also made of gold, enameled in proper colors.

His Majesty's Vice-Chamberlain.

Comptroller of his Majesty's Household.

Treasurer of his Majesty's Household, bearing a crimson Bag with the Medals struck in honour of the Coronation.

A Pursuivant of Arms in his Tabard.

Heralds of Scotland and Ireland, in their Tabards and Collars of SS.

The Standard of Hanover, borne by the Earl of Mayo.

Barons, in their Robes of crimson Velvet, with their Coronets in their hands.

A Herald, in his Tabard and Collar.

The Standard of Ireland, borne by Lord Beresford.

The Standard of Scotland, borne by the Earl of Lauderdale.

The Bishops of England and Ireland, in their Rochets, with their Caps in their hands.

Two Heralds.

Viscounts, in their Robes, with their Coronets in their hands.

The Standard of England, borne by Lord Hill.

Earls, in their Robes, their Coronets in their hands.

The Union Standard, borne by Earl Harcourt.

Marquises, in their Robes, their Coronets in their hands.

The Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, in his Robes, attended by an Officer of the Jewel Office, in a scarlet Mantle, with a Crown embroidered on his left shoulder, bearing a Cushion, on which were placed the Ruby Ring and the Sword to be girt about the King.

The Lord Steward of the Household, in his Robes.

The Royal Standard, borne by the Earl of Harrington.

King of Arms of the Ionian Order.

Glocester King of Arms.

Hanover King of Arms.

Dukes, in their Robes, their Coronets in their hands.

Ulster King of Arms.

Clarenceux King of Arms.

Norroy, King of Arms.

The dresses of the heraldic officers added great splendor to the other ceremonial costume. The crowns of the different kings at arms consisted of a plain circle of gold, on which were raised sixteen upright leaves, eight of them being shorter than the others. Round the circle were the words '*Miserere mei Deus;*' the coronet was trimmed with ermine, and surmounted by a crimson velvet cap, with a tassel of gold. These crowns were not worn on the head, but carried in the right hand of each *king*. The tabards, or surcoats, were decorated in various parts with the royal arms. The dresses of the kings at arms were made of velvet and cloth of gold, those for the heralds of damask, and those for the pursuivants of satin. They were all lined with crimson silk, and fastened by ribands.

The Keeper of the Privy Seal.

The President of the Council.

The four Archbishops of Ireland.

The Archbishop of York.

The Lord Chancellor.

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

Two Serjeants at Arms.

A part of the Regalia, borne by the Noblemen before-mentioned.

Usher of the Green Rod.

Usher of the White Rod.

The Lord Mayor.

The Lord-Lyon of Scotland.

Garter King at Arms.

Usher of the Black Rod.

The Great Chamberlain.

The Prince Leopold, in the full Habit of the Order of the Garter.

The Dukes of Glocester, Cambridge, Sussex, Clarence, and York, in their Robes of State, with their Trains borne.

The High Constables of Ireland and of Scotland.

The Earl Marshal's Deputy.

The Duke of Dorset, with the Sword of State.

The Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable of England.

St. Edward's Crown, and other parts of the Regalia.

Supporter, the Bishop of Oxford.	THE KING, In the Royal Robes, wearing a Cap of State, adorned with Jewels, under a Canopy of Cloth of Gold, borne by sixteen Barons of the Cinque-Ports; his Train being borne by eight eldest Sons of Peers, assisted by the Master and Groom of the Robes.	Supporter, the Bishop of Lincoln.

Lords of the Bedchamber, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, Equerries, Aides-de-Camp, Gentlemen-Ushers, Medical Attendants, Pages, Footmen, and Yeomen of the Guard.

As the procession moved forward, the crowd was dazzled with its splendor. As is customary on such occasions, popular feeling was manifested, as different individuals who have appeared on the political arena passed along the platform. Alderman Wood received strong marks of affection and good-will, but they were not unmixed with symptoms of disapprobation. One or two voices exclaimed 'No Wood!' to which an Hibernian laborer responded with laughable effect, 'No wood! If there was no wood, what would you do for scaffolding?' The two sheriffs were noticed very favorably. The marquis of Londonderry was received with alternate cheers and hisses. Lord Hill received the most enthusiastic applause, which he answered by repeated obeisance. The duke of Sussex and prince Leopold, the latter of whom carried himself with peculiar dignity, were greeted in the most affectionate manner. The duke of Clarence did not escape observation; and, whether it was in consequence of his conduct during the late investigation in the house of lords, or his recent application for money, we know not, but that observation was not of the most friendly character. And now, in the distance, his Majesty was seen approaching. All minor objects of curiosity were forgotten, and every eye was directed to the royal personage.

The splendors of formal procession were followed by the more impressive ceremonies of religion. On the king's entrance into the abbey, the 'pealing anthem swelled the note of praise.' It commenced with these words: 'I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord.' His majesty ascended to that part which is called the theatre, knelt upon a stool placed before his chair, and used a short private prayer. The primate then four times addressed the brilliant throng, turning successively to the four points of the compass, and presenting king George the Fourth for recognition and homage. A rich cushion being placed near the steps of the altar, the king, uncovered, knelt upon it, and made his first-offering of a pall or altar-cloth of gold The second oblation was an ingot of gold, weighing one pound; and the regalia, except the swords, were afterward placed on the altar by the dean of Westminster. Two of the prelates then read the litany; the beginning of the communion service followed; and a sermon was delivered by the archbishop of York, who drew the pleasing picture of a virtuous, just, and patriotic king, and necessarily applied his delineation to the reigning prince. Great attention was paid to the discourse by his majesty, who, when he had thus been admonished of his duty, took the coronation oath at the altar, binding himself by the sanctions of religion to an uniform observance of law and justice and solemnly cementing the former ties between himself and his subjects. He was then anointed by the primate on the head and hands, in the form of a cross, with consecrated oil, a ceremony which was followed by a solemn benediction, addressed to the kneeling potentate. The next operation was to array the king with a supertunica of cloth of gold, and with a girdle of the same material for the sword. This weapon, but not the sword of state, was delivered by the archbishop into the right hand of his majesty, who was immediately girt with it by the great chamberlain, but quickly resigned it. He was then invested with the imperial mantle, and also with the armil, receiving the latter as 'a token of the divine mercy embracing him on every side.' The orb was next presented to him, and the ruby ring was put on the fourth finger of his right hand, as 'the ensign of kingly dignity, and of defence of the catholic faith.' When the two sceptres were placed in his hands, one being the emblem of power and justice, the other (with the dove) of equity and mercy, the primate said, 'Be so merciful, that you be not too remiss; so execute justice, that you forget not mercy. Punish the wicked, protect the oppressed; and the blessing of him who was ready to perish shall be upon you; thus in all things following his great and holy example, of whom the prophet David said, Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest iniquity; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre.'

The archbishop, standing before the altar, took the crown into his hands, and, laying it again before him upon the altar, said. 'O God, who crownest thy faithful servants with mercy and loving kindness, look down upon this thy servant George our king, who now in lowly devotion boweth his head to thy Divine Majesty; and, as thou dost this day set a crown of pure gold upon his head, so enrich his royal heart with thy heavenly grace; and crown him with all princely virtues, which may adorn the high station wherein thou hast placed him.' Then the king sat down in St. Edward's chair; the dean of Westminster brought the crown; and the archbishop reverently put it upon the king's head. At this sight, the people, with loud and repeated shouts, cried 'God save the King,' the trumpets sounded, and the guns at the Tower were fired.

The noise ceasing, the primate rose and said, 'Be strong and of good courage; observe the commandments of God, and walk in his holy ways: fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life; that in this world you may be crowned with success and honor, and when you have finished your course, you may receive a crown of righteousness, which God the righteous judge shall give you in that day.'

Then the choir sang an anthem; and the dean, taking the Bible from the altar, gave it to the chief prelate, who presented it to his sovereign as 'the most valuable thing that this world affordeth.' He received it graciously; and it was replaced upon the altar.

When the king had been thus anointed and crowned, and had received all the ensigns of royalty, the archbishop solemnly blessed him, saying,

'The Lord bless and keep you: the Lord make the light of his countenance to shine for ever upon you, and be gracious unto you: the Lord protect you in all your ways, preserve you from every evil thing, and prosper you in every thing good. Amen.

'The Lord give you a faithful senate, wise and upright counsellors and magistrates, a loyal nobility, and a dutiful gentry; a pious, and learned. and useful clergy; an honest, industrious and obedient commonalty.

'In your days may mercy and truth meet together, and righteousness and peace kiss each other; may wisdom and knowlege be the stability of your times, and the fear of the Lord your treasure.

'The Lord make your days many, and your reign prosperous; your fleets and armies victorious: and may you be reverenced and beloved by all your subjects, and ever increase in favour with God and man.

'The glorious Majesty of the Lord our God be upon you: may he bless you with all temporal and spiritual happiness in this world, and crown you with glory and immortality in the world to come.

'The Lord give you a religious and vic-

torious posterity to rule these kingdoms in all ages.'

Then the archbishop turned to the people and said,

'And the same Lord God Almighty grant that the clergy and nobles assembled here for this great and solemn service, and together with them all the people of the land, fearing God, and honoring the King, may by the merciful superintendency of the Divine Providence, and the vigilant care of our gracious sovereign, continually enjoy peace, plenty, and prosperity.'

The blessing being thus given, the king sat down in his chair, and vouchsafed to kiss the prelates, who knelt before him, one after another.

The choir now sang *Te Deum laudamus*. The king was lifted upon his throne by some of the lords spiritual and temporal, and was desired by the archbishop to 'stand firm, and hold fast the seat and imperial dignity which in the name of God had been conferred upon him.' This exhortation being ended, all the peers present did homage to the king upon the theatre; and in the mean time the treasurer of the household threw among the people medals of gold and silver, as the king's princely largess or donative.

The archbishop first knelt down before his majesty's knees, and the rest of the bishops knelt on either hand, and about him; and they did their homage together, saying, 'We will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear, unto you our sovereign lord, and your heirs.'

The prelates then kissed the king's left cheek; after which the other peers did their homage in like manner, the dukes first by themselves, and so the marquises, the earls, the viscounts, and the barons, severally; the first of each order kneeling before his majesty, and the rest with and about him, all putting off their coronets, and the first of each class beginning, and the last saying after him, 'I do become your liege-man of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folk.'

The peers, having done their homage, stood round about the king; and each class or degree going by themselves, or (as it was at the coronation of Charles the First and Second) every peer one by one, in order, put off their coronets, singly ascended the throne again, and stretching forth their hands, touched the crown, promising by that ceremony to be ever ready to support it with all their power; and then every one of them kissed the king's cheek.

The administration of the holy sacrament to the king closed the proceedings in the abbey; and preparations were made for returning into the hall. The crowned monarch descended from his throne, and, carrying the two sceptres in his hands, went up the area eastward of the theatre, and passed on through the door on the south side of the altar into King Edward's chapel; and as he passed by the altar, the rest of the regalia lying upon it were delivered by the dean to the lords that carried them in the procession; and they proceeded in state into the chapel. The king took off his crown and delivered it to the archbishop, who laid it upon the altar; he then withdrew himself into his apartment, where he was stripped by the great chamberlain of his robe of state, and again arrayed in his garment of purple and velvet. When he came forth, he stood before the altar; and the archbishop set the crown of state upon his head. He carried his sceptre with the cross in his left hand: the four swords being borne before him, and the heralds having again put the rest of the procession in order, he went on from the chapel to the theatre, and thence through the midst of the choir and body of the church. As soon as he disappeared, the throng began to crowd out of the church. The peeresses departed forthwith; the box of the foreign ministers was emptied in a moment; the musicians and principal singers abruptly left the choir; and when the king returned after a short absence, he had empty benches, covered with dirt and litter, on the one hand, and the backs of his courtiers expediting their exits with '*sauve-qui-peut* like' rapidity, presented themselves to his view upon the other. This mode of clearing the abbey may probably have been found necessary as a measure of convenience; but it certainly was a most unpicturesque arrangement. It had the appearance of a want of due respect to the sovereign. His majesty, however, though much encumbered with his splendid attire, moved forward with seeming good-humor, and shook hands with the duchess of Glocester, as she left the church.

About four o'clock, the sovereign and his brilliant *cortege* re-entered the hall, amidst loud and general acclamations. Leaving his guests to the enjoyment of the luxurious banquet which had been provided for them, he passed an hour in his chamber, reposing after his fatigue. When he again made his appearance, he placed himself on the throne, wearing his crown; and at his table his royal relatives also sat, with four peers who acted as carvers and sewers. The first course consisted of 24 dishes with gold covers, carried by as many gentlemen pensioners. Before they were placed on the table, the great doors of the hall were thrown open to the sound of trumpets and clarions, and the duke of Wellington, the marquis of Anglesea, and lord Howard of Effingham, entered upon the floor on horseback, remaining for some minutes under the arch. Each was followed by a groom; and at the heads of the horses walked three pages, occasionally soothing the animals by patting their necks. Their excellent temper and the skill with which they were managed, however, rendered this almost needless. The manner in which these noblemen, and especially the marquis, rode up the avenue, excited general admiration.

While the covers were placed upon the royal table, these noblemen remained at the lowest step leading to the throne; and, as the gentlemen pensioners delivered the dishes, they retired backward and left the hall. They were followed by the duke, the marquis, and lord Howard, who backed their steeds with great skill down the centre of the hall. When an attempt was made to applaud the proceeding, the horse of the earl marshal became somewhat alarmed, as in the course of his rehearsals he had not met with any thing like this species of reception: he reared once or twice, but was soon pacified by the groom in attendance.

The dishes yet remaining uncovered, the basin and ewer were presented by the great chamberlain, that his majesty might wash He was assisted by the earls of Abingdon and Verulam, and the lord of the manor of Heydon was in attendance with a towel. Having dipped his fingers in the rose-water and wiped them, he returned the napkin to the gentleman who had performed the service of bearing it.

The first course having been removed, the attention of all present was called to the entrance of the hall by a long and cheerful flourish of trumpets. The great gates were instantly opened, and Mr. Dymoke, the champion, made his appearance under the arch, mounted on his piebald charger. He was accompanied on the right by the duke of Wellington, and on the left by lord Howard; but his polished steel armour, his plumes, and the trappings of his steed, instantly showed the capacity in which he appeared. He was ushered within the limits of the hall by two trumpeters, with the arms of the champion on their banners; by the serjeant trumpeter, and by two serjeants at arms with maces. An esquire in half armour was on each side, one bearing his lance, and the other his shield or target: the three horsemen were followed by grooms and pages.

The first challenge was given at the entrance of the hall, the trumpets having sounded thrice: it was read by the herald attending the champion, in the following terms:—

'If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord, King George the Fourth, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, son and next heir to King George the Third, to be right heir to the Imperial Crown of this United Kingdom, here is his Champion, who saith that he lieth and is a false traitor; being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel to adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall appoint.'

After pausing for a few seconds, the champion drew off his gauntlet, and threw it upon the floor, with a very manly and chivalrous air. As no one appeared to accept the challenge, the herald took up the glove, and returned it to the champion. The cavalcade then advanced half way up the hall, when it again halted, and the trumpets having sounded, the challenge was read as before, the gauntlet thrown down, and restored. At the foot of the throne, the same ceremony was repeated. Shouts of applause and vociferations of 'Long live the King,' followed each restoration of the gauntlet to the challenger His charger was considerably alarmed by the noise; but he seemed to have a complete command over him, and restrained his action within limits suited to the narrow space in which he could be permitted to move.

His knightly appearance and gallant deportment obviously gave considerable pleasure to his majesty, who, taking a goblet that was presented, drank to him with a corresponding air of gaiety. The champion, having received the cup, proposed the following toast—'Long live his Majesty King George the Fourth.' A loud cry of 'God bless the King' escaped at that moment from the hall—the acclamation was long and loud. Women, the fairest and loveliest that ever Heaven formed, full of health and beauty, yet bending under the brilliant burthen of rich but unnecessary ornaments, seemed to join with rapture in this loyal effusion.

When the champion had carried off the cup as his fee, the officers of arms thrice proclaimed the king's designation and titles, in Latin, French, and English.

After each proclamation, the company shouted 'God save the King,' and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and fans.

Dinner being concluded, the lord mayor and twelve principal citizens of London, as assistants to the chief butler of England, accompanied by the king's cupbearer and assistant, presented wine in a gold cup: the king drank thereof, and returned the cup. It was remarked that his majesty did not bow, as usual, when the magistrate ascended the steps, nor, on receiving the cup, was he allowed to kiss the king's hand. The following services were also performed:—

The mayor of Oxford presented a bowl of wine, and received three maple cups for his fee.

The lord of the manor of Lyston brought up *wafers* to his majesty's table.

The duke of Athol, as lord of the isle of Man, presented two falcons.

The peers then rose in their seats, and drank good health and a long and happy reign to the king; which was received with three times three by the whole company.

The lord chancellor, who sat at the corner of one of the tables, took occasion to observe that the toast ought not only to be received with nine, but with nine times nine. This courtly remark did not produce any renewal of the acclamations.

"God save the king" followed, sung in a fine style by the whole choir, the chorus being swelled by the company, all standing.

The duke of Norfolk then said, "The king thanks his peers for drinking his health: he does them the honour to drink their health, and that of his good people." His majesty rose, and, bowing three times, drank the health of all

present. It was succeeded by shouts from all sides, during which the king resumed his seat on the throne.

Non nobis, Domine, having been sung by the choir, various peers paid their homage and respects to his majesty; after which, he received from the dukes of Devonshire and Beaufort his orb and sceptre, and retired amidst loud expressions of public attachment.

AMUSEMENTS CONNECTED WITH THE CORONATION.

Ascent of an Air-Balloon.—When the principal admirers of pageantry were in the Abbey, the greater portion of the populace moved off to the Green-Park, to witness Mr. Green's adventurous courage. His balloon was thirty-one feet in diameter, and was inflated with about 1200 cubic feet of carbonated hydrogen gas. At one o'clock he took his seat in the car, and ascended steadily and almost perpendicularly for a few moments. The balloon then obliqued in a north-easterly direction, and was long seen, in consequence of the clearness of the atmosphere. When at the height of several hundred yards, it was observed stationary, until three or four bags of sand were seen descending from the car, when it immediately rose with rapidity to a distance from which it seemed to be no larger than a peer's coronet and soon after it dwindled to the size of one of the balls with which such coronet is decorated, (and which it much resembled from the reflection of the sun upon one of its glossy silken sides,) until it disappeared, as if it melted into ether. According to his own opinion, he soared to the height of 11,000 feet. The cold which he then felt was two degrees below the freezing point, when those who were upon the earth complained of great heat. He was apprehensive of being driven toward the sea; but, by a proper diminution of the gas, he ensured his descent. He supposes, that, in forty minutes, he traveled fifty miles in different directions; but the spot where he descended was only about four miles beyond Barnet, or fifteen miles from London

Hyde-Park.—The crowd then moved forward to Hyde-Park to witness a boat race, which took place a little before two o'clock, on the Serpentine. Four boats started. The canal was covered with boats filled with ladies and gentlemen regaling themselves; and its banks were lined by carriages and well-dressed persons. But what excited the greatest share of attention, was a splendid car, drawn by two figures of elephants, one before the other, as large as life, and caparisoned after the Eastern manner, with a young woman, dressed as a slave, seated on the back of each, and affecting to guide the animals with an iron rod. The machine was constructed on a large raft, which was towed by three or four boats.

Fire-Works.—An immense concourse of persons flocked to Hyde-Park in the evening, to witness the expected exhibition of fire-works. Upon entering the park, the appearance of the trees illuminated by variegated and Chinese lamps; a long line of tents lighted up in different fanciful modes; swings in full motion; the appearance of an illuminated stage peeping over a clump of trees near the cascade; together with incessant discharges of very splendid rockets flashing a glaring light upon the solid mass of spectators as far as the eye could reach; but, above all, the glimpses caught through the foliage of the trees, of the tastefully illuminated waters of the Serpentine, formed a picturesque and delightful scene. The fireworks were very magnificent. They were prepared, we understand, under the management of Sir W. Congreve.

Illuminations.—An illumination in honour of the coronation took place throughout the metropolis. There were many brilliant transparencies; but it was an illumination of public offices and establishments, and of certain individuals, rather than a general display of joy.

Theatres Five of these houses were gratuitously opened to the public, by the royal command; and, as might be expected, they were crowded in every part, but not with persons of rank and fashion No disturbance arose from the animosities of party; and the various entertainments were very favourably received

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THE QUEEN'S PROTEST AGAINST THE EXCLUSIVE CORONATION OF THE KING.

CAROLINE R.

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

The Protest and Remonstrance of Caroline, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.

Your majesty having been pleased to refer to your privy council the queen's memorial, claiming as of right to celebrate the ceremony of her coronation on the 19th day of July, being the day appointed for the celebration of your majesty's royal coronation, and lord viscount Sidmouth, one of your majesty's principal secretaries of state, having communicated to the queen the judgement pronounced against her majesty's claim; in order to preserve her just rights, and those of her successors, and to prevent the said minute from being in aftertimes referred to as deriving validity from her majesty's supposed acquiescence in the determination therein expressed, the queen feels it to be her bounden duty to enter her most deliberate and solemn protest against the said determination, and to affirm and maintain, that by the laws, usages, and customs of this realm, from time immemorial, the queen consort ought of right to be crowned at the same time with the king's majesty.

In support of this claim of right, her majesty's law officers have proved before the said council, from the most ancient and authentic records that queens-consort of this realm have, from time immemorial, participated in the ceremony of the coronation with their royal husbands. The few exceptions that occur demonstrate, from the peculiar circumstances in which they originated, that the right itself was never questioned, though the exercise of it was from necessity suspended, or from motives of policy declined.

Her majesty has been taught to believe that the most valuable laws of this country depend upon, and derive their authority from, custom; that your majesty's royal prerogatives stand upon the same basis. The authority of ancient usage cannot therefore be rejected without shaking that foundation upon which the most important rights and institutions of the country depend. Your majesty's council, however, without controverting any of the facts or reasons upon which the claim made on the part of her majesty has been supported, have expressed a judgement in opposition to the existence of such right. But the queen can place no confidence in that judgement, when she recollects that the principal individuals by whom it has been pronounced were formerly her successful defenders, that their opinions have varied with their interests, and that they have since become the most active and powerful of her persecutors: still less can she confide in it, when her majesty calls to mind that the leading members of that council, when in the service of your majesty's royal father, reported in the most solemn form, that documents reflecting upon her majesty were satisfactorily disproved as to the most important parts, and that the remainder was undeserving of credit. Under this declared conviction, they strongly recommended to your majesty's royal father to bestow his favor upon the queen, then princess of Wales, though in opposition to your majesty's declared wishes. But when your majesty had assumed the kingly power, these same advisers, in another minute of council, recanted their former judgement, and referred to and adopted these very same documents as a justification of one of your majesty's harshest measures towards the queen—the separation of her majesty from her affectionate and only child.

The queen, like your majesty, descended from a long race of kings, was the daughter of a sovereign house connected by the ties of blood with the most illustrious families in Europe; and her not unequal alliance with your majesty was formed in full confidence that the faith of the king and of the people was equally pledged to secure to her all those honours and rights which had been enjoyed by her royal predecessors.

In that alliance her majesty believed that she exchanged the protection of her family for that of a royal husband and of a free and noble-minded nation. From your majesty the queen has experienced only the bitter disappointment of every hope she had indulged. In the attachment of the people she has found that powerful and decided protection which has ever been her steady support and her unfailing consolation. Submission from a subject to injuries of a private nature may be matter of expedience—from a wife it may be matter of necessity—but it never can be the duty of a queen to acquiesce in the infringement of those rights which belong to her constitutional character.

The queen does therefore, repeat her most solemn and deliberate protest against the decision of the said council, considering it only as the sequel of that course of persecution under which her majesty has so long and so severely suffered, and which decision, if it is to furnish a precedent for future times, can have no other effect than to fortify oppression with the forms of law, and to give to injustice the sanction of authority. The protection of the subject, from the highest to the lowest, is not only the true, but the only legitimate object of all power; and no act of power can be legitimate that is not founded on those principles of eternal justice, without which law is but the mask of tyranny, and power the instrument of despotism.

Queen's House, July 17.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

KING'S THEATRE.

This attractive place of entertainment was re-opened in the spring, under the auspices of Mr. Ebers, the king's bookseller, and Mr. Ayrton, who had strenuously endeavoured to collect an extraordinary assemblage of talent. Among the singers we may notice, with high praise, the *prima donna* Camporese, whose powers are extended by practice, and who particularly shines in the opera of La Gazza Ladra, or the Thievish Magpie. Signora Marinori has a sweet and clear voice; but it wants power and volume. Signor Curioni is a very pleasing, if not a brilliant singer: his style is majestic and forcible, rather than florid; his countenance is expressive, and his demeanor dignified, The Begnis (husband and wife) have acquired considerable reputation, both in the vocal and histrionic departments. Mademoiselle Noblet is the best dancer in the company: her movements are graceful and elegant; her figure is imposing, and her action just and appropriate. Fanny Bias has less majesty, and delights rather by the rapidity and lightness of her evolutions. Albert and Coulon are good dancers; and of the former gentleman it is particularly affirmed, that for neatness of make, strength of muscle, elegance of deportment, and brilliant finish of

execution, he surpasses every dancer that has been seen in this country for some years. By other observers, he is not so highly praised, though all allow that he has great merit in the school of Terpsichore.

A new opera, styled *Il Turco in Italia*, has been produced at this theatre. The plot is inconsistent and absurd; but the music which recommends it, is lively and agreeable. The composer is Rossini, who, without the melody of Mozart, enlivens us by his spirited hilarity and comic powers.

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

The only novelty at this theatre, that deserves notice, is a piece in two acts, called *Love's Dream*, the chief interest of which arises from the somnambulism of Cecilia, who, not having relinquished her love for Henry, even while she is preparing for her marriage with Frederic, enters the room where her former suitor is writing to her a farewell letter. In consequence of the hints which escape from her in sleep, Henry perceives that his pretensions are still acknowledged, and Frederic resigns his claim. The sleeping soliloquy was admirably given by Miss Kelly; and the piece met with a very favourable reception. The music is appropriate and engaging; the melodies, if not altogether original, are pleasing; and the accompaniments evince some purity of taste.

THE NEW THEATRE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

A handsome theatre has lately been erected near the spot where Mr. Foote long displayed his comic talents. It exceeds the old house in magnitude, and surpasses it in elegance. The front of each box projects and forms a pannel, ornamented with a light gilt frame-work over a pink ground. A novel feature in the house is a semicircular projection from the proscenium, immediately over the orchestra. This is unpleasing to the eye; but it facilitates the transmission of sound. On the ceiling is an allegorical representation of Morning as Apollo, in the chariot of the sun, attended by Zephyrs, appearing in the horizon, while in the opposite quarter Cynthia, or Night, is seen retiring from his presence beneath her starry mantle. The ornaments which encircle the design are composed of four groups of Cupids, bearing emblematic trophies of the different Seasons. On the proscenium are various figures and embellishments corresponding with those of the ceiling. The new drop-scene represents, on the left of the audience, a temple of the Corinthian order, richly ornamented with representations in basso relievo, and dedicated to Apollo. The statues of Thalia and Melpomene surmount the principal entrance; and the *tout ensemble* has a striking effect.

The house was opened with the representation of the Rivals; but this comedy was far from being well performed: nor did the new after-piece, styled *Peter and Paul*, exemplify the judgment of the manager. A new singer, Mr. Leoni Lee, has appeared at this house with some *éclat*. Some theatrical critics do not admire his skill or his taste; but it is observed by one of these writers, in speaking of Mr. Lee's performance of Henry Bertram, that the selection of this character bespeaks more diffidence than, from the talent he possesses, was necessary. He sings in a very pleasing and gentlemanly manner. His style altogether evinces careful and judicious cultivation in a good school. What however we most esteem in him is the good taste which leads him to avoid the superfluous ornaments too much in vogue. These, attached to an indifferent subject, are like tinsel on sackcloth, reciprocally exposing each other; and, added to good composition, are equally out of place and wearisome. His voice is a *baritone*, in tune throughout, agreeable, but not powerful, and possesses more flexibility than usually falls to the lot of that species.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Vienna, lady Vane Stewart, wife of the British ambassador, of a son and heir.

In Devonshire-street, Portland-place, lady F. Stanhope, of a son and heir.

In Dover-street, the lady of W. M. Pitt, M. P. of twins.

MARRIAGES.

The Rev. Dr. Goodenough, master of Westminster school, to the youngest daughter of Mr. Cockerell.

Sir Roger Gresley, to lady Sophia Catharine Coventry.

Sir T. Tyrwhit Jones, baronet, to Miss Macnamara.

The Rev. D. Olivier, of Clifton, in Bedfordshire, in his 81st year, to Miss Endersby, in her [illegible] year.

DEATHS.

In his 83d year, the marquis of Londonderry. He is succeeded by Lord Castlereagh, who does not, however, retire from the house of commons, as he is not a representative peer.

At Paris, the duchess dowager of Orleans.

Near Berlin, Achard the naturalist.

At New-York, Mrs. Alsop, the actress, one of the daughters of Mrs. Jordan.

Mr. Oliver Cromwell, the great-grandson of Henry, who was the fourth son of the renowned protector.

At his house on Clapham-common, Richard Rothwell, Esq. alderman of the ward of Cheap.

ERRATA.—In the account of the fashions, p. 327, read *bouffonts*;—p. 333, l. 39, read *But we*.

THE

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ON THE STATE OF WOMEN IN EARLY TIMES.

THE state and condition of the female sex, in different ages, may be considered as an interesting object of inquiry. Our country-women are in an enviable state, not from the privileges allowed to them by law, but from the humanity and courtesy of the men, whose general behaviour (notwithstanding some brutal exceptions) may be commended as polite and respectful. In every country, laws are devised and enacted by men, by those who assume a paramount authority over the fair sex: but the rigors of law, over these defenceless individuals, are softened by endearing intercourse, and by the gracious influence of society.

Of the treatment to which the antediluvian ladies were subjected, we cannot derive the smallest hint of precise or satisfactory intelligence, even from a close examination of the scriptural accounts. If they were treated with rigor or disrespect, some will attribute it to a sense of the demerit of the first woman; others, to the unfeeling temper and barbarous habits of those descendants of Adam, who were more disposed to follow the example of Cain than that of Abel. That they were deemed subordinate beings, we may readily believe: but it does not thence follow, that they were cruelly oppressed. They probably lived in a general state of harmony with their fathers or husbands, not only performing domestic duties, but assisting in the labors of the field. With regard to the decline and corruption of their moral characters, we find, in the book of Genesis, a remarkable passage, referring to an illicit and profligate intercourse between the sons of God and the daughters of men. The former, it is said, were the posterity of Seth; the latter, the descendants of Cain. Some oriental writers have accused the angels of being seduced, by the extraordinary beauty and allurements of terrestrial women, into a connexion inconsistent with the refinement of superior beings; but this is certainly a fanciful and absurd interpretation of the sacred text.

Under that patriarchal government, which was established after the deluge, the women [illegible] to have enjoyed any portion of authority. They were engaged in laborious and servile offices, and were apparently treated with little regard or respect. When Abraham entertained the angels who [illegible] to announce the destruction of a [illegible] community, he employed

his wife Sarah in the lowest culinary tasks, although, as a 'mighty prince,' he had great wealth and many servants of both sexes. Rebekah was drawing water from a well when the patriarch sent his servant to seek a wife for his son Isaac; and she not only gave water to the envoy, but also to his camels,—not (as it would seem) in consideration of his rank, but as a part of her ordinary duty. Rachel was in the habit of guarding a flock of sheep; and perhaps she was less an object of solicitude to her male relatives, than the animals which she carefully watched. Yet it must be observed, that, when a person wished to dispose of his daughter in marriage, he was eager to make advantageous terms with his intended son-in-law. Thus Laban insisted upon the septennial service of Jacob, before he would permit him to espouse Rachel, whose exterior charms, rather than her amiable character and mental worth, prompted her lover to agree to the proposal.

The practice of polygamy, which was then allowed, serves to evince the degradation of the women. No female can attain her due rank in society, where such a custom prevails; and the practice is at the same time disgraceful to the men, who thus consider the fair as the mere objects of loose desire, not as the honorable participators of matrimonial dignity.

The facility of divorce, granted to the husband, also tends to show the wife's humiliation. It was not required that he should allege the perverseness of her temper, or convict her of any species of delinquency: it was sufficient for him to declare that she had 'outlived his liking,' or was no longer agreeable to him*. Another instance may be mentioned, to exemplify the contempt which men of the Jewish race entertained for the understandings and characters of their women. No vows or solemn declarations which were made even by the adult females of any family, were suffered to be obligatory, unless they were sanctioned by the personal concurrence of the lordly head of the domestic establishment.

The men who could so easily shake off what they considered as encumbrances, sometimes acted with savage barbarity, when their wives had deviated into adulterous guilt. We do not wish to vindicate or excuse adultery; but we cannot admit that it is so heinous an offence as to justify the infliction of capital punishment. Yet the Israelites ordained, that for this crime women should be burned to death. This outrageous punishment, in all probability, was not often carried into effect. We find, in our own times, that laws which are shockingly severe are frequently relaxed by the lenity or discretion of the administrative power; and, although we may be supposed to be more humane than the ancient Jews, even those despisers of women, we think, did not rigidly enforce their own inhuman law.

The unworthy treatment which the women of those times received, did not seriously check the general desire of procuring a husband. Naomi, a forlorn widow, who lived under the sway of the judges of Israel, encouraged her two daughters-in-law to re-enter without delay into the matrimonial state. One of them, called Ruth the Moabitess, readily adopted the suggestion, and threw herself at the feet of her kinsman Boaz, soliciting his marital protection. He raised the fair gleaner from the earth; and, being inflamed with love at the first sight, he took her to his home and to his bosom; but the writer of the book of Ruth does not inform us whether this 'mighty man of wealth' proved a kind husband, or acted as an arbitrary master.

* We have had a modern instance of this kind of [illegible] repudiation, which we need not particularise, because the most unenlightened reader will perceive the allusion.

THE PRINCESS DE CRAON;

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

The friends of virtue have often had cause to lament that softening terms

and fascinating glosses have, to the eye of inexperience, too successfully veiled the deformity of vice; but an acquaintance with the actual state of society, and with the history of past events, breaks the fatal illusion, showing, that senses fatigued and confused, ideas chaotic, embittered by chagrin, or disturbed by horror, are the portion of that sex whose privileges exempt them from the odium which falls upon the female victim of illicit passion. To her, however splendid the fetters of thraldom, even under a royal ensnarer,—the sense of dependence and of disgrace destroys the zest of pleasure or magnificence, and her remaining good qualities only render her more vulnerable to the numerous attacks which her feelings must endure, without betraying the anguish that preys upon her. In the biography of ladies distinguished by beauty, talents, and accomplishments, but lost to the most valuable attribute of feminine loveliness and excellence, we shall find that, in the story of Amelia (British Lady's Magazine for 1819), and in the more pleasing narrative of lord Kingsley's reformation *, the sketches are correct, and the coloring in no instance exaggerated. The history of the princess de Craon, the favorite of Leopold duke of Lorraine, affords facts more striking than the abridged adventures of Amelia; and her ultimate wretchedness confirms the truth of our assertion, that no woman has deviated from the paths of virtue without incurring sooner or later a penalty more dreadful than the severest struggles to overcome a guilty inclination, or to support any evil compatible with innocence and honor.

Leopold duke of Lorraine, in a hunting excursion from a royal residence, distant from the seat of his government, was informed that some of his courtiers, in rambling for amusement, had obtained a glimpse of a young girl, poorly clad, but matchless in beauty, and of wonderful grace in all her movements and behaviour. They had surprised her feeding a large flock of turkeys; and, under the pretence of asking the way, had an opportunity of observing her rare attractions. The next morning, Leopold rode, with only six attendants, to the scene of enchantment. It was a narrow vale intersected by woody hillocks; and on the summit of the highest mount rose a half-ruined chateau, where one curling smoke betokened the small number of inhabitants. The duke descried a peasant beginning his labors in cutting faggots; who, being questioned with regard to the proprietor of the domain, replied that the fortress, and the land which it protected, were all that remained to his lord, of large estates, which had either been forfeited in the civil wars of former times, or squandered by the present baron in the wildness of his youthful days. 'Except what I can take in with a glance of my eye, as I stand here,' said the faithful vassal with a sorrowful countenance, 'and a small spot in the hilly district to the west, my lord has now no treasure but his only child; and, for beauty and goodness, she is more a heavenly angel, than a creature of flesh and blood.' Leopold gave the honest peasant a handful of coin, and with seeming indifference said, 'then perhaps, the young lady is with her parents at the chateau.' 'She is at the mansion,' replied the peasant, his lips quivering as he spoke; 'but her mother, the dear lady whom my wife nursed at her breast, and these arms often carried—the dear lady is dead—dead; and perhaps it is best. Her fortune was squandered in schemes for working a silver mine; and the baron is now in the hilly country, engaged in that ill-omened undertaking. He thinks more of it than of his lovely daughter. She is left at the chateau with no company but my old wife and myself—not even a servant to save her the plague of watching over the turkeys, which the baron ordered her to rear, as he ex-

* See the tale of Female Influence in the last volume of our Magazine.

pects to sell them at a high price when duke Leopold and his court come to hunt, where they never hunted before.

The duke was now in possession of all the intelligence he desired; and, courteously wishing peace and plenty to the unsuspicious rustic, he and his attendants urged their horses to speed. The loud gobbling of turkeys was greeted with joy; and he directed his courtiers to a particular village, hinting that he might not perhaps call for their attendance until the fourth day. The courtiers obeyed; and he followed the welcome voices of the turkeys, hoping that they would conduct him to the object of his enterprise. He fastened the bridle to the post of a gate, and, pushing it open, beheld a sylph-like figure, trying to separate a multitude of full-grown turkeys from numerous broods of young ones, for whom she apparently intended the food in a small enclosure within the park. He assisted her, and expelled the intruders; a service which she acknowleged with graceful politeness. The faultless symmetry of her form excited his admiration; but a large bonnet hid all her face, except the mouth, which might impart a charm to ordinary features. Her hands and arms were defended from the sun by gloves of homely texture, her delicate feet and ancles were disguised by boots of untanned leather; but her shape and air displayed irresistible fascinations.

Seducers seldom hesitate to promote their cruel machinations by falsehood; and Leopold affirmed that he was sadly bruised by a fall from his horse, which had quite disabled his arm from holding the bridle; and he requested shelter at the chateau. With ingenuous frankness the fair hostess assured him that she would do all in her power for his relief. As she supported him to the house, she warned him to expect few conveniencies, no luxuries, nothing but rural fare, and constant endeavours to effect his cure. Of the few habitable apartments she could only offer him one. The baron occupied all the rest with experiments upon the ore of his mines. The duke assured her he would thankfully share her most simple repast; and he was enraptured by her goodness of heart, in attending to all the means advised for his relief by an old woman, before she thought of adjusting her own person. She took off her bonnet and gloves for this purpose; and showed a countenance of exquisite beauty, and fair and polished arms and hands. She assisted to lay the stranger upon an old-fashioned settee, which once had been covered with velvet and embroidery. She applied friction to his arm; presented milk, fruits, and bread, for his breakfast; and, having performed those hospitable duties, withdrew. The old woman soon appeared, and searching a worm-eaten but tastefully carved *commode*, took from it several articles of female attire, which she tried to conceal in her apron.

Leopold inferred that he was now in the young lady's chamber, as she had no other to receive him. She soon returned in a dress more becoming her rank and peerless charms, and exerted all her power to entertain her guest. The old woman officiously regretted she had no lute or harp to delight the gentleman with music; the lady, she said, sang like an angel, and indeed had learned all that was fitting for her rank, while she lived with her uncle: but he feared that his son loved her too well, and had sent her home to the dismal chateau. The young lady, blushing deeply, cast a reproachful look at her mother's nurse, and the old woman would perhaps have aggravated her fault by injudicious apologies, when her fair charge playfully placed her hand on the skinny lips, bidding her hush as she was going to sing. Leopold was transported by the harmony and scientific modulations of her voice, and in song and conversation the day drew toward evening. The lady sat at a distance from the settee, except when her guest begged her to rub his arm, and this request was frequent.

While they were thus engaged, the

door was hastily thrown open, and the baron appeared. Seeing his daughter in an attitude so familiar with a handsome guest, his rage burst forth into harsh invectives; but he was soon calmed, when the stranger asked whether he had forgotten the duke of Lorraine. Repeating the story of his disaster, the duke said to the baron—'Your daughter must come to court.' The nobleman said his life was at the disposal of his sovereign; but his honor was in his own keeping, and his daughter never should be allowed to visit the court, before she made a suitable marriage. The duke said he asked no more; and, accompanied by the baron, rejoined his attendants. He soon returned with the prince de Craon, who formally demanded the lovely recluse as his bride. They were married; and, as had been stipulated by Leopold, Craon was only a nominal spouse. The princess had given her hand with reluctance; but many months passed away before the duke could overcome her sense of duty to the man who received her enforced vows. She bore seventeen children to Leopold, and retained her beauty long after his decease. She had made so moderate and benevolent an use of unbounded influence as to gain many friends, and never to provoke enmity. After the death of her lover, when his successor exchanged Lorraine for Tuscany, the prince de Craon was appointed sole regent of the Tuscan dominions. The princess, by superior understanding, strict impartiality, and affable kindness, soothed the pride of the Florentine nobility. As may be supposed from the circumstances of his marriage, the prince was imbecile, and consequently embarrassed by elevation. As a mere soldier and courtier, he supported some dignity; but had no talents, no prudence, for a minister of state. To release himself from the burthen, he wrote to the emperor, requesting to have M. Richecourt as a coadjutor. This man professed devoted attachment to the prince de Craon, while his advancement depended on his highness; but, associated in authority with his patron, he made him feel how dangerous to a weak man is a command divided with a colleague of great capacity and ambition. To harass and disgust the prince, hoping he would solicit his recall, Richecourt subjected him to daily insults. Unable to support a condition so abject, de Craon begged permission to resign his appointment. The emperor accepted his resignation; but, by living far above his income, he had contracted debts to an amount which compelled him to sell his property of every description, even to his plate and the jewels belonging to his princess, before he could leave the Florentine dominions. Old and poor, he sunk into contempt. He died in a few months, and his wife survived to pass some years in profound penitence for the sins of her youth. They who flattered her in prosperity neglected her in distress. Even her children upbraided her for their dubious origin. They were named after their reputed father the prince de Craon, but pointed at as the illegitimate offspring of Leopold; and they never without a blush could bear the name of their mother. Even in the full possession of wealth, power, and the undiminished confidence of her deluder, the princess secretly bewailed her fall from the high sentiments of honor instilled by her maternal instructor; and though many palliatives of her transgression might have been urged by self-partiality, she felt it a dreadful bondage to continue in vice, that her unworthy husband might share the royal bounty. When the substance of an action is wrong, no concomitants can change its nature. The extreme of innocent simplicity had first led her beyond the confines of guilt; and though her husband had laid the snare, her fondness for Leopold gave it effect, and still held her his slave. Could she have foreseen the sorrows of her old age, how anxiously would she have extricated herself, and sought peace with moderate independence in retirement!

Oh that all who are sacrificing future comfort to present pleasure would *to-day, while it is yet to-day,* flee from the evils to come! B. G.

PRESENTIMENTS AND ASSOCIATIONS *.

Of all the mysteries which hang around the mind of man, few, if any, are more inexplicable, than those dim conceptions which float like shadows over the imagination, and which, whilst they darkly warn us of the future, seem to refer us still more indistinctly to the past. There are moments when the intellect looks back through the ages which have gone by, and glances, with an unerring vision, to those which are to come, as if it were, as some philosophers have taught, itself an eternal being, capable of stretching its comprehension beyond the boundaries of time and of material existence.

How often does it happen that we find ourselves in situations, with the circumstances of which we seem as familiar as if we had formed a previous acquaintance with them! We foresee how they will proceed, with what vicissitudes they will be attended, and what will be their result. The impression, indeed, is not traced in bold or full characters on the mind; it resembles one of those half-effaced inscriptions which are discovered on the sacred monuments of antiquity. Something remains, but much is worn away; and whatever knowlege we obtain from it, is found in mouldering and disjointed fragments. It seems to be a supernatural and momentary influence, as if the soul, weary of its confinement, had expanded itself beyond the limits of our frame, and outstripped the fleetness of years in its desire to resume a state of spiritual freedom. This strange kind of impression is wholly spontaneous. When it comes, we have no control over it; it vanishes as soon as we make an effort to retain or analyse it. In every respect it resembles a dream, or rather the revived recollection of a dream, in which the very scene before us, the groupes, the looks of each person concerned, are seen shadowed out with wonderful fidelity.

In the course of my reading, I have not met with any writer who has observed this phænomenon of the mind, except the great philosophic novelist of Scotland. In the third volume of Guy Mannering, he ascribes a train of ideas to Bertram, at which I was much surprised when I first read the passage; not because it contained an observation new to me, but on account of its perfect coincidence with what I myself had often felt before. 'Why is it,' says he, 'that some scenes awaken thoughts, which belong, as it were, to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Bramin Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness, that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject, are entirely new; and even feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place!'

Many instances might be adduced of presentiments of dangers and of death, which were entertained involuntarily by individuals, and were ultimately realised in the most literal manner. Every body has read, or heard, of the officer in the army of the duke of Marlborough, who assured his friends that he should die on a particular day. The day arrived: a battle was fought and won; the officer still was safe. His friends laughed at him for his presentiment; but still he would not admit that he was in error. 'I shall die,' said he, 'notwithstanding what you see.' All the French bat-

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* This article is borrowed, with alterations, from the New Monthly Magazine.

teries had been silenced save one; and, immediately after he had uttered these words, a random shot from that solitary place reached him, and gave him 'a soldier's sepulchre.'

It will assuredly be allowed, that such presentiments as these are 'passing strange;' to me, however, they appear less marvellous than the effect which music sometimes produces on a sensitive mind. The exquisite sensations which sweet sounds excite are generally said to be by reason of association. That it frequently is so, I do not deny. A strain which delighted us in early life, whenever it again meets the ear, will in some measure restore to the heart the sunshine and the fresh breathing verdure of youth. A song which we first heard from lips that we loved, will ever after thrill through the heart with joy or sadness, according as the passion has been fortunate or unsuccessful. The chain of association is struck, the electric touch is felt through the whole frame, and thoughts that had long slumbered in the breast, start at the magic sound into a sudden and vivid existence. But what becomes of this reason of association in cases where the strain which melts the bosom is entirely new, and never was heard before? It may be said, indeed, that every fresh composition is but a varied combination of tones which are all familiar to a moderately practised ear. But can this circumstance affect an ear not practised at all? or can it really remove that proud impress of originality which genius leaves upon every thing it touches? Such an argument would tend to destroy all original excellence in poetry and other inventive writings, because they are embodied in words which we have seen and used ourselves over and over again. What foreigner shall say that those airs of the North, which Burns has married to his immortal verse, are known to his memory, when he first hears their inspiring sounds? Of the melodies of the sister isle, indeed, it may be said, that they harmonise occasionally with the deep murmur of the ocean, the plaintive sigh of the night breeze, and those ceaseless echoes that issue from falling waters —sounds common to all nature, and whose modulations, therefore, find a response in every heart. But independently of national peculiarities, who shall say that Handel and Mozart have not diffused characters of sublimity and beauty through their works, which distinguish no other compositions? And yet when a person of a susceptible mind hears for the first time the Hymn of Luther, or that beautiful duet in Figaro, Sul' aria, he feels himself quite familiar with them. The majestic swell of the one lifts his soul to the very throne of the Deity, and makes him almost hear the wings of the seraphs rustling around him, reviving impressions which no other excitement could awaken, and filling his ear with voices which he almost believes he heard before. The cadence of the other seems not to create new ideas so much as to unlock the stores of memory. It leads the soul through scenes which it seems to have visited before, but all shadowy though unearthly, and the abode rather of delightful melancholy than of Elysian happiness. Can these things come over us 'like a summer cloud,' and not be referable to any universal cause?

Fancy, inspiration, sublime conception, ideal beauty, seem to be merely the elevation of the pure intellect from the prison which surrounds it. What, indeed, are they but the rapturous aspiration of the mind after a more spiritual condition, to which for a moment it almost attains, and where it finds not only a brighter, but a more familiar and congenial habitation? Ask the poet, if he has ever, even in his happiest hour, succeeded in giving expression to the glorious bursts of thought which sometimes imparadise his imagination. No; he touches the line repeatedly; he over-informs his language; he gives some faint resemblance of the bright idea; but in vain he tries to present to another the full, luminous, and heavenly picture which

glows before him, crowned with its halo of inimitable splendor. And yet there is nothing in this which to him is absolutely new: he revels in its light, as a child hangs on the well-known smile of its parent.

When autumn strews the valleys with the honors of the woods, we mourn over the decay of nature, and are solemnly instructed in the tenor of our frail existence, which is, to grow up and bloom for a while, and then to blossom for the grave. Why is it, that in this very picture of desolation, which indicates our separation from home, love, friendship, and from every tie which is most sacred to the heart, there is still something to console us? Why is it that the spirit springs up from this gloomy but certain fate, and reposes with melancholy rapture upon the brown leaf, the darkening forest, the fading green of the fields, and listens with a captivated ear to the hoarse murmur of the mountain stream? Is not the mind, by these proofs of the accomplishment of nature's beneficent purposes for the season, impressed with a conviction of the end which awaits man himself,—and yet is not that conviction accompanied with a sensation of melancholy delight? Nor is it a delight less allied with the future than with the past—the past, not of this world, but of some other.

It was the opinion of Plato, that what we learn is no other than a remembrance of what we knew before. This doctrine cannot stand as to the sciences; but, applied to the occurrences of life, it may not be totally without foundation. How often, in the common intercourse of society, do we meet with persons whose tastes, opinions, manners, habits, antipathies, and passions, so fully agree with our own, that we seem to be drawn toward them by a species of kindred or relation! What! relation between persons who never met before, whose families, perhaps, had come from opposite points of the compass? How can such a supposition be maintained for a moment? How can it be said, that one spiritual immaterial essence is akin to another? Material bodies are related when they draw the stream of life from the same fountain: moulded in the same original frame, they may resemble each other in feature and form, may be ruled by the same appetites, and inoculated with the same humors. But what impress can one immaterial soul receive, which shall make it resemble another so exactly in its dispositions, that they shall seem to have one and the same presiding mind between them; that, when they meet, they shall seem rather to recognise each other, than to become newly acquainted; that such a reciprocal congeniality shall be instantly discovered between them, as exists between light and the eye of the infant the moment he opens it?

These things cannot easily be explained. The mind, with its various faculties and operations, is the greatest of all mysteries to man. Those beings who, in the great chain of creation, are above him, may perceive and develope the sources from which his impulses emanate; but, the more intensely man turns his mental eye upon his own mind, the more dazzled and confounded it becomes. Such examinations have led the German metaphysicians into the wildest absurdities. Nor have they been unproductive of extravagance in a certain distinguished land, which I could mention, where they have given rise to a sect of poets and critics, whose imaginative faculties have emancipated themselves from all the restrictions of common sense.

I may, however, be permitted to observe, that some writers pretend to account for presentiments and extraordinary apparent associations, by reducing them to the same course—the previous existence of the soul. Presentiments, they say, are only the exertion of that natural sagacity which the mind has acquired, by having been placed before in circumstances resembling, in some degree, those in which it stands when those presentiments are conceived. In the same way, extraordinary associations are merely the faint

recollections of feelings which the soul had experienced in a previous life, and which are excited by some agent, similar to one that had impressed the memory in that prior state of existence.

This doctrine must not be confounded with that of Pythagoras, who maintained that the soul migrated from one earthly body to another, and was in a state of perpetual revolution, each new body being assigned to it as the reward of desert, or the punishment of crime. It differs considerably from the Pythagorean system, because it does not suppose a previous existence of the soul on earth, but in some other region of the creation. It was believed by many of the Fathers, more particularly by Origen, who was an enthusiast upon this singular tenet. The Bramins and the Magi have also inculcated the doctrine of a spiritual pre-existence; and a celebrated rabbi affirms, that this was the common belief of all wise men among the Jews without exception. Indeed, the Jews have made this doctrine a part of their cabala, and profess to have received it from Moses: but upon this point Scripture is silent; and it is therefore left to the speculations and the common sense of mankind.

LIFE IN LONDON;

Supposed to be described by an American.

It would be difficult to imagine a more heartless state of society, than that which now prevails in this overgrown metropolis; consisting as it does, for the most part, of 'crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure.' I do not include in this sweeping censure those select cheerful companionable meetings, which form the peculiar boast of London hospitality; nor the dinner parties, where table-tactics and table-talk, conserves and converse, wit and wine, and all the pleasures of social enjoyment, are carried to their highest point of gratification. But what can be more dull and stupid than the whole system of evening parties? A crowd, composed of a motley mixture of all degrees and conditions, is collected, and squeezed into a suite of rooms, utterly insufficient to accommodate above one half of them; where they stand and stare at one another for three or four hours;—and thus begins and ends an evening party. As the greater part of the assembly are not known to one another, no interchange but that of looks takes place between them; and, even among those who are mutually acquainted, in such a crowd, chairs and conversation are almost equally out of the question. I shall never forget the sensation of surprise that I felt in accepting the first invitation of this kind. For how was it possible that a card inscribed *Mrs. *** at home*, with the words *a very small party* carefully inserted in the corner, should prepare me to meet an overflowing multitude of three hundred persons, where the great object of the lady seemed to be to fill her house with more than it could hold. My friend, Mrs. ****, stood at the door of the first room, acknowleging me, as I passed, with a bow of recognition,—and this was all I saw of my hostess. I was told there was dancing in a room, to which I would willingly have forced my passage, in order to avoid hearing some tasteless singing in the room where I was immovably planted during the greater part of the evening. Being a perfect stranger, I had little to say to any body, and therefore could not be much surprised that nobody had any thing to say to me; but I own I was amazed at the almost universal silence around me. Gregarious without being sociable, few seemed to know their next neighbour. Having endured this standing penance till my strength and patience were exhausted, I ventured at last to take a French leave;—which, as I found to my cost, I might have done at an earlier period without any violation of etiquette. For, as I was searching in vain for my hat at the bottom of the stairs, a servant came to my assistance, asking, 'What sort of a hat is

yours, sir?' 'Quite a new one,' replied I. 'Ah, sir, then,' said he, 'you may take your choice at once of those that are left, for all the *new* hats have been gone, at least, these two hours.'

Breakfasting the next morning with my friend ***, who is reckoned one of the best *diners-out*, and the pleasantest *party-man* in town, I poured out the full measure of my spleen, in describing the scene of the preceding night. 'Why, all that,' said he, 'may be very true; and yet, when once entangled in the vortex of fashion, you would find it difficult to escape, even though every day's experience should tend to impress you more strongly with your present conviction. This, I confess, has been my own case for some time. Almost in spite of myself, I am carried round and round the same dull circle of invitations. Let-in every where, and cared-for no where, I feel that no one is estimated according to his real merits, but only according to the station he may happen to occupy in the calendar of fashion. It is fashion which stamps a man's value and gives him currency,—and, to be the fashion, he must be either new or notorious. As long as novelty or notoriety last, he will, in the slang phraseology of the day, continue to be a *lion*; and no lady will think her party complete without him; but, when these attractions are worn off, he must give place to the next nine-day wonder of the town, and be content to sink into the number of those whose attendance is less sought than permitted.' 'But you, my dear ***, said I, '*you* cannot surely be afraid of sinking into the shadow of an eclipse.' 'Oh, yes,' answered he, 'my hour must come at last.' 'And what then?' asked I. 'What then?' said he, 'why then,

'Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.'*

'But pray tell me, ***,' said I, 'you who know so well the art of pleasing, let me beg you to give me a lesson. I want to know how to behave at these parties. I would gladly make myself agreeable if I knew how; and I cannot be content to follow the example of the silent starers who surrounded me last night.' 'Nothing in the world is more simple,' said he; 'you shall hear the account of my own *début*, and then judge for yourself. I have endeavoured to explain to you, that in the world of fashion nothing is valued for its own sake. A man is invited out, as I told you before, not for the *pleasure* that his company affords, but for the *credit* which his company confers. Acting upon this maxim, I took care to inform myself, on the evening of my first party, what other assemblies were held on the same night; and boldly fixing upon the modish lady ****'s masquerade, resolved to have it supposed that I was one of the privileged swarm attendant upon the queen-bee of fashion. Accordingly all I said to any body was, 'How d' ye do, I hope you are very well, Are you going to lady ****'s to-night?' The general answer was in the negative, with the addition of a similar inquiry addressed to me, to which I answered, —'Perhaps I may drop in by and by.' I dare say I uttered the same formulary a hundred times, and, upon the capital of this single phrase,—'How d' ye do, I hope you are very well, Are you going to lady ****'s to-night?' I was immediately set down for one of the most polite, agreeable, witty, well-bred young men about town; I sowed winter-cards, and reaped spring-dinners, and invitations flocked in upon me from all quarters;—so you see what a queer thing fame is.'

Some time after this conversation with ***, I received a card of invitation to a ball and supper at the Argyle Rooms, which displayed a splendid scene of luxury and magnificence. It was impossible not to do homage to the blaze of British beauty that shone forth on all sides; though perhaps I saw nothing that might not have been surpassed at New-York,

* I shall fill up the number, and return into obscurity.

except in some few particulars where the superiority was rather due to the milliner and the dancing-master.

We espied *** among the dancers, his cravat fashionably starched, his waist tightly screwed; in short the same Lothario, gallant and gay as ever. He soon joined our party. 'So,' said he, 'I find in spite of your preaching you cannot keep out of the vortex.' 'Why,' said I, 'I was persuaded to come, thinking that, as a foreigner, I ought to see one of your best balls, among the rest of your national curiosities.' 'How lightly you seem to think,' said he, 'of the honor conferred upon you by the invitation. It is well you are not to settle in London, for you would certainly never get on in the world. Little do you think of the pains and patience, the wriggling, and creeping, and crawling, that are often used, and used in vain, to gain admission into the number of that self-constituted set who take the lead and give the tone to London society. I really doubt whether it would not require less interest to make you a member of parliament than a member of Almack's. It is not easy even to get a ticket to the Friday French play and ball, which is held weekly at these rooms, though this from its subordinate fashion is sarcastically styled *The Refuge for the Destitute*;—nor should you be insensible to the honor conferred upon you to-night. Of the seven hundred people that you now see here, how many do you suppose are asked by the lady in whose house and at whose expense the entertainment is given?' 'How many?' said I, 'surely I don't understand your question. Who else should ask them?' 'Let me explain this matter,' said he, 'and then you will perceive how useful it is to a foreign traveler to have a native interpreter at his elbow, on all occasions, to enable him to penetrate beneath the surface; else he will only see the puppets playing, without any suspicion of the secret strings which really regulate their motions. You have perhaps already discovered that in England few people look straightforward; in the political world some look downwards; but in the fashionable world *all* look upwards. The great object of the ostensible hostess of the evening, Mrs. ——, has been to rise a step in the scale of society, and to get within the range of that magic circle from which she has hitherto been excluded. To accomplish her purpose, she has given this splendid gala; but she was obliged to delegate the office of issuing invitations to four female friends of distinction, who condescendingly undertook to procure the attendance of the *haut-ton*, and, allowing the lady herself, as a mark of special favor, to ask *fifty* of her own friends, reserved to themselves the absolute disposal of the remaining six hundred and fifty tickets. The lady has so far gained her object, that to-morrow all these proud peeresses and titled dandies will leave their cards at her door; and she *may* be comprehended in their future invitations, but she will certainly lose the good-will of her old friends, who cannot but feel offended at their present exclusion; so that, despised by her old associates, and disdained by her new acquaintance, the balance will not prove much in her favour.'

'Well!' said I to myself, 'things are not yet come to this pass in America;' and, wishing my friend a good night, I returned home to moralise upon the vanity of human nature.

ACCOUNT OF THE NEW COLONY IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

When a British colony was formed in New South Wales, the king and his ministers were more influenced by their knowlege of the crowded state of the prisons, than by an idea of the superabundance of general population. If the colony had not yet been established, the latter motive would perhaps be the more predominant. Our country seems to be too fully peopled for its present resources; and large emigrations may therefore be recom-

mended. The very extensive dependencies of the Cape of Good Hope furnish ample room for settlements; and, notwithstanding the unfavourable nature of the late accounts from that part of Africa, we do not think that new attempts would be altogether unsuccessful.

In a work entitled 'Notes on the Cape of Good Hope, made during an Excursion in that Country in the Year 1820,' we find some intelligence of the new colony. In May and June of that year, many transports poured out, upon the coast, a great number of adventurers of both sexes.

'As fast as the people disembarked, they were encamped under the tents at Algoa Bay, until waggons could be procured, and every thing put in readiness for their march up the country, to the different places of their destination. This journey usually occupied from seven to nine days. The men walked; the women, provisions, and implements of husbandry, were carried in the waggons. These were provided at the expense of the heads of parties, and the money deducted from the deposit. The same plan was pursued with respect to the provisions, which were furnished by the government at the rate of seven-pence a head per day. Such of them as chose to purchase tents, agricultural implements of British manufacture, provisions, and, in fact, such necessaries as were thought requisite for the occasion, and which could be procured, were permitted to do so, to a certain extent, at prime cost; a government store having been opened at Algoa Bay for that purpose.

'Some of the party suffered a good deal from the heavy rains, when encamped under the tents, previous to their march up the country. Men, women, and children, were seen up to their knees in mud; and the blankets and bedding were drenched with water; but, luckily, the season was unusually dry; the rains fell late; and not much sickness prevailed. It is but justice to add, that no exertion was omitted on the part of Sir Ruffane Donkin, the acting governor, and the heads of the colonial department; the former of whom superintended in person the disembarkation at Algoa Bay, and the removal of the parties to the place of settlement.

'The allotment of one of the principal settlers near the mouth of the Great Fish River, amounting to ten thousand acres, proportioned to the number of families he took out, contains,' according to his own statement (as related to me), only about one thousand acres that are fit for cultivation. This is probably (if true) a much greater proportion of barren ground than may generally be expected; but it is sufficient to show that all has not been done which will in many instances be required, especially by those who look forward to exporting produce; and the only advantage which the settlement affords over the more eligible situations of the colony, is that of having, for nothing, what elsewhere is to be purchased. The allotments are, after the expiration of ten years, to be subject to an annual quit-rent of 2l. for every hundred acres; a rent that few, if any farm in the colony, (excepting in the immediate vicinity of Cape Town, or other choice spots,) would bring at this day.'

The same writer speaks too sneeringly and sarcastically of the living materials of the colony, without considering that it does not require a long apprenticeship to cultivate the earth with effect.

'The labouring men (he says) have too generally been picked up about large towns; they have more the look of manufacturers than of ploughmen; and I thought the proportion of tradesmen, or those exercising the mechanic arts, too great. Thus there were clothiers, hatters, printers, engravers, brass letter-founders, musical instrument-makers, &c.; men whose labours must be nearly useless in an infant settlement.

The heads of the parties themselves seem to have entertained the most

erroneous notions upon the subject of emigration. They apparently concluded, that it was merely shifting the scene from Middlesex to Kaffraria; and that the elements of a society, like the materials of a patent house, may be shipped from England and put together in Southern Africa. Thus, one gentleman had provided himself with types and a printing-press, with a view to setting up a weekly courant, and another had accommodated his wife with a sedan chair. Two teachers of the piano-forte (and there may have been more for aught I know) were among the number; and a poet of great respectability, with an introduction to the governor from the poet-laureate of England, was ready to invoke the muses of Kaffer-land. Though it is not meant to impute any man's poverty to him as a fault, it will be found to be as great a bar to his advancement in this as in every other undertaking in life. Indeed, a small capital in money seems an absolute requisite for such an attempt, though it has in many instances been overlooked.

'His majesty's ministers were particularly anxious that clergymen should accompany the expedition; conceiving, no doubt, that the encouragement of religion was the best method of insuring habits of industry and sobriety. Whether by design or accident it is difficult to say, but in addition to the regular clergymen provided, there was a most copious sprinkling of preachers, to grace the new settlement with their eloquence, and disperse the light of God. How far the efforts of these gentlemen are likely to be beneficial, may be collected from their practice on shipboard, where these religious parties, as they were termed, were embarked There was constant discussion, with dissensions and divisions innumerable—*satis eloquentiæ, sapientiæ parum*—an incessant ranting about virtues, with no endeavour at the attainment of any. Such ignorant pretenders are not likely to diffuse the mild lessons of Christianity, or to benefit the cause of social order.'

Let time be allowed for the growth of the new colony, and let it be fostered by the paternal care of the government; and we trust that it will flourish. Materials seemingly discordant may coalesce; and a scene of prosperous industry, ease, and content, may at length be exhibited.

COLLECTIONS FROM NATURAL HISTORY. N°. V.

The wild Cattle of North Britain—Have furnished charming incidents to the *great unknown* novelist in the Bride of Lammer-Muir. It is remarkable that the cattle exported some centuries ago from Europe to the isle of Guam, have resumed their original appearance, having become, like the wild indigenous breed of Scotland, almost wholly white, with black ears. They are also returning to their pristine ferocity, and have multiplied exceedingly in the rich luxuriant pastures of that island.

Remarkable Birds in Cochin-China.—Captain Rey, of Bourdeaux, speaks of the wild cock of that country as the most beautiful bird he had ever seen. 'It is (he adds) of the same kind with that stated to be found in Pulo Condor and Sumatra. Here also exists another bird, still more extraordinary than the wild cock, unknown, I apprehend, to all ornithologists, and of which I never saw but a single feather. The emperor himself has not been more fortunate. According to the popular account, this extraordinary creature inhabits the inaccessible mountains of Phuyenne. It is called *kinntrey*, or the genius. It is of the size of a pigeon, having the beak red, the head black, the neck white, the wings of a golden yellow, the belly and tail ash-colored. The most remarkable peculiarity is the tail, which is in length above eight feet: the feather which I saw, although the end had been cut off, measured five feet six inches. Of this bird many wonderful stories are related by the peasants, which must be attributed to ignorance and imagination.

The Leech of Ceylon.—Of these animals, the largest are seldom more than half an inch long, in a state of rest, and the smallest are very minute. They are broadest behind, and taper toward the forepart; above, they are roundish; below, flat. Their color varies from one shade of brown to another. They are marked with three longitudinal light yellow lines, extending from one extremity to the other; one dorsal and central, the two others lateral. The substance of the animal is semi-transparent; and, in consequence, its internal structure may in a great measure be seen. A canal appears to extend centrically the whole length of the body, arising from a crucial mouth at the smaller extremity, and terminating in a small circular *foramen* at the broader end, on each side of which are two light spots.

This leech is a very active creature: it moves with considerable alertness; and is said occasionally to spring. Its powers of contraction and extension are very great: when fully extended, it is like a fine cord, and its point is so sharp, that it readily makes its way through very small openings. It is supposed to have an acute sense of smelling; for no sooner does a person stop where leeches abound, than they appear to crowd eagerly to the spot from all quarters. This animal is peculiar to those parts of Ceylon, which are subject to frequent showers; and consequently is unknown in those districts which have a long dry season. It is most abundant among the mountains—not in the highest ranges where the temperature seems to be too low for it, but on those which are not two or three thousand feet above the level of the sea. It delights in the damp places, and is to be seen on moist leaves and stones more frequently than in water. In dry weather it retires into the close damp jungle, and only in rainy weather quits its cover, and infests the pathways and roads, and open parts of the country. It is then very troublesome and mischievous; and its attacks are so severe, that ulcers, which are sometimes fatal, are the frequent consequences of its blood-sucking hostility.

The great Serpent of Ceylon.—'Of this reptile (says Dr. Davy) I have seen a specimen about seventeen feet long and proportionably thick. It is said by the natives to attain a much greater magnitude, and to be found occasionally twenty-five or thirty feet long, and of the thickness of a common-sized man. The color of different specimens that I have seen varies a little: it is generally a mixture of brown and yellow; the back and sides are strongly and rather handsomely marked with irregular patches of dark brown, with dark margins. The jaws are powerful, and capable of great dilatation; and they are armed with large strong sharp teeth, inclining backwards. As the muscular strength of this snake is immense, and its activity and courage considerable, it may be credited that it occasionally attacks men; there can be no doubt that it overpowers deer and swallows them whole.'

*** In the account of the mammoth (page 379), the statement respecting the size of one of the teeth slipped from the page. Its length was seventeen inches, and its breadth above three. In a case of this kind, the dimensions are necessarily important.

GENERAL AND PARTICULAR DESCRIPTIONS OF THE VERTEBRATED ANIMALS,

Arranged conformably to the modern discoveries and improvements in Zoology; by Edward Griffith.

THIS is the first part of a new work, conducted on a systematic plan, and compiled with apparent correctness. Of the four grand divisions in which all living creatures are arranged by modern naturalists, the vertebrated animals form the first. 'These,' says Mr. Griffith, 'may be briefly particularised, as possessing an osseous skeleton, the principal support of which is the vertebral chain or back-

bone.' He subdivides them into eight classes; quadrimembria, whales, monotremes, birds, reptiles, amphibia, sirenes, and fishes. His first object is the description of that order which he styles *quadrumana;* that is, the four-handed. All the animals of this order are *quadrimembria;* but they are distinguished from a great portion of the latter class by the moveable thumb which they possess at each of the four extremities. The order therefore includes the families of monkeys and lemurs.

The colored engravings, which form an essential part of this work, are executed with neatness and elegance. The first represents the Chimpanzee or Jocko, which the author properly distinguishes from the orang-otan. Two curious representations of the latter animal are given; Buffon's description of it is censured as incorrect, and Mr. Abel's account is justly preferred.

The monkeys are well described; and the habits and manners of some of the number are sketched with spirit. Speaking of the coaita (the *simia paniscus* of *Linnæus*), Mr. Griffith observes, that it is an intelligent, gentle, and very active animal. It is said that it will sometimes put its long tail into the sea on the strand, suffer the crabs to seise it, then suddenly withdraw it with the crabs attached, and eat the unsuspecting shell-fish. It will also break the shells of small sea-fish, by putting them on a stone, and striking the shell with another stone, and eat the contents These monkeys 'are gregarious, and assail such travelers as pass through their haunts, with an infinite number of sportive and mischievous gambols, throwing down sticks, swinging by their tails, making grimaces, and chattering at them: as Caliban says, 'sometimes, like apes, they mow and chatter at me.' They are said to form a chain, one being linked to another by the tail, and thus to pass rivers, &c. The agility of that described by Audebert was indeed surprising: it would swing backwards and forwards by the tail on the upper branch of a high tree, and thus acquire additional force to convey itself to the next tree, or a distant branch; but, notwithstanding their powers of activity when excited, they will at other times exhibit the greatest sluggishness, and remain motionless for several hours, exposed to the burning heat of the sun, with the head thrown back, the eyes directed upwards, and the arms folded behind. If mortally wounded, they will sustain themselves by the tail, and hang thus till life, of which they are very tenacious, becomes extinct. When slightly wounded, their fellows will assist them to get out of the reach of the enemy: they will also touch and inspect the wound, and even thrust dry leaves into it, apparently to stop the bleeding. They can convey food to the mouth by means of the tail, which is most remarkable for its great utility in this particular species. They always have it coiled round the nearest and fittest object, or, if none calculated for the purpose be within reach, generally curl it round a leg. When they come into a new situation, it is very curious to observe the facility with which they direct the tail, immediately on resting, to any thing at hand round which they can coil it, without ever turning their eyes in the direction of it, but appearing almost to possess a power of vision in the tail itself. These animals are much troubled with intestine worms, observed by all who have dissected them. When upright, they are about four feet high; the arms are about two feet and a half long; the legs about two feet; and the tail nearly twenty-nine inches. Fruit is their ordinary food, though they are very fond of fish, and will eat insects. Dampier says, they make excellent meat, and that he and his companions ate many of them.'

While the sapajous, a race to which the coaita belongs, are distinguished by long prehensile or grasping tails, the sagoins have lax tails. The largest of these are about a foot and a half in length, and are called fox-tailed monkeys, some of which have a bushy tippet round the neck. The doureu-

couli, one of this race, generally sleeps during the day, like an owl, and seeks its prey in the night. It is not playful, and is with difficulty tamed. The hapales form a race of pretty little animals, with claws instead of flat nails.

Mr. Griffith censures the inaccuracy of those who suppose the baboon to be merely a monkey with a short tail. Baboons, he says, have cheek-pouches and callosities, like ordinary monkeys; but they differ from these in the greater length and brute-like appearance of the face and jaws, and are also much more ferocious.

The most remarkable of the American monkeys are the howlers. 'These extraordinary animals (says our author) are distinguished by the pyramidical form of the head; the upper jaw is carried very low, and the under jaw, which is rectangular in shape, takes a vertical direction behind the teeth, and mounts toward the scull. This peculiar construction of the jaws is adapted to the protection of an osseous sort of drum, or apparatus by which they are enabled to utter an enormous and frightful noise, whence they take the name of *howlers*. The tail is prehensile; and they are therefore frequently classed with the sapajous in general; but their peculiarities sufficiently warrant their being placed distinctly by themselves.

They abound in a surprising degree in the forests of America; and, although spread throughout the tropics in that continent, they are found also in the temperate climates. Humboldt says, he has often counted forty or fifty on one tree; and he computes, that there are frequently more than 2000 in a square league.

'They are constantly in motion, leaping from branch to branch, and from tree to tree. They live rather on the leaves of trees than on the fruit. Their frightful howling may be heard for half a league or more.

'The silly account given by Marcgrave of the actions of these animals, which he states to have witnessed, is said by Buffon to be probably exaggerated, and seasoned with a little of the marvellous; it has, however, given rise to the name of *preacher-monkey*. They are very savage and malicious, and are not to be tamed or even awed; they bite cruelly, and, although not belonging to the carnivorous and ferocious race of animals, they nevertheless excite much fear, both by their frightful voices and bold and impudent conduct. They will not live long in captivity, but soon become sad, and leave off the tricks so common in the tribe.'

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF THE ENGLISH,

Delineated in the year 1669, by Cosmo III. Grand Duke of Tuscany.

(From the translated Travels lately published.)

The common people of London, giving way to their natural inclination, are proud, arrogant, and uncivil to foreigners, against whom, and especially the French, they entertain a great prejudice, and cherish a profound hatred, treating such as come among them with contempt and insult. The nobility, though also proud, have not so usually the defects of the lower orders, displaying a certain degree of politeness and courtesy towards strangers; and this is still more the case with those gentlemen who have been out of the kingdom, and traveled, they having taken a lesson in politeness from the manners of other nations. Almost all of them speak French and Italian, and readily apply themselves to learn the latter language, from the good will which they entertain towards our nation; and, although by their civil treatment of foreign gentlemen, whom they endeavour to imitate, they moderate a little that stiffness or uncouthness which is peculiar to them, yet they fail in acquiring such good manners as to put them on a level with the easy gentility of the Italians, not being able to get the better of a certain natural melancholy, which has the appearance of eternally clouding their minds with unpleasant thoughts.

The English in general are, by nature, proud, phlegmatic in execution, and patient in their behaviour, so that they never hurry those who work for them by an indiscreet impatience, but suffer them to go on at their own pleasure and according to their ability; this proceeds from their melancholy temperament, for which those who live in the north of England are more remarkable than those in the south; the former being saturnine, and the latter somewhat more lively. They consider a long time before they come to a determination; but, when they have once decided, their resolution is irrevocable, and they maintain their opinions with the greatest obstinacy. It is a common custom with the lower order of people, however, rather than with the nobility, who are less given to it, after dinner or at public houses, when they are transacting business of any kind, to take tobacco, and smoke, so that there does not pass a day in which the artisans do not indulge themselves in going to the public-houses, which are exceedingly numerous, neglecting their work, however urgent it may be; hence it is that the French make fortunes in London, for, being more attentive to their business, they sell their manufactures at a lower price than the English, who would fain derive the same profit as other artisans, however little they work.

The English are men of a handsome countenance and shape, and of an agreeable complexion, which is attributable to the temperature of the climate, to the nature of their food, and to the use of beer rather than wine, and, above all, to the salubrity of the air, which is almost always clear; that thick atmosphere which is seen from a distance hovering over London, not being caused by corrupt vapors, but arising casually from the smoke of the mineral coal, which issues from the chimneys, and which the coal, being an oleaginous substance, produces in great quantities.

The women of London are not inferior to the men, either in stature or in beauty; for they are all of them handsome*, and for the most part tall, with black eyes, abundance of light-colored hair, and a neatness which is extreme; their only personal defect being in their teeth, which are not, generally speaking, very white. They live with all the liberty that the custom of the country authorises. This custom dispenses with that rigorous constraint and reservedness which are practised by the women in other countries, and they go whithersoever they please, either alone or in company; and those of the lower order frequently go so far as to play at ball publicly in the streets. They are very fond of paying respect to foreigners, and in society show them a vast deal of courtesy and attention. The slightest possible introduction is sufficient to be admitted to their conversation, on the same terms as their countrymen and relatives, who, on their parts, behave to them with the greatest modesty, holding female honor in the highest respect and veneration. They do not easily fall in love, nor throw themselves into the arms of men; but, if they are smitten by the amorous passion, they become infatuated, and sacrifice all their substance for the sake of the beloved object; and, if he deserts them, they sink into great despair and affliction. Their style of dressing is very elegant, entirely after the French fashion, and they take more pride in rich clothes (which are worn of value even by women of the lowest rank) than in precious jewels, all their expense in the latter article being confined to pearls, of which they wear necklaces of very great price; consequently, pearls are in great esteem and request in England. They are remarkably well informed in the dogmas of the religion they profess; and,

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* Without intending to depreciate the personal attractions of the English women, we merely observe, *en passant*, that Cosmo had little clearness of vision, if *all of them* were handsome in his eyes.—Edit.

when they attend at the discourses of their ministers or preachers, they write down an abridgement of what they say *, having, in their letters, abbreviations, which facilitate to them and to the men also (thanks to their natural quickness and the acuteness of their genius,) the power of doing this with rapidity; and this they do that they may afterward avail themselves of it in the controversies and disputes which they hold on religious matters. Such and so great is the respect which the English entertain for their women, that in their houses the latter govern every thing despotically, making themselves feared by the men, courageous as they are on other occasions, and of a most manly spirit, and valiant in war, both by land and sea, to a degree that amounts almost to rashness.' The truth of this remark may be seen by recurring to the history of the times when they have been governed by queens, who have reigned over them with an authority that was absolute, and more decided than that of kings themselves.

* The ladies of the present day very rarely, if ever, take this trouble; for those who wish to retain the substance of a sermon trust to the power of memory.—Edit.

THE TWO BROTHERS; A GERMAN TALE;

from a new work called an Autumn near the Rhine.

Near the little village of Hirtzenach, between St. Goar and Boppart, the ruins of the two old castles of Liebenstein and Sternfels stand close together, on a fine mountain covered with vines on the right bank of the river. Their grey mouldering towers nod at each other with a sort of rival dignity; and they go by the name of the Two Brothers. Tradition says they were formerly inhabited by an old knight, who had two sons equally dear to him; and a rich and beautiful young orphan was also brought up under his protection. Her charms increased with her years; and, as was very natural, the young knights both fell in love with their fair play-fellow. When she arrived at a marriageable age, the father proposed to her to choose between his sons; but she, knowing the sentiments of both, was unwilling to grieve either by preferring his rival. The elder son, however, believing that her heart a little inclined to his brother, resigned his pretensions, and besought her to declare in his rival's favor. The old knight gave the young couple his blessing, but their union was delayed. The elder brother saw without envy, but not without melancholy, the happiness of his rival. The charms of this beloved object increased in his eyes every day; and to fly from her presence he joined the prince, residing at Rhense, and was admitted into his suite.

Just at this time, St. Bernard was preaching the cross on the banks of the Rhine. There was not a chateau near the river that did not send a knight to Frankfort, where the emperor Conrad presented the saint to the people, who all took the cross. Almost every castle along the river, from Basle to Cologne, mounted a streaming flag with the holy symbol of our Saviour's sufferings; and the river and roads in the country were thronged with joyous companies flocking toward Palestine. The young intended bridegroom caught the general flame, and resolved to visit the Holy Land before leading his bride to the altar. In spite of his father's displeasure, and the ill-concealed tears of his mistress, he assembled his little troop, and joined the emperor's army at Frankfort.

The old knight dying soon after, the elder brother returned from Rhense to take possession of his ancestor's castle. Love was now ready to revive more strongly than ever in his breast; but he overcame himself, and scrupulously treated the young lady with the kind protection of a brother. Two years had elapsed, when the news arrived that the younger brother was returning from Palestine, accompanied

by a beautiful Grecian lady, to whom he was betrothed. This intelligence pierced his deserted mistress to the heart; and, according to the custom of the age in such disappointments, she resolved to take the veil. The elder son was indignant at this conduct of his brother; and when a courier arrived at the castle to announce his approach, he threw down his glove, bidding him take that for answer.

The crusader arrived with his fair Grecian at the castle of Sternfels, his paternal inheritance, and a bloody war took place between the brothers, which they were on the point of concluding by single combat, when the young lady interposed and pacified them. She afterward quitted the abode of her infancy, and took the veil.

Sadness and mourning now reigned in the castle of Liebenstein, while joy and dissipation occupied the inhabitants of Sternfels. The beauties of the Grecian lady, and the graces of her conversation, attracted around her all the gay knights of the neighbourhood; and she was by no means scrupulous in receiving their homage. The elder brother saw the disgrace of his brother before he himself was aware of it, and soon found an opportunity to convince him of his wife's infidelity. The young knight would have sacrificed her to his vengeance, but she found means to escape. His elder brother pressed him in his arms as he was abandoning himself to his despair, saying, 'Let us live henceforth together without wives, to do honor to the grief of our first love, who is now passing the brightest days of youth in a convent.' The younger brother agreed, and they remained bachelors and inseparable friends for the rest of their days. Their race expired with them; and their old ruined castles remind the traveler of their history.

THE CRUEL MISSIONARY;

A romantic but true Narrative.

[From Humboldt's Travels in South-America.]

In the year 1797, the missionary of San Fernando had led his Indians to the banks of the Rio Guaviare, on one of those hostile incursions, which are prohibited alike by religion and the Spanish laws. They found, in a hut, a Guahiba mother with three children, two of whom were still infants. They were occupied in preparing the flour of cassava. Resistance was impracticable; the father was gone to fish, and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the savannah, when she was seized by the Indians of the mission, who go to *hunt men* as the whites hunt the negroes in Africa. The mother and her children were bound, and dragged to the bank of the river. The monk, seated in his boat, waited the issue of an expedition, of which he partook not the danger. Had the mother made too violent a resistance, the Indians would have killed her; for every thing is permitted when they go to the conquest of souls. The prisoners were carried to San Fernando, in the hope that the mother would be unable to find her way back to her home by land. Far from those children who had accompanied their father on the day in which she had been carried off, this unhappy woman showed signs of the deepest despair. She attempted to take back to her family the children who had been snatched away by the missionary, and fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando; but the Indians never failed to seize her anew; and the missionary, after having caused her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children. She was conveyed alone toward the missions of the Rio Negro. Slightly bound, she was seated at the bow of the boat, ignorant of the fate that awaited her; but she judged, by the direction of the sun, that she was removed farther from her hut and her native country. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water, and swam to the left bank of the Atabapo. The current carried her to a shelf of rock, which bears her

name to this day. She landed, and took shelter in the woods; but the president of the missions ordered the Indians to row to the shore, and follow the traces of the Guahiba. In the evening she was brought back. Stretched upon a rock, a cruel punishment was inflicted on her with those straps of manatee leather, which serve for whips in that country, and with which the alcaydes are always furnished. This unhappy woman, (her hands being tied behind her with strong stalks of *mavacure*), was then dragged to the mission of Javita. She was there thrown into a caravanserai. It was the rainy season, and the night was profoundly dark. Forests, till then believed to be impenetrable, separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, which was twenty-five leagues distant in a straight line. No other part is known than that of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to another, were they only a few leagues apart. But such difficulties do not stop a mother, who is separated from her children. Her children are at San Fernando de Atabapo; she must find them again, she must execute her project of delivering them from the hands of Christians, of bringing them back to their father on the banks of the Guaviare. The Guahiba was carelessly guarded in the caravanserai: her arms being wounded, the Indians of Javita had loosened her bonds, unknown to the missionary and the alcaydes. She succeeded by the help of her teeth in breaking them entirely; disappeared during the night; and at the fourth rising sun was seen at the mission of San Fernando, hovering around the hut where her children were confined. 'What that woman performed,' added the missionary who gave us this sad narrative, 'the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake. She traversed the woods at a season when the sky is constantly covered with clouds, and the sun, during whole days, appears only for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her way? The inundations of the rivers forced her to go far from the banks of the main stream, through the midst of woods where the movement of the waters is almost imperceptible. How often must she have been stopped by the thorny lianas, that form a network around the trunks they entwine! How often must she have swum across the rivulets that ran into the Atabapo! This unfortunate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during the four days. She said, that, exhausted with fatigue, she could find no other nourishment than those great black ants called *vachacos*, which climb the trees in long bands, to suspend on them their resinous nests. We pressed the missionary to tell us whether the Guahiba ha[illegible] peacefully enjoyed the happiness of remaining with her children, and any repentance had followed this excess of cruelty. He would not satisfy our curiosity; but at our return from the Rio Negro we learned, that the Indian mother was not allowed time to cure her wounds, but was again separated from her children, and sent to one of the missions of the Upper Oroonoko. There she died, refusing all kind of nourishment, as the savages do in great calamities.

Such is the remembrance annexed to a granitic hill that appears near the mouth of the Guasacavi. As on that hill the unfortunate woman was stretched and scourged, it was denominated the Rock of the Mother—*la Piedra de la Madre.*

THE LAKE OF ZURICH:

From the German of Klopstock.

BEAUTIFUL is the attire, O Nature, mother of beings, in which thy creative hand hath clothed our country; but much more beautiful is the radiant expression of joy, which spreads itself over the countenance of him who forms a grand conception of thy works!

Hasten, O Joy, hasten from the summit of the vine-covered hills which surround this sea of azure; or rather, if already thou hast re-visited the heavens,

re-descend to us with the blushing ray of the setting sun upon the wings of the evening Zephyr. Come and teach my strain to be serene and contented as thou art, O gentle Joy; to be lively and animated as the transports of Florimel—tender and delicate as the susceptible mind of Fanny.

Already we have left Uto far behind us; Uto, which sees at its foot Zurich nourishing within its walls a race of free and industrious citizens. Already have we passed the little hills which are embellished with the riches of the vintage. Already the silver Alpine ridge appears at a distance, and the ardent bosom of Florimel feels additional energy at the prospect. He yields to the impression, and addresses himself more eloquently to his beautiful companion. She sings (worthy herself to be the subject of her strain) the Doris of Haller, and the Daphne of Hirzel. We reply to her with the songs of Hagedorn, and we feel in our own hearts the sentiment which inspired them.

Now a laughing meadow receives us into its bosom, and the forest which crowns the isle extends its thick and shady arms around us. It is here, O celestial Joy! that thou descendest to us; here thou communicatest thyself to us without reserve, and fillest our hearts with thy delights. Yes, we feel thee, O Joy! beneficent divinity! O amiable sister of humanity! O gentle companion of innocence!

How balmy, O joyous spring, is the breath of thy vivifying and creative gale, when the flowers spring up at thy presence, and lovers feel thy secret influence in their hearts!

Ah, it is to thee that sentiment owes its triumph: animated by thee, the tremulous bosom heaves a more impassioned sigh; inspired by thee, the mouth more eloquently expresses the language of love. The lofty and harmonious sounds of glory animate, exalt, and intoxicate the heart. The thought of that immortality, which glory gives us, is great and noble, and worthy of all the efforts of a courageous soul. To live again, by the power of song, in the midst of our children, their sons and their daughters; to be often named, celebrated by them with enthusiastic transports, and invocated from the bosom of the tomb; to be able to form their tender hearts; to fill them, O Love, O Virtue, with your gentle inspirations; yes, this is also a sublime consideration, and worthy of an exalted mind. But it is perhaps sweeter still, more lovely, more delightful, to feel, in the embrace of those whom we regard, the pure transports of friendship. Thus to enjoy life is not to be unworthy of immortality.

Animated by this sensation, while sitting beneath the cooling shade of these groves, my eyes fixed on the silver waves that gently roll before me, my heart addresses this sacred prayer to Heaven. 'Were ye also with us in this spot, O ye who, dispersed over distant countries, still preserve for me your heart's best affections—Ye whom my soul seeketh, and whom, in happier times, she may meet again upon the earth! O here would we pitch the tents of friendship; here would we dwell for ever! This tranquil forest should be to us a Tempe, and this valley an Elysium.'

ANNALS OF THE PARISH, OR THE CHRONICLE OF DALMAILING,

during the Ministry of the Rev. Micah Balwhidder; written by himself.—Edinburgh, 1821.

A DOMESTIC novel, entitled the Ayrshire Legatees, or the Correspondence of the Pringle Family, appeared some time ago in a Scotish magazine of considerable repute; and, as it excited the public attention, the author was encouraged to resume his pen. The fruit of that encouragement now calls for our notice, because it is a work of some merit, and reminds us of the worthy friends of our youth, parson Adams and Dr. Primrose.

These annals trace the morals and manners of a Scotish inland village from the comparative simplicity of the

year 1760 to the prevalence of modern fashions and customs. The reverend writer describes, with plainness and sincerity, those changes which the course of his own years, as well as the course of events, produced in himself; and, in adverting to the progress of corruption or refinement in others, his Christian charity continues unabated by early prejudices, or by the zeal of Calvinism. His manner of writing is inartificial: various passages are humorous, but without the brilliancy of wit or the strength of caricature: the figures are placed before us in chaste coloring, and in the attitudes of truth.

The luxury of tea-drinking is ludicrously mentioned in the annals.

'Before this year (1761,) the drinking of tea was little known in the parish, saving among a few of the heritors' houses on a Sabbath evening; but now it became very rife; yet the commoner sort did not like to let it be known that they were taking to the new luxury, especially the elderly women, who, for that reason, had their ploys in out-houses and by-places, just as the witches lang syne had their sinful possets and galravitching; and they made their tea for common in the pint-stoup, and drank it out of caps and luggies, for there were but few among them that had cups and saucers. Well do I remember one night in harvest, in this very year, as I was taking my twilight dawner aneath the hedge, along the back-side of Thomas Thorl's yard, meditating on the goodness of Providence, and looking at the sheafs of victual on the field, that I heard his wife, and two or three other carlins, with their bohea in the inside of the hedge, and no doubt but it had a lacing of the conch, for they were all cracking like pea-guns. But I gave them a sign by a loud host, that Providence sees all, and it skailed the bike; for I heard them, like guilty creatures, whispering and gathering up their truck-pots and trenchers, and cowering away home.'

A dancing-school, about the same time, was established in the parish. 'One Mr. Macskipnish, of Highland parentage, who had been a valet-de-chambre with a major in the campaigns; and taken a prisoner with him by the French, he having come home in a cartel, took up a dancing-school at Irville, which art he had learned in the genteelest fashion, in the mode of Paris, at the French court. Such a thing as a dancing-school had never, in the memory of man, been known in our country side; and there was such a sound about the steps and cotillons of Mr. Macskipnish, that every lad and lass, that could spare time and siller, went to him, to the great neglect of their work. The very bairns on the loan, instead of their wonted play, gaed linking and louping in the steps of Mr. Macskipnish, who was, to be sure, a great curiosity, with long spindle legs, his breast shot out like a duck's, and his head powdered up like a tappit-hen. He was, indeed, the proudest peacock that could be seen, and he had a ring on his finger, and, when he came to drink his tea at the Breadland, he brought no hat on his head, but a droll cockit thing under his arm, which, he said, was after the manner of the courtiers at the petty suppers of one Madam Pompadour, who was, at that time, the concubine of the French king.'

Another change in the manners or occupation of the parish, arose from an introduction of the practice of sending the boys to sea. 'The going to sea of Charlie Malcolm was, on diverse accounts, a very remarkable thing to us all; for he was the first that ever went from our parish, in the memory of man, to be a sailor, and every body was concerned at it, and some thought it was a great venture of his mother to let him, his father having been lost at sea. But what could the forlorn widow do? She had five weans and little to give them; and, as she herself said, he was aye in the hand of his Maker, go where he might, and the will of God would be done in spite of all earthly wiles and devices to the con-

trary. On the Monday morning, when Charlie was to go away to meet the Irville carrier on the road, we were all up, and I walked by myself from the Manse into the clachan to bid him farewell, and I met him just coming from his mother's door, as blithe as a bee, in his sailor's dress, with a stick, and a bundle tied in a Barcelona handkerchief hanging o'er his shoulder, and his two little brothers were with him, and his sisters, Kate and Effie, looking out from the door all begreeten; but his mother was in the house, praying to the Lord to protect her orphan, as she afterwards told me. All the weans of the clachan were gathered at the kirk-yard yett to see him pass, and they gave him three great shouts as he was going by; and every body was at their doors, and said something encouraging to him; but there was a great laugh when auld Mizy Spaewell came hirpling with her bachle in her hand, and flung it after him for gude luck.'

In tracing the progressive population, and increasing employment and wealth of a village, the Annals mark one of those reverses of which we have seen too many examples, from too extensive or ill-managed concerns. A great cotton-mill, from which its first owner had derived great wealth, is afterwards, in the less fortunate or less skilful hands of his successor, a losing and a ruinous adventure. The melancholy spectacle of a thousand poor persons suddenly thrown out of employment, is set before us in unexaggerated but striking description. The dreadful effects of the failure, in one family, are thus represented:

"Among the overseers, there was a Mr. Dwining, an Englishman from Manchester, where he had seen better days. He was certainly a man above the common, and his wife was a lady in every point; but they held themselves by themselves, and shunned all manner of civility, giving up their whole attention to their two little boys, who were really like creatures of a better race than the callans of our clachan. On the failure of the company, Mr. Dwining was observed by those who were present, to be particularly distressed, his salary being his all; but he said little, and went thoughtfully home. Some days after, he was seen walking by himself with a pale face, a heavy eye, and a slow pace—all tokens of a sorrowful heart. Soon after, he was missed altogether; nobody saw him. The door of his house was however open, and his two pretty boys were as lively as usual, on the green before the door. I happened to pass when they were there, and I asked them how their father and mother were. They said they were still in bed, and would not waken; and the innocent lambs took me by the hand, to make me waken their parents. I know not what was in it, but I trembled from head to foot, and I was led in by the babies, as if I had not power to resist. Never shall I forget what I saw in that bed

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I found a letter on the table; and I came away, locking the door behind me, and took the lovely prattling orphans home. I could but shake my head and weep, as I gave them to the care of Mrs. Balwhidder, and she was terrified, but said nothing. I then read the letter. It was to send the bairns to a gentleman, their uncle, in London. Oh it is a terrible tale, but the winding-sheet and the earth is over it. I sent for two of my elders. I related what I had seen. Two coffins were got, and the bodies laid in them; and the next day, with one of the fatherless bairns in each hand, I followed them to the grave, which was dug in that part of the kirk-yard where unchristened babies are laid. We durst not take it upon us to do more; but few knew the reason, and some thought it was because the deceased were strangers, and had no regular lair.

"I dressed the two bonny orphans in the best mourning at my own cost, and kept them in the Manse till we should get an answer from their uncle, to whom I sent their father's letter. It stung him to the quick, and he came down all the way from London, and

took the children away himself. O he was a vext man, when the beautiful bairns, on being told he was their uncle, ran into his arms, and complained that their papa and mamma had slept so long, that they would never waken.'

Many other particulars are related by the worthy pastor in the same strain of simplicity. He takes leave of his flock after a ministry of fifty years, and prepares for that awful change which the approach of age teaches him to expect, and which no mortal power can elude.

REVIEW OF PORTER'S TRAVELS IN GEORGIA, PERSIA, &C.

[*Continued from page 322.*]

We should have wished for a full account of Circassia from the personal observations of Sir Robert; but he contented himself with borrowing his information respecting that country from the Russian officers. From Georgia he directed his course to the Armenian province, which is at present nominally divided between the Turks and Persians. That portion which the former pretend to possess, is in a miserable state of depopulation. Anni, once a capital town, is now uninhabited, except by banditti; and the neighbouring country will probably remain a frightful wilderness, until the Russians condescend to take possession of it. In the vicinity of Erivan, the country wears a less melancholy aspect. Here sir Robert was politely received and kindly treated by the Persian governor, who furnished him with a mehmander, or provider, to accompany him to Tabreez. The women in this part of the country, he says, have not the smallest degree of beauty; and those who have passed the immediate blush of youth are mere hags. This premature destruction of youth, in the higher ranks, is attributed to the excessive use of the bath, and to habitual want of exercise; and, in the lower classes, to a similar misuse of hot water and vapor, with the addition of noisome clothing and close unwholesome lodgings.

Tabreez, the principal residence of the heir apparent of the Persian crown, Abbas Mirza, has been recently fortified, and surrounded with a thick wall, protected by towers and bastions, with the addition of a very deep dry ditch:—

'Out of two hundred and fifty mosques mentioned by Chardin, the ruins of only three are visible. The most considerable is that of Ali Shah, erected nearly six hundred years ago, by Ali Koja; and which still presents lofty arches, and the mouldering vaulted work of splendid domes. The whole of the building, within and without, has been cased with lackered tiles of porcelain, adjusted into intricate and elaborate figures, with an ingenuity and taste that would honor the most accomplished artists of any age. The colours of these decorations are green, dark and light blue, interspersed with Arabic sentences in letters of gold; and a broad band of such legends, formed in white, upon this beautifully varied ground, and interwoven with flowers in green and gold, winds round the entire extent of the building. This fine ruin is within the new fortifications of the city, as are also the remains of the arch or citadel. In former times, it is said to have contained the royal palace, with its attendant mosque. Very legible traces of these different structures are yet to be found within its lofty though riven walls. The height of those walls may be about eighty feet, commanding an extensive view on every side, over the lately erected works, and making a conspicuous object to a great distance from the town. The materials of the whole structure are of brick, and put together with the nicest care. Indeed, that so much of it exists, after the general overthrow by two earthquakes, proves the excellence of its workmanship. Part of it is now used as an arsenal, and also for a very dismal purpose. A few years ago, a woman was precipitated from the top of the

highest point of its wall, into the ditch beneath, as a punishment for the murder of her husband; a crime till then almost unheard of in the annals of Persian domestic life.'

Abbas is doing all in his power to restore this city to its former importance; and he is building a palace in it for his own residence. While at Tabreez, Sir Robert had an opportunity of observing the manners of a great state dinner, to which he was invited by Bezourk, the prime minister of the prince. Our traveler and his countrymen assembled at the house a little before sun-set, and took their stations in the true Eastern style of sitting on the heels or cross-legged.

'A few minutes elapsed,' says our author, 'before our host made his appearance. On his entrance we all rose; and, on being re-seated, he bowed to each person according to his rank, uttering at the same time a compliment befitting the esteemed importance of the guest. The routine of the entertainment was then as follows: kaliouns were presented; then coffee, served in very small cups, and without cream or sugar. Kaliouns succeeded; then tea, in large cups; and this, over conversation, filled an interval of ten minutes, when the minister gave a signal for dinner to be brought. Several servants immediately entered, bearing a long narrow roll of flowered cotton in their arms, which they laid down and spread before the whole company, who now occupied both sides of the room. This drapery was placed close to our knees. The next service was to set a piece of the thin sort of bread or cake before each guest, to be used as a plate and napkin. Then came a tray between every two persons, containing the following articles of food: two bowls of sherbet, each provided with a wooden spoon of delicate and elegant workmanship; a couple of dishes of pillau, composed of rice soaked in oil or butter, boiled fowls, raisins, and a little saffron; two plates, with melons sliced; two others, containing a dozen kabobs, or morsels of dry boiled meat; and a dish presenting a fowl roasted to a cinder. The whole party along the extended web being in like manner supplied, the host gave the sign for falling to; a command that seemed to be understood literally; for every back became bent, every face was brought close to the point of attack, and every jaw, in an instant, was in motion. This is done by a marvellous dexterity in gathering up the rice, or victuals of any kind, with the right hand, and almost at the same moment thrusting it into the mouth. The left hand is never used by the Persians but in the humblest offices; however, during meals, at least, the honored member certainly does the business of two, for no cessation could be observed in the active passage of meat, melon, sherbet, &c. from the board to the mouths of the grave and distinguished assembly. I must say, I never saw a more silent repast in my whole life, nor one where the sounds of mastication were so audible. In some countries it may be 'merry in the hall, when heads wag all;' but here I could only think of a similar range of respectable quadrupeds, with their heads not farther from their troughs than ours were from the trays. For my part, whenever I wished to avail myself of the heaps of good provender on mine [the tray], at every attempt to throw a little rice into my mouth, it disappeared up my sleeve; so that, after several unsuccessful essays, I gave up the enjoyment of this most savoury dish of the feast, and contented myself with a dry kabob or two.

'When the servants cleared away, it was in the order that the things had been put down. A silver-plated jug, with a long spout, accompanied by a basin of the same metal, was carried round to every guest by an attendant, who poured water from the jug on our right hands, which we held in succession over the basin, while each individual cleansed his beard or mustachios from the remnants of dinner. We had no towel to dry one or the other, save our own handkerchiefs; the

bread-napkin or plate having no capability but to be eaten off, and to wipe the ends of the fingers between every new plunge into the opposite dish. A kalioun, with tea, followed; and continued, with a few interruptions, during the conversation which had broken the dead silence on the departure of the rolled-up web and its appendages. A fresh kalioun finished the entertainment.'

Notwithstanding the severity of the weather at Tabreez, few of the Persians of either sex put on additional clothing, and many of them, young and old, go with the breast entirely bare. This strange neglect of the common means of protection, accounts, in some measure, for the frequent recurrence of the most melancholy catastrophes; and, in the cold season, scarcely a day passes without one or two persons being found frozen to death in the neighbourhood of the town. Our author relates one very painful calamity of this kind:

'The gates of all towns and cities in Persia are shut a little after sunset, and re-opened at sun-rise. Strict adherence to this injunction, and carelessness or unavoidable delays on the part of travelers, often subject them to the inconvenience of reaching the gates when they are closed. Hence they must stay without till morning. And, during the inclement season, at opening the gates, very often a terrible scene of death unfolds itself, close to the threshold! old and young, animals and children, lying one lifeless heap. But the particular instance I would now recount, relates to a solitary traveler, who had performed a long journey on his own horse; a member of their families, to which these people are eminently attached. When he arrived at Tabreez, the ingress was already barred. The night was one of the severest which had been known; and the poor man, to save himself from the fatal effects he too surely anticipated, pierced his faithful horse with his dagger, and, ripping up its body, thrust himself into it in the vain hope of the warmth which might remain, preserving his own vital heat until the morning. But, in the morning, when the gates were opened, he was found frozen to death in this horrible shroud.'

The heir apparent was so desirous of testifying his regard for a respectable stranger, that he took him in his own suite to Teheran, where the solemnity of a great festival was approaching. The party proceeded to Mianna, which Sir John Mandeville, above four centuries ago, pointed out as a town pregnant with mysterious danger and even death to strangers. The mystery is thus explained. 'The town, and its immediately adjacent villages, are infested with a plague, which they have found it impossible to eradicate, in the form of a small but poisonous bug. It breeds in myriads in all the old houses, and may be seen creeping over every part of their walls, of the size and shape of the bugs in Europe, only a little flatter, and in color of a bright red. Its bite is mortal, producing death at the expiration of eight or nine months. Strangers of every sort, not merely foreigners, but persons not usually inhabiting the town and its vicinity, are liable to be thus poisoned; while the people themselves, or the adjacent peasantry, are either never bitten, or, if so, the consequences are not more baneful to them than the sting of the least noxious insect.'

The festival of the Nourouse is well described. Teheran, the seat of royal splendor, is honored with due attention; and the south of Persia is most picturesquely painted. Ispahan, we are informed, is reviving under the fostering care of the king's second minister, who is governor of that city. Among its wonders we may reckon the *Chehel Setoun*, or the Palace of Forty Pillars, called the Persian Versailles.—'The exhaustless profusion of its splendid materials, reflected, not merely their own golden or crystal lights on each other, but all the variegated colors of the garden; so that

the whole surface seemed formed of polished silver and mother-of-pearl, set with precious stones. In short, the scene might well have appeared an Eastern poet's dream, or some magic vision, in the wonderful tales of an *Arabian night*. When we drew near, I found the entire front of the building open to the garden; the roof being sustained by a double range of columns, the height of which measured eleven Persian yards (a Persian yard being forty four inches); hence they rose upwards of forty feet. Each column shoots up from the united backs of four lions, of white marble; and the shafts of the columns, rising from these extraordinary bases, were covered with arabesque patterns and foliage, in looking-glass, gilding, and painting; some twisting spirally; others winding in golden wreaths, or running into lozenges, stars, connecting circles, and I know not what intricacies of fancy and ingenious workmanship. The ceiling was equally iris-hued, with flowers, fruits, birds, butterflies, and even couching tigers, in gold, silver, and painting, amidst hundreds of intermingling compartments of glittering mirror. At some distance, within this open chamber, are two more pillars of similar taste to the range; and from their capitals springs a spacious arch, forming the entrance to a vast interior saloon, in which all the caprices and labours and cost of Eastern magnificence, have been lavished to an incredible prodigality. The pillars, the walls, the ceiling, might be a study for ages, for designers in these gorgeous labyrinthine ornaments. The floors of both apartments were covered with the richest carpets, of the æra in which the building was constructed, the age of Shah Abbas, and were as fresh as if just laid down; there needs no other proof of the purity of the climate. From one angle of the interior chamber, two low folding-doors opened into a very spacious and lofty hall, the sides of which were hung with pictures of various dimensions, most of them descriptive of convivial scenes; and the doors, and pannels of the room near the floor, being also emblazoned with the same merry-making subjects, fully declared the purpose of the place. But a very odd addition was made to the ornaments of the wall. Little recesses spotted its lower range, taking the shapes of bottles, flagons, goblets, and other useful vessels, all equally indispensable, in those days, at a Persian feast: very different from the temperance which now presides there; and how directly the reverse of the abstemiousness and its effects, that marked the board of the great Cyrus!'

In this palace our artist saw six pictures of very large dimensions, two of which are battle-pieces, while the others represent royal entertainments given to different ambassadors. They are executed with the most minute precision, in those parts which are copied from still life; but the rules of perspective are grossly violated, and the figures ill-drawn; and a decent English sign-painter, in viewing these specimens of Persian art, might reasonably exult in the idea of his own superiority.

A SKETCH OF THE LATE CORONATION.

As every production of Sir Walter Scott is entitled to our respectful attention, we need not apologise for presenting to our readers his spirited sketch of an august ceremony, although many may think that our account was sufficiently copious.

After some preliminary remarks addressed to a literary friend, he says,

'The effect of the scene in the abbey was, beyond measure, magnificent. Imagine long galleries stretched among the ailes of that venerable and august pile—those which rise above the altar pealing back their echoes to a full and magnificent choir of music—those which occupied the sides filled even to crowding with all that Britain has of beautiful and distinguished; and the cross gallery most appropriately occupied by the Westminster school-boys, in their white surplices, many of

whom might, on that day, receive impressions never to be lost during the rest of their lives. Imagine this, I say, and then add the spectacle upon the floor—the altars surrounded by the fathers of the church—the king encircled by the nobility of the land and the counsellors of his throne, and by warriors wearing the honored marks of distinction, bought by many a glorious danger,—add to this the rich spectacle of the ailes, crowded with waving plumage, and coronets, and caps of honor, and the sun, which brightened and gladdened as if on purpose, now beaming in full lustre on the rich and varied assemblage, and now darting a solitary ray, which catched, as it passed, the glittering folds of a banner, or the edge of a group of battle-axes, and then rested full on some fair form, 'the Cynosure of neighbouring eyes,' whose circlet of diamonds glistened under its influence. Imagine all this, and then tell me if I have made my journey of four hundred miles to little purpose. I do not love your *cui bono* men, and therefore I will not be pleased if you ask me, in the damping tone of sullen philosophy, what good all this has done to the spectators? If we restrict life to its real animal wants and necessities, we shall indeed be satisfied with 'food, clothes, and fire;' but Divine Providence, who widened our sources of enjoyment beyond those of the animal creation, never meant that we should bound our wishes within such narrow limits; and I shrewdly suspect that those *non est tanti* gentlefolks only depreciate the natural and unaffected pleasure which men like me receive from sights of splendor and sounds of harmony, either because they would seem wiser than their simple neighbours at the expense of being less happy, or because the mere pleasure of the sight and sound is connected with associations of a deeper kind, to which they are unwilling to yield themselves.

'Leaving these gentlemen to enjoy their own wisdom, I still more pity those, if there be any, who (being unable to detect a peg on which to hang a laugh) sneer coldly at this solemn festival, and are rather disposed to dwell on the expense which attends it, than on the generous feelings which it ought to awaken. The expense, so far as it is national, has gone directly and instantly to the encouragement of the British manufacturer and mechanic; and so far as it is personal to the persons of rank attendant upon the coronation, it operates as a tax upon wealth and consideration for the benefit of poverty and industry; a tax willingly paid by the one class, and not the less acceptable to the other, because it adds a happy holiday to the monotony of a life of labor.

'But there were better things to reward my pilgrimage than the mere pleasures of the eye and the ear; for it was impossible, without the deepest veneration, to behold the voluntary and solemn interchange of vows betwixt the king and his assembled people, whilst he, on the one hand, called Almighty God to witness his resolution to maintain their laws and privileges, while they called, at the same moment, on the Divine Being, to bear witness that they accepted him for their liege sovereign, and pledged to him their love and their duty. I cannot describe to you the effect produced by the solemn, yet strange mixture of the words of Scripture, with the shouts and acclamations of the assembled multitude, as they answered to the voice of the prelate who demanded of them whether they acknowledged as their monarch the prince who claimed the sovereignty in their presence. It was peculiarly delightful to see the king receive from the royal brethren, but in particular from the duke of York, the fraternal kiss, in which they acknowledged their sovereign. There was an honest tenderness, an affectionate and sincere reverence in the embrace interchanged between the duke of York and his majesty, that approached almost to a caress, and impressed all present with the electrical conviction, that the nearest to

the throne in blood was the nearest also in affection. I never heard plaudits given more from the heart than those that were thundered upon the royal brethren when they were thus pressed to each other's bosoms—it was the emotion of natural kindness, which, bursting out amidst ceremonial grandeur, found an answer in every British bosom. The king seemed much affected at this and one or two other parts of the ceremonial, even so much as to excite some alarm among those who saw him as nearly as I did. He completely recovered himself, however, and bore (generally speaking) the fatigue of the day very well. I learn, from one near his person, that he roused himself with great energy, even when most oppressed with heat and fatigue, when any of the more interesting parts of the ceremony were to be performed, or when any thing occurred which excited his personal and immediate attention. When presiding at the banquet, amid the long line of his nobles, he looked 'every inch a king;' and nothing could exceed the grace with which he accepted and returned the various acts of homage rendered to him in the course of that long day.

'It was also a very gratifying spectacle to those who think like me, to behold the duke of Devonshire and most of the distinguished Whig nobility assembled round the throne on this occasion; giving an open testimony that the differences of political opinions are only skin-deep wounds, which assume at times an angry appearance, but have no real effect on the wholesome constitution of the country.

'If you ask me to distinguish who bore him best, and appeared most to sustain the character we annex to the assistants in such a solemnity, I have no hesitation to name lord Londonderry, who, in the magnificent robes of the Garter, with the cap and high plume of the order, walked alone, and, by his fine face and majestic person, formed an adequate representative of the order of Edward III. the costume of which was worn by his lordship only. The duke of Wellington, with all his laurels, moved and looked deserving the baton, which was never grasped by so worthy a hand. The marquis of Anglesea showed the most exquisite grace in managing his horse, notwithstanding the want of his limb, which he left at Waterloo. I never saw so fine a bridle-hand in my life, and I am rather a judge of 'noble horsemanship.' Lord Howard's horse was worse bitted than those of the two former noblemen, but not so much so as to derange the ceremony of retiring back out of the hall.

'The champion was performed (as of right) by young Dymoke, a fine-looking youth, but bearing, perhaps, a little too much the appearance of a maiden-knight to be the challenger of the world in a king's behalf. He threw down his gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and showed as much horsemanship as the crowd of knights and esquires around him would permit to be exhibited. His armour was in good taste; but his shield was out of all propriety, being a *rondache,* or Highland target, a defensive weapon, which it would have been impossible to use on horseback, instead of being a three-cornered, or heater-shield, which in time of the tilt was suspended round the neck. Pardon this antiquarian scruple, which, you may believe, occurred to few but myself. On the whole, this striking part of the exhibition somewhat disappointed me; for I would have had the champion less embarrassed by his assistants, and at liberty to put his horse on the *grand pas.* And yet the young lord of Scrivelsbaye looked and behaved extremely well.

'Returning to the subject of costume, I could not but admire what I had previously been disposed much to criticise—I mean the fancy-dress of the privy counsellors, which was of white and blue satin, with trunk hose and mantles, after the fashion of queen Elizabeth's time. Separately, so gay

a garb had an odd effect on the persons of elderly or ill-made men: but when the whole was thrown into one general body, all these discrepancies disappeared, and you no more observed the particular manner or appearance of an individual, than you do that of a soldier in the battalion which marches past you. The whole was so completely harmonised in actual colouring, as well as in association with the general mass of gay, and gorgeous, and antique dress, which floated before the eye, that it was next to impossible to attend to the effect of individual figures. Yet a Scotsman will detect a Scotsman amongst the most crowded assemblage; and I must say that the lord justice clerk of Scotland showed to as great advantage in his robes of privy counsellor as any by whom that splendid dress was worn on this great occasion. The common court-dress, used by the privy counsellors at the last coronation, must have had a poor effect in comparison with the present, which formed a gradation in the scale of gorgeous ornament, from the unwieldy splendor of the heralds, who glowed like huge masses of cloth of gold and silver, to the more chastened robes and ermine of the peers. I must not forget the effect produced by the peers placing their coronets on their heads, which was really august.

'The box assigned to the foreign ambassadors presented a most brilliant effect, and was perfectly in a blaze with diamonds. When the sunshine lighted on prince Esterhazy, in particular, he glimmered like a galaxy. I cannot learn positively if he had on that renowned coat which has visited all the courts of Europe, save ours, and is said to be worth 100,000l. or some such trifle, and which costs the prince 100l. or 200l. every time he puts it on, as he is sure to lose pearls to that amount. This was a hussar dress, but splendid in the last degree, perhaps too fine for good taste—at least it would have appeared so anywhere else. Beside the prince sat a good-humored lass, who seemed all eyes and ears (his daughter-in-law, I believe), who wore as many diamonds as if they had been Bristol stones. An honest Persian was also a remarkable figure, from the dogged and imperturbable gravity with which he looked on the whole scene, without ever moving a limb or a muscle, during the space of four hours. Like Sir Wilful Witwou'd, I cannot find that your Persian is orthodox; for, if he scorned every thing else, there was a Mahometan paradise extended on his right hand along the seats which were occupied by the peeresses and their daughters, which the prophet himself might have looked on with emotion. I have seldom seen so many elegant and beautiful girls as sat mingled among the noble matronage of the land; and the waving plumage, which made the universal head-dress, had the most appropriate effect in setting off their charms.

'I must not omit that the foreigners, who are apt to consider us as a nation *en froc*, and without the usual ceremonials of dress and distinction, were utterly astonished and delighted to see the revival of feudal dresses and feudal grandeur when the occasion demanded it, and that in a degree of splendor which, they averred, they had never seen paralleled in Europe.

'The duties of service at the banquet, and of attendance in general, were performed by pages, dressed very elegantly in Henri-Quatre coats of scarlet, with gold lace, blue sashes, white silk hose, and white rosettes. There were also marshal's-men for keeping order, who wore a similar dress, but of blue, and having white sashes. Both departments were filled up almost entirely by young gentlemen, many of them of the very first condition, who took these menial characters to gain admission to the show. When I saw many of my young acquaintance thus attending upon their fathers and kinsmen, the peers, knights, and so forth, I could not help thinking of Crabbe's lines, with a little alteration—

'Twas schooling pride to see the menial wait,
Smile on his father, and receive his plate.'

It must be owned, however, that they proved but indifferent valets, and were very apt, like the clown in the pantomime, to eat the cheer they should have handed to their masters, and to play other *tours de page*, which reminded me of the caution of our proverb, ' not to man yourself with your kin.' The peers, for example, had only a cold collation, while the aldermen of London feasted on venison and turtle; and such similar errors necessarily befel others in the confusion of the evening. But these slight mistakes, which indeed were not known till afterwards, had not the slightest effect on the general grandeur of the scene.

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' You will have from others full accounts of the variety of entertainments provided for John Bull in the parks, the river, in the theatres, and elsewhere. Nothing was to be seen or heard but sounds of pleasure and festivity; and whoever saw the scene at any one spot was convinced that the whole population was assembled there, while others found a similar concourse of revelers in every different point. It is computed that about five hundred thousand people shared in the festival one way or another; and you may imagine the excellent disposition by which the people were animated, when I tell you that, excepting a few windows broken, not the slightest political violence occurred to disturb the general harmony, and that the assembled populace seemed to be universally actuated by the spirit of the day, namely, loyalty and good-humor. Nothing occurred to damp those happy dispositions; the weather was most propitious, and the arrangements so perfect, that no accident of any kind is reported as having taken place. And so concluded the coronation of George IV. whom God long preserve. Those who witnessed it have seen a scene calculated to raise the country in their opinion, and to throw into the shade all scenes of similar magnificence, from the Field of the Cloth of Gold down to the present day.'

THE PORTFOLIO, N°. XII.

Coronation of the present Emperor of Russia, in 1801.—The preliminary part of the ceremony was a procession from the palace in the Kremlin (or citadel of Moscow) to the church of the Assumption. The *imperialia*, answering to our *regalia*, were carried upon cushions by persons of high distinction. The deputies of the Russian and foreign merchants took the next place in the order of march. Then appeared the magistrates of Moscow, the members of the university, the superintendents of the official departments, the nobility, the senate, members of the council, masters of the ceremonies and heralds, the body-guard of knights, and marshals of the court; the emperor, in a military uniform, attended by a colonel and two adjutants with drawn swords, under a canopy supported by thirty-two field-officers; the empress, in a splendid white dress, escorted in the like manner; the bishop of the robes, maids of honor, &c. As soon as their majesties entered the church, they prostrated themselves before the altar, and kissed the sacred images that were placed around. When they were seated on a throne in the middle of the cathedral, the dignified clergy formed two lines along the steps; and a choral service commenced. Archbishop Plato, having put the mantle upon the emperor's shoulders, presented the crown, which the young potentate put upon his own head, while the primate pronounced a short prayer. The sceptre and the staff of command were then placed in the hands of his majesty; and, when he had returned them, he took off his crown, and suspended it for a few moments over the head of his consort. A small crown being delivered to him, he placed it upon her head, and four of her attendants adjusted it to her hair;

and she was also invested with the mantle, and the chain of the order of St. Andrew. The imperial titles were now proclaimed; and 101 pieces of cannon were fired from the fortress, beside a volley of musquetry from all the regiments which were drawn up in the neighbouring squares and streets. The religious service being renewed, Alexander was informed that the hour of consecration was come; and, having entered the sanctuary, he was anointed on the forehead, eyes, nostrils, mouth, beard, and fingers, while his wife was only allowed to receive the holy oil upon her forehead. Both received the sacrament; but the empress was obliged to take it at the entrance, as no women are permitted to appear in the interior of the sanctuary. The cathedral was handsomely ornamented for the occasion, and thronged during the ceremony with rank, fashion, and beauty.

Coronation Banquet of George III.—For the celebration of this festivity, says Mr. Richard Thomson, 'Westminster-hall was laid open throughout, and every thing which it before contained was entirely removed, except the floor and steps of the King's Bench court. A new boarded floor was then laid from the north gate up to the middle of the hall, to those steps, and covered with matting. On each side was built a large gallery, the lower part about five feet from the ground; containing eight benches, covered also with matting, for the spectators. Over this was erected a second gallery, not so wide, but of the same length as the open part of the hall, when the King's Bench court was standing; over which, also, a third gallery was fixed as it were in the roof, and supported by those beams which are decorated at the ends with figures of angels; being nearly of the same length as the others, but scarcely so wide, from its being placed in a narrower part of the building. Between the first gallery and the floor were erected, on each side, large closets or pantries, with double doors, answering the purpose of sideboards and cellarets, as well as to contain the plates, dishes, glasses, &c. &c. wanted by the company and waiters. In a space left between these pantries and the platform up the middle of the hall, the tables were placed for that part of the company which had not the honor to be seated with the king. His majesty, with the queen, nobility, great officers of state, &c. dined in the elevated part of the hall, near the court of King's Bench. The whole was lighted by fifty-two large chandeliers, each ornamented at the top with a gilt imperial crown. Over the north gate, opposite the king's table, was erected a large balcony for the trumpets, kettle-drums, and other music; and in the centre, over them, an organ was fixed. It was under this music, that the champion, the high constable, and the earl marshal, made their entrée on horseback into the hall.'

Apotheosis of George III.—A decree to this effect has been lately pronounced by the present king's laureated bard, who, in a poem called the Vision of Judgement, ventures to place many British worthies in Heaven, and boldly sends the objects of his political hatred to hell. He seems to apprehend serious danger from the intrigues and machinations of the presumptuous opponents of the court. When the late king inquires, in this *sublime* vision, whether the spirit that troubled the land is quelled, he is informed that it is not, but that some dreadful deed is preparing; for 'the souls of the wicked are loose, and the powers of evil move on the wing alert.' The sapient fabricator of Moore's Almanac agrees with the poet in thinking, that the 'aspects of the time are very trying:' but neither of these pretended prophets can divine the issue. His majesty is at length escorted to the gate of Heaven, while an angel cries out, 'Ho! king George of England cometh to judgement!'. He is

weighed in the balance, and found upright and pure; and a glorious beatification is the result: but Wilkes and Junius, his false accusers, are treated in a very different manner; for a many-headed demon seises the guilty pair, swings them aloft, and 'hurls them into the sulphurous darkness.' Is not this an irreverent and profane assumption of extra-judicial power and even of divine authority?

False Alarm at the Coronation of George IV.—'I had the honor (says colonel Macdonel of Glengary) of a royal duke's tickets for my daughter and myself to see his majesty crowned, and I dressed upon that magnificent and solemn occasion in the full costume of a Highland chief, including of course a brace of pistols. I had traveled about 600 miles for that purpose; and, in that very dress, with both pistols mounted, I had the honor to kiss my sovereign's hand at the levee of the 25th of July. Finding one of our seats in the hall occupied by a lady on our return to the lower gallery (whence I had led my daughter down for refreshments), I, upon replacing her in her former situation, stepped two or three rows farther back, and was thus deprived of a view of the mounted noblemen, by the anxiety of the ladies, which induced them to stand up as the horsemen entered, whereupon I moved nearer the upper end of the gallery, and had thereby a full view of his majesty and the royal dukes upon his right hand. I had been standing in this position for some time, with one of the pilasters in the fold of my right arm, and my breast-pistol in that hand pointing toward the seat floor on which I stood, when the champion entered, by which means I hung my body forward in any thing but 'seemingly as if going to present it:' in fact, I had taken it into my hand in order to relieve my chest from the pressure of its weight, after having worn it slung till then, from 4 o'clock. It was at this instant that a lady within a short distance exclaimed, 'O Lord, O Lord, there is a gentleman with a pistol!' to which I answered, 'The pistol will do you no harm, Madam;' but a second time she cried out in the same way. This last I answered by assuring her that the pistol was not loaded, but that I would instantly retire to my place, since it seemed to give her uneasiness; and I was accordingly preparing to do so, when accosted by a young knight errant, and closely followed by two others likewise in plain clothes, one of whom, the first that began to mob me, laid his hand on my pistol, still grasped, under a loose glove, in my right hand; and, observing the numbers increase on his side, he asked me to deliver him the pistol. Need I say that, as a Highland chieftain, I refused his demand with contempt? The second gentleman then urged his friend's suit, but was equally unsuccessful; a knight of the grand cross was then introduced with all due honors, by the name of Sir Charles, into this petty contention, and he also desired me to give up my pistol to that gentleman; which I flatly refused, but added, that the knight might have it if he chose, with all its responsibility.'

After a farther detail, stating the temporary surrender of one of the pistols, the order for his returning to his seat, and the offer of his address (which, however, did not lead to any serious result), the colonel says, 'This is the whole history of the absurd and ridiculous alarm. Pistols are as essential to the Highland courtier's dress as a sword to the English courtier's, the Frenchman, or the German; and those used by me on such occasions are as unstained with powder as any courtier's sword with blood: it is only the grossest ignorance of the Highland character and costume which could imagine that the assassin lurked under their bold and manly form.'

Antiquity of Crowns.—The royal crown or diadem is first mentioned in the book of Samuel, when the Amalekites presented Saul's crown to David. The sceptre is much more ancient

than the crown. Homer mentions kings with sceptres, but none with crowns. The use of the latter, in Europe, is as ancient as the time of Constantine.

Royal Inauguration in different Countries.—The right of choosing a king was exercised by all the tribes of ancient Germany; and the way in which a prince received the regal dignity was equally expressive of the tenure by which it was held, and of the qualities for which it was conferred. The king or commander, who was chosen by the people in a public assembly, was placed on a shield or target, and carried about on the shoulders of his men, while the multitude saluted him with shouts and loud applause.

It was the custom in Navarre, that both the king and queen, after being anointed, should set their feet on a shield emblazoned with the arms of the kingdom, and supported on six staves, each end of which was held by a nobleman. In this manner they were thrice lifted up before the high altar of the cathedral. In the Gothic laws which formerly prevailed in Spain are the following directions for the creation of kings. 'Let the king be chosen and accepted in the metropolitan city of this kingdom, or, at least, in some cathedral; and, the night before he is exalted, let him watch all night in the church; and the next day let the chief men hold him on a target, while the people exclaim, *Real! real!*'

It was the custom of the Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes, to form a circle of large stones, commonly twelve in number, in the middle of which one was set up much larger than the rest; this was the royal seat, and the nobles occupied those surrounding it, which served also as a barrier to keep off the people who stood without. Here the leading men of the kingdom delivered their suffrages, and placed the elected king on his seat of dignity. Of this kind was the *morasten* near Upsal, described by Olaus Magnus. In Denmark there are monuments of this kind, and the custom is said to have existed in Germany until the year 1356.

A rude enthronement (similar to that of the northern nations) is to be found among the Celtic tribes; and that the kings both of Scotland and Ireland were placed on a stone at the time of their election, we have the testimony of the antiquaries of those nations.

An American Procession, not splendid but impressive.—In March last, at the city of Washington, it was announced by advertisement that 67 oxen, 19 sheep, 4 bears, 3 deer, 10 goats, and 2 pigs, remarkably large and fat, were to be seen together in a stable. These animals being slaughtered, the carcases were put into above 100 carts, each drawn by one horse, adorned with ribands and flowers, and carried in procession through the city. First went a large waggon drawn by four horses, carrying a band of musicians; over their heads was a kind of stage, in which stood the hide of the fattest ox stuffed with straw, looking as if alive; then came above 300 butchers on horseback, dressed in white, and decorated with blue silk ribands; between them were the waggons with the meat, covered with white cloths; then came a waggon in which coopers were employed in making casks, and one in which butchers were cutting meat and making sausages; behind these appeared a number of farmers on horseback, with ears of corn in their hats; between them were ploughs, harrows, and other implements of husbandry, drawn by horses; after those came a waggon drawn by 6 horses, on which was a ship with three masts completely rigged. This vessel bore a company of musicians, and it was also manned with sailors. The procession was closed by a waggon bearing a fishing-boat full of fishermen with their implements. Above a thousand men

composed the cavalcade. The whole ceremony was conducted with order and propriety, and concluded with a dinner and a ball.

The Slave Trade.—Thomas Woolman, a Quaker of New Jersey, is said to have first suggested the project of abolishing this infamous traffic. He was struck with the thought, that engaging in the traffic of the human species was incompatible with the spirit of the Christian religion. He published several tracts against it: he made long journeys for the sake of talking to individuals on the subject, and was careful, himself, not to countenance slavery, by the use of those conveniences which were provided by the labor of slaves. In the course of a visit to England, he went to York, in 1772, sickened of the small-pox, and soon died.

Extraordinary Behaviour of an African Prince to a Slave Trader.—Frempung, king of the Akemists, had heard so many wonderful things respecting the *white Sea-Monsters* (the European slave-traders) that though he resided very far inland, he requested the Danes to send him one of their people to gratify his curiosity. Kamp, a clerk, accordingly traveled to his court. When first ushered into the royal presence, he made a low obeisance, at the same time moving back his foot; on which his sable majesty conceived, that, like the wild monkeys, he was couching for the purpose of making a spring at his head. He therefore fell flat upon the ground, under the idea that he thus might escape, and that the strange animal would leap over him. At the same time he called out to his wives for protection! and they immediately formed a circle round him. His majesty was told that this was only the salutation of the whites; but he begged that it might be dispensed with in future. He soon began to examine his visitor with somewhat less timidity. At first he took his clothes to be a part of his body; and the *queue* of the Dane had led him to suppose that he was a large ape, of a species unknown to him, with a tail growing out of his neck. The white man was then required to eat in his presence. In order thoroughly to satisfy himself with regard to his real shape, he desired that he might be requested to strip. To his utter astonishment he learned that Kamp positively refused to comply in the presence of more than a hundred women, but that he had no objection to show himself undressed to the king alone. On receiving this answer, his majesty previously submitted to the discussion of his council of state (the elders) whether it would be prudent to trust himself alone with a white man. They decided in the affirmative, and the women were ordered to retire. The Dane then stripped. Frempung cautiously approached: he touched his limbs with fear and astonishment, and at length burst out into the exclamation, 'Yes; thou art indeed a man, but as white as the very devil!'

Frankfort Fair.—It commences early in September; and its bustle and vivacity last throughout the month. The Exchange, a small neat quadrangle, surrounded by a range of warehouses and shops, called the Braunfels, is thronged with a respectable cluster of merchants, but perhaps only a twentieth part of the number who assemble daily on our exchange. They generally commence business at six or seven in the morning, and toil till ten or eleven at night; not having, as yet, attained to that methodical celerity, which, in London, despatches a hundred times the amount of affairs between the commodious hours of nine and six. The large rooms in the Braunfels are fitted up as show-rooms and shops, in humble imitation of the Palais Royal, and loaded with merchandise, showy and useful, from all parts of Germany, Switzerland, Hungary, Poland, and Bohemia. 'Thomson's fine

cotton goods from Manchester'—'Picard, Marchand des Modes de Paris,'—'Zwingler, Uhrmacher aus der Schweitz,' and other such announcements, attract notice in glittering capitals. The inns, the theatre, the casino, are thronged and lively; the drives round the suburbs crowded with gay equipages; the *tables d' hôte* with a motley assemblage of persons of all ranks and various nations: the flowing costume of the Turk and the venerable bearded Jew, often meet the eye; and bands of German and French musicians attend at the hotels to amuse the company.

A ludicrous Adventure.——When Mr. Keppel Craven was on his travels, the abbess and nuns of Our Lady of the Angels at Brindisi mistook him for the prince royal of Bavaria, who had been expected in that quarter, and insisted upon treating him with the honors due to his rank. It was in vain he protested that he was an Englishman. They smiled with incredulous humility, and at last fairly told him that his efforts were to no purpose. His ancestors had been benefactors to the nunnery, and their descendant *must* be honored. The pensionaries crowded about him, to the number of thirty, presenting him with flowers, and squabbling for precedence in the honor of kissing his princely hand. Two natives who were with him, begged him to humor the joke, as the easiest mode of getting through it; but he did not like it. The nuns, however, singing a Latin hymn of exultation, conducted him to the belfry, where he was startled with a sudden ringing of all the bells. He was then led, or worshipfully hustled into the kitchen, the refectory, the dormitory, the abbess's apartment, the garden, and lastly the sacristy, where he was desired to rest. 'I looked round,' says Mr. Craven, 'to implore the aid and compassion of my followers, when I found myself sitting in a huge crimson velvet chair, richly gilt, and surmounted with a royal crown.' Still protesting and disclaiming, he was desired to inspect the relics and church valuables, the latter of which were all offered, in turn, as presents. The old vicar enters, and joins in the chorus of eulogies; after which his mouth, (looking, he says, very sulky) is crammed with coffee, cakes, and *liqueurs*, and his pockets with oranges and lemons, including a surreptitious gift of cotton stockings and woollen gloves. After a trial of an hour's duration, he was allowed to depart, amidst the blessings of the community; but his royalty was not over with him yet. The Benedictine nuns were under the special protection of the vicar, and would, he was assured, die of jealousy and mortification, if he denied them the same honor which he had conferred on those of Our Lady of the Angels. Mr. Craven got through this new assault a little better, as the Benedictines were poorer and less ceremonious. On leaving them, he congratulated himself on breathing freely, and began to anticipate the pleasure of a cool evening ride, when the commandant of the town, in the midst of a crowd of about 500 persons, addressed him in a loud and solemn speech. It was to say, that he had hitherto spared the feelings of their illustrious visitor, and controlled his own, by avoiding to intrude upon his privacy; but that, at the moment of departure, it was impossible to refrain any longer. The harangue concluded with informing him, that a telegraphic account had been given to the commandant of the district, and a similar notification was now about to be sent to the commander-in-chief, to whom the speaker trusted he would express satisfaction at his conduct. At these words, the officer knelt down, and imprinted a respectful kiss on his hand, while Mr. Craven hastily mounted his horse, 'to hurry from this scene of ludicrous torment.'

A tragical Story, related by the same Author.—The remains of a band of robbers having presented themselves

before the general who commanded at Foggia, with a seeming intention of submitting, a long altercation arose between them and the officer who was deputed to hear their proposals. 'The general finally commanded the two leaders to repair to his apartment, to speak to them; this they objected to do, without their arms, which they declared they would never part from; and it is supposed the language they made use of in the course of their argument so exasperated the officer, that he roughly pushed one of them back, who was using threatening gestures, on which the other fired his musket at him; but, having missed his mark, he was shot dead on the spot by the sentry at the gate. This was the signal for an attack from his companions, that was immediately answered by a round of musketry from the troops, who were drawn out close to them, which killed several, and spread consternation among the crowd of town's-people who had assembled on the spot. Four of the band, who had presence of mind to spring upon their horses, escaped in different directions out of the town, though followed by cavalry, and fired at as they fled. Another portion were made prisoners; but a third division sought security in a cellar, the first place of refuge which offered itself, and which, having only one very low entrance, afforded them a defensible asylum for some time. The depth and darkness of this receptacle made it difficult to attack them with success; for they killed a soldier, and wounded several others who had ventured too near the aperture. Of this last desperate set, four, however, gave themselves up, and made known the number that remained. In order to bring as speedy a termination as possible to the dismay and agitation which this event had spread throughout the city, two of those who had been last taken were sent in to their companions, with their hands tied, to persuade them to surrender, and to inform them, that if they persevered in a resistance, which from the local nature of their retreat must be unavailing, a straw fire would be lighted at the orifice, as the only means of hastening their compliance or destruction. The unfortunate men never returned; and, no answer being given, this threat was put into actual execution, and the aperture blocked up with stones. Imagination pictures their situation as most horrible; but its terrors were eluded by the last resource of despair. Two hours afterwards, the cellar was entered without opposition, and their lifeless bodies, covered with wounds, indicated the death they had received at each other's hands.

Dumbiedikes, in the Heart of Mid-Lothian.—The following striking resemblance to the death of the elder worthy of that name, as described in the novel, was pointed out to us by a friend. It occurs in an old novel, called The Witch of the Woodlands, and relates to the final exit of a provincial esquire.

'The worthy clergyman, who never attended him till now, did all that a gentleman of that venerable character could do in such a case; he advised him cordially, prayed for him fervently, gave him all reasonable hope, and endeavoured to dispel any needless fear. He left him with his pious benediction. Some time after, his hopeful son, and his two servants, Clod and Blunder, attended him: he was seized with a strong convulsion fit; recovering, he gained his speech, and these were his last words:—

'I did not think to die yet—I'm glad the parson has been.' 'Shall I send for him again?' said the son. 'No, no,' replied the venerable parent; 'he will be for giving me the sacrament, and then there will be another bottle of wine to uncork. Lord have mercy upon me—that last high wind played the devil with the old pig-sty. I die in charity with all men; but insist upon Thomas Trueman being turned out of his farm, for not voting as I ordered him. Bury me by your mo-

ther; she lies quiet now. I go home and ask forgiveness. I know many people will say, I am gone to Old Nick; but if I go there, I'll be hanged. Patch up the old barn, and try it once more—luck's all. Make much of precious time; and, Blunder, sell off the old mare; she's not worth keeping, but you need not tell your chapman that—he'll soon'—

Anecdote of Richardson.—Though immersed in business, and considered as a plodding man, this writer was so far tinctured with the spirit of romance as to be delighted and enraptured with the Fairy Queen. 'I don't wonder,' he writes to Miss Highmore, 'that you are in such raptures with Spenser! What an imagination! What an invention! What painting! What coloring displayed throughout the works of that admirable author! What honor do you do to our worthy friend Mr. Edwards, when you say you think he could equal Spenser! I have a very high opinion of the genius of that valuable friend; but no man that ever yet was born could equal Spenser in his own way; and I wish none but Mr. Edwards would attempt his style and his manner, and he only in sonnets: for there he may undoubtedly, I think, rival that prince of English poets. But, in description, no man will ever come up to Spenser.'—This was the opinion of the author of Clarissa Harlowe; and it is worthy of his taste and judgement. Many persons have attempted to depreciate the charming writer to whom he alluded, but with little effect. Others have under-rated the mérit of Richardson. He was, indeed, a tradesman or a mechanic; and it was doubtless on that account that lady Mary Wortley Montagu spoke of him in a slighting way. 'The doors of the great (she observed) were never opened to him.' 'If the doors of the great (says Mrs. Barbauld) were never opened to a genius whom every Englishman ought to have been proud of,—if they were either tasteless of his merit, or so selfishly appreciated it as to be content to be entertained and instructed by his writings in their closet, and to suffer the man to want that notice and regard which is the proper and deserved reward of distinguished talent,—upon *them* let the disgrace rest, and not upon Richardson. And I believe it is true (adds this amiable and accomplished authoress) that in England genius and learning obtain less personal notice than in most other parts of Europe, and that men are classed here more by similarity of fortune than by any other circumstance.'

REVIEW OF LADY MORGAN'S TRAVELS IN ITALY.

[*Concluded from page 366.*]

We are again attracted by the varied entertainment which this lively tourist affords. Some churlish guests may object to a part of the fare, as too light and insubstantial; but, upon the whole, the table appears to be so well stored, that we are bound to return thanks to our kind hostess.

Her arrival in Tuscany inspired her mind with agreeable reflexions; not that she could be pleased with the present despotic government of that state; but because her ideas reverted to the æra of Tuscan glory. To one (she says) whose historical associations belong to the middle ages, Florence becomes all that Rome is to the classic tourist, or Loretto to the devout pilgrim.

In speaking of the edifices of Florence, she takes particular notice of the *Duomo*, as the cathedral is styled. It was commenced in 1298, under the direction of Cimabue, and the successive genius of one hundred and fifty years went to its completion. Its cupola, a miracle of art for any age, was the admiration and almost the despair of Michael Angelo, who declared that art could scarcely imitate, not rival it:—

'The Duomo, vast, ancient, and imposing within, is richly cased with

marble without. Near to its ponderous mass, but isolated and unparalleled, the *campanile*, or belfry, raises its elegant and slender form above all praise, as beyond all description. This gem of architecture, which scarcely belongs to any order, and yet combines the perfection of art, was deemed, by the imperial Charles the Fifth, too precious for public *exposition*, too exquisite for the plebeian admiration of a republican city. He was wont to say, 'it should be preserved in an *étui*;' and in fact it has the air of a beautiful toy, and looks equally suited to a lady's cabinet, as to the mighty edifice to which it belongs. The *campanile* is a tower two hundred and fifty-two Italian feet in height, incrusted with precious marbles, worked into the most beautiful groupings, the perfection of sculpture; and yet this work was produced ere sculpture had a school or drawing academy,—when nature gave rules, and patronage lay in the approbation of a free people; for it is the work of Giotto, a peasant, who left his herd in the valley of Vespignano, to labor in the under-studio of Cimabue, to become the friend of Dante and of Petrarch, and to die in Florence, full of years, of glory, and of wealth; sung by the first of her poets, and revered by the best of her citizens.'

In the church of Saint Laurence, there are several monuments to the memory of the Medici family, by Michael Angelo:—

'The first is a sarcophagus; and on either side are two colossal figures, called *Day* and *Night*. This singular monument seems to have no reference whatever to the insignificant subject, to perpetuate whose memory it was raised. Michael Angelo probably thought not of him. He may just then have had some glorious type in his own mind, and seized on the occasion thus presented by pride and wealth for realizing it. The figure of *Day* almost moves in the marble; there is a bold, rude, restless vigour in every limb and muscle, that gives it a vital character; and yet, powerful and magnificent as it is, the petulancy of a genius that could not brook the inadequacy of human force to realize its inspirations, did not permit Michael Angelo to finish it. The splendid works which he left behind him incomplete seem to indicate that he expected to have called forth perfection by a blow or a breath; and he flung away the chisel of the artist, when he could not direct it with the creative energy of a god. The figure of *Night* looks like sorrow that slumbers. Vasari has called it *Statua non rara, ma unica*.'

The library at Florence, built and finished by the present duke, who, though brother to the emperor of Austria, is not a foe to learning, contains forty-two thousand volumes; the principal of which are modern works, and include many in English.

The hall of the Capponi palace is remarkable for its walls, on which are painted three pictures, representing events in the lives of the patriots of that illustrious house.

'The most interesting and the best executed of these is the famous scene between Pietro Capponi and Charles the Eighth of France. The king, after various successes in Italy, (to which he was called by the usurper Lodovico Sforza,) entered Florence with royal pomp and an immense military force, and took up his quarters in the Casa de' Medici, where he assumed the tone of the conqueror of Tuscany. Four of the principal citizens were sent to treat with him, one of whom was Pietro Capponi. But scarely had the royal secretary begun to read aloud the insulting terms of the capitulation, when the deputies showed signs of indignation and impatience, and the haughty monarch, starting up, exclaimed, that he would 'sound the trumpets forthwith.' Then Pietro Capponi snatched the treaty from the secretary's hands, and, tearing it in pieces, replied in noble language, but in bad French, '*à vous trompette, à moi cloche*;' and, turning his back on the king, went

forth, followed by his fellow-citizens, to ring to arms, and to oppose the energy of free citizens to the military force of a barbarous invader. This act of Capponi, perilous and imprudent as it was heroic, saved the city. The inhabitants made their own terms, and Charles marched peaceably out of Florence. The painter has chosen the moment when Capponi tears the paper from the hands of the secretary, whose astonishment, as well as that of the courtiers, and the stifled rage of the king, are well expressed.'

In an account of the Florentine gallery, there is an interesting anecdote of Michael Angelo. The precious antiquities accumulated in the courts and gardens of the Casa Medici, by Lorenzo the Magnificent, and the permission which he gave to the artists of Florence, to study and work from such perfect models, rendered his domestic residence a sort of public *studio* :—

'A youth who had engaged to work in the shop of Ghirlandaio, the painter, for three years, for the sum of twenty florins, came, like others, to see these prodigies of antiquity, and from that moment the work-shop of Ghirlandaio was abandoned. One of the sculptors, struck by the assiduity of the clever boy, provided him with some materials to try his hand on. He began to copy the mutilated head of a Faun; he made good its deficiencies, and produced a miracle. He was still occupied in finishing it, when a person, sauntering in the gardens, stopped to consider the work and the artist, and was struck by the perfection of the first, by the youth of the second. He begged the lad from his father, and assigned him a place at his table, and an apartment in his house. This host was Lorenzo the Magnificent: the boy was Michael Angelo! and the head of the Faun is among the treasures of the gallery of Florence.'

The state of society in Florence is far more intellectual, more animated, and more refined than that of Rome; nor are we surprised at lady Morgan's reluctantly leaving the lovely vale of Arno for the banks of the Tiber; for not all the classical recollections and philosophical reveries which the eternal city may be calculated to inspire in the heart of an enthusiast, who makes the scenes before him subservient only to his idea of the past, can to a sober and feeling mind atone for the degrading effects which an arbitrary government, and a church reviving all the superstitions and deceptions of the darkest ages, produce upon the characters of those, very people, whose only boast is that they descend from a race of whose valor, patriotism, and independence, they exhibit the lowest reverse that can fall to the lot of a civilized nation. Lost in sloth and indifference, the modern Romans are too passive to give any employment to the spies who surround them; and they submit, without effort for relief, to all the most arbitrary measures of the papal government, though few can plead their belief in the infallibility of its head, as an excuse for their slavish obedience. The revival of miracles, and processions, and pilgrimages, under the influence of the house of Austria, seems, indeed, to carry with it few attractions, except for those who hope, by means of such instruments, to plunge the people once more into that ignorance, which in the dark ages rendered them alike blind to the crimes of the church, and subservient to the tyranny of their rulers. The most sincere votaries of religion are those who lament the prevalence of this degrading superstition.

Desirous of observing the manners of the Roman vulgar, lady Morgan visited one of the theatres. She says, 'A play-bill, fastened to the broken trunk of Pasquin, seduced us, by its tempting programme, to visit the *Teatro della Pace*, resorted to by the people exclusively, and into whose smoky and time-stricken *sal de spectacle*, few English but ourselves had penetrated. The announcement for the evening promised 'Moses,' which was asserted to be *cosa sagra e stupenda*, with a comedy and farce, *a moure da riderc* (to make you die with laughter.) I think our box cost two

pauls, and a few baiocchi (halfpence) placed our servant in the pit. For this moderate price, we saw the Jews fed with manna, an interlude, extremely well acted, and a farce, which perfectly fulfilled the promise of the play-bill; for Policinello was the irresistibly comic hero of the piece, which turned in some of its scenes on the ridicule of academies. The exquisite gravity with which Policinello took his place in the poetic circle, the absurdly ludicrous dress he wore, his impatience to seize on every moment of silence, with 'adezzo tocca a me' (it's my turn now), to read a canzone, whose length was the counterpart of Leporello's catalogue, combined to form a farcical scene of the richest humor; but no one who had not been present at the 'real original' of this representation, and witnessed the doggedness with which the sonneteers there pour forth their endless succession of *platitudes*, could comprehend the convulsive roar of laughter it occasioned. The most exquisite part of the theatre was the audience, composed of what an English government newspaper would call wretches, ruffians, the scum of society—the people. Every box was crowded, and every group was a picture worthy of a Wouvermans or a Teniers. The Trasteverini were numerous, and as remarkable by their dress, as by their bold, fierce, fine, dark countenances. Among the women, the different costume of the different quarters of Rome was strikingly conspicuous; but still more conspicuous was the marked expression of their varying and delighted countenances; their keen sensibility to humor, and their loud and boisterous testimony of applause. They shouted, screamed, and mingled their bravos and their bravissimos with *gran bella cosa, cosa superba, cosa stupenda*. Meantime, the most amiable familiarity subsisted between that part of the audience nearest the stage and the performers. The prompter, with his head popped over the stage lights, talked to the girls in the pit; the violoncello flirted with a handsome Trasteverina in the boxes; and a lady in the stage-box blew out the lamp-lighter's candle as often as he attempted to light it, to the infinite amusement of the audience, who loudly applauded her dexterity. With an œconomy duly practised at Rome by all classes, the musicians, when they had done playing between the several acts, extinguished their candles, put them in their pockets, and joined the audience in the front of the house. In justice, however, to La Pace, it must not be concealed, that the same œconomical custom prevails in many theatres, not of the very first order throughout Italy.'

From Rome, our authoress repaired to Naples, which she has described in an interesting manner. She visited the royal palace at Portici, formerly the residence of the wife of Murat. She vindicates this lady from the charge of plundering Naples, as she left the palaces superbly furnished with plate, pictures, &c.:—

'The apartments of the ex-queen are models of elegance and feminine taste. The bed-room, dressing-room, boudoir, and library, are eminently so; and have been left precisely as she last occupied them. Her dressing-boxes are on the toilette; a miniature of her nephew, the little Napoleon (hung by a riband), decorates the chimney-piece; her *dejeuné*, on an English tray, stands in the centre of the room; and some pretty *étrennes* (worked and embroidered for her by her ladies, a few days before her reverses) are scattered on a sofa. '*Niente cangiato*,' said the Cicerone, 'except this!' (and she approached her magnificent bed, and pointed to two large black crucifixes, and a pendent vase of holy water hung at its head). 'Non è quella una moda Francese.' On the king and his wife sleeping one night at Portici, these sacred images were hung up for the occasion. In the dressing-room, all the necessaries for the toilette, in crystal and silver, still remain; even some silver

brushes, lying where the *femme-de-chambre* of the late fair inhabitant had left them. It is said, that Madame Murat carried even to affectation her determination of not removing any thing that belonged to her royal estate, and took only what she considered personal and private property. Portici was her favorite residence; and the numerous English and Irish nobility, whom she received there, can vouch for the courtesy and hospitality with which she did the honors of the palace.

'Murat's apartments join his wife's; they were equally luxurious, splendid, and commodious: the hangings all silk and satin; the carpets all English and Turkey; the toilette splendid and *recherchée*, as that of the vainest *petite maitresse* or royal beauty. Close to this superb sleeping-room is a simple little cabinet, with a small white dimity camp-bed, where his secretary slept. Here in this little bed of the ex-secretary sleeps the royal Bourbon—the legitimate king of Naples, when he makes his visits to Portici. It is said, that he walks about the palace in endless amusement, admiring all the elegant finery of which he has become the master; but still adhering to the little dimity bed, which resembles his own homely bed-room, in his palace at Naples. He has added nothing but a large crucifix.'

A critic has observed, that this lady's second volume is 'a strange mixture of English, French, and Italian.' She is, indeed, particularly fond of showing her readiness in the use of foreign phrases, without considering that this species of affectation is no proof of an intimate acquaintance with the languages from which the expressions are borrowed. The same critic affirms, that 'of the state of society in Italy she knows nothing, or, at least, has communicated nothing;' but this remark is neither liberal nor true.

TO THE EDITOR.

In the estimate of the art of acting given in your last number, the writer seemed to think that players can deeply feel while they represent the characters assigned to them; but I do not accede to that opinion. While Garrick was personating Lear, Dr. Johnson, talking loud as usual, was requested to lower his tone, that he might not interrupt the feelings of the actor.—'*Feelings*,' replied the doctor, '*Punch has no feelings!*' I do not go so far as this; but it is my settled opinion that it is mere vaporing to insist on it, that there must be a proportion of feeling in an actor, equal to that which he excites in his audience We believe, indeed, that in some cases, the less a great artist on the stage feels, the more he will have his powers at command to produce the desired effect in others. The position that *he describes it best, who feels it most*, is surely not true in all circumstances which relate to the stage; for instance —a sober man will imitate a drunkard much better than one who is intoxicated; but who will say that the latter does not *feel it most?* The often quoted maxim of Horace does not require that an actor should weep in earnest, before an auditor can weep, but simply—'If you would have me weep, you must first *express the passion of grief yourself;*'—and that is easily done without much, or perhaps any real feeling. We can relax our muscles, or draw them up, so as to make others think that we cry or laugh, without sustaining the affliction of grief, or being sensible to the delight of joy. And this imposition, well managed, is enough; for, says the same bard, 'As the human countenance smiles on those who smile, so does it weep or sympathize with those that weep;' and the mimicry of all this, not the reality, belongs to the theatre. Garrick could excite both these passions without feeling either; and he was consequently the greatest of mimics. He admitted this himself,

when he addressed an admiring audience on his final retreat from the stage. Shedding tears, he exclaimed, 'I am no *actor* here!'—When he did not *feel*, he was an *actor*; but, when he really felt, he ceased to be a mimic.

J. K.

PARALLEL BETWEEN DANTE AND PETRARCH,

BY UGO FOSCOLO.

The intellects of both these poets could only act in unison with the organic and terrible emotions of their hearts. Dante's was more deeply concentrated, as if it could burn with one passion only at a time; and, if Boccaccio does not overcharge the picture, Dante, during several months after the death of Beatrice, had the very feelings and appearance of a savage. Petrarch was agitated by different passions at once: they roused, but they also counteracted each other, and his fire was rather flashing than burning, expanding itself, as it were, from a soul unable to bear all its warmth, and yet anxious to attract through it the attention of every eye. Vanity made Petrarch ever eager and ever afraid of the opinions of even those individuals over whom he felt his natural superiority. Pride was the prominent characteristic of Dante. He was pleased with his sufferings, as the means of exerting his fortitude; with his imperfection, as the necessary attendant of his good qualities; and with the consciousness of his internal worth, because it enabled him to look down with scorn upon other men and their opinions.

——————————'How
Imports it thee what thing is whisper'd here?
———— To their babblings leave
The crowd;—be as a tower that, firmly set,
Shakes not its top for any blast that blows.'

The power of despising, which many boast, which very few really possess, and with which Dante was uncommonly gifted by nature, afforded him the highest delight of which a noble mind is susceptible. His haughty demeanor toward the princes whose protection he solicited, was that of a republican by birth, an aristocrat by party, a statesman and a warrior; who, after having lived in affluence and dignity, was proscribed in his 37th year, compelled to wander from town to town, 'as the man who, stripping his visage of all shame, plants himself in the public way, and, stretching out his hand, trembles through every vein.' I will say no more; I know that my words are dark, but my countrymen will help thee soon to a comment on the text, '*to tremble through every vein.*' Petrarch, born in exile, and brought up, according to his confession, in indigence, and as the intended servant of a court, was year after year enriched by the great, till he was enabled to decline new favors; and he alluded to it with the complacency natural to all those who, whether by chance, or industry, or merit, have escaped from the humiliation of obscurity and penury.

Being formed to love, Petrarch courted the good-will of others, sighed for more selfishness than human selfishness is willing to allow, and lowered himself in the eyes, and possibly the affections, of the persons most devoted to him. His disappointments in this respect often embittered his soul, and extorted from him the confession, that he feared those whom he loved! His enemies, knowing that, if he readily gave vent to his anger, he was ready to forget injuries, were little afraid of his passionate temper. They found fair game for ridicule, and provoked him to commit himself ever in his old age with apologies. Dante, on the contrary, was one of those rare individuals who are above the reach of ridicule, and whose natural dignity is enhanced even by the blows of malignity. His wrath was inexorable with him; vengeance was not only a natural impulse, but a duty; and he enjoyed the certainty of that slow, but everlasting revenge which his wrath brooded over in secret silence.

'Let the destined years come round,
Nor may I tell thee more, save that the mind
Of sorrow well deserv'd, shall quit your wrongs.'

One could easily imagine his portrait in these lines, translated from the *Purgatorio.*

'He spake not aught, but let us onward pass,
Eying us as a lion on his watch.'

As Petrarch, without love, would probably never have become a great poet, so had it not been for injustice and persecution which kindled his indignation, Dante, perhaps, would never have persevered to complete

——— 'The sacred poem that hath made
Both Heav'n and earth copartners in its toil,
And with lean abstinence, thro' many a year,
Faded my brow.'

Purgat. Carey's Trans.

Dante collected the opinions, the follies, the vicissitudes, the miseries, and the passions that agitate mankind, and left a monument which, while it humbles us by the spectacle of our own wretchedness, should make us glory that we partake of the same nature as such a man, and encourage us to make the best use of our fleeting existence. Petrarch was led, by a wisdom more contemplative than active, to think that our toils and exertions in the service of mankind far exceed any benefit we derive from them; that each step, after all, only brings us nearer to the grave; that death is the best boon of Providence, and the world to come our only secure dwelling-place; that a weariness and disgust of every thing were naturally inherent in his soul: and thus he paid the price of those favors which nature, fortune, and the world, had heaped upon him, without the alloy even of ordinary reverses.

REMARKS ON THE NOVELS AND THE CHARACTER OF DR. SMOLLETT, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The second novel (of this ingenious writer) was not thought quite equal to his first. In truth, there occurs betwixt Roderick Random and Peregrine Pickle a difference, which is often observed betwixt the first and second efforts of authors who have been successful in this line. Peregrine Pickle is more finished, more sedulously laboured into excellence, exhibits scenes of more accumulated interest, and presents a richer variety of character and adventure than Roderick Random; but yet there is an ease and simplicity in the first novel which is not quite attained in the second, where the author has substituted splendor of coloring for simplicity of outline. Thus, of the inimitable sea-characters, Trunnion, Pipes, and even Hatchway, border upon caricature; but lieutenant Bowling and Jack Rattlin are truth and nature itself. The reason seems to be, that when an author brings forth his first representation of any class of characters, he seizes on the leading and striking outlines, and therefore, in the second attempt of the same kind, he is forced to make some distinction, and either to invest his personage with less obvious and ordinary traits of character, or to place him in a new and less natural light. Hence, it would seem, the difference in opinion which sometimes occurs betwixt the author and the reader, respecting the comparative value of early and of subsequent publications. The author naturally prefers that upon which he is conscious much more labor has been bestowed, while the public often remain constant to their first love, and prefer the facility and truth of the earlier work to the more elaborate execution displayed in those which follow it. But though the simplicity of its predecessor was not, and could not be, repeated in Smollett's second novel, his powers are so far from evincing any falling off, that in Peregrine Pickle there is a much wider range of character and incident, than is exhibited in Roderick Random, as well as a more rich and brilliant display of the talents and humor of the distinguished author.

* * * *

To a reader of a good disposition and well-regulated mind, the picture

of moral depravity presented in the character of Count Fathom is a disgusting pollution of the imagination. To those, on the other hand, who hesitate on the brink of meditated iniquity, it is not safe to detail the arts by which the ingenuity of villany has triumphed in former instances; and it is well known that the publication of the real account of uncommon crimes, although attended by the public and infamous punishment of the perpetrators, has often had the effect of stimulating others to similar actions. To some unhappy minds it may occur as a sort of extenuation of the crime which they meditate, that even if they carry their purpose into execution, their guilt will fall far short of what the author has ascribed to his fictitious character; and there are other imaginations so ill regulated, that they catch infection from stories of wickedness, and feel an insane impulse to realize the pictures of villany which are embodied in such narratives as those of Zeluco or Count Fathom.

* * * *

The person of Smollett was eminently handsome, his features prepossessing, and, by the joint testimony of all his surviving friends, his conversation in the highest degree instructive and amusing. Of his disposition, those who has read his works (and who has not done so?) may form a very accurate estimate; for in each of them he has presented, and sometimes under various points of view, the leading features of his own character, without disguising the most unfavorable of them. Nay, there is room to believe, that he rather exaggerated than softened that cynical turn of temper, which was the principal fault of his disposition, and which engaged him in so many quarrels. It is remarkable, that all his heroes, from Roderick Random downward, possess a haughty, fierce irritability of disposition, until the same features appear softened, and rendered venerable, by age and philosophy, in Matthew Bramble. The sports in which they most delight are those which are attended with disgrace, mental pain, and bodily mischief to others; and their humanity is never represented as interrupting the course of their frolics. We know not that Smollett had any other marked failing, save that which he himself has so often and so liberally acknowleged. When unseduced by his satirical propensities, he was kind, generous, and humane to others; bold, upright, and independent in his own character; stooping to no patron, [*he*] sued for no favour, but honestly and honourably maintained himself on his literary labours; when, if he was occasionally employed in a work which was beneath his talents, the disgrace must remain with those who saved not such a genius from the degrading drudgery of compiling and translating. He was a doting father and an affectionate husband; and the warm zeal with which his memory was cherished by his surviving friends, shewed clearly the reliance which they placed upon his regard. Even his resentments, though often hastily adopted and incautiously expressed, were neither ungenerous nor enduring. He was open to conviction, and ready to make both acknowlegement and allowance when he had done injustice to others, willing also to forgive and to be reconciled when he had received it at their hands.

* * * *

Fielding and Smollett were both born in the highest rank of society, both educated to learned professions, yet both obliged to follow miscellaneous literature as the means of subsistence. Both were confined, during their lives, by the narrowness of their circumstances,—both united a humorous cynicism with generosity and good-nature,—both died of the diseases incident to a sedentary life, and to literary labour—and both drew their last breath in a foreign land, to which they retreated under the adverse circumstances of a decayed constitution and an exhausted fortune.

Their studies were no less similar

than their lives. They both wrote for the stage, and neither of them successfully. They both meddled in politics; they both wrote travels, in which they shewed that their good humor was wasted under the sufferings of their disease; and, to conclude, they were both so eminently successful as novelists, that no other English author of that class has a right to be mentioned in the same breath with Fielding and Smollett.

If we compare the works of these two great masters yet more closely, we may assign to Fielding, with little hesitation, the praise of a higher and a purer taste than was shewn by his rival; more elegance of composition and expression; a nearer approach to the grave irony of Swift and Cervantes; a great deal more address or felicity in the conduct of his story; and, finally, a power of describing amiable and virtuous characters, and of placing before us heroes, and especially heroines, of a much higher and pleasing character than Smollett was able to present.

Every successful novelist must be more or less a poet, even although he may never have written a line of verse. The quality of imagination is absolutely indispensable to him: his accurate power of examining and embodying human character and human passion, as well as the external face of nature, is not less essential; and the talent of describing well what he feels with acuteness, added to the above requisites, goes far to complete the poetic character. Smollett was, even in the ordinary sense, which limits the name to those who write verses, a poet of distinction.

* * * *

He was, like a pre-eminent poet of our day, a searcher of dark bosoms, and loved to paint characters under the strong agitation of fierce and stormy passions. Hence, misanthropes, gamblers, and duellists, are as common in his works, as robbers in those of Salvator Rosa, and are drawn, in most cases, with the same terrible truth and effect.

* * * *

Upon the whole, the genius of Smollett may be said to resemble that of Rubens. His pictures are often deficient in grace; sometimes coarse, and even vulgar in conception; deficient too in keeping, and in the due subordination of parts to each other; and intimating too much carelessness on the part of the artist. But these faults are redeemed by such richness and brilliancy of colours; such a profusion of imagination—now bodying forth the grand and terrible—now the natural, the easy, and the ludicrous: there is so much of life, action, and bustle, in every group he has painted, so much force and individuality of character, that we readily grant to Smollett an equal rank with his great rival Fielding, while we place both far above any of their successors in the same line of fictitious composition.

A MEMOIR OF MISS DANCE;

accompanied with an elegant Portrait.

In the privacy of domestic life, there are few incidents that excite the notice of the biographer. He is disposed to look for something beyond the mere *routine* of ordinary education, far more striking than the reciprocation of visits, or the indulgence of occasional amusement. He is not so fortunately circumstanced as the ingenious novelist, who fabricates for his heroine extraordinary incidents and surprising adventures, with ease and fluency, if not with all the features of probability.

We do not find that the earlier part of the life of Miss Dance deviated from the usual monotony of quiet families. She is the daughter of a gentleman whose musical talents and skill are generally acknowleged, and the niece of Sir Nathaniel Dance, whose gallant defence of a mercantile fleet entitled him to the thanks of the In-



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dia company. The British metropolis claims her for a native. Her education was principally directed by her mother, whose good sense and attainments qualified her for the task. At an early age she received instructions in singing from the celebrated Madame Mara, who spoke with pleasure of the proficiency of her pupil. Like the generality of young ladies, she was fond of theatrical amusements; but she did not hastily form the resolution of appearing upon the stage, as a candidate for public applause. A determination of that kind may be thought to imply a consciousness of talent bordering on vanity; and it evidently requires great courage and presence of mind, which, in the case of a female exhibitor, some would construe into an indecorous boldness: but we readily pardon the vanity, and are by no means disgusted at the intrepid self-possession of the fair and innocent performer. Little more than a year has elapsed since Miss Dance resolved to become an actress; and, as she properly thought that some instructions were requisite in addition to private study, she accepted the offer of Mr. Charles Kemble and his lady, who, having long been attached to her family, consented to give her the full benefit of their experience. By their friendly tuition she so far profited, that she at length intimated her wish to be engaged at that theatre to which they belonged. She made her *debut* on the 20th of last March; but the part of Mrs. Haller, which she then attempted, was not thought by the critics to be perfectly suited to her unripened powers. The character was too mature for a youthful and inexperienced actress: yet her first meeting with her husband, after her elopement, was very adroitly managed, and her last interview with him was irresistibly pathetic. Those who objected to various parts of her performance, admired the beauty of her person and the elegance of her manners; and her reception was highly favorable. Her next character was Belvidera, which she rendered particularly interesting, if she did not impart to it all the force of deep affection, or all the intensity of feeling. She soothed the audience by gentle expression, and seemed to excel in the utterance of the 'trembling half-stifled tones of anguish and love.' She has since represented Juliana in the Honey-Moon with considerable effect; and, in the *dance* scene, (let the pun be excused), she met with great applause. She gave less satisfaction as Calanthe, the heroine in the tragedy of Damon and Pythias; but an ill-drawn character affords an excuse for failure. In personating Juliet, she did not appear to enter fully into the nature or spirit of the character: but, when she assumed the airs of a lady of fashion in the comedy of the Provoked Husband, she afforded a high promise of excellence in the lively representation of gay and genteel life. Her voice, her manner, her gestures, her coquetry, her smiles of allurement or of scorn, and the easy subsidence of her levity into pathos, seemed, to the majority of her auditors, to denote her qualifications for characters of this description.

From no other motive than a regard for rising merit, we hope and trust that this lady is re-engaged for the ensuing season.

THE BEAUTIES OF MOZART, HANDEL, PLEYEL, HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, AND OTHER CELEBRATED COMPOSERS, *adapted to the Words of popular Psalms and Hymns, for one or two Voices, with Accompaniments and appropriate Symphonies for the Piano-forte, Organ, or Harp, by an* EMINENT PROFESSOR.

Music is a charming art and a delightful science. It makes a strong impression upon the feelings of mankind, even where the mind is unenlightened and unrefined. It chases, for a time, the anxious cares of life; it agitates the heart with pleasing emotions; and even the melancholy which it occasionally produces does

not involve the keenness of sorrow, but seems to border upon luxurious enjoyment. It animates the soldier to the vigorous defence of his country, banishing all pusillanimity and fear; and, when it assumes a devotional form, it seems to elevate its votary to a more glorious scene of existence.

The compiler of this volume has evinced his judgement in selection. The pieces are introduced by nine preludes from the 'profound work' of Sebastian Bach, which are now rendered less difficult. The first piece, as every loyal subject would wish, is a panegyric upon our admired constitution; but the wish, 'May God in Britain reign!' is too partial and exclusive to be just or pious. Do not all good men wish that God should reign also in other countries? Is the sun to shine for us alone? —Mozart's music, however, is well adapted to the words; and that ought to be, in the present case, the chief object of consideration. The lively notes of Haydn suit 'The solemn trumpet sounding,' as the soothing strains of Pleyel are accordant to the 'Light of Life.' We only observe one piece by Handel—'See the corn again in car!' and one by Shield, 'Through all the various shifting scene:' both are fine pieces. Rossini's 'Spring' is as pleasing as the season which it celebrates. A considerable number of pieces, by Mozart and Beethoven, give importance and value to the collection; and we cordially recommend the volume to the notice of our musical readers.

FEMALE COSTUME AT THE LATE CORONATION.

The display of jewels, both in the hall and the abbey, was extremely magnificent: coronets, tiaras, circlets, aigrettes, combs, &c. of diamonds, pearls, and colored gems, were mingled with feathers in the head-dresses. Among the colored gems, the pink topaz was most prevalent. Pearl *bandeaux*, brought low across the forehead, were very general. The feathers were of the most superb description, and the plumes very full: they were mostly placed far back. A few ladies had their hair dressed without feathers, but the number was very inconsiderable. The dresses in general were composed of very costly materials. Lace over white satin, white and colored gauzes over white and colored satin, and figured satins and rich silks, were nearly in equal proportion. There were also silver tissues and silver lama dresses which had a magnificent effect. We noticed few colored crape dresses; but there were many in white. The trimmings were rather distinguished for their magnificence than their novelty. Some were of blond, embroidered in silver or steel; there were also several spangled trimmings, and some embroidered in flowers, done with colored silks on gauze or tulle. Several beautiful trimmings were composed of *ruches* of silver gauze; some disposed in draperies, others put on plain. *Bouillonne*, either of transparent or silver gauze, mixed with artificial flowers, was also very prevalent; and we noticed trimmings composed of flounces of blond lace, looped with artificial flowers. Stomachers were very general: many were embroidered in silver or steel, to correspond with the dress; some were ornamented with diamonds, and many with pearls. We observed, in several instances, a row of diamonds, pearls, or colored gems, round the bust of a dress; and where this was the case the sleeves were usually looped with jeweled ornaments to correspond. There were many sashes of silver gauze and tissue; they were very broad, were disposed in folds round the waist, and tied in full bows and ends behind. *Ceintures* of net steel were also numerous: the greatest part of these had diamond clasps. We noticed likewise some white satin zones richly embroidered with pearls. One of these dresses struck us as being at once very beautiful and appropriate to the occasion: it was composed of white figured satin; the bottom of the skirt trimmed with a



[illegible]



deep flounce of blond, fastened up in draperies by bouquets, in which the rose, thistle, and shamrock, were intermixed; this trimming was surmounted by a wreath of laurel in silver foil. The *corsage* was cut very low, but the bust was partially shaded by a blond tucker looped at each shoulder by diamonds. The sleeves were composed of full falls of blond over white satin. A broad sash of silver tissue, disposed, in the Parisian style, in folds round the waist, and bows behind, finished the dress.

Another dress, which had a remarkably beautiful effect, was composed of blue satin: the trimming was a white gauze *bouillonne*, intermixed with silver shells; sprays, lightly embroidered in silver, and placed at considerable distances from each other, came from different parts of the *bouillonne* in a sloping direction: the trimming was very deep. The *corsage* was ornamented with a white satin stomacher, beautifully embroidered in silver; the bust was trimmed with blond, formed into puffs by large pearls. The sleeves were of gauze *bouillonne*, mixed with silver shells, to correspond with the trimming of the skirt. The prevailing hues were lilac, rose-color, and blue; but a considerable number of the dresses were white. The feathers, with the exception of a few bird-of-paradise plumes, were also in general white.

ENGLISH FEMALE COSTUME FOR SEPTEMBER.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

There is but little alteration in the promenade costume since the last month. Pelisse wrap morning dresses of Indian muslin, richly embroidered down the front, and round the bottom, are most in favor, when worn with spencers of rich satin: silk pelisses are now very little seen. We have but little observation to make about spencers, as the only elegant novelty of that description consists in the introduction of a cream-colored spencer of rich satin, with a novel kind of collar, made either to stand up or fall down *à la pelerine*. A Doric rose ornaments the outside part of each wrist, and terminates the belt behind. Cachemire and net shawls and scarfs are likewise very much worn over white dresses, which are now the only ones seen in the promenade: they are trimmed as usual with bouillonne flounces or embroidery. Bonnets are of the same material as in the last month; but we notice that the brims are becoming evidently smaller. We have observed a few, but very few bonnets of open-worked straw, and lined with colored silk and trimmed with flowers, either composed of straw or those of the season. Etherial blue sarcenet bonnets, very slightly turned up all round the front, are very much in favor for walking: but the most approved kind of bonnet is similar to the one given in our number; it is of colored silk, with whale-bone run in, in the beguine style, and with very full trimmings at the edge of fringed sarcenet. White veils of transparent gauze begin to be a good deal worn; they have rich figured or woven flowered borders. Sarcenet skirts, cambric or corded long cloth, a new Oriental article, are much in esteem for half dress. The bodies are made high, and are generally finished in wavings of cotton down the bust. Broad muslin flounces, and deep puffings of clear muslin,

round the borders of clear maline, or cambric dresses, are the newest kind of trimming. For the morning walk, washing silks still appear very prevalent, worn with cambric spencers, with a *fichu* of the same with long ends, trimmed with narrow worked muslin, and fastened in front with a brooch worked in hair; an elastic belt of hair also encircles the waist; these belts are, however, sometimes only imitations of hair. A new dress for a young bride is very beautiful; a white figured satin, the bottom of the skirt trimmed with a deep flounce of blond festooned up in draperies, in which the various colors of the season are intermixed: this elegant trimming is surmounted by wreaths of laurel in silver foil; the corsage cut very low, and the bust partly shaded by a blond tucker, looped on each shoulder or fastened with small bunches of flowers; the sleeve composed of full folds of blond over satin, and disposed in the Parisian style, in folds, confined with small bouquets of roses. White satin stomacher, with white satin sash and long ends, finish this favorite evening dress.

The prevailing colors are lilac, rose-color, and blue. The waists are of the usual length, and we have observed high bodies generally finished with a full bow, and ends of the same material, corded at the edge, and the middle of the back; the bust is formed in the most becoming manner by a fold of the same, edged with a loop trimming, which goes in a sloping direction from the shoulder to the bottom of the waist. The shoulders are trimmed with epaulettes, and folds with loops to correspond.

WALKING COSTUME.

Round morning dress of clear India muslin, richly trimmed at the feet with a broad flounce, above which is a novel trimming of straps of muslin pointing towards the top, and confined with a small corded button; each division headed with a narrow cord, and loose from the dress; the whole surmounted by another trimming, composed of full puffings of muslin, with lozenges between. A drawn green silk bonnet, lined with pink, and ornamented round the edge and crown with a band of pink and green tufted gauze. Spencer to correspond, with standing collar; sleeves slashed, and full on the top, confined with straps of the same, edged with narrow white piping, and separately fastened in the centre with a small button. Mouse-colored half boots of kid, and sea-green parasol, fringed with white.

EVENING DRESS.

A striped gauze over a pale pink satin slip; the body is tight to the shape, and the waist of the usual length: it is cut moderately low round the bust, which is completed by a fall of deep blond, confined in the centre with a narrow satin piping. Full sleeve, composed of gauze over pink satin, intermixed in a tasteful and novel manner, with small rosettes of riband, and terminating with blond, or Urling's lace. At the bottom of the skirt are two deep falls of pink satin, terminating in narrow points, headed with white satin piping, and full puffings of net and gauze between each division; the whole elegantly surmounted by pink satin rouleaux wadded. The hair is arran[illegible] full but light curls on the temple; a superb coronet of flowers on [illegible], finished with an elegant sprig of moss roses a little to one side. [illegible] gloves, with a full quilling of tulle, and white satin slippers.

POETRY.

A SUBLIME SONNET.

Hail, Nonsense! to thy sovereign sway we bow,
Thou great amuser of the human race!
We all thy mighty influence allow,
Thy lively sallies, thy bewitching grace.
That thou dost rule the church, I do not say;
But in the law thy daily work appears:
By thee inspir'd, pert pleaders prate away,
And pour their trickling balm in greedy ears.
Surgeons, and all the pharmaceutic throng,
Gladly adopt thy jargon: authors too,
But chiefly poets, to thy school belong;
And senators keep thee in constant view.
This life, in short, would be a stagnant pool,
Without the aid of thy prolific school!

C. C.

SONNET TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE;

By J. M. Lacey.

Pale flow'r of ev'ning! curious 'tis to see
Thy blossom op'ning at departing day,
When others close their petals; leaving thee
To court pale Luna's mildly-beaming ray.
At early morn thy full-blown form is found;
But noontide brings thy drooping, dying hour;
Ev'ning beholds thee dead; and night's dull round
Gives life to thy successor's tender flow'r!
So Sorrow shuns the noise of joyous crowds,
And all the glare of splendor's gaudy day;
Far from the world in solitude she shrouds
The form of beauty, mould'ring to decay;
Shrinking from pleasure's enervating dream,
As thou from Phœbus and his golden beam.

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

This is the hour when Memory wakes
Visions of joys that could not last;
This is the hour when Fancy takes
A survey of the past!

She brings before the pensive mind
The hallow'd scenes of earlier years;
And friends who long have been consign'd
To silence and to tears!

The few we lik'd—the ONE we lov'd—
A sacred band! come stealing on;
And many a form far hence remov'd,
And many a pleasure gone!

Friendships, that now in death are hush'd,
And young Affection's broken chain;
And hopes, that Fate too quickly crush'd,
In memory live again!

Few watch the fading gleams of day,
But muse on hopes, as quickly flown;
Tint after tint, they died away,
Till *all* at last were gone!

This is the hour when Fancy wreathes
Her spells round joys that could not last;
This is the hour when Memory breathes
A sigh to pleasures past!

VENUS RISING FROM THE SEA.

She peer'd up like a fountain from the deep,
And o'er her shoulders ran the white sea-foam,
Wandering as 'twere to find its native home;
But soon it rested where the full orbs keep
Their proudly heaving swell, and never sleep;
And so her bosom was created fair—
And, as the zephyr pass'd, her tresses flew
Bespangled with rich pearly drops, like dew,
The only jewels in her golden hair;
Then when she saw her limbs unzon'd and bare,
A warm flush mantled her all o'er, and threw
Such shades of coral and of shell-like hue
Upon her lips and cheeks, that with surprise
The gods beheld her form, and snatch'd her to the skies.

A SONG, BY BURNS,

Not included in the collection of his works.

Fair the face of orient day;
Fair the tints of op'ning rose:
But fairer still my Delia dawns;
More lovely far her beauty shows.

Sweet the lark's wild warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
But, Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip.

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove;
O, let me steal one liquid kiss,
For oh! my soul is parch'd with love.

RECONCILIATION.

Although the tear-drop gliding
Makes thee lovelier than before,
Yet weep not at my chiding:
I will never chide thee more.

Let thy lip no longer quiver,
Let thy bosom's heaving cease,
Though they lend more bliss than ever
To the long, long kiss of peace.

Could my lips with scorn deceive thee,
I might boast our broken tie;
But to lose thee, and to leave thee,
'Were to part with peace and die.

EPITAPH ON MR. CANNING'S ELDEST SON,

Who died in his nineteenth year.

Though short thy span, God's unimpeach'd decrees,
Which made that shorten'd span one long disease,
Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild, redeeming virtues, faith and hope;
Meek resignation; pious charity:
And, since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flow'ry snare,
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fix'd on Heaven thine unreverted eye!

Oh! mark'd from birth, and nurtured for the skies!
In youth, with more than learning's wisdom wise!
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure!
Simple, as unwean'd infancy, and pure!
Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away!)
By mortal suff'rings now no more oppress'd,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destin'd rest!
While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom,
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

THE CHURCH-YARD;

From the Russian of Karamsin.

First Voice.

How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind—the creaks of the bear,
And the white bones all clatt'ring together!

Second Voice.

How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep:
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flow'rets perfume it with ether.

First Voice.

There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in the nettle-weeds hiss.

Second Voice.

How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb!
No tempests are there; but the nightingales come
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave:—
'Tis the vulture's abode, 'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

Second Voice.

There the coney at evening disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod, while the turtles, above,
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

First Voice.

There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath,
And loathsome decay, fill the dwelling of death;
The trees are all barren and bare!

Second Voice.

O soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
With lilies and jessamine fair.

First Voice.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears
Would fain hurry by, and, with trembling and fears,
He is launch'd on the wreck-cover'd river!

Second Voice.

The trav'ler, outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes for ever.

THE EXILE;

By Chauncey Hare Townshend.

A fresh gale the tops of the white billows curl'd,
The anchor was lifted, the sails were unfurl'd;
And the ship, as the waves she triumphantly press'd,
Left a long track of light on the ocean's green breast.

His arms sadly cross'd o'er a bosom of woe,
A time-wither'd exile stood high on the prow;
His thoughts might be traced on his forehead of care,
But no tear dimm'd his eye,—it was glaz'd by despair.

Farewell, my own country! he mournfully cried,
For thee have I lived, and for thee could have died;
Oh, would I had fallen with the high-soul'd, the brave,
O'er whose tombs the bright laurels they reap'd proudly wave.

Yet happier far is my lot, than of those,
Who to thee, their sires' land, have prov'd traitors and foes;
For, next to the glory of dying, must be
The pride of thus having been exil'd for thee:

Since, had they not known there was fire in my soul,
And might in my arm, which they could not control,
Had they sent me afar from thy valleys to stray?—
Let the sparrow remain, chase the eagle away!

Ye mean mighty tyrants, who tremble and kill,
Ye slaves, who can crouch to the tyrant's proud will,
Ye ne'er to your level my soul can subdue:
In my chains—in my chains, I am freer than you!

O my country! the pang that I feel as I part
From thy shores, is like tearing the life from my heart!
Yet, is it not better this anguish to taste,
Than the worse, to remain, and behold thee disgrac'd?

Your halls are no longer the homes of the free,
And, therefore, no more a meet shelter for me;
Your songs breathe no longer sweet liberty's cheer,
And, therefore, are music no more to mine ear.

I look on the waves, and behold there the cure
Of the woes I have pass'd, of the ills I endure;
Death wooes me; but, no! it is prouder to live:
Revenge!—but 'tis nobler by far to forgive.

They that have subdu'd me, oh, let them not boast!
I have conquer'd myself, who have conquer'd a host:
This, this my revenge; and my triumph shall be
My last dying prayer for thy tyrants and thee.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE KING'S VOYAGE.

As the late coronation was the only one which the nation had witnessed for above 59 years, it necessarily occupied the greatest share of the public attention, and was indeed the principal feature in the aspect of the last month. We were not among the persons who attended the ceremony; but our want of curiosity will not justify us in blaming those who were eager and anxious upon the occasion. 'These little things are great to little man;' and, if the king was pleased, why should not his subjects partake of his gratification?

A week after the coronation, his majesty held a splendid drawing-room, for the purpose of receiving the congratulations of the *beau monde*. The ladies vied with each other in elegance and richness of dress, and the presentations were uncommonly numerous.

Preparations had long been made for a royal visit to Ireland; and, on the last day of July, the king repaired to Portsmouth for embarkation. He entered his yacht amidst loud acclamations and the roar of artillery, passed near the Isle of Wight without landing, and sailed down the channel, escorted by a considerable flotilla. On his arrival in the harbour of Holy-head, he disembarked, and honored the marquis of Anglesea with a visit at Plas-newydd. When he was again in his cabin, waiting for a favorable wind, he received some important intelligence, which, though of a melancholy nature, did not so seriously shock his feelings, as to prevent him from exhibiting the *equanimity* of a Christian and the *fortitude* of a philosopher. Here we must suspend our account of his progress, that we may advert to the fate of a discarded wife.

THE QUEEN'S ILLNESS, DEATH, AND FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Her majesty, having visited Drury-lane theatre, found herself indisposed during the performance. It is said, that, by taking a very large dose of magnesia, she created an obstruction in her bowels; but it is more probable that this disorder had previously arisen, and that the magnesia did not check its progress. The first bulletin was issued on Thursday the 2d of August, stating that the obstruction was attended with inflammation. Her majesty was then under the care of three physicians—Maton, Warren, and Holland. In the course of that day she was copiously bled; she passed a quiet night, but her symptoms remained the same. On the following day, she was immersed for about a quarter of an hour in a warm bath, which merely moderated the pain. Connected with the inflammation was a nausea at the stomach, which repelled both food and medicine. Dr. Ainslie was now called in, and her majesty's legal advisers also attended to assist in the arrangement of her property and other legal matters; and her will was then drawn up. She passed an indifferent night, but on the morning of Saturday obtained some tranquil sleep, and in the course of the day was able to keep some gruel on her stomach. She slept for a great part of the day, which induced some observers to believe that an inward mortification had commenced. She, however, continued tolerably easy, and passed that night better than the preceding one; but Sunday produced no apparent change in her symptoms. In the course of this day, Dr. Baillie was sent for by express. During the night of Sunday she had some relief, and hopes began to be entertained that she had passed the crisis of her disorder. In the morning of Mon-

day her state was certainly more favorable than it had been. At half past two o'clock on that day Dr. Baillie arrived, and immediately held a consultation with the four other physicians. The queen had been bled with leeches, and found herself able to retain on her stomach a little arrow root, and some medicine; she had also, at her own request, been raised from her bed, and was seated in an arm-chair, when she was first seen by Dr. Baillie. From these and other circumstances, the medical gentlemen viewed the case in a more favorable light, but could not declare that their patient was out of danger; though, as was natural, the hopes of her domestics and others personally interested in her recovery outstripped the caution of the physicians. Still she was extremely feeble from her long and acute sufferings, and the small portion of sustenance that she had been able to take; and when she spoke, she was very faint, and felt it necessary to be revived from time to time by a smelling-bottle. The hopes that were entertained were rapidly weakened, in the course of the night, and had entirely vanished on Tuesday morning, when it was evident that, after a sleepless night, she had suffered a relapse, or rather that the favorable appearances of the day had been merely delusive. The primary cause of suffering had in fact been permitted to go too far, before medical advice was resorted to; and the disorder was, therefore, much beyond the power of medicine when it was attempted to be relieved. At this time the queen herself gave up all hope, and declared she could not survive the day. About noon she complained of violent pains in the abdomen, which were shortly followed by convulsion; a strong opiate was administered, which allayed the pain, and produced for an hour or two a disposition to doze. About three o'clock the pain returned, attended with the most alarming symptoms. All the means that skill and attention could devise were now employed by the physicians, but in vain. After four o'clock her majesty became rapidly worse; her respiration was difficult. At eight she sank into a state of stupor; and, having lain for two hours and 25 minutes in that state, resigned her breath.

The calmness and composure with which she spoke of her death before her senses were absorbed in stupor reflected honor on her fortitude. She thanked her friends with complacency, and adverted without asperity to the malice of her enemies, by whom (she said) she had been destroyed. She recommended her soul to her Creator with humility, but with confidence, and expressed her hope of obtaining in another world that justice which was denied to her in this.

The shock through the household was violent, almost to stupefaction. A Moorish domestic of her majesty burst, half frantic into the [illegible]le; and at the same instant a loud and lengthened shriek from the female servants, as they rushed toward each other from their several apartments, rendered all explanation unnecessary to the horror-stricken spectators on the outside. The cry of alarm was succeeded by a long and fearful pause. It was a pause of a death-like silence—of a silence which every one dreaded to break. Even to the last fatal moment, in spite of evidence to the contrary, all had hoped, and many had trusted, that their friend and mistress would recover. The sobs of the women were loud and unrestrained; the men covered their faces with their hands and wept. It was long before any thing like regularity could be restored. For some time all distinctions of rank appeared to be at an end: in this instance, the most eminent individuals present were seen walking about the house, forgetting to claim, and scarcely receiving, ready attention from their own servants. At length, the necessity of making certain arrangements produced the restoration of order.

It was near midnight, on Tuesday the 7th, before the disastrous event was fully promulgated. Some of the visitors left Brandenburgh-house almost instantly, but they were cautioned not to disclose the news, lest the assembling, at such a moment, of a great number of persons, might produce confusion, and impede the necessary arrangements. The whole neighbourhood, for several hours afterwards, continued restless and unquiet. Some persons wandered up and down in quest of particulars; others were busied in sending off intelligence to their friends. Private parties sat late in conversation; and many houses of public entertainment were not closed during the whole night. A different sensation prevailed the next morning. Anxiety had given way to silent regret. The gates of Brandenburgh-house, on Tuesday thronged with visitors, were then deserted; persons paused for a moment, but passed on without inquiry. Throughout Hammersmith the shops of the tradesmen were shut; the windows of the private houses were half closed; the flag, hoisted half-mast high at the steeple, drenched with wet, flapped heavily in the wind; and the rain, falling in torrents, added to the *sombre* appearance of the scene.

The expression of feeling in the metropolis was very general; and there were few who did not partially close the fronts of their dwellings. An involuntary feeling of surprise was excited at seeing the houses of several of the most distinguished personages, who had taken a decided part against her majesty during her life, exhibit an appearance of sorrow on her departure for "another and a better world!" At the mansion of the lord chancellor, in particular, the shutters in the lower part were quite closed, and in the upper part the blinds were drawn. At Carlton-house the shutters in front were all closed Most of the houses in St. James's-square, including the late residence of her majesty, were also in the same state; and similar marks of respect were observable, in a greater degree, perhaps, than might have been expected, in the other fashionable squares and streets. Somerset-house, and the other

public offices, were partially closed; but the business proceeded as usual.

Her majesty, with a proper feeling of delicacy, desired that her body might not be opened after her death, as such an operation was not necessary in her case. Her son-in-law, prince Leopold, was shocked at the infliction of such apparent violence on the remains of the princess Charlotte; and, if he had been aware of the intended indecorum, he would probably have remonstrated against it. The queen also requested, that her friends would not suffer her remains to be exhibited to the gaze of curiosity; and both these requests were honoured with ready compliance. On pretence of her own wish that her body might be removed within three days, the prime minister desired the executors to expedite the preparations; but, by objecting to his indecent precipitancy, they gained an allowance of time to the Tuesday following. The body was suffered to lie in state: yet the arrangements made for that purpose by his majesty's undertakers were unworthy of the rank and dignity of the deceased princess.

On the day appointed for the commencement of the funeral procession, an unpleasant altercation arose between Dr. Lushington, the chief executor, and the leading undertaker. The former declared, that, as the preparations were not completed, he would not permit the queen's remains to be removed: but, unwilling to resist *vi et armis*, he at length acquiesced. Thirteen mourning-coaches, each drawn by six horses, were drawn up near the house; and between the third and fourth coaches, the queen's state-carriage entered into the procession, conveying a king at arms and a herald, with that crown which had not been allowed to her while she lived. A party of cavalry followed; and then came the hearse, drawn by eight horses, having three pages on each side. When the head of the procession reached the Broad-Way, the children, male and female, of a charitable institution, marched out of their school, neatly dressed, each bearing a basket filled with flowers, which they strewed along the road, not with so much grace as was displayed by Miss Fellowes and her maids at the coronation, but in a manner which was more interesting and impressive.

During these arrangements, an immense crowd, both of horsemen and pedestrians, had assembled at Hyde-park corner. It was then understood, that orders had been unnecessarily and illiberally given for pasing at a distance from the city; and the precise route was unknown to the queen's friends and the populace. Between six and seven o'clock, a considerable body of equestrians appeared near the Park-Gate, and directed their course to Hammersmith, to join the procession. When they arrived at the turnpike, they were desired by the people to decline the payment of the toll, it being, we believe, a vulgar opinion that funerals are not liable to that kind of exaction. While the gentlemen hesitated, the keeper closed the gate, upon which the populace tore it from its hinges, and would not suffer any one to pay. This was the first instance of rioting.

After a long and anxious suspense, which was rendered particularly unpleasant by continued rain, when a very numerous assemblage had retaken its stand in the vicinity of Hyde-Park Corner, the actual approach of the procession was announced.

The cavalcade moved, at a slow pace, through the crowds that lined the road. The order was not interrupted till its arrival at Kensington church. The constables and police officers, who, by this time, headed the procession, endeavoured to turn it out of the direct road leading to Piccadilly, by guiding it along Church-street, thus to convey her majesty's remains into the Bayswater-road. This was promptly and loudly resisted. The people cried out "Shame! Shame! —Through the City!" but, finding that exclamations would avail little, they resisted with personal force. A scuffle ensued; and, as no troops had yet arrived, the populace triumphed. This brought the procession to a stand. A communication of what had passed was made to superior powers; and, while this was taking place, the people, assembled in Church-street, set to work with an alacrity and success that were truly surprising, to render ineffectual an attempt to pass that way, by blocking and cutting up the street! Waggons, carts, &c. were brought and placed across the street; the linchpins were taken out; some of the wheels were carried off; higher up, the stones were removed; trenches were dug in the road'way; even the water-pipes were opened. Crow-bars and pokers were at work, and the workmen were cheered with cans of porter and with the applause of the multitude. A stoppage of an impassable nature was thus created, in a short time, by the indignant zeal of the people.

The courtly directors of the procession, unwilling to gratify the populace, waited for farther instructions. A party of the life-guards soon arrived, headed by Sir Robert Baker, the magistrate, who, after consulting the officers, declined all attempts to remove the obstructions, and proposed passing in a direct course, to the great joy of the multitude. This joy, however, was soon damped by an attempt to turn off through Hyde Park, and by the efforts that were subsequently made, to enter Park-lane. This avenue had been blocked up; and the dragoons, who were sent to force a passage, failed in their endeavours, after some effusion of blood, though no loss of lives then occurred. At Cumberland-gate, the people resolved again to oppose the soldiers, who, after a retrograde movement, were preparing to march in that direction which might lead them to the Edgeware-road. At this point the troops had the advantage, and reached Oxford-street. Across that street a strong party of the life-guards had been arranged, with a view of directing the cavalcade toward the road, and supporting it in its progress. Some say that

the guards first used their sabres to check the advance of the crowd, while others affirm that brickbats, stones, mud, and gravel, were previously thrown by the mob; but the former account has been since confirmed by a judicial inquiry. Sir Robert Baker now ordered the act against riots to be read: the soldiers advanced with spirited looks, and the populace began to retreat. A party of the guards dismounted, and endeavored to force the barricade which had been thrown up across the entrance of the road. The populace boldly resisted; orders were given for firing; and an officer, not content with superintending military execution, fired a pistol at a carpenter of the name of Honey, who quickly expired. Several other persons, being wounded, were carried to St. George's hospital, where one of them died.

The way being thus cleared by violence, the procession moved along the Edgeware road to Paddington. Several private mourning coaches, and a considerable number of horsemen, now broke out of the line, and retired from a scene in which outrage might again be apprehended. A great concourse, however, still lined the road, and a strong feeling was still manifested. At the end of Tottenham-court-road, a new obstacle presented itself: it was a barricade which could only be forced by artillery. The conductors of the procession were therefore obliged to avoid the new road, and pass to the southward. Other stoppages were made where outlets appeared, so as to render an approach to the Strand necessary or expedient. Hearing that the people had gained the point at which they aimed, the lord-mayor, who had not foreseen that result, hastened to Temple-bar, and placed himself at the head of the cavalcade, the Oxford blues and part of the life guards being allowed to enter the city on this occasion. All the shops, in the streets through which the procession moved, were closely shut up, and all the windows of the houses in the same line were crowded with individuals dressed generally in deep mourning, who appeared to take the deepest interest in the solemn scene which was passing before them. The number of people assembled in these streets exceeded all calculation. The roofs of the houses, and every point which could command a view of the procession, were occupied by anxious multitudes. A very delicate mark of respect was shewn in the city: the populace in the streets, and the inhabitants at their windows, invariably stood uncovered while the hearse passed.

Nothing particularly memorable occurred in the progress to Chelmsford, where the coffin was watched for some hours in a closed church, amidst the dim light of tapers. At Colchester, a dispute arose on the subject of that inscription which the coffin-plate was to contain. The queen, in her will, had desired that her misfortunes should be marked by these expressions: 'Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured queen of England.' A plate, bearing this inscription, was screwed on; but it was removed by the undertaker, and a Latin notice was substituted, stating her name, title, age, &c. with a proviso that the executors, after their arrival in Germany, might in this respect follow their own discretion. On Thursday the 16th, the coffin was embarked at Harwich, being intrusted to the care of captain Doyle of the Glasgow frigate. In that vessel, lord and lady Hood, lady Anne Hamilton, Mr. Austin, Dr. and Mrs. Lushington, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilde, were permitted to sail; and other friends of the queen were conveyed in four smaller ships to Cuxhaven, whence they were to proceed by land to the ducal seat of her ancestors.

THE KING'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

Two days after he had received the intelligence of the queen's death, his majesty sailed to Dublin in a steam-packet called the Lightning. His arrival at Howth is thus described in one of the Irish papers. 'Very few persons were on the deck of the Lightning, and she bore no external mark of the honor assigned to her. At 14 minutes past four o'clock this vessel dashed alongside the pier in a fine style; she waved no standard, and merely bore an ordinary British ensign. The captain flung the rope ashore, and a thousand hands eagerly endeavoured to fasten the end, so as to bring up the steam-packet. The attention of the people was intensely directed to the ship, and a gentleman on the pier, pointing to his majesty, who stood on the quarter-deck, exclaimed, 'There is the King; huzza!' Shouts immediately rent the air, and the huzzas which were instantly responded reverberated along the whole line of the fine western pier. His majesty soon fixed his identity by taking off his traveling cap, and graciously returning the greetings of which he was the object. He was dressed in a blue surtout, made low, with a blue velvet collar, buttoned close round his neck, blue pantaloons, a black silk neck-kerchief, and a seal-skin traveling cap, with a broad gold band.'

From a regard for decency, his majesty lived in privacy at the vice regal lodge in the Phœnix Park until the 17th, when he entered Dublin in royal pomp. All parties seemed to unite in testifying their joy on this occasion. The Orange faction ceased to declaim against the Catholics, whom, it was supposed, the king would favor: these sectaries were pleased at the opportunity of evincing their loyalty: the friends of an unburied queen dissembled their regret; and a general display of enthusiasm enlivened the capital.

THE

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A MEMOIR OF THE LATE QUEEN CAROLINE*.

The bold spirit of Caroline of Brunswick, and her persevering resistance to that treatment which she deemed unjustifiable, even though it proceeded from one who was, in a double sense, her lord and master, have secured to her a more conspicuous station in the historic page, than she would have obtained, if she had remained in a state of contented apathy and quiet submission. The proceedings against her, while they disgusted all moderate men, gave new asperity to the rage of party, and spread disunion through the kingdom. The interest which her case excited is necessarily weakened by her death; but traces of irritation are yet perceptible, and the grounds of division cannot easily be forgotten.

Caroline Amelia Elizabeth was the second daughter of Charles William Ferdinand, duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, by the princess Augusta, sister to his late majesty. She was born on the 17th of May, 1768. She and her elder sister were educated by some very respectable ladies, under the inspection of her amiable mother. Her father's court was the seat of hospitality, the resort of military officers, the asylum of unfortunate foreigners. The princesses were early introduced into society, and had opportunities of observing the variety of national manners and characters. These circumstances led to a more easy and familiar mode of social enjoyment than was consistent with the formality and etiquette usually prevailing in courts. Caroline was of a gay and lively temper; and pride certainly was not among her faults. She sought the love and the confidence which she thought would ensure her the homage and respect of her inferiors. She was, with her young female companions, the merriest among the merry, the gayest among the gay. She was fond of music, and participated in all the innocent amusements suited to her temper and age. She had also a taste for ingenious mechanical pursuits, which she exercised in the construction of little ornaments and toys.

It is affirmed by an anonymous German writer, that the princess Ca-

* A portrait of this princess was given in the eighth number of our last volume.

roline 'had a great propensity to noisy pleasures, was passionately fond of dancing and the theatre, and was indefatigable in reading compositions which inflamed her youthful blood. She read particularly novels and romances, by which her mind was indeed formed, but her imagination acquired a certain romantic turn. The vivacity which she showed in all her actions, and the apparently violent character which seemed more and more to develope itself, at length excited the apprehensions of her mother, who had been brought up under the strictest superintendence at the English court, where not only the most exact etiquette prevailed, but the most rigid morality was deemed indispensable.

'The duke, whose foreign connections, as well as the internal affairs of his dominions, to which he devoted himself with paternal care, did not allow time strictly to observe the conduct of his children, had his attention however drawn by the behaviour of his daughter, whose liveliness had at first pleased him. When her education seemed to be nearly completed, he thought it necessary to adopt measures which should set bounds to this natural vivacity. In his fears, he perhaps went too far; the princess was placed under more strict superintendence; the governess and ladies in waiting received orders to double their attention; she appeared more rarely at court, and was not permitted to visit public masquerades and assemblies at all, and very seldom the theatre; and then she was always accompanied by her mother or her governess. This great constraint, to which she was now forced to submit, drew forth frequent complaints; and she is said often to have declared, that she should be happy to be of lower rank, in order to be free from the hateful bondage of court etiquette.'

It is said that a proposal of marriage was made to her by a foreign court, and that the duke was willing to accept the offer; but that the princess refused it; either because she had conceived a dislike to the intended bridegroom, or from her not being allowed to choose for herself. It is also reported, that she had fixed her affections upon a youth whose rank was not thought sufficiently high by her parents. However that may be, it is certain that her personal attractions and sprightly youth drew the notice of strangers; and their compliments were received by her with familiar and easy politeness. For the English she manifested a peculiar partiality; and an alliance with a British prince was an event to which her mother looked forward with a lively interest.

When it was deemed advisable at the British court, as well to restrain the youthful follies of the heir apparent as to continue the succession to the crown in the direct line, that the prince of Wales should enter into a matrimonial union, the young princess of Brunswick was looked to as the most eligible match: she was descended from the same stock, was nearly allied to the crown, and was of the same religion as the establishment of England. The prince, it was generally believed, was not very eager to marry: but policy as well as the wishes of his parent dictated an acquiescence. The king wished to know whether his son had any predilections, and, to ascertain this point, desired a nobleman, who had not long before been at Brunswick, to introduce the subject to him. The prince, having asked whether his cousin was agreeable in her person, was informed that she very much resembled his sister Mary. This was a strong recommendation; but the desire of procuring the liquidation of his debts operated with still greater force. His royal highness thus readily agreeing to the match, immediate arrangements were made for carrying it into effect. The earl of Malmesbury was sent to Brunswick, and returned in April, 1795, with the royal bride. Soon after she had arrived at Westminster, blooming in health, in youth, in hope, the people, assembling before the pa-

lace, became noisy in their expressions of loyalty and attachment. Her royal highness then appeared at the window, and, in a voice of tenderness and grateful affection, thus addressed them: 'Believe me, I feel very happy and delighted to see the good and brave English people—the best nation upon earth.' The prince afterwards addressed the multitude in a very condescending manner, and received the tribute of applause.

The matrimonial ceremony was performed on the 8th of April, in the presence of the king and queen, when the princess had nearly completed her twenty-seventh year; but, within a few months after the nuptials of the royal pair, some circumstances arose, calculated to disturb their domestic bliss. To what these circumstances are to be attributed, we know not. They might have happened without ground of blame on either side, and might have arisen from the secret cabals of those who were jealous of that affection to which the princess had obtained a legal claim. There were persons, it was rumored, who, influenced by private motives and jealousies, insinuated themselves into the confidence of the princess, for the purpose of misleading and betraying her; and it is also said, that, taking advantage of her ignorance of our customs, they imposed upon her artlessness, and led her into offensive errors. The intrigues and manœuvres of a court are perhaps little understood or imagined by those who are not within its vortex. Temptations and excitements surround situations of eminence, to the influence of which those in humble stations are seldom exposed.

One indiscretion (as reported) of the princess, a very pardonable one, was productive to her of serious and painful consequences; it might indeed be considered as the first step to all her subsequent mortifications. Without a single human being to whom she dared open her heart in confidence, she was induced, it is stated, in letters to her family, to express herself with a freedom, respecting persons and things, natural, but not prudent in the circumstances in which she was placed. This packet was delivered by herself into the hands of a most respectable clergyman, who was about to pass over to the continent; but, on the eve of his departure, the illness of a beloved and most estimable wife frustrated his plans, and determined him to give up his projected tour. Thus situated, he informed the princess of the change in his purpose, and required her directions as to the disposal of her packet. This letter was addressed to the Pavilion, where she then was, through her lady in attendance, as was the customary form. From this lady he is said to have received an answer, informing him, that, having communicated his letter to her royal highness, she was by her instructed to say, that the packet was of little or no importance, and that it might be returned to her by the usual mode of conveyance between London and Brighthelmston. The gentleman acted accordingly; and he afterwards learned, with consternation, that the packet had never been received by the princess. He immediately took measures to trace it, and ascertained its actual delivery at the Pavilion. He was exposed to cruel and unfounded censures for a circumstance respecting which he was, as having obeyed precise orders, altogether blameless. These letters are said to have fallen into the hands of those who took umbrage at their contents, to have given a mortal blow to the cordial reception of the writer at court, and to have otherwise been to her of mischievous consequence.

The king only was uniform in his kindness to the daughter of his sister and the wife of his son. Pity, probably, was added to the interest with which her claims inspired him. The queen's partial tenderness for her son, her first-born, her darling, and her pride, rendered her cold to the wife whom his affections never acknowleged. The princess, amidst these

vexations, continued to advance in pregnancy, anticipating, in the pleasure and tenderness of the mother, some consolation for the disappointed hopes of the wife. In January, 1796, she was delivered, at Carlton-house, of a daughter, heiress to the British empire. The joy of the nation was lively and sincere. Not long after this event, lord Cholmondeley was deputed to the princess by her husband, to signify his wish of a separation. As he did not propose to quit Carlton-house himself, this message implied a wish of removing her from under his roof. The mother and the child were thus exiled together from the conjugal and the paternal home.

All comments on such arbitrary behaviour and such illiberal treatment are superfluous. Not a shadow of guilt was imputed to the princess; and want of inclination is the only ground assigned for the perpetual abandonment of a female, bound to her husband by the laws of God and man.

The separation thus demanded took place accordingly; and from this period her royal highness resided in Montagu-house, Blackheath, without having any communication with the prince. The desertion of a wife, more especially when her husband is of the highest rank, is usually the signal for the desertion of the world, or that part of it, at least, to which court-favor is important. If the princess in her seclusion was accused of having compromised her rank and dignity by inferior association, let it not be forgotten, that she was cast out from the circle in which she was entitled to move, and deprived of the gratifications and resources fitted to her station. A lonely monotony of life, while yet in the season of its activity and vigor, is an infliction which to endure, without a struggle for relief, requires a more than common proportion of fortitude and apathy. The temper of the princess was lively, social, and affable; her sympathies, forced out of their proper channels, naturally expanded in other directions. Her child was, however, her consolation and solace, and the affection with which she inspired that child, was one proof of her attention to her maternal duties.

About eight years after the commencement of the separation, hints of her impropriety of demeanor were suggested to the prince; but no important result then arose from the suggestion. These rumors ceased for a time; they at length assumed a serious air, and were magnified even into charges of pregnancy and delivery, adduced by lady Douglas, the confidential friend of the princess. The subject was investigated in 1806, by lord Erskine, and other privy counsellors; and the alleged adultery was disproved, while an indecorous levity of behaviour seemed to be substantiated. In the following year, a new inquiry took place, which, under the auspices of Mr. Perceval, repelled all injurious and disgraceful insinuations, and led to the re-admission of the princess at court, while, on the part of her husband, she was still exposed to neglect and contempt.

For some years from that time, no incidents or circumstances particularly memorable marked her life: but, in 1813, she was so offended at the restrictions imposed on her intercourse with her daughter, who was rarely allowed to visit her, that she complained of the insult in a letter to the prince, then regent of the kingdom. No redress was granted; for, when a courtly inquiry was instituted, the restrictions were confirmed.

Having lost her mother, whose agreeable society she had for some time enjoyed in her seclusion, and being exposed to a variety of insults, she determined to make a tour on the continent, and thus to absent herself, for a time, from the scene of so many vexations and accumulated griefs. She was more especially induced to form this resolution by considerations that affected her daughter, whose character and happiness, she justly dreaded, might be injured by the circumstances and irritations arising out of the restraints mutually imposed upon them. These feelings she expressed in a let-

ter to her zealous and eloquent friend Mr. Whitbread. The parliament now made a provision for her of 50,000l. a year—15,000l. of which, from a sense of the great expenditure of the country, and its heavy pressure on the people, she voluntarily relinquished.

She left England in August, 1814, and, in the Jason frigate, reached the Mediterranean in safety. She proceeded to Genoa, thence to Naples, where she was treated with great respect at the court of Murat; afterwards, she visited Milan, and then established herself in a mansion on the lake of Como. She afterwards went to Mantua, Bologna, Ferrara and Venice, the island of Elba, thence to Sicily, where she visited the principal towns. Not content with a survey of the finest parts of Europe, she sailed to Africa, and was hospitably received by the bey of Tunis. She passed some time in the nearest parts of Asia, and examined Jerusalem and Bethlehem with an eye of reverence.

During these extensive travels, the princess performed acts of generosity which left every-where the most exalted opinions of the goodness of her heart and her charitable disposition. While she resided at Augusta in Sicily, she distributed every day with her own hands, or through the medium of her almoners, sums of money among the poor. At Tunis she obtained the liberty of many slaves, some by her influence, but more, by the money which she gave for their ransom. She gave to the new academy at Athens five hundred of the pieces called colonnates, and she allowed two hundred annually to the same academy. Every person, confined for debt at Athens, was liberated by her; for which she paid seven hundred pieces into the hands of the governor; and she gave two hundred pieces to a poor Roman family, resident in that city. At Constantinople she gave a poor Frenchman two hundred colonnates, and distributed alms in almost every corner of the city. To the conventual fathers of Jerusalem she gave five hundred pieces, and settled on them two hundred annually. Finally, at Rome, she distributed two hundred pieces to the poor. These grants, however, extensive as they were, formed a very small portion of the money which she devoted to acts of beneficence. Of her it may be truly said, 'she went about doing good,' and to the full extent of her means freely gave with liberal hand and willing heart.

During her absence on the continent, she sustained some severe losses. She had the misfortune to lose her brother, who fell at Ligny two days before the battle of Waterloo. Two years afterwards, death deprived her of her much-loved daughter, who had been married without her knowlege or her being consulted on the occasion: and to add still more to her afflictions, and to render her 'the most desolate woman on earth,' in 1820, her uncle, father-in-law, and father in affection, her last protector, our late sovereign, was taken away from her. She now determined to return to England, not only to assume her rights as queen, but also to confront those accusations which, for two years, had been preparing against her by a special commission sent to Milan to inquire into her conduct during the time of her exile.

Apprised of her intention, the new king offered her an allowance of fifty thousand pounds *per annum*, if she would decline the title of queen, and never return to England; menacing her, on the other hand, with all the rigors of a parliamentary process, if she should dare to make her appearance in Great-Britain. Assuming all the spirit of her family, she declared that she would not compromise her honor, or surrender her rights for a pecuniary compensation; and, embarking in the first vessel that she found ready, landed at Dover on the 5th of June, 1820. She was received by the people, in her progress to the metropolis, with marks of enthusiastic regard; but, for some time, the queen of the united kingdom had no other accom-

modation than the ordinary dwelling of a mere citizen. Mr. alderman Wood, who was one of her chief advisers, favored her with the use of his house, as the ministers, although they were formerly her friends, were more inclined to punish her for pretended guilt, than to provide her with a palace. A renewal of negotiation ensued; but it became abortive, principally because she insisted on the insertion of her name in the liturgy; and, even after the house of commons had requested her to relinquish that point, she was firm and inflexible. We shall not dwell upon the odious investigation which took place in the house of peers: none of our readers can forget, that the loud manifestation of the public opinion occasioned the abandonment of the bill; and we shall merely observe that no decisive indications of criminality appeared on the trial. It was declared by the premier, that, if the bill should not pass, the queen would be in the same state as if nothing had been alleged against her; but this promise was violated by one who has been panegyrised as an upright and honorable minister. Her name was still excluded from the book of common prayer: although she had an ample allowance for her support, no palace was assigned to her; and, with regard to the coronation, she was not suffered to behold it, from an idea that her presence, even at a respectful distance, might shock the *religious zeal*, the *refined purity*, and *rigid morality*, of the chief personage in that august solemnity.

A penetrating observer of the state of her majesty's mind at this melancholy period of her life, remarks, that, in appearance, she was the gayest of the company, the life of the house which she made so happy by her kindness and affability. She would not that even her friends, her dearest friends, should know how much she suffered; but it is difficult always to deceive the anxious eye of affection and devoted friendship; and those who were most with [illegible] knew her best, saw with pain that her spirits were all forced—that her gaiety was not that of the heart—that she suffered most deeply, and felt all her wrongs with the most bitter anguish, the more heart-rending as she would not admit the sympathy of friendship, for she would never own her grief; yet, sometimes, when to a casual observer she appeared to be fully engaged in any amusement which she was fond of; when she seemed the most free from care or thought, those who watched every look have seen the tear of silent agony steal down her cheek, when she thought no one was near who could observe that the queen of England wept at the obduracy of her enemies.

Having taken due notice of the queen's illness and death in the last number of our miscellany, we now conclude our remarks with a sketch of her character. She had not that imbecility of mind which frequently appears in persons of the most exalted rank; but, on the contrary, had some talents and a good understanding, and was shrewd and judicious in her observations, though it does not appear that she had an extraordinary share of learning; for that is evidently a rare accomplishment even among the male personages of a royal family. In the composition of the letter addressed to the king in her name, and of the answers to the numerous addresses with which she was complimented and honored, she had probably no other concern than the suggestion of a few hints. If these answers had been less acrimonious, her defence would have been more dignified and effective; for the insinuations and charges which many of them contained tended only to embitter the malice of her adversaries.

She had a quickness of remark, a readiness of reply, and a vivacity of manner. Her demeanor was courteous, and her address pleasing, though sometimes too familiar. In her youth, when she was considered as handsome, she was not vain of her person; and, as she advanced in years, she had

scarcely a pretence for vanity. She had a taste for the fine arts, and could treat of the merits and deficiencies of artists without betraying the ignorance and affectation of a pretended judge. Her benevolence we have already extolled; and we may add, that her liberality was not prompted by mere ostentation. With the supercilious pride of rank she was untainted; but she possessed that pride of character which would not suffer her to resign, without a struggle, a just claim or an established privilege.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON;

From the Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon.

During my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy ailes, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken panneling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country is so holy in its repose; such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us:—

'Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
'The bridal of the earth and sky.'

I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man; but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else; and, if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmitic.. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of a decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her; for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society, and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer, habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and fallen eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart, I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew-trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard; where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow.

While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some villagers. The sexton walked before wi[illegible] n air

of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased; the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze with childish curiosity on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church-porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door, his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave, and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—'George Somers, aged 26 years.' The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

The service being ended, preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tone of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—'Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart.'—She could only shake her head, and wring her hands as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonise her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly sufferings!

I could see no more, my heart swelled into my throat, my eyes filled with tears. I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part, in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered through another part of the church-yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich? They have friends to soothe, pleasures to beguile, a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young? Their growing minds soon close above the wound, their elastic spirits soon rise above the pressure, their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but as a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow,

aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotence of consolation.

It was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward I met with the woman who acted as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and, by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and a blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.

'Oh! Sir,' said the good woman, 'he was such a likely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him on a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church, for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her good man's; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round.'

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into the grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind of feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless.

The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door, which faced the garden, suddenly open. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—'Oh! my dear, dear mother; don't you know your son, your poor boy George?' It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended; still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded; he was too weak, however,

to talk: he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought of the mother 'that looked on his childhood,' that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity. If adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and, if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known well what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse, on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted: and, as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aile to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar. She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black riband or so; a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers of a pious though broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and, before I left the neighbourhood, I heard with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those whom she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG MOTHER, IN THE MANAGEMENT OF HERSELF AND HER INFANT;

By a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Dr. Buchan was accused of having done much mischief by his Domestic

Medicine, from the encouragement which he held out to parental quackery: but his intentions were laudable, and he did not wish to preclude the advice of medical men, in any cases except those of an ordinary nature. A mother may sometimes avert danger by seasonable applications: but, 'it is better (says the present writer) 'never to trifle with a disease, nor attempt prescribing, when the attack is of a formidable nature.' He begins with the child's natural beverage, which, as Boniface says of his ale, may be called both meat and drink. He earnestly advises the mother not to persist in suckling too much, as it may materially injure her constitution, but to give, at intervals, the milk of asses or of cows, toasted bread, and arrow-root, and to add, at the age of three or four months, 'a little of a more animalised diet.'

The remarks on dentition afford a favorable specimen of the work.

'Teething subjects children to numerous complaints, and requires much attention on the part of the parent. The periods at which it commences are about the fifth or sixth month; and the teeth appear under the gums in the lower jaw, about the centre. Two are usually cut here first, and those corresponding in the upper jaw appear next, subject, however, to many variations, as I have known three or four cut nearly at once. The four double teeth appear irregularly after the others; indeed, children may vary so much in this respect, that it is impossible to say decidedly in what order dentition proceeds, although, almost universally, the lower ones appear earlier than the upper.

Among the most frequent afflictions attending this process of nature are convulsions, gripings, excoriations, and fever. Happily, however, some children cut their teeth with apparently little or no pain or disorder. The mother may generally know when dentition commences, by the great flow of saliva, irritability of the child, the propensity to rub the gums, and often looseness of the bowels. Should nature proceed kindly, of course little is required, her assistance being incomparably beyond what art can effect; yet there are instances, of frequent occurrence, demanding medical aid. Some parents are averse to having their children's gums lanced, on the supposition that it hardens the part, and prevents the tooth making way. This may be the case when done at too early a period, but should never stand in the way of one of the most admirable and efficacious remedies (properly administered) that art has directed. Many children, laboring under fever or convulsive fits, have been relieved speedily, by cutting down upon the tooth, and thereby removing pressure from the nervous membrane of the gum. The part immediately surrounding the gum, where the tooth requires ease, is usually much inflamed, while the immediate place of pressure looks white, and, on touching with the finger, the firm substance can easily be felt. This is the period when the lancet can afford relief, as the unpleasant symptoms arise from the opposition the tooth meets with in its passage from the thickness of the gum.

'The soothing syrup, so much extolled, affords relief, not from the excellence of its composition, but from the friction used by rubbing it on the gum: any other syrup would answer the same purpose.

'The excoriations in the groin are exceedingly painful to the child, extending much, if it be fat. The constant exudation from the part requires frequent washing, that being the best preventive, it arising generally from great heat and chafing of the napkins. When it is very troublesome, Goulard water checks the irritation, or even cold cream. Gruel, fuller's earth, and starch, are better avoided, as they generally cake, causing the very evil they are intended to remedy. Goulard water is infinitely the neatest, simplest, and best application.

'The bowels, during dentition, should never be allowed to get costive:

and special care should be taken to avoid cold or damp.'

We gladly observe that the author is a strenuous advocate for vaccination; and he attributes nearly all the failures that have occurred to the imperfect manner in which it has been performed. Its opponents, indeed, are more influenced by prejudice than by reason. The directions given in this little volume are plain and perspicuous; and we may safely recommend it not only to the young, but even to more experienced mothers.

TEN YEARS' EXILE; OR, MEMOIRS OF AN INTERESTING PERIOD OF THE LIFE OF THE BARONESS DE STAEL HOLSTEIN, WRITTEN BY HERSELF, AND PUBLISHED BY HER SON.

This is an imperfect work; but all the mental remains of a woman of talent are intrinsically valuable. If her feelings and fancy sometimes encroached upon her judgement, still they threw an attractive charm over all her productions; and, if an overweening refinement occasionally impelled her beyond the confines of common sense and practical utility, her romantic enthusiasm and the graces of her style and manner still captivated the reader of taste.

Her zeal for liberty exposed her to the jealousy and resentment of Napoleon; but there is no reason to think that she was so formidable in his eyes as she herself imagined. While he commanded an immense army, and had the press at his devotion, he did not fear the effects of her displeasure.

When he styled himself only the first consul of the republic, Madame de Stael observed with disgust the rapid advance of monarchical institutions. 'A prætorian guard (she says) was organised: the crown diamonds were used to ornament the sword of the first consul; and there was observable in his dress, as well as in the political situation of the day, a mixture of the old and new *regime*. He had his dresses covered with gold and his hair cropped, a little body and a large head, an indescribable air of aukwardness and arrogance, of disdain and embarrassment, which altogether formed a combination of the bad graces of a *parvenu*, with all the audacity of a tyrant. His smile has been cried up as agreeable; my own opinion is, that in any other person it would have been found unpleasant; for this smile, breaking out from a confirmed serious mood, rather resembled an involuntary twitch than a natural movement, and the expression of his eyes was never in unison with that of his mouth; but, as his smile had the effect of encouraging those who were about him, the relief which it gave them made it be taken for a charm. I recollect once being told very gravely by a member of the Institute, a counsellor of state, that Bonaparte's nails were perfectly well made. Another time a courtier exclaimed, 'The first consul's hand is beautiful!' 'Ah! for heaven's sake, Sir,' replied a young man of the ancient noblesse, who was not then a chamberlain, 'don't let us talk politics.' The same courtier, speaking affectionately of the first consul, said, 'He frequently displays the most infantine sweetness.' Certainly, in his own family, he amuses himself sometimes with innocent games; he has been seen to dance with his generals; it is even said that at Munich, in the palace of the king and queen of Bavaria, to whom no doubt this gaiety appeared very odd, he assumed one evening the Spanish costume of the emperor Charles VII. and began dancing an old French *contre-danse, la Monaco*.'

The ingenious authoress happily ridicules the institution of a new *noblesse* by the self-constituted emperor. 'A very odd peculiarity in the French, and which Bonaparte has penetrated with great sagacity, is, that they, who are so ready to perceive what is ridiculous in others, desire nothing better than to render themselves ridiculous as soon as their vanity finds its account in it in some other way. Nothing cer-

tainly presents a greater subject for pleasantry, than the creation of an entirely new *noblesse*, such as Bonaparte established for the support of his new throne. The princesses and queens, *citizenesses* of the day before, could not refrain from laughing at hearing themselves styled, 'your majesty.' Others, more serious, delighted in having their title of *monseigneur* repeated from morning to night, like Moliere's City Gentleman. The old archives were rummaged for the discovery of the best documents on etiquette; men of merit found a grave occupation in making coats of arms for the new families; finally, no day passed which did not afford some scene worthy of the pen of Moliere; but the terror which formed the background of the picture prevented the grotesque of the front from being laughed at as it deserved to be.' * * *

'Puns without end were darted against the nobility of yesterday; and a thousand expressions of the new ladies were quoted, which presumed little acquaintance with good manners. And certainly there is nothing so difficult to learn, as the kind of politeness which is neither ceremonious nor familiar: it seems a trifle, but it requires a foundation in ourselves; for no one acquires it, if it is not inspired by early habits or elevation of mind. Bonaparte himself is embarrassed on occasions of representation; and frequently in his own family, and even with foreigners, he seems to feel delighted in returning to those vulgar actions and expressions which remind him of his revolutionary youth. He knew very well that the Parisians made pleasantries on his new nobility; but he knew also that their opinions would only be expressed in vulgar jokes, and not in strong actions. The energy of the oppressed went not beyond the equivoque of a pun; and as in the East they have been reduced to the apologue, in France they sunk still lower, namely, to the clashing of syllables. A single instance of a *jeu de mot* deserves, however, to survive the ephemeral success of such productions. One day, as the princesses of the blood were announced, some person added, 'of the blood of Enghien;' and, in truth, such was the baptism of this new dynasty.'

When this lady was banished, as if she had been a bold and dangerous mal-content, to the distance of forty leagues from Paris, Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte interceded in her favor; but their remonstrances could not allay the indignation of their haughty brother. She then visited the Prussian court, and was received by the king with great kindness. Although this prince was then so subservient to Napoleon, that he would have ordered her to quit his territories, if the despot had desired it, he was not required to exercise his authority against her.

There is a chasm of five years in her narrative, which her son has endeavoured to supply by a sketch that is too rapid to be satisfactory. After she had lost her father, whose illness and death she relates with strong marks of filial affection, she passed some months in Italy, and a much longer period in Switzerland, where she amused herself with the composition of Corinne. In 1807, she found an asylum in Germany, and collected materials for her celebrated work on that country. When it had been printed at Paris with the permission of the censors of the press, the emperor ordered the whole impression to be destroyed, and again banished the authoress, who retired to her former residence in Switzerland. On the resumption of her narrative, she treats of the persecutions to which she was subjected after her return to Coppet, of the banishment of her friends, the particulars of her flight through Germany into Russia, her adventures in the latter country, and her departure for the Swedish capital. She thus speaks of the abominable tyranny of her powerful enemy, whose government some of the pretended friends of liberty in this country have been so base as to applaud. 'At fifty leagues

from the Swiss frontier, France is bristled with citadels, houses of detention, and towns serving as prisons; and every where you see nothing but individuals deprived of their liberty by the will of one man, conscripts of misfortune, all chained at a distance from the places where they would have wished to live. At Dijon, some Spanish prisoners, who had refused to take the oath, regularly came every day to the market-place to feel the sun at noon, as they then regarded him rather as their countryman; they wrapped themselves up in a mantle, frequently in rags, but which they knew how to wear with grace, and they gloried in their misery, as it arose from their boldness; they hugged themselves to their sufferings, as associating them with the misfortunes of their intrepid country. They were sometimes seen going into a coffee-house, solely to read the newspapers, in order to penetrate the fate of their friends through the lies of their enemies; their countenances were then immoveable, but not without expression, exhibiting strength under the command of their will. Farther on, at Auxonne, was the residence of the English prisoners, who had, the day before, saved from fire one of the houses of the town where they were confined. At Besançon, there were more Spaniards. Among the French exiles to be met with in every part of France, an angelic creature inhabited the citadel of Besançon, in order not to quit her father. For a long period, and amidst every sort of danger, Mademoiselle de Saint Simon shared the fortunes of him who had given her birth.'

Madame de Stael pleasingly varies her political details with sketches of manners and traits of character. In the canton of Fribourg, she visited a fraternity of Trappists, whose rigid and gloomy superstition is not the legitimate offspring of true religion.

'One can have no idea of the minute degrees of suffering imposed upon the monks; they go so far as even to forbid them, when they have been standing for some hours in succession, from leaning against the wall, or wiping the perspiration from the forehead; in short, every moment of their life is filled with suffering, as the people of the world fill theirs with enjoyment. They rarely live to be old; and those to whom this lot falls regard it as a punishment from Heaven. Such an establishment would be barbarous if any one was compelled to enter it, or if there was the least concealment of what they suffer there. But, on the contrary, they distribute, to whoever wishes to read it, a printed statement, in which the rigors of the order are rather exaggerated than softened; and yet there are novices who are willing to take the vows, and those who are received never run away, although they might do it without the least difficulty. The whole rests, as it appears to me, upon the powerful idea of death. The institutions and amusements of society are destined in the world to turn our thoughts entirely upon life; but, when the contemplation of death gets a certain hold of the human heart, joined to a firm belief in the immortality of the soul, there are no bounds to the disgust which it may take to every thing which forms a subject of interest in the world; and a state of suffering appearing the road to a future life, such minds follow it with avidity, like the traveler, who willingly fatigues himself in order to get sooner over the road which leads him to the object of his wishes. But what equally astonished and grieved me, was to see children brought up with this severity; their poor locks shaved off, their young countenances already furrowed, that deathly dress with which they were covered before they knew any thing of life, before they had voluntarily renounced it, all this made my soul revolt against the parents who had placed them there. When such a state is not the adoption of a free and determined choice on the part of the person who professes it, it inspires as much horror as it at first created respect. The monk with whom I con-

versed spoke of nothing but death; all his ideas came from that subject, or connected themselves with it; death is the sovereign monarch of this residence. As we talked of the temptations of the world, I expressed, to the father Trappist, my admiration of his conduct in thus sacrificing all, to withdraw himself from their influence. 'We are cowards,' said he, 'who have retired into a fortress, because we feel that we want the courage to meet our enemy in the open field.' This reply was equally modest and ingenious.'

Superstition was not her habitual failing: yet she was not exempt from that species of it which looks to particular days and coincidences. She and her son seem to have been as much under its influence in this respect as Bonaparte was. She says, 'It was on the 14th of July that I entered Russia: this coincidence with the anniversary of the first day of the French revolution particularly struck me.'—'It was on the 14th of July, 1817, (says her son), that my mother was taken from us, and received into the bosom of God. What mind is there that would not be affected with religious emotion, in meditating on the mysterious coincidences which the destiny of the human race presents?'

JOURNAL OF A TOUR INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE MISSOURI AND ARKANSA, BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

This narrative differs greatly from the account of an European tour. It exhibits rudeness in lieu of refinement, and strikingly marks the contrast between barbarism and civilisation. It leads the imagination of the curious reader to the days of Nimrod, the first man who pursued wild animals for the purpose of subsistence; for it is the hunting state of society that chiefly prevails in the interior of the Missouri territory.

After some weeks of peregrination through uninhabited districts, Mr. Schoolcraft and his companions reached a branch of the White River, and were gladdened by the sight of a hunter's house. At this spot, 'the first object worthy of remark (he says) was the innumerable quantity of deer, bear, and other skins, which had been from time to time stretched out, and hung up to dry on poles and trees around the house. These trophies of skill and prowess in the chase were regarded with great complacency by our conductor as we passed among them, and he told us, that the house we were about to visit belonged to a person of the name of Wells, who was a great hunter. He had several acres of ground in a state of cultivation, and a substantial new-built log-house, consisting of one room. Its interior would disappoint any person who has never had an opportunity of witnessing the abode of man beyond the pale of the civilised world. Nothing could be more remote from the ideas we have attached to comfort, neatness, and conveniency, without allusion to cleanliness, order, and the concomitant train of household attributes, which make up the sum of human felicity in refined society. The dress of the children attracted our attention. The boys were clothed in a particular kind of garment made of deer-skin, which served the double purposes of shirt and jacket. The girls had buck-skin frocks, which, it was evident, by the careless manner in which they were clothed, were intended to combine the utility both of linen and calico, and all were abundantly greasy and dirty. Around the walls of the room hung the horns of deer and buffaloes, rifles, shot-pouches, leather-coats, dried meat, and other articles, composing the wardrobe, smoke-house, and magazine of our host and family, while the floor displayed great evidence of his skill in the fabrication of household furniture. A dressed deer-skin, sewed up much in the shape the animal originally possessed, and filled with bear's oil, and another filled with wild honey, hanging on opposite sides of the fire-place, were too conspicuous to escape ob-

servation, for which, indeed, they appeared to be principally kept.'

Continuing his progress, Mr. Schoolcraft was enabled to make additional remarks upon the manners of the white hunters. 'The Sabbath (he says) is not known by any cessation of the usual avocations of the hunter in this region. To him all days are equally unhallowed, and the first and the last day of the week find him alike sunk in unconcerned sloth and stupid ignorance. He neither thinks for himself, nor reads the thoughts of others, and if he ever acknowleges his dependence upon the Supreme Being, it must be in that silent awe produced by the furious tempest, when the earth trembles with concussive thunders, and lightning shatters the oaks around his cottage, that cottage which certainly never echoed the voice of human prayer. Schools are also unknown, and no species of learning cultivated. Children are wholly ignorant of the knowlege of books, and have not learned even the rudiments of their own tongue. Thus situated, without moral restraint, brought up in the uncontrolled indulgence of every passion, and without a regard for religion, the state of society among the rising generation in this region is truly deplorable. In their childish disputes, boys frequently stab each other with knives, two instances of which have occurred since our residence here. No correction was administered in either case, the act being rather looked on as a promising trait of character. They begin to assert their independence as soon as they can walk, and by the time they reach the age of fourteen, have completely learned the use of the rifle, the arts of trapping beavers and otters, killing the bear, deer, and buffalo, and dressing skins and making mockasons and leather clothes. They are then accomplished in all customary things, and are, therefore, capable of supporting themselves and a family, and accordingly enter into marriage very early in life. The women are observed to have few children; and of those, being deprived of the benefit of medical aid, an unusual number die in their infancy. This is probably owing wholly to adventitious causes, and may be explained on the same principles as a similar circumstance in savage life, the female being frequently exposed to the inclemency of the weather, always to unusual hardships and fatigues, doing in many instances the man's work, living in camps on the wet ground, without shoes, &c. Mrs. H. tells me, she has not lived in a cabin which had a floor to it for several years; that during that time they have changed their abode several times, and that she has lost four children, who all died before they reached their second year. The girls are brought up with little care, and inured to servile employments. They have ruddy complexions, but, in other respects, are rather gross, as they live chiefly on animal food.

'Among all classes superstition is prevalent. Witchcraft, and a belief in the sovereign virtue of certain metals, so prevalent in those periods of the history of the progress of the human mind, which reflect disgrace upon our species, have still their advocates here. Mr. F. related to us an amusing story of a rifle he had, that was bewitched, so that he could kill nothing with it, and sold it on that account. He had fixed his suspicions upon a neighbour, and was full in the belief that he had, out of malice, laid a spell upon his rifle.'

The savages who divide this part of North-America with the white hunters are chiefly of the Osage tribe. Their rivals are the Cherokees, with whom they prosecute a course of hostility, rarely intermitted. They are a bold and fierce set of men, and frequently commit depredations upon the white colonists. In their excursions they form remarkable camps, which they arrange in the neatest order. 'The form of the tent or camp (says Mr. Schoolcraft) may be compared to an inverted bird's nest, or hemisphere, with a small aperture left in the top for the escape of the smoke, and a

similar but larger one at one side for passing in and out. It is formed by cutting a number of slender flexible green poles of equal length, sharpened at each end, stuck in the ground like a bow, and crossing at right angles at the top, the points of entrance into the ground forming a circle. Small twigs are then woven in, mixed with the leaves of cane, moss, and grass, until it is perfectly tight and warm. These tents are arranged in large circles, one within another, according to the number of men intended to be accommodated. In the centre is a scaffolding for meat, from which all are supplied every morning, under the inspection of a chief, whose tent is conspicuously situated at the head of the encampment, and differs from all the rest, resembling a half-cylinder inverted. Their women and children generally accompany them on these excursions, which often occupy three months. The boys and lazy drones who do not help in hunting, are obliged to eat the intestines of the animals killed. The white hunter, on encamping in his journeys, cuts down green trees, and builds a large fire of long logs, sitting at some distance from it. The Indian hunts up a few dry limbs, cracks them into little pieces a foot in length, builds a small fire, and sits close by it. He gets as much warmth as the white hunter, without half of the labor, and does not burn more than a fiftieth part of the wood. The Indian considers the forest as his own, and is careful in using and preserving every thing which it affords. He never kills more meat than he has occasion for. The white hunter destroys all before him, and cannot resist the opportunity of killing game, although he neither wants the meat, nor can carry off the skins. I was particularly struck with an instance of this wanton practice, which lately occurred on the White River. A hunter returning from the woods, laden with the flesh and skins of five bears, unexpectedly arrived in the midst of a drove of buffaloes, and wantonly shot down three, having no other object than the sport of killing them. This is one cause of the enmity existing between the white and the red hunters of Missouri.'

Pleased with the fertility of the country through which he passed, and reflecting on its mineral productions and other advantages, he recommends various parts to the notice of adventurers, particularly a high rich point of land near the junction of Findley's Fork with James River. He admires the aspect of nature along the banks of the White River, which he descended on his return to the scenes of provincial cultivation. 'Its shores (he says) are composed of smooth spherical and angular pieces of opaque, red, and white gravel, consisting of water-worn fragments of carbonate of lime, hornstone, quartz, and jasper. Every pebble, rock, fish, or floating body, either animate or inanimate, which occupies the bottom of the stream, is seen while passing over it with the most perfect accuracy; and our canoe often seemed as if suspended in air, such is the remarkable transparency of the water. Sometimes the river for many miles washed the base of a wall of calcareous rock, rising to an enormous height, and terminating in spiral, broken, and miniform masses, in the fissures of which the oak and the cedar had forced their crooked roots, and hung in a threatening posture above us. Perched upon these, the eagle, hawk, turkey, and heron, surveyed our approach without alarm, secure in eminent distance. Facing such rocks, the corresponding curve of the river invariably presented a level plain of rich alluvial soil, covered with a vigorous growth of forest-trees, cane, shrubs, and vines, and affording a most striking contrast to the sterile grandeur on the opposite shore. Here the paths of the deer and buffalo, where they daily came down to drink, were numerous all along the shore, and the former we frequently surprised as he stood in silent security upon the river's brink. The duck, brant, and goose,

continually rose in flocks before us, and, alighting in the stream a short distance below, were soon again aroused by our approach; thus we often drove them down the river for many hours together, until our repeated intrusion at last put them to effectual flight. Often a lofty ridge of rocks in perspective seemed to oppose a barrier to the progress of the river, which suddenly turned away in the most unexpected direction at the moment we had reached the fancied barrier, displaying to our view other groupes of rocks, forests, plains, and shores, arranged in the most singular and fantastic manner, and in the utmost apparent confusion, but which, on a nearer inspection, developed a beautiful order and corresponding regularity, such as the intelligent mind constantly observes in the physiognomy of nature, and which appears the more surprising the more minutely it is inspected, analysed, or compared. Very serpentine in its course, the river carried us toward every point of the compass in the course of the day; sometimes rocks skirted one shore, sometimes the other, never both at the same place, but rock and alluvion generally alternating from one side to the other, the bluffs being much variegated in their exterior form, extent, and relative position, giving perpetual novelty to the scenery, which ever excited fresh interest and renewed gratification, so that we saw the sun sink gradually in the west without being tired of viewing the mingled beauty, grandeur, barrenness, and fertility, as displayed by the earth, rocks, air, water, light, trees, sky, and animated nature."

A MEMOIR OF MRS. INCHBALD.

When a lady of distinguished merit pays the debt of nature, we are eagerly desirous of learning some particulars of her life and character. This curiosity would have been more pleasingly gratified, if Mrs. Inchbald had not given orders for the destruction of a manuscript, which contained an ample account of the most remarkable incidents of her life.

Elizabeth Inchbald was the daughter of Mr. Simpson, a respectable farmer at Staningfield, near St. Edmund's-Bury. She was born in the year 1756; and, at an early age, was remarkable for the beauty of her person and her fondness for reading; to this she was the more inclined, as she unfortunately had such an impediment in her speech, that she was scarcely intelligible to those who were not acquainted with her, and, therefore, she went very little into company. Having lost her father in her infancy, she was left under the care of her mother, who continued to occupy the farm, and brought up the children with strict attention to their morals. During her many solitary hours, Miss Simpson applied herself sedulously to books, and, anxious to become acquainted with the world of which she read so much, she formed the romantic resolution of visiting the metropolis. Finding that her intention did not meet with the approbation of her friends, she took an opportunity, in February, 1772, of eloping from her family. She had previously packed up a few necessary articles in a band-box; and with these she ran about two miles across some fields, and there waited with impatience for the coach that was to convey her to London.

This first important step in her life will doubtless by many be reckoned rash and imprudent. But the common rules of custom and prudence are not the ordinary standard by which minds bent on adventure and experiment are regulated. The difficulties to be encountered, form an apology in the breast of the adventurer, and, if success attend the experiment, it is followed by admiration.

Miss Simpson was at this time about sixteen years of age, and remarkable for the beauty of her features and the elegance of her figure. On her arrival in London, she sought a distant relative who had lived in the Strand;

but, on reaching the place, she was, to her great mortification, informed that he had retired from business, and was settled in Wales. It was near ten o'clock at night, and her distress at this disappointment moved the compassion of the people of the house where she inquired, who at her request generously accommodated her with a lodging. This civility, however, excited her suspicion; she had read of various modes of seduction practised in London, and apprehended that she was in a house of ill fame. While the poor people were whispering their pity for her youth, and praising her beauty, she, alarmed at her situation, seized her band-box, and, without uttering a word, rushed out of the house, leaving them to stare at each other, and think their compassion had been misplaced.

She now ran she knew not whither; but, being fatigued and alarmed, she knocked at a house where she saw lodgings to let, and was on the point of being admitted as a milliner's apprentice, when, to her great surprise and confusion, she saw at her elbow the tradesman from whose house she had escaped, and who, impelled by curiosity, had followed her. Confounded by this detection, she attempted another escape; but the door was locked, and she was detained as an impostor. Sincerity was all that she had now left, and with a flood of tears she candidly confessed her real situation; but even now her veracity was doubted, and, after a threat of being sent to the watch-house, the fair adventurer was dismissed, and left again to wander through the streets.

Rambling where chance seemed to direct, exposed to all those insults which unprotected females must encounter, she found herself, at two o'clock in the morning, near Holborn Bridge; and seeing the stage set off for York, which she understood was full, she entered the inn, pretended that she was a disappointed passenger, and solicited a lodging. Here she remained until day-break, and was then informed that the York stage would set off again in the evening. This intelligence having been delivered with an air of suspicion, which was extremely mortifying, she immediately took out all the money she had, to the last half-crown, and absolutely paid for a journey she did not intend to take. The landlady, now satisfied, invited her to breakfast; but this she declined, saying she was in haste to visit a relative. Thus she avoided the expense of a breakfast, and on returning to the inn, said her friend wished her to remain in town a few days longer. Thus she secured her apartment; and, while she daily took a walk to purchase what she could afford, it was supposed by the people of the inn that she was feasting with her relative; but, alas! at this time she feasted not; for she was in such distress, that, during the last two days of her residence at the inn, she subsisted on two halfpenny rolls, and the water which the bottle in her bed-room contained!

During one of her daily rambles in the metropolis, she attracted the notice of a theatrical performer, who, with some difficulty learning her situation, recommended to her the stage as the most probable means of support, and offered to instruct her. A few meetings having convinced her that his designs were not honourable, she prudently declined his company, but resolved to follow his advice. Accordingly, she applied to Mr. King, of Drury-lane, the manager of the Bristol theatre; and, when she communicated her intention with much stammering, which was increased by her anxiety, the comedian listened to the fair candidate with natural astonishment. She rehearsed a part before him; and some whimsical jests have been related respecting this interview. It seems, however, that Mr. King did not discourage the lady, though he declined to give her an engagement. She next applied to Mr. Inchbald for advice. This gentleman, with whom she had hitherto been unacquainted, but whom she had

frequently seen at Bury, introduced her to another performer, who had purchased a share of a country theatre, and who, struck with her beauty, gave her an immediate engagement without trial. He became also her instructor, and in him she imagined she had found a friend, but she soon discovered the nature of his friendship. Indignant at the dishonorable proposals which he dared to make to her, she hastened to Mr. Inchbald, whose kindness had inspired her with confidence, and informed him of every circumstance. Afflicted by her sorrow, this gentleman endeavoured to soothe it, and recommended marriage as her only protection. 'But who would marry me?' cried she. 'I would,' replied Mr. Inchbald with warmth, 'if you would have me.' 'Yes, sir, and would for ever be grateful.' 'And for ever love me,' rejoined he. The lady hesitated —but, as he did not doubt her love, in a few days they were married, and thus unexpectedly she became both a wife and an actress.

Mr. Inchbald first introduced his wife on the stage at Edinburgh, where she continued four years, and performed the principal characters, when she was only eighteen years of age; from which it may be inferred that her previous unsuccessful attempts had chiefly proceeded from natural impediments and private prejudices; for one who could with tolerable acceptance appear at so early a period as a principal actress, must have possessed a considerable degree of intellect and no common insight into the human character.

At length Mrs. Yates, who had been long in possession of the public favor in London, visited Edinburgh, and became the formidable rival of Mrs. Inchbald, whom she is said to have treated with great incivility; in consequence of which she and her husband quitted Scotland, and passed two years at York.

Mrs. Inchbald's health being now much impaired, a tour to the south of France was recommended; and, after staying abroad about a year, she returned with her husband, with whom she lived in perfect harmony. Two years after their return, Mr. Inchbald died. She then returned to London, and acted for four years at Covent-Garden Theatre. She next visited Dublin, and performed for some time under Mr. Daly's management.

On quitting the Dublin theatre, she returned to Covent-Garden, where she continued to act for some years, but suddenly relinquished it, and remained in London in poverty and obscurity. It was now that she began to devote her attention to dramatic writing. Having written a comedy, she read part of it to Mr. Harris, who disapproved the piece, and sent it anonymously to Mr. Colman, the manager of the Haymarket, with whom it remained nearly three years unnoticed. Notwithstanding this neglect and discouragement at the outset, she persevered, and, availing herself of the rage for balloons, which existed in the year 1784, she sent him her farce of 'A Mogul Tale, or the Descent of the Balloon.' The subject, probably, induced Mr. Colman to pay more attention to this piece. He read, approved, and accepted it. Its success induced Mrs. Inchbald to remind him of her *dormant* comedy; on which he immediately replied, 'I'll go home this moment and read it.' He did so; gave it the title of 'I'll tell you what,' wrote a prologue for it, and brought it out in 1785. Much has been said relative to his not having read the comedy when first sent to him; the truth is, that, according to his own words, he admired *modest* merit, and seldom attended to the *five-act* productions of anonymous writers, which generally proved the vain attempts of ambitious authors; but he delighted in encouraging young literary adventurers, who, like himself, began with pieces of *one* and *two* acts.

The tide of Mrs. Inchbald's fortune now began to turn; no longer perplexed as an actress by precarious engagements—no longer mortified by the

neglect of her literary talents, she now saw her prospects brighten. Accordingly, she began to enlarge her rules of œconomy, and changed her humble lodgings for others more suitable to her circumstances; for it was one great excellence in the conduct of this amiable woman, that she always studied œconomy, and, accommodating her mode of living to her circumstances, she preserved, even in her humble fortune, a high sense of moral dignity and independence.

The comedy of 'I'll tell you what' was soon followed by others of a similar character; for genteel comedy was the forte of Mrs. Inchbald, and she seems never to have attempted tragedy, or even tragi-comedy. Her province was humor and satire, occasionally interspersed with the serious, agreeably to the custom of modern comedy. This lady also wrote several farces, but they are free from the caricature, buffoonery, and extravagance of farce in general, and may more properly be termed comedies in one, two, or three acts. We shall now enumerate her dramatic productions, which will show the fertility of her genius. To those already mentioned, she added,—Appearance is against Them, the Widow's Vow, Such Things are, the Midnight Hour, All on a Summer's Day, Animal Magnetism, the Child of Nature, the Married Man, the Hue-and-Cry, Next-door Neighbours, Young Men and Old Women, Every One has his Fault, the Wedding-Day, Wives as they were and Maids as they are, the Wise Man of the East, and To Marry or not to Marry.

Among these productions, the very pleasing comedy, entitled 'the Child of Nature,' seems to have been the favorite of the fair author, as she appears to have had her eye on it, in one of her later works, of a different character, as well as in her alteration of Kotzebue's Child of Love into 'Lovers' Vows;' for the character of Amanthis, in the former, may be fairly supposed to have given a turn to the character of Amelia, in the latter.

Mrs. Inchbald retired from the stage in 1789; and, from that period until the year 1805, she was very actively employed in dramatic writing. In 1806, she was engaged to superintend a new edition of the British Theatre, with biographical and critical remarks. This work, which consisted of more than a hundred plays, was published in twenty-five volumes, 12mo. between the years 1806 and 1809. These were followed by a collection of farces, on the same plan, in seven volumes, and the Modern Theatre, in ten volumes.

There is another department of literature in which she was no less successful than in her dramatic compositions. We mean novel-writing; for, although she has not thought proper to call the pleasing story, entitled 'Nature and Art,' a novel, yet it certainly belongs to that class; the story is interesting, the characters are accurately drawn, and the morality is sound. Its satire is just, the language sprightly, but not fantastic, and the reflections are serious without affectation. The 'Simple Story' is characterised by the same simplicity and spirit both as to style and manner, as the former, but the characters are more various, the passions more interesting, and the plot is more intricate and surprising. The story is said to have been a favorite with Mrs. Inchbald; and we are not surprised at it, as some of the leading incidents in her own life seem to have furnished the basis of a part of the story, though diversified by numerous peculiarities, and concealed with great skill.

We have hitherto only spoken of Mrs. Inchbald's literary character; but of her conduct as a woman of honor, even amidst all the gaiety of youth and the powerful influence of a most engaging person, there is only one opinion. During the whole period of her theatrical engagements, she maintained an unblemished character; and, although the incidents of her life have been the subject of much conversation in the gay world, they never

could expose her to the censure of even the most scrupulous moralist. The worthy part of both sexes, who were honored with her acquaintance, highly esteemed her worth; her connexion with Mrs. Siddons and lady Derby strengthened into friendship; and Mrs. Inchbald has left a character that may stand in opposition to the prejudices of such as think that an actress cannot be a virtuous woman. Nothing argues greater illiberality than this common assertion; for it is certain that, among those who have devoted themselves to a theatrical life, are to be found many persons of exemplary conduct.

This distinguished lady died at Kensington, on the 1st of August, 1821, after an illness of several days, to the great regret of all who admired her talents and were acquainted with her worth.

BRUTAL BARBARITY; A SOUTH-AMERICAN HISTORY.

When Philip II. governed Spain, and domineered over the finest regions in the new world, accumulated rumors of the existence of a territory in the interior of South-America, called the Omaguas, abounding with gold and diamonds, so inflamed the cupidity of the Spanish colonists in Peru, that an expedition was fitted out to discover and conquer that country, and add the renowned El Dorado to the boundless extent of European settlement. The command was entrusted to Don Pedro Orsua, a valiant but barbarous officer. His force consisted of 300 Spaniards, about forty of whom were men of rank, and 100 Mestizos, or the offspring of a mixed parentage. A more desperate band it was hardly possible to collect. Many of its members had been notorious in the sanguinary conspiracies, tumults, and rebellions which at that period distracted the possessions of Philip. The best were ruthless soldiers; the majority ruffians, whose souls reveled in murder and extermination.

Orsua took with him his beautiful mistress Donna Ines; and many other women, related to individuals among the troops, accompanied them. The commander was warned, by a friend, of the danger of this example, and of the character of the most depraved of his associates; but he neglected the advice, and fell a sacrifice to his imprudence. Several preliminary and separate expeditions are recorded on the Cocama and other rivers, before we find the whole force united on the Orellana, about 700 leagues from their post of starting. Here the tragedy commenced by the assassination of Orsua. The circumstances are thus related by Mr. Southey.

'The night of New-year's-day was fixed upon for the murder, because that being a festival, it was thought there would be less guard than usual, little as there was at any time. His good angel made one effort more to save him. A negro of Vandera's discovered what had been determined; and, at the risk of his own life, found means to go to Orsua's lodging, to tell him of his danger. Orsua had brought his bane with him in that unhappy woman; he was alone with her when the negro arrived; even on such an errand the man could not obtain admittance; he dared not tarry, and therefore imparted his intelligence to a black slave of the general's; and the slave, being perhaps in the conspiracy, or, it may be, hating his master, never delivered the important charge with which he had been entrusted. When it was night, the chief conspirators assembled, and sent a mestizo, in Guzman's name, to beg a little oil at Orsua's; a pretext this for discovering whether he was alone. At a late hour they sallied out; Montoya and Chaves, eager to be the murderers, got before the rest, and found Orsua in his hammock, talking with a page. He asked them what they wanted at such an hour, and they ran him through. Wounded as he was, he rose to take his shield and sword; but by this time the others entered, and he had scarcely cried out, vainly, Con-

fession! confession! and exclaimed, *Miserere mei, Deus!* God have mercy upon me! before he was killed. The murderers immediately sallied out, crying Liberty! Long live the king! the tyrant is slain! Awakened by the cry, Vargas (the second in command) put on his arms, and went out toward Orsua's lodging, with his sword and shield, and the ineffectual wand of authority in his hand. The conspirators, who were now in search of him, met their victim, and surrounded him; his weapons were taken from him, and they disarmed him; the armour was hardly off when Martin Perez stabbed him with such violence in the ribs, that the sword passed entirely through, and wounded the man severely who was disarming him on the other side.'

A series of atrocious murders succeeded this, in order to obviate the resentment of those who were attached to the hapless general: and though Guzman was elected king, Aguirre not only acquired the chief authority, but was the fountain of all these bloody issues. 'This man, so unhappily notorious in American history, had supported himself in Peru, by the trade of breaking-in horses. In the rebellion of Don Sebastian de Castilla, he had borne so active a part, that he was sentenced to death, and would have been executed, could he have been taken; but when a pardon was offered to all offenders who would join the king's standard against Giron, he took advantage of the proclamation, and came from his hiding-place. For some subsequent villany, he was again condemned, together with Zalduendo, and would have been hanged at Cuzco; but he broke prison, and remained in the woods till he found an opportunity of joining Orsua. His hope was, that Orsua would rebel; being disappointed in this, he laid a plan for murdering him. Such had been the general irregularity of his conduct, that in Peru he was commonly called Aguirre *el loco*, the madman; and assuredly his after-atrocities were such, that it is only to madness they can be imputed.'

Vandera and Zalduendo, two of the principal men appointed to offices under the new system, contended for the possession of the widowed Donna Ines. Vandera rendered himself obnoxious to Aguirre; and his rival leaguing with the latter, 'they raised a report that Vandera designed to murder Guzman, and make himself general. Weak as he was, Guzman did not believe a report which was known to originate with Aguirre, till Zalduendo asserted with an oath, that he had proof of the intention from Vandera's own lips; and that the office of camp-master, when this second mutiny should have succeeded, was to be given to Christoval Hernandez, a man who had infamously distinguished himself in the rebellions of Gonzalo Pizarro and Giron. Guilt had made Guzman suspicious, and suspicion made him cruel: he invited these two men to a game at cards, instructed Aguirre when to come in with a band of assassins, and thus murdered them as treacherously as they had murdered Orsua. The main mover of the mischief was then restored to his office of camp-master.'

A change of counsels now ensued; and, instead of seeking for El Dorado, it was resolved to return and subjugate Peru. But soon new massacres and revolutions again altered their destination. Zalduendo, whom the death of Vandera had left without a competitor, obtained Donna Ines for his mistress, and requested for her and her companion (a mestiza woman, by name Maria de Soto) beds on board of one of the brigantines. Aguirre, 'brutal in every thing, replied, that there should be no beds on board, for they took up room which was wanted for things of more importance. When Zalduendo returned to the women after this fruitless application, he broke out in expressions of anger at the unexpected disappointment, and his words were presently reported to Aguirre, who had his spies every where. It was also told him, that on the preceding day, when Donna Ines was weeping over the funeral of a mestiza girl, she

exclaimed, 'God be merciful to thee, my child! thou wilt have many companions before many days are over!' This was sufficient provocation for a wretch who delighted in murder, and he immediately assembled his ruffians. Zalduendo, hearing this, knew to what end they were collected, and hastened to Guzman to tell him of his fears, and entreat protection. Guzman bade him be under no apprehensions, and sent one of his captains to Aguirre to pacify him, and obtain from him an assurance that he intended no violence. The captain met Aguirre with his band of assassins on the way; they heard his bidding, and, learning from it where their victim had sought refuge, proceeded to Guzman's quarters, and, in spite of his commands, cries, and even supplications, murdered Zalduendo before his face. The wretch then despatched a mestizo, named Francisco Carrion, and Anton Llamoso, one of his serjeants, to kill Donna Ines, that no farther mischief might arise on her account. Not glutted with killing her, these ruffians repeatedly stabbed her after she was dead, as if they took an unnatural delight in mangling a form which had been so beautiful. They then divided her effects, which were of considerable value, between them, as the wages of their bloody work.'

The destruction of the puppet king speedily followed, and made way for the open supremacy of the wretch Aguirre. 'The brigantines were now completed; he ordered all the canoes to be moored beside them, giving especial command, that not one should be removed from that station without his permission; and he embarked his own baggage and that of his adherents, meaning, in case his designs should be anticipated, to get on board, and leave Guzman with his party upon the island. Two nights before the time fixed for the departure of the army, he collected his adherents; and, having set a guard to cut off all communication with the lower end of the island, where Guzman was quartered (which, on so narrow a slip of land, was easily effected), he told them he had occasion for their help to chastise certain captains who were rebellious against the prince; wherefore he requested that they would follow him, and do as they were bound. With that, he led them to the quarters of Montoya, and Miguel Bovedo, the admiral, which were at the upper end of the island, broke in upon them, and stabbed them both. This done, he turned back, telling his people that the same work was to be done at the other extremity of the encampment; and he named the persons who were to be put to death there, and appointed ten of them to each murder. It was remarked, that perhaps they might mistake one another in the darkness, and some mischief might ensue; so he agreed to wait till daybreak, having set such guard that no alarm could be conveyed. Nevertheless, such was his precaution, that, instead of passing the night on shore, he and the rest of his men went on board of the brigantines, where they kept watch, ready at a moment's notice to cut their cables, and fall down the stream. At morning they landed to complete their purpose: two of his most intimate confidents were made acquainted with the design of killing Guzman, and charged with the execution of it; their names were Juan de Aguirre and Martin Perez. It seems as if he did not dare to let this intention be generally known; for, as they were on their way to the head-quarters, the wretch told his ruffians to have especial reverence towards their prince; and charged them that, if his excellency, being of a tender nature, and not knowing the treason his captains had committed, should endeavour to protect them, they should be careful not, by any chance, to wound him while they were executing their duty. The first victim whom they despatched was Henao, the priest who had administered their oath of treason. They then entered Guzman's lodgings; he was in bed, but, starting up at their coming, and see-

ing Aguirre, he exclaimed, 'What is this, my father?' for by that term he was accustomed to call him since the marriage had been contracted. The wretch bade his excellency fear nothing, and passed on to the inner apartment, where he slew Serrano, Duarte, and Balthasar Cortes Cano: meantime, the two confidents discharged their arquebusses into the body of Guzman, and afterwards repeatedly stabbed him; thus concluding his miserable and disgraceful part of royalty.'

Aguirre now assumed the command; and almost every day was stained with ferocious and horrible assassinations. He resolved to sail down the Orellana to the ocean. 'Before he set out, he took the weapons from those soldiers of whom he had any doubt: then he set sail. He had not proceeded far, when it came into his head that he would have the commendador Guevara killed. Llamoso, who was sent to commit this murder, began stabbing him with a blunt sword; but when the old knight entreated that he would not butcher him thus cruelly with such a weapon, he took from him his own dagger, and, giving him several wounds with it, threw him overboard while yet living and crying out for confession, as the water closed over him. The manner of this murder served Aguirre and his camp-master, Perez, for matter of mirth and mockery when the two brigantines came together.'

Having reached the sea, Aguirre proceeded to Margarita. This island he seized by treachery, disarmed the inhabitants, and imprisoned the governor and principal persons. Full scope was given to the infernal passions of his congenial train; and the history of mankind has hardly exhibited more wanton and bloody atrocities. Stabbing became a common amusement, and the most cruel of deaths a sport. Aguirre used to say that soldiers who told their beads were not fit for his service; he wanted fellows who would throw dice with the devil, and stake their souls upon the cast. At an alarm of invasion from the main land, his 'diabolical mind was seized with a new fit of cruelty. He ordered the governor and those persons whom he had at first made prisoners, being the chief magistrates of the city, to be brought from the apartment where they were confined into a lower hall. They, suspecting that they were led to death, came with a mortal melancholy in their countenances, which the tyrant perceived, and bade them have no fear, giving them his word, that, even if the friar were to land more men than there were trees and thistles on the island, and he himself and all his companions were to perish, not one of the prisoners should be hurt. This was just as night had set in; about midnight he sent Carrion, the murderer of Donna Ines, with a set of fit companions, to strangle these persons, whose lives he had so lately and so solemnly promised to preserve. Their dead bodies were covered with mats. He assembled his soldiers in the hall; the mats, at his command, were then removed, and the bodies exposed by the light of torches. 'Here,' said the tyrant, 'you see another of the king's governors, and these, his magistrates, lying dead. Let no man among you deceive himself with any hopes of pardon for such crimes as we have committed, nor suffer himself to be deceived by fair promises. In no part of the world can you be safe, except in my company.' He then went to meet the attack, leaving his worthy compeer Perez, the second in authority, in charge of the fortress. During his absence, some of the soldiers in the city were talking together, and asking who was to take the command, if he should be slain or taken by the provincial; upon which Perez answered, 'Here am I, who can do my duty, if the old man should fall.' This was enough; the tyrant called for one Chaves, a lad with scarcely a hair upon his chin, who was yet old enough in crimes to be charged with such an office, and bade him get some compa-

nions, and put the camp-master to death as soon as he entered the fortress, whither he sent to call him. Perez, little suspecting that his hour was come, hastened, in obedience to the summons, and Chaves, getting behind him, shot him. The wound was not immediately mortal; the other murderers fell on him, and he ran from them about the fort, crying out for confession, and shrieking with the pain of a horrible wound, till he fell at length, and Chaves despatched him by cutting his throat. The prisoners, hearing his shrieks, expected that this was the commencement of the general massacre which Aguirre had threatened; they hid themselves under the beds, and in holes and corners, and some threw themselves from the windows and battlements. The soldiers in the square were not less astonished, hearing his cries, and being ignorant of the cause. Aguirre spoke to them from a window, telling them not to be alarmed at what they had heard, for he had been obliged to put his camp-master Perez to death for a conspiracy against him. Llamoso, who had been named as an accomplice in the plot, happened to pass by as he was speaking. 'They tell me, my son,' said Aguirre, 'that you also were in the conspiracy; was this then your friendship, and this all the regard you have for the great love which I have borne you?' Chaves and his comrades, whose weapons were yet red and reeking from the last murder, expected that they were now to have another victim, and drew near him, looking up to Aguirre for the signal to strike. But Llamoso, as of all these wretches he most resembled his master in ferocity, so was the only one who was sincerely and faithfully attached to him; and of this attachment Aguirre seems to have been sensible, by the manner in which he addressed him. He protested his innocence with the most horrid imprecations. The countenance of this suspicious tyrant did not yet relax; and Llamoso, in the strong passion of his fear, and his indignation at the charge, exclaimed, 'As for this traitor, who would have committed such a crime, I will drink his blood!' and, throwing himself on the ground, he applied his mouth to a wound in the camp-master's head, like a dog ravenous with hunger. The very murderers who stood by him drew back, sickening at the sight, and Aguirre no longer entertained a doubt of his fidelity.'

We hasten to the conclusion of a story, every feature of which is horrible. At length the remnant of the monsters left Margarita, and landed on the main, with the insane intention of marching across the continent to Peru. Every step was marked with gore, and disunion among themselves happily freed the earth from numbers of them—by mutual assassination. They penetrated to a place and fort called Baraquicimeto, which they occupied. The native troops harassed them, without coming to a regular battle; and desertion, as well as this desultory warfare, thinned their infernal ranks. At last Aguirre could trust no one, and his final hour came. With its description, which is appallingly tragical, we shall conclude. A detachment, under one Espindola, had been sent against the royalist general Paredes: it went over to its opponents. 'Paredes immediately halted, his men took the deserters up behind them, and rode up the hill to their comrades, and Espindola then advised that they should advance at once to the fort. The main body of Aguirre's people were without the walls, looking to see what would be the success of this detachment; but, seeing the revolt, they thought all hope was over, and that not a moment was to be lost in securing their own pardon: with this intent they all advanced. Aguirre thought they were going to attack the enemy, but he saw them mingle in the ranks, and heard them shout out, 'The king for ever!'

'Juan de Aguirre still remained in the fort, and intended to complete his crimes by killing the tyrant, whose ready instrument he had been in so

many murders; but not finding him at hand, and thinking all delay dangerous, he hastened to join Paredes: and while Aguirre was outside of the fort, all the others, who were now only those whom he suspected, and kept under watch, got out by a door which had been closed up, but which they broke through. One alone, of all his dependents, remained at his side; it was Llamoso: none of these wretches had exceeded him in guilt, but he was faithful to the last to the tyrant whom he had sworn to serve. Aguirre asked him why he also did not go to enjoy the king's pardon; he replied he had been his friend in life, and would be so in death. Aguirre made him no answer, but went into a chamber where his daughter was sitting with a young woman called la Torralva, who had come with her from Peru. 'Say thy prayers, child,' said he, 'for I must kill thee!' 'Why, sir?' she exclaimed. He replied, 'That thou mayest never live to be reviled, and called the daughter of a traitor.' La Torralva had courage enough to rise and take his arquebuss from him, thinking thus to prevent him from executing his desperate purpose; but he, lightly surrendering it, drew out a dagger, and stabbed his daughter repeatedly, till her sufferings were for ever ended. Then going out into the ante-chamber, he perceived that the king's troops were entering; and, leaning against a sort of cane bedstead, without attempting to resist, he waited for what might befall him. An inhabitant of Tocuyo, who first came into the room, called to Paredes. 'Here, sir; I have taken Aguirre.' The tyrant answered, 'I do not yield to such a knave as thou art!' and then seeing Paredes himself, he added, 'Sir, you are a cavalier; I beseech you let the terms be kept with me, for I have things to communicate which are of importance to the king's service.' But his own men cried out that it was for the camp-master's honor to cut off his head before the governor came up, upon which two of them were ordered to shoot him. Juan de Chaves and Christoval Galindo are said to have put themselves forward for this service, that Aguirre might not have time to make confessions which would show how greatly they were implicated in the atrocities that had been committed. The first shot made only a slant wound: 'That's badly done,' said he: the second he received in his breast, and exclaiming, 'This will do,' fell, and died immediately. Custodio Hernandez, a wretch who had enjoyed his favour, then cut off his head, and, taking it by the long hair, carried it to the governor, in hopes of obtaining something for such a service.

'Paredes then advanced to meet the governor, trailing after him the banners of the rebels. The governor ordered Aguirre's daughter to be buried in the church; his body was quartered, and the quarters were set up by the way-side. His head was sent to Tocuyo, and exposed in an iron cage. When Pedro Simon wrote, the scull was still remaining; his banners also were preserved in that city, and the robe, gown, and kirtle of yellow silk which his daughter had on when she was slain, rent by the dagger, and stained with blood. The people of Merida and of Valencia, who were in the camp, petitioned for one of his banners, as a memorial of their loyal services; each had a hand of the traitor given them instead, which they bore away on the point of a lance. These trophies became offensive on the way; one was thrown into the river Motatan, the other cast to the dogs. The banners were taken to Spain by Paredes, who hung them over his father's monument. The house in which he was born was pulled down, as having been the birthplace of a traitor; and a monument was erected on the spot, to record his crimes and his fate.

'Collado observed his promises to the Maranones with exemplary honor. But, in the ensuing year, orders came from Madrid to send them all prisoners to Spain. They had had time to secure themselves. Paniagua, the pro-

vost-marshal, was however apprehended, and quartered at Merida, having been one of the greatest criminals; and Llamoso suffered the same fate at Pamplona. The royal audience of Santa Fé made diligent search to apprehend others, and six were discovered on their way to Peru. Carrion, Susaya, and Tirado, were among them; they were sent on to the kingdom whither they were journeying, and executed there.

'Aguirre's crimes made a deep impression upon the people of Venezuela. There was something marked as well as monstrous in his character. The rebellion was the better remembered for its wild and unconnected nature, and because no dramatic fable was ever brought to a more distinct and tragic catastrophe. Aguirre is still spoken of in those countries by the appellation of the 'Tyrant;' and it is the belief of the people, that his spirit, as restless now as when it animated his body, still wanders over the scenes of his guilt, in the form of that fiery vapor which is frequently seen in the island of Margarita, and on the plains of New Andalusia; and this visible but intangible phenomenon is called in that region, at this day, the Soul of the Tyrant.'

MEINHOLD AND ROSE, OR HARVEST HOME;

A German Tale.

Farmer Hardman not only knew when to sow and when to reap; he had reflected on his situation in life, and had accustomed himself to derive from it all the advantages it would afford. No wonder, therefore, that his moderate paternal inheritance had prospered under his hands, and that he passed for one of the wealthiest men in his neighbourhood. Wallendorf was an excellent estate, and he knew how to make the best of it, without injuring the owner.

Young Meinhold was at once his pupil and his assistant. The farmer's wife liked the youth as much for his regular conduct and good manners, as her husband esteemed him for his activity and intelligence; and he had been long treated as a son rather than as a stranger.

An only daughter, in whom beauty, innocence, and goodness of heart, were most happily united, was justly the darling of the parents, although their love had not degenerated into idolatry: they had brought up their child in the same manner in which they had been educated themselves: Rose was the right hand of her mother, and shared with her every domestic toil. The garden was under her particular inspection, and she took great delight in keeping it in good order. Meinhold, although fully occupied with his own business, could not resist the pleasure of helping, now and then, the lovely girl in her favorite task; he never missed an opportunity of adding fresh plants or rare flowers to her collection; and he would often forget his fatigue over her friendly prattle, and set to work again after the labors of the field were over. The young folks had grown up together like brother and sister, and Rose became every day more attractive: this had been particularly observed by the steward of the estate, who was at once a lawyer and a magistrate: he appeared to be as much alive to the daughter's charms, as he was conscious of the father's wealth; and Meinhold, who had never thought of such an occurrence before, suddenly became aware of what he was on the eve of losing.

Circumstances had placed a great distance between him and such a rival, who began to be very earnest in his courtship, and whom the parents so little discouraged that they not only drew out hints about the motive of his visits, but actually laid in stocks of linen and other goods, which might befit the dowry of their only child. Meinhold perceived all this with a heavy heart, but without being remiss in his duty; he took as much care as ever for the welfare of the family, although he saw plainly, that an altera-

tion must soon take place. It was not very long before Rose was pointedly asked, what she thought of the steward for a husband? She avoided giving a decisive answer, and ran in tears to the friend of her youth, whose hands dropped motionless at the hearing of the news. He gave for some time vent to his feelings; but recollected himself at last, and represented to the afflicted maiden, that they had, in fact, no right to complain, since the match was unobjectionable, and such as few families would decline. Rose offered, nevertheless, to bring over her parents by entreaties, and by declaring that she would never marry any other man but him: much would probably have been said yet on both sides, but they were interrupted by a suppressed cough, which issued from an outbuilding; and, for a considerable time after, they were so much occupied with the performance of their respective duties, that no private meeting could be arranged. The occasion for this particular engagement, and for the general vivacity on the farm, was the approaching harvest feast, which Hardman had always celebrated in a splendid manner, but for which he now invited more guests and made greater preparations than ever. Cattle had been fattened on purpose; the cellar was unusually well filled; and for nearly a fortnight nothing else had been talked of but the arrangements which were to take place. The mistress of the house went very cheerfully through her business; but Rose did not delight in hers, as in former years: her father, on the contrary, was full of life and spirit, and one might easily perceive, that the days passed on too slowly for his wishes; he moved and removed nearly every thing in the house, and came, quite against his custom, to look at what was going on in the pantry and kitchen, as if afraid that something might be forgotten, or not be made rich and good enough.

Meinhold did not blame the good man; but he could have wished not to be made a witness to these doings: he had actually solicited leave of absence, or even a total dismission, because his master had indeed bestowed on him all due praise for past services, and accompanied his speech with a very handsome present; but he had given him to understand at the same time, that he was now of an age to look out for his own home, and that with his acquired knowlege, and a little assistance from a friend, he would be able to get on in the world. The young man had taken this as a civil way of turning him off; and, putting on the best face he could, he had offered to set out immediately, and to see what he might be able to begin; but Hardman replied, that he could not well spare him yet, and wanted him at any rate to stop during the feast. The feared and expected morning came on: the mother covered some of the tables with cups and saucers, whilst the father busied himself with placing on others the various cakes and rolls. Rose had quite enough to do with herself, and could not get on at all, because, in her anxiety and agitation, she always dropped one thing, whilst she was taking up another. Meinhold had gathered the fruit from some favorite trees, and, separating the nicest for the particular use of his beloved, he brought her the produce of his labor, and added with a sigh, that it was for the last time; but she shook her head, and, silently pressing his hand, hastened from him to hide her tears.

A smart rider now made his appearance; and lo! it was the steward: coaches full of townspeople soon followed, and then the neighbours, on horse and on foot. All were kindly received, but none more so than Meinhold's mother, who had been sent for without her son's knowlege. The prepared refreshments were then put into quick circulation, whilst much was said about trouble and honor, nice cakes and fine weather; until a third ringing of the church bells gave the signal for departure. Meinhold was a pious youth, and could generally re-

peat the best part of the sermon on a Sunday afternoon; but at this time he had completely forgotten it, although it was praised by every one for its shortness. The clergyman and family joined after the service was over, and the company enjoyed a short walk through the highly-cultivated fields and well-stocked orchards of the farm.

Dinner was ready to be served, when the young baron came galloping into the yard, and invited himself with all the fashionable ease of superiority: his unexpected and undesired presence was rather a drawback on the host's merriment; but he was, nevertheless, received with all the regard due to his rank, and placed at the head of the table. He very gallantly requested Rose to sit near him; but this the parents opposed in the most decided manner, and even the steward, who had labored hard to say fine things, and keep near to her, was obliged to relinquish his scheme, by being put near his master, whilst she sat at the other end opposite Meinhold. The baron had no sooner been seated than he began to taste the wine: with the seriousness of an experienced judge, he pronounced it to be good; and, to confirm his assertion, he helped himself so plentifully, that the effects were soon perceptible in his noisy loquacity.

Hardman seemed to have waited for the dessert, to announce something to the assembly; when the baron prevented him, by saying, 'My dear farmer, I am to-day in such an excellent humor, that I am ready to renew your expiring lease for twelve years, provided you will give me your daughter in exchange. Rose is handsome, and you are an honest man; what do I care for pedigrees? I will make her baroness this very day: we have a minister amongst us, and he may do his office immediately after dinner: put aside all foolish considerations about rank; I have maturely reflected on every thing, and such is my pleasure.'

It would be difficult to describe the different sensations which this address produced on the audience. Rose was for leaving the room; but her neighbour kept her back by force, and began to congratulate her on her elevation. Most of the guests were astonished, and looked sometimes on the baron and then on the fortunate bride. The steward sat upon needles, and burned with impatience to hear the father's answer; whilst a wealthy grocer from a neighbouring city, who had intended to propose his eldest son, spilled his wine for the first time in his life. Meinhold overcame his grief, and looked once more at the fair object of so many wishes.

Hardman had listened to the pleasure of his gracious lord, with a smile of indifference, and replied very modestly, 'Your honor is pleased to joke with your servant: not more than the majestic oak-tree will associate with the humble strawberry can a baron of the empire think of marrying a farmer's daughter; but even supposing the possibility of such an occurrence, I would by no means wish it to take place in my own family: my child is as little fit to be your companion, as my wife and I are proper to meet your high and mighty relatives; whilst, on the other hand, there can be no countess who would not gladly accept your offers.' These words sounded sweetly in the vain coxcomb's ears; but he resumed, and took all the present persons to witness, that he was quite sincere, and determined to follow his whim.

'Well then', said Hardman, 'I must make bold to declare, in my turn, that this whim cannot be complied with; since I intend to fix, this very moment, on another son-in-law:' with these words, he stood up, and handing to the half-swooning Rose a very handsome gold watch, he desired her to give it as a pledge of her faith to that man, whom he well knew she liked best; whilst he allowed Meinhold to engage his bride by means of a pearl necklace, with which he furnished him.

The baron forced a smile on his countenance, but the steward could not hide his disappointment; and both soon left the room. Their departure was a great relief to the parents; and they then stated, that they had been long aware of the mutual affection betwixt their beloved children, and had perfectly approved it: the dutiful behaviour of the young man, in advising the girl to submission, had still heightened their regard for him; and they would not exchange him for any baron in Christendom. A chorus of applause followed this declaration, and the wedding-day was then appointed. The good old people found no cause for repenting their choice, and long did they share the happiness of their grateful offspring.

Meinhold remained steady and industrious; but the nobleman ruined himself with bad company, and extravagance. His estate was sold on account of debts, and the worthy farmers had the means of making it their own. Their prosperity produced, however, no change in their manner of living; they remained in their own sphere, and their increasing wealth displayed itself merely in their liberality toward poor neighbours, and at the annual celebration of the harvest.

ON THE QUESTION, WHETHER YOU OUGHT TO CONFESS OR CONCEAL YOUR IGNORANCE.

IT was the opinion of Montagne, the philosophical essayist, that 'whoever would be cured of ignorance must confess it.' If all were to act on his recommendation, what a strange revelation of ignorance would there be! In justice, however, to this honest and candid writer, who has ventured to present his heart without any covering, either of shame or falsehood, to the gaze of posterity, it should be remembered that he has, with the strictest impartiality, declared his own deficiencies in knowlege. 'Great abuse in the world is begotten,' says he, 'or, to speak more boldly, all the abuses in the world are produced, by our being taught to be afraid of confessing our ignorance.' Accordingly, he tells us that people, who hear him declare his ignorance in husbandry, whisper in his ear that it is disdain, and that he only neglects to know the instruments of husbandry, its season and order—how they dress his vines—the names and forms of herbs and fruits—how meat is dressed—the names and prices of the stuffs he wears—because he has set his heart on higher attainments. 'They kill me,' says the philosopher, 'in saying so. This is folly, and rather brutishness than glory: I would rather be a good horseman than a good logician.' He could afford to make these confessions; but how few are there among the common herd, who can speak such truths without injury to their reputation!—and ought they to do this, or would it even be useful?

An ode of Anacreon, describing the attributes which nature has conferred on different animals, might be well applied to the present subject; and it might be shown how the various species of knowlege are confined to certain individuals or classes of men. A divine, for instance, if he should be consulted on a point of law, might very well answer that he knew nothing about the matter; and the lawyer, in his turn, if questioned in divinity, might generally reply, with too much truth, that he was wholly ignorant of the subject; and this want of information may certainly be acknowleged without any feeling of shame. The curious question, which Sir Thomas More, when abroad, undertook to argue against all the doctors and learned men of Italy, '*Anne averia carucæ capta in vetito namio sint irreplegibilia*, that is to say, 'whether beasts of the plough taken in *withernam* are irreplevisable,'—was not a fair one, because no one could argue it but a lawyer, and he too an English lawyer. But when I inquire from a divine, whether I ought rather to tell a lie than commit a theft; or from a

gentleman of the long robe, whether I am most nearly related to my paternal grandfather or my maternal grandmother, I expect to receive an answer; and if either the former or the latter be unable to give me one, I consider him as ignorant of what it is his duty to know; and, if he will not confess his ignorance, I say he is also devoid of shame. There is a certain degree of knowlege, which, from the daily occupations of life, and from an intercourse with the world, it is almost impossible that we should not attain: such is the knowlege of common substances and of the general operations of nature; yet Montagne, it seems, was ignorant of many of these things. You see this ignorance in children, and it sometimes happens that they do not lose it when of a larger growth. This continued ignorance proceeds from different causes: sometimes it is the mere effect of dull perception and slow observation: sometimes it proceeds from the want of proper opportunities of improvement; and occasionally it is the consequence of the mind being too exclusively devoted to one pursuit. An occupation, which necessarily directs all the rays of the intellect to one centre, must prevent them from being diffused over a more extensive field; and, in this view, I believe all professions, strictly pursued, tend to incapacitate the mind from higher and nobler exertions. Lawyers are said to make bad statesmen. I believe it. Their minds have been long accustomed to the trivial and minute accuracy of their profession, and they cannot embrace the magnitude of an important question. They are examining every part, when they should be attending to the great whole. A man who is devoted to mathematical studies is seldom good for any thing else; and, in some instances, a favorite pursuit will so absorb the whole intellect as to banish even common sense from the mind. I know a man in the lowest situation of life, an absolute pauper, who has applied himself with unceasing energy and perseverance to the study of languages, and to that study alone; and this great linguist, who has acquired all his knowlege by his own unassisted exertions, is so devoid of common sense that he will almost attempt to walk through the wall. Can it be that his mind has been so passionately devoted to these acquisitions as to prevent him from giving his attention to any other objects?

Let us examine more narrowly Montagne's advice to confess our ignorance. If ignorance be shameful, and shameful it is where a man has had opportunities of shaking it off, I cannot conceive why a man should confess it. I acknowlege that if we had no other way of acquiring information than by exposing our want of it, such an exposure would become necessary; but, when books on every subject are so numerous, and may be consulted without disgrace or humiliation, why should we have recourse to any unpleasant confession? I scarcely know when I have more severely felt what may truly be called shame, than when I have been found unacquainted with something which I ought to have known; and I have always thought this sensation of shame the strongest spur to the acquisition of knowlege. To keep ignorance out of the sight of the world is not to assume a virtue without possessing it; it is merely to conceal a vice: and I never yet heard that it was laudable in a man to declare his own faults. Perhaps it is not worth while to conceal it studiously and industriously; far less should a man resort to falsehood to avoid such an exposure. It is however a thing which should be kept in the back-ground, and never forced on the view and attention of others. He is a bungler indeed, who cannot, in this age of shallowness and skin-deep learning, travel through the world without exposing himself. There are many roads to superficial knowlege. It does not require much to make a man's intellect passable: if he will only read the Reviews, he will be very well qua-

lified for general society. A German scholar reads about sixteen hours a day on an average; if an English gentleman will devote the same portion of time every month to learning, he may make a very respectable figure. It is a shame, where knowlege is so cheap, that any man should confess that he has not a competent share of it. He may read both the Quarterly and the Edinburgh Reviews for six-pence, and then he is qualified to talk with the learned of the land. To prevent yourself from exposing your ignorance is not, after all, a difficult task. Isocrates says, 'the tongue outstrips the judgement very often; but, when you are silent, who will affirm that you could not say something very much to the purpose? When Megabysus paid a visit to Apelles in his painting-room, he stood gazing on the pictures for some time without speaking; but at last he began to give his opinion of the painter's labors. Apelles could not brook this, and exclaimed, 'While thou wast silent, I thought thee some extraordinary person by thy chain and thy rich habit; but now that we have heard thee speak, there is not the meanest boy in my shop that does not despise thee.' Pythagoras enjoined silence to his disciples, not so much that they might acquire knowlege, for that is generally gained by free communication, but that they might not expose themselves by betraying their ignorance. May it not be the case that women in general are reputed to possess inferior intellects to men, merely because, by talking more than men, they more frequently betray their deficiency in knowlege? Lest the foundation of this argument should be denied, I beg leave to quote a passage from the late ingenious Doctor Currie, which clearly proves that women are of a more garrulous nature than men. 'Female occupations,' says he in his Life of Burns, 'require much use of speech, because they are duties in detail. Besides, their occupations being generally sedentary, the respiration is left at liberty. Their nerves being more delicate, their sensibility as well as fancy is more lively; the consequence of which is *a more frequent utterance of thought*, a greater fluency of speech, and a distinct articulation at an earlier age.' It is therefore more in appearance than in reality, I conjecture, that men and women differ in knowlége, or rather in ignorance.

Youth is said to be the period for the acquisition of knowlege; so perhaps it is, but it is not the best for the retention of it. The memory is most pliant at that age, but then it is most fickle, and the mind seldom dwells on grave and useful matter; for what is useful is, unfortunately, generally disagreeable. In my own case at least, I find that many of the acquisitions of my non-age have forsaken me. I know many persons, whom I do not believe capable of working a rule-of-three sum, who were formerly, I have no doubt, very expert at such matters. I really suspect, that, as people advance in years, the knowlege which they acquired in youth gradually deserts them, and that they make amends for the loss by a more prudent and ingenious concealment of their increasing ignorance.

THE PORTFOLIO, N°. XIII.

Model of Female Merit and Virtue. —Mr. Evelyn, the philosopher, speaking of his daughter, says, 'The justnesse of her stature, person, comelinesse of countenance, gracefulnesse of motion, unaffected though more than ordinarily beautifull, were the least of her ornaments compared with those of her mind. Of early piety, singularly religious, spending a part of every day in private devotion, reading, and other vertuous exercises; she had collected and written out many of the most usefull and judicious periods of the books she read, in a kind of common-place; as out of Dr. Hammond on the New Testament, and most of the best practical treatises. She had

read and digested a considerable deale of history and of places. The French tongue was as familiar to her as English; she understood Italian, and was able to render a laudable account of what she read and observed, to which assisted a most faithfull memory and discernment; and she did make very prudent and discreete reflexions upon what she had observed of the conversations among which she had at any time been, which being continually of persons of the best quality, she thereby improved. She had an excellent voice, to which she play'd a thorough-bass on the harpsichord, in both which she arrived to that perfection, that of the scholars of those two famous masters, Signors Pietro and Bartholomeo, she was esteem'd the best; for the sweetnesse of her voice, and management of it, added such an agreeablenesse to her countenance, without any constraint or concerne, that, when she sung, it was as charming to the eye as to the eare: this I rather note, because it was a universal remarke, and for which so many noble and judicious persons in music desired to heare her, the last being at lord Arundel's of Wardour. What shall I say, or rather not say, of the cheerfullnesse and agreeablenesse of her humour: condescending to the meanest servant in the family, or others, she still kept up respect, without the least pride. She would often reade to them, examine, instruct, and pray with them if they were sick, so as she was exceedingly beloved of every body. Piety was so prevalent an ingredient in her constitution (as I may say), that even amongst equals and superiors, she no sooner became intimately acquainted, but she would endeavour to improve them, by insinuating something religious, and that tended to bring them to a love of devotion. * * * *

"She abhorred flattery; and tho' [illegible] abundance of witt, the raillery was so innocent and ingenuous, that it was most agreeable: she sometimes would see a play, but, since the stage grew licentious, expressed herselfe weary of them, [and said] that the time spent at the theater was an unaccountable vanity. She never play'd at cards without extreame importunity and for the company, but this was so very seldome, that I cannot number it among any thing she could name a fault. No one could read prose or verse better, or with more judgment; and as she read, so she writ, not only most correct orthography, with that maturitie of judgment and exactnesse of the periods, choice of expressions, and familiarity of stile, that some letters of hers have astonish'd me and others to whom she has occasionally written. She had a talent of rehersing any comical part or poeme, as, to them she might be decently free with, was more pleasing than heard on the theater. She daunc'd with the greatest grace I had ever seene, and so would her master say, who was Mons. Isaac; but she seldome shew'd that perfection, save in the gracefullnesse of her carriage, which was with an aire of spritely modestie, not easily to be described. Nothing affected, but natural and easie, as well in her deportment as in her discourse, which was always materiall, not trifling; and to which the extraordinary sweetnesse of her tone, even in familiar speaking, was very charming. Nothing was so pretty as her descending to play with little children, whom she would caresse and humour with greate delight; but she most affected to be with grave and sober men, of whom she might learne something, and improve herselfe. I have been assisted by her in reading and praying by me; comprehensive of uncommon notions, curious of knowing every thing to some excesse, had I not sometimes repressed it. Nothing was so delightfull to her as to go into my study, where she would willingly have spent whole dayes; for, as I sayd, she had read aboundance of history, and all the best poets, even Terence, Plautus, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, all the best ro-

mances and modern poemes: she could compose happily, and put in pretty symbols, as in the *Mundus Muliebris**, wherein is an enumeration of the immense variety of the modes and ornaments belonging to the sex: but all these are vaine trifles to the virtues which adorn'd her soule. She was sincerely religious, most dutifull to her parents, whom she lov'd with an affection temper'd with greate esteeme, so as we were easy and free, and never were so well pleas'd as when she was with us, nor needed we other conversation: she was kind to her sisters, and was still improving them by her constant course of piety. Oh! deare, sweete, and desireable child, how shall I part with all this goodness and virtue, without the bitternesse of sorrow and reluctancy of a tender parent? Thy affection, duty, and love to me was that of a friend as well as a child. Nor lesse deare to thy mother, whose example and tender care of thee was unparallel'd; nor was thy returne to her lesse conspicuous. Oh! how she mourns thy loss! how desolate hast thou left us! To the grave shall we both carry thy memory!'

St. Evremond.—This French wit, who was contemporary with our Charles II., thus characterised himself. 'I am a philosopher, as far removed from superstition as from impiety; a voluptuary, with no less abhorrence of debauchery, than inclination for pleasure; a man who never knew want or abundance. I occupy that station of life which is despised by those who possess every thing, envied by such as have nothing, and only relished by those who make their felicity to consist in the exercise of their reason. Young, I hated dissipation, being then of opinion, that a man must possess wealth to provide for the comforts of a long life; old, I disliked œconomy, as I believe that we need not greatly dread want, when we have only a short time to be miserable. I am satisfied with what nature has done for me; nor do I require a fortune. I do not seek in men what they have of evil, that I may censure; I only find out what they have ridiculous, that I may be amused. I feel a pleasure in detecting their follies; I should feel a greater in communicating my discoveries, did not my prudence restrain me. Life is too short, according to my ideas, to read all kinds of books, and to load our memory with an infinite number of things at the cost of our judgement. I do not attach myself to the sentiments of scientific men to acquire science; but to the most rational, that I may strengthen my reason. Sometimes I seek for delicate minds, that my taste may imbibe their delicacy; sometimes for the gay, that I may enrich my genius with their gaiety: and, although I constantly read, I make it less my occupation than my pleasure. In religion and in friendship, I have only to paint myself such as I am—in friendship, more tender than a philosopher; and, in religion, as constant and as sincere as a youth who has more simplicity than experience. My piety is composed more of justice and charity, than of penitence. I rest my confidence in God, and hope every thing from his benevolence.—In the bosom of Providence, I find my repose and my felicity.'

Singular Character.—M. Azais has lately published, at Paris, a work entitled, 'On the lot of man, in all ranks of life; on the lot of nations, in all ages; and, more especially, on the present lot of the French people.' In the preface is the following remarkable invitation:—'I live in the heart of Paris, in a solitary house, surrounded by a fine garden. Every day, for two hours, I shall be at the disposal of any person who may wish to procure one of my books, and to discuss the principles of it with me; from two to four, in winter; and, in summer, from six until dusk. It will be very agreeable to me to form, in

* A poem written by Mr. Evelyn.

this manner, an acquaintance with the lovers of science and philosophy; to stroll with them in my little domain; to reply to their questions and observations; and to profit by the information which they may give me, or which they may excite me to seek for myself. If I could venture to invent a word, which should describe the nature of our confidential intercourse, I would say, that we will 'platonize' together, under the constant guidance of nature and philosophy.'

Geneva, described by a young Gentleman of Inverness.—'I find, in this delightful city, all the charms so often vaunted by travelers. The inhabitants may indeed be compared to one family, where all the members are known. From their earliest years the young people of either sex are habituated to constant intercourse, and assimilating rounds of study and amusement. These beget attachments which branch out into other ties. The young married persons form intimacies—husbands with husbands—wives with wives. Their children do the like; the old men, and those in the autumn of life, have their coteries also; so that, if I may use the expression, there is here a circle within a circle of never-failing amity. Yet, in these habits of intercourse, the Genevese are obliged, by the paucity of riches, to observe the most rigid œconomy. In a place however, where no one ventures to eclipse his neighbour by more splendid repasts, a free welcome constitutes the chief pleasure of their visits. The charms of Geneva, and of the surrounding country, have attracted an immense number of English. In fact, the English have colonized it. Living, therefore, to *one of us*, is not very moderate. We are in some respects flying pests to one another all over the continent; for, wherever a countryman of ours shows his face, his followers may depend on being charged double the real value of almost every commodity they require. Foreigners seem to entertain a notion that [illegible] can coin money as fast as oaths; an opinion which the extravagant conduct of not a few tends to confirm.'

This quotation is inserted to premise an earnest entreaty that the reader would compare the simple, yet refined pleasures of the Genevese, with the voluptuous tastes of more opulent nations. The Genevese seek and obtain heart-felt enjoyments; the votaries of ostentation and luxury try to deceive themselves with the glare of artificial splendor; but gratifications that traverse, or overwork, and exhaust the feelings of nature, are neither sincere, nor even durable in the power of creating illusions of the imagination. Pride and vanity may indeed be flattered by the show of respect which is paid to the symbols of wealth, in whatever form they appear; yet his understanding must be shallow indeed, whose exultation is not alloyed by a consciousness that his power of benefiting the sycophants around him forms the basis of his popularity, which would vanish as a rainbow, amid the storms of adversity. How many prodigals among men, and ultra-fashionables among the gentler sex, have been made by the adulation of dependents, who derived advantage from the sums which they squandered without any true or permanent satisfaction to themselves! Pleasure soon sinks to inanity when eagerly pursued, and is often no more than a softened term for weary chagrin. If attended by expense beyond the revenue of the sensualist or the self-idolizing fair one, actual pain and humiliation must ensue. How bitter must be the regrets of such as, roused from fancied superiority, find that they have been dupes, and sacrifices! They are simpletons indeed that are flattered out of pecuniary independence—the most essential ingredient of comfort to a man of spirit, or a woman of sense and delicacy—an ingredient never procured without the careful hand of well-regulated expenditure and judicious œconomy. I could name a community, where the good sense, good nature, and elegant address of a lady, introduced a denomi-

nation of *the prudents*, in contradistinction to *the fashionables*. Her lord, representing an ancient title, found his hereditary fortune much impaired by the extravagance of a taste for feudal splendor and hospitality in his predecessors; and, before his marriage, his lordship had not escaped the family foible. Lady C. weaned him from those pernicious inclinations almost imperceptibly to himself. In some years his lordship experienced the sweets of independence. The debts contracted by himself were first paid, and by degrees the property was cleared of all encumbrances; and in no instance had the intrinsically noble pair ever compromised the dignity of their station. They were happy in themselves, and they so wisely and delicately patronized moderation in the style of dress and domestic establishments, that œconomy lifted her modest head with becoming confidence in the country, and charity flourished under her protection. Lady C. possessed wit and humor, and in a jocular manner would ask new-married neighbours whether they would honor her *coterie* of the *prudents*, or figure among the *fashionables*. Yet her ladyship and her *set* never avoided the gayer company, nor made severe comments on their *eclat*; and, if she heard of any strictures on her simple garb, or plain, but plenteous board, she smiled and said, 'In this land of liberty, all may live as they please; and I am too proud to rest my claim to esteem or respect upon the ornaments of my person, or the sumptuous varieties of my table. Indeed every one must rise or sink in the public mind by particular conduct, and not according to the transient effect of extrinsic circumstances.' By a dignified avowal of a narrow income, and by doing good to every one in the course of well-directed influence, lord and lady C. were beloved and admired; and many families escaped ruin through the prudence taught by their example.

Strong Attachment of the Gaelic Clans to their feudal Superiors.—The devoted attachment evinced to the Grant chieftain, by all his followers, has been conspicuous through successive generations. Sixty years since, an earl of Moray claimed an insulated piece of ground, which a rivulet in its impetuous course had separated from Davu, at the eastern extremity of the parish of Cromdale. A family of the name of Shaw, dependent on the chieftain or laird, engaged to take possession, and to keep this *debateable land*. Shaw, with his wife, two daughters, and four sons, set out early in the month of May to occupy their new abode. A heavy mist encountered them as they proceeded; but just as they came in view of the destined spot, the 'orient sun' broke out with resplendent lustre, and the fog disappeared. Shaw and his associates pronounced this to be a propitious omen; but hardly had they kindled a fire on the premises, when accident divulged to them, that Mr. Russel, the factor or chamberlain on lord Moray's estates, drew near with a posse to expel the laird of Grant's tenant, and to invest the earl of Moray. Shaw and his sons resolved to prevent this legal point of right, or to die in the act of resistance. No help was to be had; nor was there time for much deliberation. They, however, lay in ambush, where Mr. Russel and his party must pass; and, as they approached, confident of success, and careless, because a great superiority of number was on their side, Shaw and his sons rushed upon them with tremendous exclamations, announcing themselves as the van of a formidable force. Many of the chamberlain's attendants fled in a panic. More than double the numerical amount of the opposite band rallied round their employer. The Shaws stood aloof for a few minutes. Mr. Russel and his friends, concluding that they were intimidated, moved forward. The Shaws again darted upon them, and seized the chamberlain. His mercenaries betook themselves to flight. He suffered no personal injury; but old Shaw took his wig, which he said must go to Castle-Grant as a

trophy, and he denounced, with many oaths, more signal vengeance, if ever Mr. Russel should molest him, or any of the laird's people—not only the wig, but the head it covered, should then go to Castle-Grant.

In March 1820, the male population of Strathspey, beyond a thousand men, and a vast crowd of courageous boys, hastened to Elgin, a distance of more than fifty miles, without rest or refection on their long journey, because they heard that Grant-Lodge had been assaulted by the rabble in lord Fife's interest during an election. The mountaineers offered no violence to the lowlanders, but deliberately returned to their homes, when they were fully assured of the safety of Grant-Lodge, and its highly respected inmates.

A Specimen of Fine Writing.—An assistant at a classical school produced the following composition, as a model for a letter to be written by a young gentleman, announcing his intended return at Christmas.

'It is impossible to declare verbally the sublimity of satisfaction which I experience in the fond anticipation of passing that period of temporal abstraction from scholastic attention, ordinarily cognominated the vacation, or, as marking the diurnal sanctimonious employment usually directed, emphatically appellated holidays: therefore, in simple and humble dictates I inform you, that the recess is fixed for the 23d of the present duodecimal division of the annual solar revolution. Then shall I hope to experience all those domiciliary delectations usually attendant on that periodical festivity conjugated with the hilarities of those with whom I am fraternally connected. Then those viands vaporially affecting our olfactory organs with their salubrious effluvia, and our stomachs with their invigorating influence, will be abundantly devoured, whether consisting of torrefacted or bullited quadrupedal carnous substances, the more delicate fibres of the volant aerial inhabitants, or the sub-marine piscatory residents—concluding with those heterogeneous compositions called puddings, aided by the exhilarating effects of vinous libations!'

An Imitation of Ossian.—Looks the sun less lovely when he breaks from a dark-bosomed cloud? fades the brightness of his beams when the rainbow is formed by their rays? Tell me, son of the winged days, can the cold hand of winter rob him of his strength? Shall its whistling blast tremble in the oak, and forbid the summer leaves? Why then should the soul of the mighty shrink from the storm of grief? The clouds of sorrow may hide its brightness for a time; but it cannot decay: like the sun, it shall burst from their dark folds, and the rainbow of returning joy shall glisten in our tears. Thy son has not fallen in battle, O chief! The white-armed daughter of thy love, is she not seen in thy hall? Yes; behold she comes in the bloom of her loveliness—the soft step of her light-treading foot is near. Haste, maid of Lutha, to wipe the sad tear of grief from the cheek of the aged king. Thy father is sad, Malvina; the hero has failed in battle. Many were the sons of the stranger: the strength of Ardven melted before them. Thus sang the bards of Toscar, in the lofty hall, whilst the king sat gloomy by:—he thought of his heroes that fell in battle, and sorrow darkened his soul.—'And weeps the chief of Lutha,' said the maid, with the voice of love, 'weeps my father for his fallen heroes? Precious are those drops of pity, for many and brave were thy warriors: but thy fame still survives, O Toscar! Thou hast not yielded to the sons of the feeble. Thy foes came like the fierce storm in Ardven: it shakes the broad oak of the mountain, and strews its green leaves on the earth. For a while it appears in decay; but the spring recalls its beauty. Tune your harps, ye bards, and sing the deeds of the

mighty; the heroes shall listen from their clouds, and joy shall fill their airy frames. 'We have recovered our fame,' will they say: 'the heroes of Toscar are not forgotten in the narrow house:'—Joy filled the eyes of the aged king, at the words of Malvina—'Thou art of the race of the mighty,' he said, 'thou first of the maids of Lutha; the spirit of thy father dwells within thee; we shall conquer in our future battles; the heroes that fight for Malvina can never be subdued: let your songs arise, O ye bards, to the wish of the lovely maid.'

Envy and Candor, a Dialogue.

Envy. What do you think of Miss B. the stranger who has lately appeared in our town?

Candor. I think her a very beautiful, elegant, and accomplished young woman.

Envy. That, I am convinced, is precisely her own opinion.

Candor. I am at a loss to know how you can judge, from her conversation, that she thinks so highly of herself.

Envy. Oh, it is quite evident, the men have turned the girl's head; they tell every woman, as you know very well, my dear, that she is elegant, beautiful, and accomplished.

Candor. It is not then surprising, that they should hold the same language to Miss B. whom they must think so in the highest degree. Do not you remember how all the gentlemen spoke in her praise?

Envy. Well, for my part, I do not think the men half so good judges of female beauty as the women. Miss B. has too great a quantity of hair, considering how small her head is.

Candor. What fault do you find with her person?

Envy. She is too tall.

Candor. She is not above an inch taller than yourself.

Envy. I do not say, she is a *great deal* too tall.

Candor. Can you say she is too short?

Envy. She is neither one thing nor the other; one does not know what to make of her.

Candor. That settles the point of her height; let us now proceed to her face. Do you not find something very engaging in her countenance?

Envy. Engaging, do you call it?

Candor. Yes, I call it engaging. What do you call it?

Envy. She is apt, indeed, to smile, but that is to show her teeth.

Candor. She would not smile for that purpose, however, unless she had good fine teeth; and they are certainly the finest I ever saw.

Envy. Teeth are of little consequence, with regard to beauty.

Candor. Well, let us come to her eyes. What do you think of them?

Envy. They are not black.

Candor. No; but they are the sweetest blue in nature.

Envy. Blue eyes have been long out of fashion; black are now all the mode.

Candor. Blue ones are coming round again; for those of Miss B. are much admired.

Envy. Her fortune would procure her admirers among men, even if she had no eyes at all.

Candor. That stroke lights entirely on the men, and misses the person against whom it was aimed.

Envy. Aimed! I have no ill-will against Miss B.

Candor. I am glad to hear it.

Envy. Lord, not I: why should I?

Candor. I am sure I cannot tell.

Envy. She never did me any injury.

Candor. I was afraid she had.

Envy. Not that I know of. I dare say she is a good sort of a girl; but her pretensions to beauty are very moderate.

Self-interested Love, or a Letter from a Fortune-hunter to a rich Widow.

'Though I never, madam, had the happiness to see you, even in a picture,

and consequently can no more tell what complexion you are of, than one who lives in the remotest part of China, I am nevertheless most passionately in love with you; and this affection has taken such deep root in my heart, that I could die a martyr for you with as much cheerfulness as thousands have done for their religion, who were as ignorant of the truth for which they died, as I am of your ladyship.

'This declaration, madam, may perhaps surprise you; but you will cease to wonder, when I state what it was that not only gave birth to my passion, but has effectually confirmed it. Having occasion to ride into Surry about some particular business, I noticed, not far from the road, a most magnificent seat. My curiosity was instantaneously excited to know the owner of so beautiful a pile; and, being informed that it belongs to your ladyship, I began at that very moment to have a strong inclination for you. When, therefore, I was farther assured, that two thousand acres of the best ground in England appertained to this noble fabric, together with a fine park, delightful gardens, fish-ponds, and other desirable conveniences, I fell up to my ears in love, and resolved to enlist myself among the number of your humble servants and ardent admirers.

' 'The owner of so many fine things,' said I to myself, ' must be the finest woman in the world. What though she be old—her trees are green! What though she may have lost the lilies and roses in her cheeks—she has enough left in her gardens! What though she should be barren—her fields are sufficiently fruitful.'

' With these thoughts in my head I alighted from my horse, and at once became so enamoured of your ladyship, that I told my passion to every tree in your park; and, by the by, they are the tallest, straightest, loveliest, finest shaped trees I ever beheld in my life.

' I now appeal to your ladyship, whether any lover was ever influenced by more solid motives than your devoted humble servant. Those who are wholly captivated by beauty, will infallibly find their passion decay with the transitory charm which at first attracted their regard; and those who pretend to admire a woman merely for the qualities of her mind, must consider her soul as abstracted from her body: but he who loves not a woman in the flesh, as well as in the spirit, is only fit, in my opinion, to make love to a spectre; whereas my passion, the sincerity of which you cannot possibly doubt, is built on the same foundation with your house, grows with your trees, and will daily increase with your estate.

' For any thing I know to the contrary, you may be the handsomest woman in the kingdom; but whether you are so or not, signifies little, while you have fortune enough to fix my affection. I am a soldier by profession; and as I have fought for pay, by Heaven's blessing, I mean to love for money. All your other suitors would speak the same language, if they were equally honest; and should you favor this blunt address, by making choice of me, I can add, for your comfort, that you will be the first woman on record, from the creation to the present hour, who ever loved a man for telling her the truth.'

Epistolary Pleasantry of Dr. Beattie, the poet.—' My hopes and my spirits begin to revive once more. I flatter myself I shall soon get rid of this infirmity: nay, that I shall ere long be in the way of becoming a *great man*. For have I not head-aches, like Pope? vertigo, like Swift? grey hairs, like Homer? Do I not wear large shoes, (for fear of corns) like Virgil? and sometimes complain of sore eyes, (though not of *lippitude*) like Horace? Am I not at this present writing invested with a garment, not less ragged than that of Socrates?

Like Joseph the patriarch, I am a mighty dreamer of dreams; like Nimrod the hunter, I am an eminent builder of castles (in the air). I procrastinate, like Julius Cæsar; and very lately, in imitation of Don Quixote, I rode a horse lean, old, and lazy, like Rosinante. Sometimes, like Cicero, I write bad verses; and sometimes bad prose, like Virgil. This last instance I have on the authority of Seneca. I am of small stature, like Alexander the Great; I am somewhat inclinable to fatness, like Dr. Arbuthnot and Aristotle; and I drink brandy and water, like Mr. Boyd. I might compare myself, in relation to many other infirmities, to many other *great men*; but, if Fortune is not influenced in my favor by the particulars already enumerated, I shall despair of ever recommending myself to her good graces. I once had some thought of soliciting her patronage on the score of my resembling great men in their good qualities; but I had so little to say on that subject, that I could not for my life furnish matter for one well-rounded period; and you know a *short* ill-turned speech is very improper to be used in an address to a *female* deity.'

Anecdotes of Handel, related by the same Writer.—'I lately heard two anecdotes, which deserve to be put in writing, and which you will be glad to hear. When Handel's Messiah was first performed, the audience were exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general; but when that chorus struck up, 'For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth,' they were so transported, that they all, together with the king (who happened to be present), started up, and remained standing till the chorus ended; and hence it became the fashion in England for the audience to stand while that part of the music is performing. Some days after the first exhibition of the same divine oratorio, Handel came to pay his respects to lord Kinnoul, with whom he was particularly acquainted. His lordship, as was natural, paid him some compliments on the noble entertainment which he had lately given the town. 'My lord,' said Handel, 'I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better.' These two anecdotes I had from lord Kinnoul himself. You will agree with me, that the first does great honor to Handel, to music, and to the English nation: the second tends to confirm my theory, and Sir John Hawkins' testimony, that Handel, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, must have been a pious man.'

A Paragon of Prelates.—Frediani, writing to the sculptor Canova, says, 'The Greek archbishop, Cirillo Debbas, received me cordially in his house, and, causing to be prepared a frugal repast, placed on the ground after the fashion of the East, seated himself beside me, and spoke as follows:—'Eat with good-will, that God may preserve it to thee. I receive thee without pomp or ostentation, after the manner of the apostles; and this scanty food I consume with thee in good-will, as I do daily with my other guests. If I had more, I would give thee more; but my only income, which is that of the archbishopric of Tyre, does not produce me annually above 200 crowns (scudi) of thy country, the half of which I employ to nourish the poor of my diocese. Beside being their spiritual, I am also their temporal, physician, and afford my remedies wherever they are necessary. The other prelates live more secure under cover of the mountains, but I am more fortunate than they are, as I divide with my flock the days of sorrow and of joy.'

THE ILLUSTRIOUS SCULLION, BY CERVANTES.

(*Concluded from page* 351.)

The extraordinary beauty of Constantia secured to her the general admiration of the young men of Toledo.

The host, her worthy protector, exulted in her attractions; but his joy was allayed by the apprehension of that danger to which she was exposed from the licentiousness of many of her fond admirers. He unexpectedly received a visit from the corregidor, who, after an introductory inquiry about his family, said to him, 'Tell me, host, where is the young girl, who, report says, is a servant in this house, and who is so beautiful, that throughout the city she is known by the name of the Illustrious Scullion? They even tell me that my son, Don Perriquito, is in love with her, and that scarcely a night passes without his serenading her.' 'Sir,' replied the host, 'it is true that the damsel to whom you allude dwells in my house; but she is not my servant, though she has not quitted my service.' 'I do not understand what you mean, host:—She is, and yet is not, your servant!' 'I have spoken truly,' rejoined the host, 'and, if your worship will grant me permission, I will tell you the whole story, which I have never before communicated to any person.'—'Before I hear another word, I will see this scullion,' said the corregidor. When Constantia appeared, the corregidor was delighted with her beauty, and, paying her a compliment, added, 'I say, damsel, that not only you ought to be styled illustrious, but most illustrious; this title, however, should not be attached to the office of a scullion, but to the dignity of a duchess.'—'She is not a scullion, sir,' said the host: 'her only office in this house is to carry the keys of the plate-closet; for, God be praised! I have a little plate to set before creditable persons who alight at my inn.'

The host then desired his wife and Constantia to retire from the room, and communicated to the corregidor the promised relation. He said, that 'about fifteen years ago, a lady arrived at his inn with a splendid equipage, attended by four male and three female servants. The attendants told him, that their mistress was on a pilgrimage to our Lady of Guadaloupe; but that, finding herself seriously indisposed, she determined to rest awhile at the inn, and sent for the principal physician of the place. The doctor, after a private consultation, ordered her to be removed to a remote apartment, and kept quiet. This was accordingly done; and, except her own female servants, no one was suffered to approach her. At last, however, she sent for the host and hostess, and confessed to them that she was near her confinement. She added, that her male servants were ignorant of her situation; and, presenting the hostess with a purse, containing two hundred crowns of gold, enjoined them both to secresy. The same night she was delivered of a female infant; yet she was soon able to continue her journey; and, after directing the host to send the babe to nurse at a village two leagues distant, and have her baptized by the name of Constantia, she gave him a gold chain, first separating six links from it, which she retained in her possession; saying that the person who would hereafter appear to claim the child would bring those with him as a token.

'She likewise cut a piece of parchment into two parts, but in a circular and wavy form, just as when the hands are so clasped together, that an inscription written on the fingers can be read whilst the hands continue clasped; but when these are separated it discovers no sense, the letters being divided, which, on reclasping the fingers, are seen again united, and correspond in such a manner that they may be read in succession.'

The lady desired the host to bring up her daughter as a peasant's child; and, after shedding tears over the babe, and taking an affectionate leave of the hostess, she departed, leaving four hundred crowns in addition to her former present. The child remained two years at nurse in the village, and was then taken to the inn. The host concluded by stating, that fifteen years, one month, and four days, had elapsed

since the lady's departure; and that although, in that interval, many persons of quality had visited the inn, none had appeared to be at all connected with Constantia, nor had she yet been claimed. He then fetched the chain and parchment, and showed them to the corregidor. On the parchment were inscribed the letters E T E L S N V D D R, each letter having a space between it and the following one, the intermediate letters having been removed in the manner before described. The corregidor, marveling greatly at this singular story, returned home, resolving to place the maiden in a convent; but, for the present, he commanded, that, if any person should appear with the tokens to claim her, the host should give him timely notice, before the production of the counter-tokens.

Thomas, who understood that the host was closeted with the corregidor about Constantia, remained all the while in deep suspense; but neither to him, nor to his wife, or to Constantia, did the host communicate what had passed. On the following day, two aged cavaliers, apparently of rank, arrived at the inn, accompanied by four servants on horseback and two footboys. Constantia appearing to receive them, one said to the other, 'I think, Don John, we have found what we were in search of.' Thomas, who went to take charge of the horses, immediately recognized in the four attendants two of his father's servants, and two belonging to the household of Carriazo's father; and, as he supposed that these were the old cavaliers, it immediately entered his head that they had traced his friend and himself to that city, and were come to surprise them: so, covering his face with his hand, he passed by the servants unnoticed, and went to seek Constantia. To her he said, in an agitated tone, 'Of the old gentlemen who have just arrived, one is my father: it is the cavalier whom you have heard called Don Juan de Avendano; inquire of his servants whether he has a son named Thomas. I am that person; and you may thus satisfy yourself that I have told you the truth with respect to my rank, and that the offer I have made you will also be fulfilled. Adieu for the present, for, till they depart, I shall not re-enter these doors.'

Constantia replied not a word; nor did her lover wait for a reply; but, leaving the house with the same secresy as he had entered, he went in search of his friend Carriazo, to warn him that their fathers were at the inn. One of the cavaliers, in the mean time, after making some inquiries of a female servant about Constantia, took the host aside, and spoke as follows: 'I am come to claim of you a pledge belonging to me, which you have had for many years in your possession, and I bring you a thousand crowns of gold in exchange for it, together with these links of a chain and this parchment;' and he immediately took the tokens out of his pocket. The host evaded a direct answer, and took the opportunity of leaving the room and sending for the corregidor, who hastened to the inn, and immediately recognized, in the stranger, an old friend and relative. After mutual salutations, Don John introduced his companion to the corregidor by the name of Don Diego de Carriazo, and began to relate the business which had brought them to Toledo: he was interrupted by the host, who told him that the corregidor was acquainted with all the previous circumstances and had the parchment in his possession, which being produced, the host at the same time taking the chain from his pocket, the links brought by Diego filled up the gap in the latter, and the two pieces of parchment, on being united, were found perfectly to accord between the letters in the moiety left in the host's custody, which as before stated were E T E L S N V D D R; the intermediate letters appeared to be S A S A E A L E R A E A, which, when they were joined, composed this sentence; '*Esta es la senal verdadera,*

this is the true token.' The corregidor, earnestly wishing to know the meaning of all this, inquired of Don Diego, who was the father of this beautiful girl?—'I am her father,' said Don Diego; 'her mother is no more: suffice it to say, that she was of so high a rank, that I might well have been her servant.' He then related the story of the amour, attaching all the blame to himself; and stated that after a separation of many years from the lady, and after hearing that she was dead, only twenty days ago, he received a message, entreating him to visit the steward of the deceased, then also at the point of death. At his interview with that person, he was apprised of the circumstances, which had been detailed by the host to the corregidor, and also learned from the steward, that, when the lady was on her death-bed, she confided to his care the chain and parchment, with the sum of 3000 crowns, which she intended as a dowry for her daughter: but, stimulated by avarice, this faithless servant had kept the money, until, feeling the pangs of remorse, he had in his last moments resolved to send for Don Diego, as the person to whom more particularly the circumstances ought to be imparted. The cavalier added, that, immediately on receiving this testimonial, he had consulted his friend Don John, and it was determined that they should both set out for Toledo in search of the lost treasure. He had just concluded his story, when a noise was heard in the street, and a voice exclaimed 'Tell Thomas Pedro, the hostler, that his friend the Asturian is apprehended, and they are conveying him to prison.' On hearing these words, the corregidor sent to desire the alguazil to bring the offender before him. The Asturian made his appearance with the blood flowing from his mouth, and sadly bruised. On entering, he recognized at once his father and Don Diego, and concealed his face with his handkerchief, under pretence of stopping the bleeding. The alguazil, being asked what offence the prisoner had committed, and how he was reduced to so woeful a state, replied, 'Please your worship, this lad is a water-carrier, whom the boys run after, and cry, Asturian, give up the tail!' and then he told the story of the ass's tail, which made the whole company not a little merry. He farther stated, that, as the water-carrier was crossing the bridge of Alcantara, the boys followed and called to him, as usual, to give up the tail; when alighting from his ass and pursuing his tormentors, he caught one of them, whom he so chastised, that he left the boy almost lifeless; and, the police coming up to take him into custody, he made a stout resistance, which was the cause of his being used so roughly. The corregidor having ordered him to show his face, the alguazil removed the handkerchief, and a full discovery ensued. Carriazo threw himself on his knees before his father, who embraced him with tears; and when the agitation of the moment had subsided, Don Diego inquired of the truant, what had become of his companion Thomas Avendano, and, learning that he and Thomas the hostler were the same person, sent the host to look for him, who soon dragged him from his hiding-place, and brought him into his father's presence. After the young men had made a full confession, and received a full pardon, Constantia was introduced to Don Diego, and, being informed that he was her father, threw herself at his feet, and, seizing both his hands, kissed and bathed them with tears. Avendano took an early opportunity of communicating to his father his love for Constantia, declaring that he would gladly have made her his wife, even in her humble situation at the inn. His father approved his choice, and obtained the consent of Don Diego to their nuptials. Don Diego de Carriazo, the water-carrier, also solicited the hand of the corregidor's daughter: and the son of that magistrate, finding that Constantia was disposed of, begged to be admitted to pay his addresses to

the daughter of Don Juan de Avendano.

'Thus (says the ingenious novelist) all parties remained contented. The news of the various espousals, and of the good fortune that had befallen the illustrious scullion, soon made a noise in the city: multitudes assembled to behold Constantia in her new attire, in which she showed herself a perfect lady. They likewise saw the hostler, Thomas Pedro, metamorphosed into Don Thomas de Avendano, and dressed like a gentleman; they remarked that Lope the Asturian was a very genteel young man, now that he had cast off his old suit of clothes, abandoned his ass, and laid down his water-carrier's yokes. Yet there were some, who, as he passed through the street, called after him for the tail. They all remained a month at Toledo; at the expiration of that period Don Diego de Carriazo, with his wife and her father, repaired to Burgos, accompanied by Constantia and her husband; the corregidor's son also went to be introduced to his relative and his affianced bride. The Sevilian was enriched with 1000 crowns, and with many valuable jewels, which Constantia gave to her mistress; for so she always called the hostess who had brought her up. The story of the illustrious scullion gave occasion to the poets of the golden Tagus to exercise their pens, in celebrating and extolling the matchless beauty of Constantia; and the story of the water-carrier is still remembered with a smile.'

THE WIFE'S DUTY; A TALE, BY MRS. OPIE.

[*Embellished with a beautiful Engraving.*]

An amiable woman, who had married for love rather than from the suggestions of judgement, is supposed to relate, in this tale, the incidents of her matrimonial life. She admits that the first twelve months after her marriage were halcyon days; and that is much more than many wives can say with truth. The husband, though fond of society, was so enchanted with the delights of 'wedded love,' that he seemed to wish for no other company than that of his beloved wife. 'Here let us live,' said he, alluding to the scene of his rural retirement, 'and be the world to each other!' The lady, being of opinion that to begin with total seclusion would only prepare the way for utter distaste to it, stipulated for three months of London in every spring. He pretended to be shocked at this *unromantic* passion for the metropolis; but, when he at length appeared to feel it himself, she proposed that they should go without farther delay, in order to 'conceal from him, as long as she could, that she was not sufficient for his happiness.' 'She thought that the decline of her empire over him would be less visible amidst the amusements of gay and fashionable society. A proposal of this kind, from such a motive, will appear, to many of our readers, to arise from a mixture of vanity and pride. Mrs. Pendarves 'thought it better to forestall her husband's wishes than to wait for the expression of them.' 'If not *better*, it is *less mortifying*,' said her quick-sighted mother; and the family soon appeared in London. A round of dissipation ensued; the husband gradually estranged himself from his wife, or at least neglected her; and he showed a partial regard to other women. She keenly felt the decay of his affection; yet she tried to persuade herself that he had not grossly erred; and, while she repined at having fixed her affection upon an unworthy object, when she had an opportunity of marrying a person of a most estimable character, she conceived it to be her duty to 'mask her misery with smiles, and to substitute undeserved kindness for just reproach.' Hearing that a French female adventurer, to whom he was attached, had been ordered to quit this country, he accompanied her to the continent, and defied his wife's resentment, and the censures of the world. She went to

France in quest of him, and found him, during the reign of terror, in the Luxembourg prison. The interview is thus described by the fair writer:

'Some one desires to see you,' said Benoit (the keeper), gruffly, to hide his kind emotion; and I stood before my long-estranged husband. But where was the look of gladness? where the tone of welcome, though it might be mingled with less pleasant sensations? He started, turned pale, pressed forward to meet me; but then exclaiming in a faltering voice, 'Is it you, Helen? rash girl! why do I see you here?' he sunk upon his miserable bed, and hid his face from me. I stood motionless, pale, and silent as a statue. Was this the scene I had painted to myself? True, I should have been shocked, if he had approached me with extended arms, and as if he felt that I had nothing to forget: yet I did expect that his eye would lighten up with joyful surprise, and his quivering lip betray the tenderness which he *would* but *dared* not express. However, for the first time in my life, indignation and a sense of injury were stronger than my fond woman's feeling; and I seated myself on the only chair in the room, with my proud heart swelling as if it would burst its bounds, and give me ease for ever.

'Helen!' said he at length in a subdued and dejected tone, 'your presence here distracts me. This scene, this city, are no places for you; and oh! how unworthy am I of this exertion of love! What! must a wretch like me expose to danger such an exalted creature as this is?'

These flattering words, though uttered more from the head than from the heart, were a sort of balm to my wounded feelings; but I coldly replied, that, in coming to Paris, in order to be on the spot if any danger happened to him, I had only done what I considered as the duty of a wife; and that now my earnest wish was to be allowed to spend part, if not the whole of every day with him in prison, as his friend and soother.

'Impossible! impossible!' he exclaimed, becoming much agitated.

'Why so? Benoit is disposed to be my friend.'—'No matter; but tell me who is with you in this nest of villains!'

I told him, and he thanked God audibly. I then entreated to know something of his arrest, its cause, and what the consequences were likely to be.

'Spare me!' cried he; 'spare me! It is most painful for a man to blush with shame in the presence of his wife. Helen! kind, good Helen! I know you meant to soothe and serve me; but you have humbled me to the dust, and my spirit sinks before you! Go, and leave me to perish. In my very *best* days I was wholly unworthy of you; but *now* ——'

He was right; and my *parading* kindness, my *intruding* virtue, were offensive. I had humbled him: I had obliged him too much; I had towered over him in the superiority of my character, and, instead of attaching, I had alienated him. This was human nature: I saw it, I owned it now; but I was not prepared for it, and it overwhelmed me with despair. Still it softened my heart in his favor; for, if I had to forgive his *errors*, he had to forgive my officious exhibition of *romantic duty*.

I now at his request told him all my plans, and every thing that had passed since I came, not omitting to tell him that I had seen De Walden. Nor was I sorry to remark, that at his name he started and changed color: 'He here! then you are sure of a protector,' said he; 'and I feel easier. But, Helen, you are too young, too lovely, to expose yourself to the gaze of the men in power. I protest that you are at this moment as beautiful as ever, Helen.' 'It is from the temporary embellishment of strong emotion only,' replied I, pleased by this compliment from him. I then turned the discourse to the opportunity our shop gave us of hearing conversations; and I also promised to bring him some of our commodities. He tried to smile,



but could not; and I saw that my presence evidently distressed, instead of soothing, him. Benoit now came to say I must stay no longer, and disappeared again; while, a prey to the most miserable feelings, I rose to depart. 'I shall come again to-morrow,' said I, 'shall I not?' 'If you insist upon it, you shall; but you had better leave me, Helen, to perish, and forget me.' 'Forget you! cruel Seymour!' cried I, bursting into an agony of tears. He now approached me, and, sinking on one knee, took my hand and kissed it; then held it to his heart. A number of feelings now contended in my bosom; but affection was predominant; and as he knelt before me, I threw my arms round his neck, mingling my tears with his.

The husband at length recovered his liberty by the fall of Robespierre; and a reconciliation was on the point of being effected, when he was murdered by the protector of his discarded mistress. His widow, however, was not altogether disconsolate; for, in due time, she gave her hand to a respectable foreigner, whom her mother had originally recommended to her notice.

TO THE EDITOR.

It has been lately remarked by the philosophic Dr. Spurzheim, that, if a man who had learned Latin should afterwards forget it wholly, yet so many ideas thence derived would remain, as to make him still superior to those who are unacquainted with that language. Without admitting his observations to be perfectly just, I am of opinion, that they are so in a great degree.

Since this enlargement of the mind, proceeding from familiarity with the classic writers of antiquity, may without doubt be partially obtained by an attentive perusal of the elegant translations with which our tongue abounds, how necessary is it that the circulating libraries should be provided with them! Ladies in particular ought to insist on it; and, if compliance be avoided, a written requisition, signed by a number of names, would assuredly effect the desired object.

BRIDGET BLUEMANTLE.

*** Our correspondent concludes her letter with a list of the English versions; but, although she speaks of authors in general, she omits the prose writers. The principal of these we will add to the poets.

Lucretius, translated by Creech, Goode, and Busby. Virgil, by Dryden and Pitt. Horace, by Francis and Boscawen. Ovid, by Garth and others. Tibullus, by Grainger. Catullus, by Lamb. Plautus and Terence, by Thornton and Colman. Juvenal, by Dryden and Gifford. Persius, by Drummond. Lucan, by Rowe. Statius, by Lewis. Claudian, by Hawkins.

Among the chief Roman prose writers, may be named Livy, translated by Hay and Baker. Cicero, by Guthrie and others. Julius Cæsar, by Duncan. Sallust, by Stuart. Tacitus, by Murphy. Pliny the Younger, by Melmoth.

As the Greek writers are wholly unmentioned by this lady, we will briefly supply the deficiency in her classical list.

POETS.—Homer, translated by Pope and Cowper. Hesiod, by Elton. Pindar, by West. Æschylus, by Potter. Sophocles, by Francklin. Euripides, by Wodhull. Anacreon, by Moore. Theocritus, by Fawkes and Polwhele. Callimachus, by Tytler.

PHILOSOPHERS, HISTORIANS, ORATORS, &c.—Aristotle, translated by Pye, Gillies, and others. Herodotus, by Beloe. Thucydides, by Smith. Xenophon, by Spelman and Smith. Plato, by Sydenham. Demosthenes, by Leland and Francis. Polybius, by Hampton. Diodorus the Sicilian, by Booth. Epictetus, by Mrs. Carter. Plutarch, by Dryden and Langhorne. Lucian, by Francklin and Carr. Marcus Antoninus, by Graves. Longinus, by Smith.

A WELL-ATTESTED STORY OF AN APPARITION.

A CHIEFTAIN whose large estates were forfeited in the rebellion of 1715, received at St. Germain's, from the confidential agent of a powerful nobleman, intelligence that his grace had obtained from government a grant of the lands, and would make them over to the young heir on condition of the payment of a sum much less than their real value, and also of finding security that the youth, when of age, would bind himself and his heirs for ever, to pay a feudal duty to the duke of ———. To restore his hereditary rights to the heir, the chieftain would have laid down his life with alacrity. He made every possible exertion; all his friends, and even the exiled prince, contributed to raise the amount demanded. He was known to be a man of scrupulous honor, and his lady had given proofs of integrity and fortitude since the family had been involved by political misfortune. No doubt could be entertained that, when the estate should be restored, she would repay the loan by instalments. Securely to convey to her this ransom of his late property, the chieftain resolved to hazard every penal consequence of revisiting his native country. He found means to appoint a meeting with his lady, directing her to lodge in the house of a clansman, in the Luckenbooths, Edinburgh. Leaving her children to the care of her mother-in-law, she set out unattended, though in those times such a journey must have appeared more formidable, than in our day is considered an overland progress to India. To the lady it would have cost many fears, even if her palfrey had been surrounded by running footmen, as formerly, when feudal state appertained to her husband. She could trust to the faithful attachment of many followers; but their inacquaintance with the wiles employed by informers, might betray the secret which they would have died to preserve; and she would undergo any danger or discomfort, rather than risque the safety of her husband. She found that he had by two days preceded her at Edinburgh, and wore the disguise of an aged mendicant, deaf and dumb. His stature, above the common height, and his majestic mien, were humbled to the semblance of bending under a load of years and infirmity; his raven locks, and even his eyebrows, were shaven; his head was enveloped in an old grisly wig covered by a tattered night-cap; the remnant of a handkerchief tied over his chin hid the sable beard, farther concealed by a plaster. His garments corresponded to this squalid head-gear: oh how unlike the martial leader of devoted bands, from whom his fond spouse had parted in agonies of anxiety, not unrelieved by hope! but now, every painful and appalling emotion predominated. A daughter of this affectionate pair labored to give the writer some idea of the meeting; but what language could describe transporting joy, soon subsiding into sorrow and alarm? We leave to imagination and feeling a scene exquisitely agitating and pathetic. The chief explained to his lady the motive for asking her to lodge with a *cawdie*. Beside his tried fidelity, the old tenement contained a secret passage for escape, in case of need; and he showed her, behind a screen hung with wet linen, a door in the pannelling, the hinges of which were oiled, so that he could glide away with noiseless expedition. If such necessity occurred, the lady must feign a convulsion, dashing the screen repeatedly against the wall, to prevent the bolt in the inside from being heard; for the *cawdie* had ineffectually tried to cure the creaking caused by accumulated rust. The lady received the cash, and instructions to deliver it without delay to the agent. She obeyed, and with gentle dignity checked all inquiry how it came into her hands. The rights of the estate were committed to her care; and three respectable gentlemen who accompanied her to the agent gave ample security for the feudal duties. She deposited the

writings in a public office, and hastened back to her obscure retreat. The chieftain soon issued from behind the screen, and the lady was relating how their business had been settled, when stealthy steps warned the *proscribed* to vanish; and the lady, as if in strong hysterics, beat her person against the screen. The common door was locked; but it soon gave way to a party of soldiers, headed by an officer. A man who lodged in the upper story, seeing a lady enter the *cawdie's* house, prompted by curiosity, observed her motions, peeped through a chink in the door, and, ascribing to a supernatural appearance the strange figure that fondly grasped her hands, gave notice to the soldiers stationed near the spot. Their officer inferred that some rebel of great consequence might be his captive, and acted with military precaution, in placing a guard at every known outlet. When they commenced a search, the lady's swoon was no counterfeit. A surgeon was called; she revived, and being interrogated, declared that she saw no human being. The officer and his men persisted in declaring, that through a small aperture they distinctly saw an old man in close conversation with her. She then confessed that an apparition invited her to the cawdie's house to receive tidings of her husband; but the soldiers interrupted them before the spirit imparted his mission. Every part of the building had been explored while the lady lay insensible; and, as no discovery ensued, the superhuman invocation passed as a current fact in the lowlands and highlands. It was not until the lady had a sad certainty of her husband's decease in a foreign land, that she told her daughters how she baffled the cruel pursuit of his enemies; and surely no ghost-story has ever been confirmed by more credible attestations.

ENGLISH FEMALE COSTUME FOR OCTOBER.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Pelisses and high dresses are nearly in equal estimation for out-door costume. High dresses are a good deal trimmed: flounces, folds, and bouillonne, are all in favor; we have seen some of the last disposed in waves, each of which is finished with crape rosettes: others, also disposed in waves, have the fulness confined at each point by narrow folds of satin. Bombazine, Norwich crape, and *Gros-de-Naples*, form the etiquette of outward show. Silk is but little worn for evening costume, it being generally of plain or figured crape, ornamented round the bust with a wreath of white crape leaves, and folds of the same material, finishing the bottom of the skirt. The body of black satin, or that which we think the most fanciful and elegant make, is composed of straps of riband in the figure of a heart behind, and finished at the bottom by a full bow of the same: short full sleeves of crape cut in bias, and confined to the arm by a crape band. We have seen a few in levantine, and some other kinds of stout silk, but these are usually made high, and are trimmed with black crape, and in the French style, with pointed pelerines, and collars also pointed, which descend a little in the neck; the body, as usual, made tight to the shape, and the bust finished with black crape braiding. The sleeves are of the customary length, and are adorned at the hands with a broad band of black crape, something in the crescent form. The bows which fasten the robes at the front are likewise of crape. In half-dress, cornets are a good deal worn, of simple form, and generally without ears; the flowers with which they are ornamented are of

white crape; black and white crape turbans are generally worn in full dress. Fine straw and Leghorn bonnets are in more request than black bonnets; they are encircled round the crown by a wreath of black crape flowers, or a drooping plume of cypress black feathers. A small Spanish hat made in black satin, and lined white, and turned up with a jet button and loop, is likewise a favorite head-dress. Feathers are more worn in this mourning than we ever before observed; they are all drooping, and the effect is appropriate and impressive.

The morning caps are of fine lawn, or white crape, chiefly in the Mary Queen of Scots' style, ornamented with black or white love riband, in a very simple manner. Turbans of black or white crape, with feathers, and enriched with jet brooches, with a few dress hats, turned up in front, form the favorite head-dresses for the evening.

At the change of mourning, black satin spencers are expected to be very prevalent over white dresses, and plaid washing silks of black and grey, with thin muslins, with a sash of love riband, mixed with grey: the skirt to have a full border of eight narrow flounces, or trimmed in half circlets in festoons, fastened by bows, and *chevaux de frize* next the hem. Indeed these dresses are even at present more prevalent than the warm crape and bombazine.

MORNING GRAND COSTUME.

A petticoat robe of a new material, black crape figured with satin; it is worn over a black *gros-de-Naples* slip: the border trimmed with white crape, interspersed with small bows of the same at regular distances. The corsage is cut square, and low around the bust, which is decorated with white crape and bugle ornaments. Black chamois shoes and black gloves. Negligée necklace, and ear-rings of jet.

WALKING DRESS.

Black bombazine high gown, the body made tight to the shape, and of the usual length. Bonnet of black *gros-de-Naples*, lined with white, and finished at the edge with a double rouleau of black crape, rather pointed at the top. Over this dress is generally worn a black silk scarf shawl, in elegant drapery. The gloves and slippers are of black silk.

POETRY.

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

Addressed to my Daughter.

The Summer show'r its gems had shed
On ev'ry beauteous blossom's head;
And fragrance fill'd the blooming bow'r,
From ev'ry freshen'd plant and flow'r;
The summer sun, with gentle ray,
Again bade ev'ry scene be gay;
The warbled ditty, from each bird,
Again in sweeter tones was heard.
So, Mary Ann, thy falling tears,
That sometimes wake a father's fears,
Are like the summer show'r to you,
Refreshing and relieving too:
Soon smiles the sun-beam of thine eye,
Ere yet the liquid drop is dry;
And soon, while dancing gay along,
Is heard thy gentle, untaught song.
Bless thee!—May all thy hopes and fears
Be summer smiles and summer tears!

J. M. Lacey.

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Oh, unseen haunter of the greenwood bowers,
Thy voice is like the last voice of the spring,
Breathing of love fulfill'd, and blossoming,
Of fragrance, and blue skies, and vanish'd showers.
Thou chantest over the sweet births of flowers,
Like nurse or patient mother, who doth sing
O'er cradled child her song unwearying,
Ever the sweetest thro' the evening hours:

Oh! solitary bird, albeit not sad,
Thy voice is less allied to joy than sorrow;
Less prophet than remembrancer, thy scope
Embraceth yesterday, but ne'er to-morrow;
Yet, tho' pale Memory be seldom glad,
A truer fonder friend is she than Hope.

THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

The rose of the valley once flourish'd in pride,
And gave all its sweets to the day;
It hung over Endemar's moss-cover'd side;
But now it is fading away.

I mark'd it when summer, in raiment of green,
Had smiled on its exquisite hue:
I mark'd it when winter had furrow'd the scene;
'Twas alter'd, and dead to the view.

And I look'd all around, but no blossom was left,
Its summer-bright charms to restore;
Like poverty's heart, of affection bereft,
It had wither'd to flourish no more.

Oh! thus, I exclaim'd, with a tear in my eye,
As I gaz'd on its beauties o'erthrown,
Must the flow'ret of innocence wither and die,
When the fragrance of virtue is gone.

THE MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT;

From the third Tour of Dr. Syntax.

A female friend says,

You shall, sir, in the evening try
My little school of harmony.
It is not oft 'mong ladies seen,
But I play on the violin.
To touch the harp and the piano,
Is what each farmer's daughter can do;
And therefore 'tis I wish to move
With those who by their science prove
An honour to the art I love.
Hence my fond mind is solely bent
To choose this arduous instrument.
I have a foreign person here,
Who at our dinner will appear,
A widow of the music tribe,
Whom I with handsome sal'ry bribe
To live with me in friendly guise,
As mistress of my harmonies:
She plays the bass, blows the bassoon,
And keeps the instruments in tune;
Teaches the parish boys to sing
Psalms, anthems, and God save the King.

* * * *

At length came the appointed hour
When, in the garden's gaudy bow'r,
Where flowers and climbing plants, o'erlaid,
Combin'd to form a scented shade,
These vot'ries of sweet sounds appear
To wake Apollo's list'ning ear.
—Miss C——, began with furious force,
The doctor follow'd her of course,
While the old dame, with slower pace,
Came rumbling after on the bass;
But, ere they got to the conclusion,
Th' harmonious piece was all confusion.
If great Corelli, from the dead,
Could have rais'd his list'ning head,
And just then heard his mangled strain,
He would have wish'd to die again.
Miss was too fast by many a bar,
The old one was behind as far,
While Syntax strove their faults to cover
By smoth'ring one and then the other.
"O ho," he whispered, "this same trio
Will shortly end in my *Addio.*"
—He thought at least he would be civil,
And try to check the coming evil;
For he saw, in Miss Crotchet's face,
That rage was working his disgrace.
"If music be the food of love,
Let us another trio prove,"
Syntax exclaim'd; when she replied,
"I tell you I am petrified;
To me, you humstrum, it appears,
That you have neither eyes nor ears;
You could as well bestride the moon,
As keep your time or stop in tune;
And 'twas, in an extreme degree,
Impertinence to play with me."
—Instead of time he thought he'd beat,
With all good manners, a retreat;
But, in retiring from the threat,
With which he thought he was beset,
He overturn'd the o'ergrown fiddle,
And set his foot plump in the middle.
The crash produc'd a shriek of rage,
Which nought he utter'd could assuage.
When, to avoid the rout and roar,
He quickly pass'd the mansion door,
And, driven by Discord, sought to fly
From this strange scene of harmony.

STANZAS ON HOPE.

How hard the slave's imperious lot,
Forc'd from his home, his parent cot!
To other climes his course he steers,
And tho', with eyes bedew'd with tears,
Borne on his voyage with speedy sail,
He meditates a mournful tale,
Yet pleasures still his thoughts illume;
Thy prospects, Hope, avert the gloom.

The hardy seaman ploughs the wave,
Nor fears to meet a wat'ry grave;
While dangers on his voyage attend,
He trusts in Hope, his early friend;
Tho' storms arise, and lightnings glare,
And peals of thunder rend the air,
His manly soul can front them all;
Inspir'd by Hope, he braves the squall!

The lover, doom'd by fate to part
From her who holds his willing heart,
And drooping takes the farewell kiss,
Feels all the luxuries of bliss;
For less reserv'd the maid appears,
In pity views his sighs and tears;
And silken Hope unto him shows
Th' approaching end of all his woes.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE KING'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

The novelty and high attractions of a royal visit to Ireland filled that part of the united kingdom not merely with joy, but with the phrensy of exultation. The reception usually given to royalty by John Bull is cold and inanimate, compared to that applausive welcome with which his brother Patrick has lately greeted our sovereign; yet there is less dependence on the exuberant vivacity of the Irish than on the chastened feelings of the English.

As the loyalty of the French induced them to commemorate the landing of Louis XVIII. by an obelisk erected on the favored spot, the Irish intend to follow the example by fixing a column at the place of his majesty's disembarkation; and the earth which first received the impression of his feet will be secured by plates of brass from vulgar contamination. His entry into Dublin was joyous and splendid. The lord mayor, aldermen, and common council, accompanied by the parliamentary representatives of the city, proceeded in state to the barrier, and stationed themselves on each side. The bands then played God save the King, and afterwards several Irish airs, amidst the plaudits of the people. As the clock struck 12, the distant echo of a royal salute aroused the attention of the immense multitude assembled near the barrier. They knew it to be the signal of the king's departure from the viceregal lodge in the park, and the welcome call of the cannon was re-echoed by reiterated shouts, and the guns of the vessels on the river.

He rode in an open carriage, drawn by eight beautiful horses, led by his grooms, and attended by a numerous train of grooms and footmen in magnificent liveries. He was dressed in a full military uniform, decorated with the order and riband of St. Patrick: he also wore the star of the order of the Garter. He held in his hand a cocked hat, surmounted by a rich plume falling over the leaf, and in the front of his hat, in the place of the usual military cockade, he wore a remarkably large octagon rosette, composed of full-grown shamrocks. He reached the northern gate at half-past 12, where he was received by the lord-lieutenant; and the procession then moved along, attracting every eye. When it reached the front of the barrier in Sackville-street, a pursuivant at arms, attended by two dragoons, advanced and knocked at the gate, and being answered by the city marshal, he informed that officer that, by command of the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, he demanded entrance into the city of Dublin for king George IV. When assent was given, the procession, amidst the loudest acclamations and martial music, passed through the barrier at as quick a pace as possible. The king's barouche passed through the gate, and drew up within the barrier. It is impossible to describe the immense reiteration of acclamations which hailed the king upon his entrance into the city; they were of the most enthusiastic description. His majesty stood up and bowed repeatedly to the immense multitude around him; thousands of voices by an instantaneous impulse vociferated 'God save the King,' 'God bless your Majesty.' He surveyed the throng with an air of condescension and affability; he bowed incessantly, waved his hat in his hand, looked toward the windows and tops of the houses, which were filled by elegantly dressed females, and smilingly repeated his obeisances in a familiar manner. He repeatedly held up his hat, and pointed with his right hand to the large shamrock which decorated the front, and then with his finger touched his heart, intimating that the national emblem had its root in his bosom.

The recorder having welcomed the illustrious visitant in a formal speech, the keys of the city were presented by the chief magistrate, who also delivered the sword of state to the king. They were restored to his lordship in the usual terms of compliment; and his majesty resumed his progress toward the castle, where he arrived two hours and a half after his departure from the lodge. The civic authorities and nobility took leave of him as he alighted at the palace. He immediately after appeared at the windows over the portico, between the lord-lieutenant and lord Sidmouth, and was loudly cheered. To those around him he earnestly expressed the warm and lively sense he entertained of the reception he had experienced upon his entrance to and progress through the Irish capital: he repeated the same expressions of satisfaction to several of the Irish nobility who were introduced to him while he remained in the castle, and more than once hinted his determination to gratify the people often with his presence, and to impress upon their gentry the duty and necessity of residing more constantly amongst a race so full (to use the royal words) of 'the noblest qualities.' The different public bodies charged with the presentation of addresses withdrew from the procession as the king alighted, and went up afterwards on foot to the castle, preceded by bands of music. There were above 400 carriages in the procession, and there could not have been less than 8000 equestrians.

On the first Sunday after his public entry into Dublin, the king went in state to the cathedral. The church, as might be expected, was completely thronged; and (in the pompous

language of a journalist) presented 'a scene of extraordinary brilliancy.' The archbishop of Dublin preached upon this text, 'Righteousness exalteth a nation.' His majesty's decorous and devout demeanor was particularly noticed. On the Tuesday following he held his first levee at the castle: the attendance was great beyond example. At the levee, he sent for the earl of Fingal (the premier catholic peer of Ireland) to his closet, and informed him, that as a special mark of his regard and esteem, he had determined to invest his lordship with the order of St. Patrick. He could not, he said, better express the high sense he entertained of the loyalty of the catholics, than by taking this opportunity of declaring that their loyalty and duty appeared to him to entitle them to his fullest confidence.

Soon after the earl withdrew, the elders of the dissenters and the quakers were severally introduced to his majesty, who gave them a most gracious reception: the latter suffered their hats to be taken off. The attendance from this society consisted of the most eminent persons of that sect; their plain attire and formal peculiarity of manner excited much observation among the brilliant *cortege* of a crowded court. The eight catholic prelates were introduced, not dressed in their full canonicals, but in small black silk cloaks, with gold chains and crosses. The king received their address in the most condescending manner; and they all had the honor of kissing his hand. On the back of his answer was written, "His Majesty's most gracious Answer to the Address of the Roman Catholic Bishops." This reception is deemed by the catholics the first public recognition of their episcopal clergy that has occurred since the enactment of penal restrictions against their sect.

It is unnecessary to dwell on all the incidents which distinguished the royal visit. His majesty did not live in a state of seclusion, but took many opportunities of showing himself to the eager gaze of his admiring subjects. He gratified them with the magnificent ceremony of an installation of the new knights of St. Patrick. He visited the Curragh or race-ground of Kildare, where, though rainy weather threw a gloom over the scene, his cheerfulness was undiminished, and the joy of the spectators unbounded. He condescended to accept an invitation from the lord-mayor and incorporated citizens of Dublin, and to join with graceful ease in their festivities.

After a residence of three weeks in Ireland, the king prepared for his departure. He was escorted to Dunleary on the 3d of September, with the usual pomp; and, when he had received some addresses, it is said that he took leave in the following terms:—

'My friends, on my arrival in this country, my heart overflowed with joy: on leaving it, that heart is depressed with sorrow. Whenever an opportunity shall offer wherein I can serve Ireland, I shall seize it with avidity. I am a man of few words. Short adieus are best—God bless you all! God bless you!' He shook hands most cordially with many who were about the platform, and took sometimes both hands in both his. Having taken earl Talbot on one side, and lord Sidmouth on the other, he moved along the carpet down to the barge; at every third or fourth step turning back and smiling, and waving his hat and hand. Having arrived on the lower platform, he seemed again on the point of turning round to return the people's cheers; but the pressure becoming great, he stepped into the barge, and was soon in the royal yacht. Unfavourable winds so lengthened the voyage, that the flotilla did not reach Milford Haven before the 10th. It was the king's intention to beat round the Land's End, and sail up the channel to Portsmouth; but he found it expedient to return to the haven. He disembarked on the 12th, and, proceeding by land, arrived safely on the 15th at his palace, in good health and spirits.

THE QUEEN'S FUNERAL AT BRUNSWICK.

When the squadron had reached Cuxhaven, the queen's remains were removed to a vessel of less tonnage, and conveyed up the Elbe to Stade. They were then transferred to a hearse; and, on the evening of the 24th of August, the arrival of the procession at the outer barrier near Brunswick, was announced to the chief mourners, who immediately left that city, and prepared to perform their duty. The coffin was then placed in an open car, at the request of many respectable citizens of Brunswick, who marched in front, out of regard to the memory of the deceased princess. The way from the outer to the inner barrier was lined with a dense mass of people, not merely from Brunswick, but also from the neighbouring towns and villages. The front lines of this great assemblage carried torches; and from the double rows of willows on each side of the road were suspended lamps of various colors, green, red, and yellow. In the distance were seen the illuminated houses of Brunswick, adding by the fantastic variety of their architecture to the picturesque beauty of the scene, and, by their undecayed antiquity, reminding man of the nothingness of his existence, in comparison even with the durability of the common works of his own hands. The procession moved slowly toward the town, and at midnight reached the inner barrier.

The only arrangement made by the constituted authorities for preserving the peace—so great and so just was their confidence in the good disposition of the people—was an escort of about twenty constables. The Brunswick cavalry, that, to the amount of about 200, accompanied the procession, marched slowly by the sides, as state attendants, but took no part in directing the movements of the multitude, and guided their well managed chargers through

a countless crowd, in narrow streets, without injuring a single individual. One admirable arrangement struck us as contributing equally to the decorum and the safety of the scene; and this was the total absence of women from the crowd. On the outside of the barriers, where the space was very extensive, women as well as men were seen in all parts of the assemblage; but in the streets not a woman was to be seen. The men alone were in the streets, the women were at the windows of the houses; and there was not a house in any street through which the procession passed which had not every window crowded with spectators of the female sex, all dressed in black, and all expressing, by their anxious attention, the deep interest which they took in the solemn ceremony. In this manner the procession moved on to the church, the glare of a thousand torches making every part of it visible to every one of the multitude.

At the church door the minister and municipality received the body; the coffin was lifted from the car, and carried by sixteen serjeants of cavalry, while sixteen majors bore the pall. The appearance of the church was solemn and imposing. Though a building of no striking beauty when seen by day-light, its lofty columns and long ailes hung with black, had by night an appearance of melancholy grandeur. No service whatever was to be performed. As the queen had died abroad, it was presumed, that due rites had been already performed, and the ceremony at Brunswick was merely depositing the body of the deceased in the family vault—a ceremony which was always performed without funeral service.

As the corpse passed along the aile into the place of sepulture, a hundred young ladies of Brunswick, dressed in white, stood on each side, and scattered flowers before it. In a few seconds the coffin and the mourners had all arrived in the family vault of the illustrious house of Brunswick. The entire space is very large, and already contains fifty-seven coffins of different branches of that ancient family. A portion, about seven yards square, was separated from the rest by hangings of black cloth, and was illuminated with wax lights. In the middle of this section stood a platform, raised about two feet from the ground: on one side stood the coffin of the gallant father of the queen, at the foot was the coffin of her brother, both heroes slain in battle when fighting against the tyranny of Bonaparte; and here, in this appropriate spot, was now deposited one as brave as the bravest of her race.

When the mourners were all arranged in the vault, the minister, whose name was Wolff, stood at the head of the coffin, and, in a voice tremulous with emotion, uttered a prayer in the German language, of which the following is a translation:—

THE PRAYER.

"Transient is our life, perishable all fortune and glory of the earth! Thus, All-wise God, thou hast ordained it! But in death are terminated all the hardships, troubles, and sufferings that attend the life of man in this state of imperfection. Not in this world, where we are strangers, where we live in a constant struggle with adversities and our own infirmities,—no! only in that to come, for which thou hast created our immortal spirit, do we find the desired felicity, and pure, untroubled, unperishable joys. Penetrated even in the inmost recesses of our hearts, by this solemn and consoling truth, we elevate with pious devotion our hearts to thee, the Infinite One! in this sacred place, and at the coffin of a defunct, who once seemed to be destined for a terrestrial throne, but whom, by thy most gracious pleasure, thou now hast called into the land of eternal peace. With hearts deeply affected do we view the burying-place of this descendant of a beloved and princely family. Thou, her benign Creator, didst adorn her with high advantages of mind and body, and didst bestow upon her a heart full of clemency and benignity. Thy providence placed her where she could and was resolved to do much good, to the honor of her high family, and for the benefit of the country whose princess she was. Unsearchable, O Eternal, are thy ways! After a transient and troublesome life, she has now finished her earthly career, and the inanimate body returns to the vault where her ever-memorable father, her brother, her relatives, are resting.

'Almighty God! With elevated hearts we glorify thy grace for all the benefits which thou gavest to the deceased during her life; and we revere thy wisdom in the present termination of her severe trials, whereby she was purified of human infirmities, and prepared for a better life. Thanks to thee for the comfort which thou didst richly grant to her in her last hours; thanks for the great strength thou didst inspire her with, both in her life and in her last moments, to a patient and courageous endurance of her sufferings and grievances; thanks for the hopes strengthened in her soul, wherewith, full of desire, and serenity, and faith, she passed from a mortal to an immortal life. Now may her released soul enjoy the blissful tranquillity which this imperfect world cannot grant! and may thy grace, thou all-just and most righteous Lord, recompense her in that state of perfection for what was deficient here on earth! But to us let her ever memorable remembrance be a moving and beneficial lesson, thus to believe, thus to hope, thus to live, that we may once courageously pass over to the life of just requital. And now, most gracious God, preserve likewise to us the remaining most beloved members of our princely family, for our joy and for the welfare of our country, and attend their days with thy richest blessings. Amen.'

While the minister was uttering this prayer, all were deeply affected; the soldiers did not disdain to express their emotions in an audible

manner, and several times we saw the great chamberlain wipe away the tears from his fine manly countenance. When the prayer was finished, and before the mourners left the vault, the hundred young ladies were admitted, and formed a large circle round the platform: they strewed flowers on the floor, and, having prepared some wreaths, arranged them in different forms on the coffin: they then knelt down, uttered a short prayer, and retired amidst the tears and sobs of the company.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

That performer who was considered by many, and who certainly considered himself, as the chief support of this house for several seasons, suddenly returned from America, and re-appeared among his countrymen. The manager was so eager to procure a full house, that he announced the name of Mr. Kean before his arrival in London. This gentleman performed Richard III. with his usual ability, but did not seem to have improved himself by his Trans-Atlantic studies, or by the kindness of American criticism. He personated Othello and some other characters with spirit, and then retired into the country, leaving the theatre to its fate.

A North Briton of the name of Mackay appeared at this house with great *éclat*, in some of the ludicrous characters drawn from the Scotish novels. He played the Baillie with appropriate skill, and was equally happy in Dumbiedikes. In this part, his bashful way of making the long-deferred offer of his person and title; his chuckling delight with his own boldness when the secret is out; his gaping astonishment at hearing that another is preferred to him, and that this man is Reuben Butler—were in the truest and most laughter-moving style. But he was even better when the laird is touched by the single disinterested feeling of his life, and forces the money on Jeanie, with leave to marry all the Butlers in the country; and his last address to her was remarkably pathetic.

The *Spectre Bridegroom*, produced in the summer at this theatre, is not (as some might suppose from its appellation) a tale of horror, but a merry jest, and for the most part a good one. A mysterious and melancholy gentleman is mistaken by a whole family, except one sensible girl, for a being of another world; and his soliloquies, which are rather of a *sombre* cast, are construed, amusingly enough, as evidences that he has strayed from his proper domicile, the grave. There are some grotesque situations arising from the terrors of the father and servant, which are depicted with unusual pleasantry by Gattie and Knight. Miss Smithson, who played the more accurate metaphysician of the party, never perhaps appeared to better advantage; her charming gaiety becomes her as well as the elegant pensiveness of the sentimental heroines whom she sometimes represents.

As the splendors of the coronation seemed to afford a proper subject of theatrical parade, the manager at first prepared a short piece, which had little attraction; but he has since represented the grand solemnity with correctness and splendor. 'The whole (says a periodical writer) is exceedingly like the original, and altogether forms the most costly and tasteful pageant exhibited in a theatre within our memory. Mr. Elliston himself fills the royal robes; and never did an audience more completely realize the words of Hamlet, 'he that plays the king shall be welcome.' This gallant manager has always had a certain regal air about him. A consciousness of greatness, and an amiable condescension in his manner, seem to mark him out for a sovereign. He has a fine touch of both extremes—the superb and the familiar—which belong to the character of the true prince. We dare venture to guess that he feels himself really grander for the ceremony—an invested and crowned lessee—an anointed manager. Woe be now to the miserable subaltern who dares to murmur at his decrees! 'Is the chair empty, is the throne unfilled?' Stand by, ye scene-shifters—recede with awful reverence, ye profane vulgar of the establishment of Old Drury—for your pomp-circled master approaches, and 'the likeness of a kingly crown has on.' This mimic display has been found so productive, (for, on the 22d of September, it was represented for the 44th time) that Mr. Elliston, with a rapacity which reflects no credit upon his character, continues to keep the house open, to the visible detriment of the minor theatres, very far beyond the usual close of the season.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

As an appendage to the second part of Henry IV., the Coronation was performed at this house for twenty-seven nights, to the 'most crowded and splendid audiences (says Mr. Fawcett) ever congregated within the walls of a theatre.' He attributes this influx of company to the attractions of the play; but others will ascribe it to the imposing pageant. The first scene of this spectacle was not particularly striking; but it was succeeded by one

of the utmost beauty—the interior of Westminster Abbey richly decorated; the movers in the procession filled the foreground, bands of trumpets sounded from its galleries, and the eye was carried along the deep perspective of the ailes, to where the remote centre was illuminated by the blaze of light from the richly-painted Gothic window. The union of real life with pictorial representation had an admirable effect. The sovereign received from the hands of the archbishop the glove, spurs, globe, sceptre and sword, and, retiring to St. Edward's chair, was crowned; and the stately demeanor of C. Kemble, as Henry, gave an actual solemnity to the scene.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The talents of Mr. Thomas Dibdin have again been called into action. He has filled the new house by the merit of a comedy called *Rise and Fall*, the plot of which may thus be described. Sir Omnium Traffic (Mr. Williams), a rich speculator, arrives with his niece Miss Traffic (Mrs. Tayleure) at his splendid villa, in the highest style of mercantile magnificence, and is requested to patronize the intended marriage of Rose (Mrs. Chatterley), his head-gardener's daughter, with Sensitive (Mr. Jones), a worthy and well-educated young man, who is however in reduced circumstances, through the misfortunes of a deceased parent. The wealthy baronet and his niece treat their dependents with a considerable degree of hauteur, and object to a marriage not originally arranged under their auspices, when they receive an electrical shock in the news of a continental failure involving them in sudden poverty, and the necessity of selling their estates. On the other hand, the unassuming village schoolmaster, Sensitive, becomes as unexpectedly the possessor of a large estate, which enables him to purchase the baronet's domain; and some whimsical incidents are elicited from the rise of one family and fall of the other. Sensitive, in spite of every temptation laid out for him, remains true to the humble Rose, and promises to assist his friend Trampley (Mr. Terry), an eccentric literary wanderer, in the service of the periodical press, with a large sum of money, when a codicil is discovered to the will of his benefactor, Sir Robert (Mr. Younger), which restricts him from marrying for three years, or from lending any sum above five pounds. While perplexed with these unlooked-for drawbacks, it is discovered that the testator is yet living, having been shipwrecked and supposed to be lost. but preserved, providentially, on his passage from the Indies; and the failure of Sir Omnium's agent turns out to be a fabrication, made with an intention to cure him of a dangerous partiality for hazardous speculation. Sensitive, however, is equally well provided for during his patron's life, marries his dear Rose, and all parties are rendered happy.

This is one of those light pieces which, hovering between farce and comedy, partake of the best features of both without any invasion of the strict rules of either; the story is developed with considerable art; the incidents arise easily and naturally, and the *equivoque* is carried on without any sacrifice of probability either in the conduct or expressions of the characters that are involved in it. The dialogue is maintained throughout in the happiest manner: it is the elevated conversation of true comedy, enlivened by flashes of genuine wit and humour. The acting did justice to the conception of the author. Jones, on whom the principal weight of the piece rested, played with that spirit, vivacity, and natural ease, which have ranked him among the first comedians of the day. Terry received much and deserved applause. Oxberry, in a very grotesque dress, amused the audience with the volubility of a lawyer: and De Camp made the best French valet we ever saw on the stage. This character conveyed an excellent moral, and showed how little a man can depend upon professions of friendship, when they are forsaken by fortune. Mrs. Chatterley played with the prettiest rustic simplicity, and Mr. Tayleure infused a good deal of humor into the character of the gardener. The scenery was beautiful; and the piece was so successful, that it has been frequently repeated with great applause.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

A son to lady Rendlesham, at Florence.

A daughter to the wife of the Rev. Dr. Russell, head-master of the Charter-house school.

MARRIAGES.

Lieutenant-colonel Sir T. H. Hill, to the second daughter of Lord Teignmouth.

[illegible]d Charles Somerset, governor of the co[illegible]t [illegible] Cape of Good Hope, to the sister [illegible]tt.

[illegible]ngton, the civilian, to the daughter [illegible]Carr, solicitor to the excise.

Lord Kelburne, to Miss Hay Mackenzie.

Mr. Stuart, son of the primate of Ireland, to the daughter of Sir Charles Pole.

DEATHS.

In his 74th year, James lord Tyrawly.

Sir Francis Milman, physician to the late king.

Mr. James Lane Fox, of Bramham-Park.

In his 84th year, Sir Watkin Lewes, formerly a representative of the city of London in parliament.

Mr. Richard Cosway, an ingenious artist, brother to the equally ingenious Maria Cosway,

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THE VILLAGE OF MARIENDORPT, A TALE;

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER. 4 *vols.* 12*mo.* 1821.

The great merit and unprecedented success of the author of Waverley seem to have thrown all contemporary novelists into the shade. Like little stars, they 'hide their diminished rays' amidst his resplendent light. There are many men, we believe, who peruse no other novels or romances than those which he has produced,—like Churchill the satirist, who, when he visited Drury-lane theatre in the time of Garrick, disdained to listen to, or look at, any other performer. But it ought to be considered, that merit has its gradations. A person may be manifestly and greatly inferior to a first-rate genius, and yet may possess a sufficient portion of sense and of literary talent to command the praise of the candid and the liberal. The generality of readers neither are, nor ought to be, fastidious. Is a Lucan unworthy of notice, because he does not rival the excellence of a Virgil? or is a Shenstone to be excluded from all regard, because he never rises to the majestic dignity or the sublimity of a Milton? Or (to put a more humble question) is Miss Porter to be despised, for not being equal to the *great unknown?* Her Fast of St. Magdalen attests her talents; and, even if the present tale should be deemed inferior to that work, few will dispute the legitimacy of its pretensions to praise. This lady has the honor of belonging to an ingenious family. Her brother is an able draughtsman and an intelligent tourist; and her sister is a pleasing and elegant novelist.

We sympathise with the fair writer of this novel, when she informs us, that, although it was begun with the appearance of health, it was 'pursued during the short suspensions of a year's serious illness,—and concluded under the immediate pressure of the same depressing malady.' She therefore hopes for a lenient sentence from the critics; but the imperfections of the work are not so prominent as to require such an apology.

Our attention is first called to the character and situation of Röselheim, a Bavarian general, who had married a lady of high rank and power, and, by his courage and address, had obtained the elector's favor and patronage. That prince, offering himself as sponsor at the baptism of his friend's son,

alarmed the family by letting the infant fall from his arms over the balustrade of a steep terrace. It was fortunately caught by a youth who seemed to be a stranger; and cheerfulness was instantly restored to the festive party, although a mysterious cloud seemed to darken the features of the father, whose eye soon after fell, with a renewal of uneasiness, upon the same youth, then pacing the garden of the castle. This was Rupert (a son of the general by a divorced wife), who, repining at his destination to the church, and suddenly hearing a melancholy tale respecting his mother, resolved to 'dedicate his life with all its hopes to her consolation, and to commence an independent pursuit of fame, fortune, and happiness.'

The next object to which the reader's attention is directed is the village of Mariendorpt, the residence of Muhldenau, a pious and respectable minister, who, in answer to the anxious inquiries of his daughter Meeta, recounts the prior history of the elector's favorite.

Henrietta, a Bohemian heiress, being rescued from personal injury by Roselheim, a handsome young officer, rewarded him with her hand and fortune. They lived for many years in seeming concord; but his ambition afterward prompted him to procure a dissolution of that marriage on the ground of protestantism, and to espouse a catholic, the widow of a Saxon prince. The shock which the discarded lady sustained on this occasion, was not alleviated by the removal of her beloved son, whom she was not even permitted to visit. Ennobled and enriched, the count of Rhinegravestein (as her faithless husband was styled) basely obliged her to become a fugitive, and to trust to the protection of others.

Her son Rupert, intent upon the discovery of her retreat, pursued his adventurous course, and gladdened her by his unexpected appearance. With her and his uncle, he deliberated upon his future employment; and it was resolved, in compliance with his own inclination, that he should embrace the military profession, or at least undertake some occupation connected with its hazardous duties. Leaving his mother at the parsonage of Mariendorpt, he became page and secretary to a general of cavalry, in whose service there was at the same time a chaplain named Aremberg. The character of this clergyman is well described: it is such as we sometimes, if not very frequently, observe in society. He had lost Eustatia, the fair object of his early affection; but his grief at length 'yielded sufficiently to the influence of new and solemn interests, to take, from his mention of her name, all violence of emotion: yet the wound was not healed, though it ceased to bleed; and there was still mixed so great a portion of sadness with his natural seriousness; there was so much embarrassment and reserve in his manner among general company, that he was little courted by the many. He was therefore left at liberty to indulge his affection for the few, and to develope, with them, that power of pleasing and those higher qualities which he eminently possessed. Aremberg's exterior, also, had nothing uncommon in it; so that an every-day person, manners somewhat strange because abstracted, and a habit of silence, made him overlooked, where far inferior men shone and were admired. But the moment this grave and spiritless person was taken out of the crowd, and engaged in conversation with one who interested and understood him, he became a new creature; a veil seemed suddenly to drop from before him; and a countenance was disclosed, of such extraordinary and vivid expression, that for the time it blotted out even the most beautiful. At such moments, his voice, his action, his language, assumed a power and variety which astonished mere lookers-on, and made them believe that hitherto they must have been blind and deaf. But a new person would enter, or some question be asked, which

broke the charm to Aremberg himself, (the charm of forgetting surrounding observers); and then all the light of his countenance went out at once, and he would sink into the quiet every-day man again.'

Although a novel may, by a writer of genius, be rendered interesting without love, that passion is so habitually an adjunct of life, that we must expect to find it in a display of human manners and characters. Meeta, during Rupert's residence at her father's house, had conceived for him a high regard, which gradually ripened into love. The youth was pleased with her personal attractions and her good qualities; yet he did not at first seem to view her with eyes of affection. His cousin Adolpha, whom he and his friend had saved from the ruinous effects of an inundation, was recommended to his notice by his uncle, but without the desired effect. He continued to attend to the duties of his station and to the improvement of his mind, instead of yielding to the agitations and delights of love. Having obtained a commission, he served with honor in several campaigns against the Imperialists, on whose side his father fought. He did not, as he apprehended, meet his parent in the field; but he had an opportunity of evincing his fraternal kindness, when he found, among a party of prisoners, the child who had supplanted him. 'Among nature's many gifts to him (the authoress pleasingly observes), was the power of attaching children: it was one [*which*] he prized; for he loved those pure and happy creatures (he had divine example for such tenderness); and he was pleased to cherish and increase that affection for Julian, which served to console him in some degree for the little innocent's existence.'—He conducted his brother to Mariendorpt, and exchanged the storms and dangers of a camp for the tranquil enjoyments of the parsonage. His arrival was hailed by the fond Meeta; but she soon suspected that Adolpha was the favorite both of him and his mother; and a sense of duty, therefore, induced her to 'shroud her secret from every eye, and, if possible, to avert her own from it.' He fancied that she loved his friend Aremberg; but she hinted to him, that, however she respected that worthy man, whose constancy to a first attachment she admired, he was 'the last person whom she should wish to attract.' This hint, and the concomitant language of the eyes, seemed to rouse him from his apathy; but he still avoided a declaration of love, though, amidst all the attractions of Adolpha, wishes and hopes had silently grown up in his heart for Meeta. At length, when his brother, in a dangerous illness, was nursed by the amiable girl, he was insensibly led into an acknowlegement of his passion. Julian, 'with the coaxing pertinacity of a sick and loving child, insisted upon retaining their hands [those of Rupert and Meeta] till he should fall asleep; and while both, with a tremulous embarrassment which deprived them of presence of mind, remained standing, imprisoned by his feeble grasp, they saw sleep gradually settling once more upon his eye-lids. Meeta waited only for another instant before she released herself; but, ere she was aware, Julian's relaxed hand let her's drop suddenly upon that of Rupert. At the touch of that hand, a strange dizziness came over her: Rupert's soul was in tumults: the lovely confusion of her looks increased his heart's beatings; and all at once he caught her hand in his. He would have pressed it to his lips; but, recollecting himself, he exclaimed, in a thrilling tone,—

'O Meeta, would to God I might retain this hand for ever!—but I know it cannot be. My lot is poverty.—Some happier man——' Rupert uttered these broken words with a passionate vehemence, a convulsive quickness unlike his usual manner.

Meeta heard him in silence, an emotion, at once blissful and agonizing, trembling through her whole frame; her color fluctuated, while alternate

throbs of pain and transport possessed her heart; but, as happy emotions died away and sad ones prevailed, the vermilion of her cheeks disappeared, and the paleness of death settled upon her features.

'Blushes speak; glances speak; but how equivocally, compared with a total change of complexion! slight emotions are capable of calling the blood into the face, but they are profound ones which send it to the heart. Rupert needed no worded avowal of Meeta's sympathy: that flushing and fading cheek, and the cold hand which now shook within his, told of a devoted love, which but for woman's modesty, had confessed that beggary with him would be happiness to her.

'Tearing himself with powerful mastery from the dangerous contemplation of her looks, he suddenly relinquished her hand. 'Meeta, farewell!' he cried; 'you shall see me thus no more. I am betraying your father's confidence in me,—wronging you and myself. Never, never, again!'

'His soul seemed rending from him in the sigh that burst forth with the last words; and, closing his eyes, as if to shut out the dangerous sight of her answering emotion, he rushed from her presence.

'Meeta had known some moments of powerful emotion; joy, nay [*even*] transport, she had known; grief to agony: but, till this moment, never had she felt what she could neither have called joy nor sorrow. The explicit declaration of Rupert's attachment contained every thing her artless heart desired; but there came with it a sense of wrong in calling it forth—a pang of remorse for rejoicing at what must give grief and disappointment to his suffering mother. She remembered former magnanimous resolutions, now broken; vows of self-conquest made in secret by the side of her honored father; all, all, canceled by this moment of weakness. She had listened to Rupert's tender apostrophe without reproving, or attempting to interrupt him: she had done worse; she had suffered him to see that her destiny was in his hands; that her perseverance in a course of self-command depended upon his. Even the rapture of knowing herself the chosen of Rupert's heart, was lost in the humiliation of this idea; and she could no otherwise silence the just alarm of her virgin delicacy, than by reiterating former resolutions more earnestly than ever, and promising from this hour to avoid even his looks, with the sincerity of one bent upon repairing a heinous fault.'

Rupert now resolved to send back his brother to the seat of war; and, when that step was rendered unnecessary by the forcible abduction of the boy, he returned to the camp of the allies. In a military council, he was both surprised and gratified at the sight of his father, who re-produced the young captive. He 'met his advance in silence: he received Julian's hand with inward trembling and outward composure, keeping his eyes fixed upon the ground;' and the count retired without any friendly communication. It was the countess who had employed emissaries to carry off her son; but her husband, having still a sense of honor, refused to sanction the irregular act.

The unexpected meeting of the father and son led to an act of justice, on the part of the count. He offered to Rupert the estate which had belonged to his mother before the divorce: but the youth rejected it, declaring that he scorned to subject himself to any obligations from one who had degraded *her* and illegitimated *him*. His uncle rallied him on his romantic obstinacy, which, however, neither sarcasm nor persuasion could subdue. He did not consider this offer as a sufficient mark of his father's penitence or contrition, and therefore trusted to accident, and to his military career, for the means of improving his fortune.

His modest friend Aremberg, in the mean time, ventured to engage in an amorous negotiation with Adolpha, to the great joy of Meeta, who had long

been apprehensive that the beauty and fortune of her friend might triumph over her own pretensions. But her joy was allayed by the danger to which her father had exposed himself, by seising, in a deserted house belonging to the Bohemian court, some papers which were connected with the interest of his family. She hastened to console him, and found that he was even menaced with capital punishment: but the capture of Prague by the allies opportunely saved him. While Rupert's mother was thus separated from her most affectionate friends, she derived great pleasure from a reconciliation with her husband. Absorbed in thought, she was roused from her lonely meditations by the sound of footsteps.

The person who encroached upon her privacy, 'advanced with a rapid step; his figure was tall, and, though closely enveloped in dark drapery, was singularly noble. Madame Roselheim stood gazing on it, as if root-bound; one conviction growing on her as she gazed, till it became certainty: then regaining with haste and difficulty the place she had quitted, her senses failing her as she did so, she sunk completely [*apparently*] deprived of life upon a seat.

'When she revived, she found herself supported on the breast of some one whose whole frame shook with a powerful passion: a hand clasped her's, a breathing rested on her cheek, which for sixteen years had visited them but in memory. As she evinced returning consciousness by a heavy sigh, a heavier sigh answered her: the past, the present, flashed on her at that sound; and, awaking to complete consciousness, with a dismal shiver, she averted her head, and faintly struggled herself free.

'The stranger then sunk down at her feet. 'Henrietta,' said a voice sad, interrupted, yet of silver sweetness, 'these guilty arms will soon clasp only the sacred cross:—deny them not one pardoning—last embrace!'

'Madame Roselheim started at these words: she was about to speak, to look upon her husband; but, afraid of her own weakness, afraid of forgetting that a gulph was now between them, which neither must pass on this side of eternity, she clasped her hands over her eyes, with a suffocated groan, and remained silent. As silent, yet more convulsed with inward struggle, Rhinegravestein fastened his lips to the hem of her garment: her tears, meanwhile, flowed in streams through her fingers, and her choking sighs were interrupted by short gasping petitions to Heaven, for strength to support a moment which she was thus destined to go through alone.

'You will not speak to me!' demanded Rhinegravestein, at length; 'I have sinned, then, beyond even your mercy!—What am I to look for, at the hand of an offended God?' and, rising precipitately, he would have retired as abruptly, had not Madame Roselheim faintly articulated his name. He turned at the sound of that voice so long unheard, and never heard but in the days of his true happiness, and, throwing himself again on the ground, pressed his forehead to it in an agony of remorse and regret. 'Julian!' she repeated after a while, endeavouring to collect her scattered powers, and to meet this trial as she ought, 'What brings you here to one so long forgotten?'

'Forsaken! you would have said, Henrietta,' rejoined her husband with gloomy wildness; 'but you are avenged. I have lived to become the scorn and horror of the woman for whom I gave up all this treasure of love and loveliness. Yes, Henrietta,——lovely,—lovely even now!' He gazed, softened, and sighed as he gazed.

'Madame Roselheim answered only by increased tremblings: but, slowly unlocking her hands from before her eyes, was raising her head once more to look upon the husband of her youth, when, discerning her purpose, he drew the hood of his cloak with frightful haste completely over his face, though hitherto it had shrouded every feature

but his eyes. The lingering frailty of the admired Rhinegravestein spoke in that action. 'Henrietta,' he exclaimed, 'you must never look on me again!—all that you loved and honored in this once boasted face—all which a base spirit worshiped there, is shattered,—defaced—blotted out!—the idol broke, and the sordid worshiper spurned it in the dust!—Mighty Heaven, that I should have lived so long but the puppet of a woman's eyes!—Henrietta, the woman I speak of looked on me thus in ruins, when the grasp of death, awful death, was upon me; she was my wife—I had made her my wife—I thought her my wife.—Yet! it was just—it was retribution.'—Comprehending at the same moment the wreck of her husband's person, and the cruel outrage inflicted on his feelings, Madame Roselheim drew a convulsive sigh, while her face fell upon her arm, as it now rested on that of the chair she sat in. It was long before she found voice to exclaim, 'O Julian, had the heart never changed!—that face, dear, dear, as it was to me'—tears drowned the tender sentiment ere it was uttered. Rhinegravestein suddenly drew close towards her—he sighed almost passionately, several times; then subduing the unhallowed feeling even of this purest earthly love, he said in a solemn tone, 'Heaven is just: rather let me say, Heaven is merciful. The vain distinction on which I sometimes prided myself, was the demon of my life; it tempted me to evil—it tempted evil to seek me—ought I not to bless the Almighty breath that has withdrawn it? The woman for whose frantic passion and pomp of power I bartered your affection and my own soul, claimed gratitude for her supposed devotedness; some weak touch of pity too, would always have stayed my better purpose: but she herself disowned those ties, by the savage disdain with which she herself cut the fatal knot that bound us, and again I am your's and Heaven's!'

Weary of worldly ties and the anxious cares of public life, the count having received pardon from the wife whom he had deserted, made a just distribution of his property, and retired into a monastery. Rupert could now, without injury to his feelings, accept his father's offers. When he gave his hand to Meeta, he turned his smiling eyes alternately from his mother to his bride, and, placing the warrior's weapon upon the ground, declared that it should never be drawn in 'mere glory's name.'

It will appear, from this sketch, that the novel to which we refer has not that intricacy or complexity of plot with which many readers are pleased; and we may add, that it has not that continued and powerful interest which forms the greatest charm of a fictitious narrative. The writer evidently possesses talent, information, and feeling: but her tenderness is overcharged and too highly colored, and the emotions which she describes are too great for the occasions by which they are ostensibly called forth. The tears of her personages frequently flow without an adequate cause: a mawkish and morbid sensibility is occasionally apparent, and the idle cant of feeling detracts from the genuine interest of the scene. She has been blamed for deviating into military details: but these parts of the novel do not appear to us to be dull or tedious. They serve to vary the scene: they exhibit an air of animation; and the characters of the generals Torstenson and Wrangel are well sketched. To the moral of the piece no objection can be made: a guilty husband is brought to a state of penitence, and piety, virtue, and honor, meet with due praise and reward.

THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE;

From the Sketch-Book.

In the course of an excursion through one of the remote counties of England, I had struck into one of those cross roads that lead through the more secluded parts of the country, and stopped one afternoon at a village, the

situation of which was beautifully rural and retired. There was an air of primitive simplicity about its inhabitants, not to be found in the villages which lie on the great coach roads. I determined to pass the night there; and, having taken an early dinner, strolled out to enjoy the neighbouring scenery.

My ramble soon led me to the church, which stood at a little distance from the village. Indeed, it was an object of some curiosity, its old tower being completely overrun with ivy, so that only here and there a jutting buttress, an angle of grey wall, or a fantastically-carved ornament, peered through the verdant covering. It was a lovely evening. The early part of the day had been dark and showery, but in the afternoon it had cleared up; and, though sullen clouds still hung over head, yet there was a broad tract of golden sky in the west, from which the setting sun gleamed through the dripping leaves, and lighted up all nature into a melancholy smile. It seemed like the parting hour of a good Christian, smiling on the sins and sorrows of the world, and giving, in the serenity of his decline, an assurance that he will rise again in glory.

I had seated myself on a half-sunken tomb-stone, and was musing, as one is apt to do at this sober-thoughted hour, on past scenes and early friends—on those who were distant, and those who were dead—and indulging in that kind of melancholy fancying, which has in it something sweeter even than pleasure. Now and then, the stroke of a bell from the neighbouring tower fell on my ear; its tones were in unison with the scene, and, instead of jarring, chimed in with my feelings; and it was some time before I recollected, that it must be tolling the knell of some new tenant of the tomb.

Presently I saw a funeral train moving across the village green; it wound slowly along a lane; was lost, and re-appeared through the breaks of the hedges, until it passed the place where I was sitting. The pall was supported by young girls, dressed in white; and another, about the age of seventeen, walked before, bearing a chaplet of white flowers; a token that the deceased was a young and unmarried female. The corpse was followed by the parents. They were a venerable couple of the better order of peasantry. The father seemed to repress his feelings; but his fixed eye, contracted brow, and deeply-furrowed face, showed the struggle that was passing within. His wife hung on his arm, and wept aloud with the convulsive bursts of a mother's sorrow.

I followed the funeral into the church. The bier was placed in the centre aile; and the chaplet of white flowers, with a pair of white gloves, were hung over the seat which the deceased had occupied.

Every one knows the soul-subduing pathos of the funeral service: for who is so fortunate as never to have followed some one he has loved to the tomb? but when performed over the remains of innocence and beauty, thus laid low in the bloom of existence—what can be more affecting? At that simple, but most solemn consignment of the body to the grave—'Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust!' the tears of the youthful companions of the deceased flowed unrestrained. The father still seemed to struggle with his feelings, and to comfort himself with the assurance, that the dead are blessed who die in the Lord; but the mother only thought of her child as a flower of the field cut down and withered in the midst of its sweetness: she was like Rachel, 'mourning over her children, and would not be comforted.'

On returning to the inn, I learned the whole story of the deceased. It was a simple one, and such as has often been told. She had been the beauty and pride of the village. Her father had once been an opulent farmer, but was reduced in circumstances. This was an only child, and brought up entirely at home, in the simplicity of rural life. She had been

the pupil of the village pastor, the favorite lamb of his little flock. The good man watched over her education with paternal care; it was limited, and suitable to the sphere in which she was to move; for he only sought to make her an ornament to her station in life, not to raise her above it. The tenderness and indulgence of her parents, and the exemption from all ordinary occupations, had fostered a natural grace and delicacy of character, that accorded with the fragile loveliness of her form. She appeared like some tender plant of the garden, blooming accidentally amid the hardier natives of the fields. The superiority of her charms was felt and acknowleged by her companions, but without envy; for it was surpassed by the unassuming gentleness and winning kindness of her manners. It might be truly said of her,

> 'This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
> Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems,
> But smacks of something greater than herself;
> Too noble for this place.'

The village was one of those sequestered spots, which still retain some vestiges of old English customs. It had its rural festivals and holyday pastimes, and still kept up some faint observance of the once popular rites of May. These, indeed, had been promoted by its present pastor, who was a lover of old customs, and one of those simple Christians that think their mission fulfilled by promoting joy on earth and good-will among mankind. Under his auspices the May-pole stood from year to year in the centre of the village green; on May-day it was decorated with garlands and streamers; and a queen or lady of the May was appointed, as in former times, to preside at the sports, and distribute the prizes and rewards. The picturesque situation of the village, and the fancifulness of its rustic fêtes, would often attract the notice of casual visitors. Among these, on one May-day, was a young officer, whose regiment had been recently quartered in the neighbourhood. He was charmed with the native taste that pervaded this village pageant; but, above all, with the dawning loveliness of the queen of May. It was the village favorite, who was crowned with flowers, and blushing and smiling in all the beautiful confusion of girlish diffidence and delight. The artlessness of rural habits enabled him readily to make her acquaintance; he gradually won his way into her intimacy; and paid his court to her in that unthinking way in which young officers are too apt to trifle with rustic simplicity.

There was nothing in his advances to startle or alarm. He never even talked of love: but there are modes of making it more eloquent than language, and which convey it subtilely and irresistibly to the heart. The beam of the eye, the tone of voice, the thousand tendernesses which emanate from every word, and look, and action—these form the true eloquence of love, and can always be felt and understood, but never described. Can we wonder that they should readily win a heart, young, guileless, and susceptible? As to her, she loved almost unconsciously; she scarcely inquired what was the growing passion that was absorbing every thought and feeling, or what were to be its consequences. She, indeed, looked not to the future. When present, his looks and words occupied her whole attention; when absent, she thought but of what had passed at their recent interview. She would wander with him through the green lanes and rural scenes of the vicinity. He taught her to see new beauties in nature; he talked in the language of polite and cultivated life, and breathed into her ear the witcheries of romance and poetry.

Perhaps there could not have been a passion, between the sexes, more pure than that of this innocent girl. The gallant figure of her youthful admirer, and the splendor of his military attire, might at first have charmed

her eye; but it was not these that had captivated her heart. Her attachment had something in it of idolatry. She looked up to him as to a being of a superior order. She felt in his society the enthusiasm of a mind naturally delicate and poetical, now first awakened to a keen perception of the beautiful and grand. Of the sordid distinctions of rank and fortune, she thought nothing; it was the difference of intellect, of demeanor, of manners, from those of the rustic society to which she had been accustomed, that elevated him in her opinion. She would listen to him with a charmed ear and downcast look of mute delight, and her cheek would mantle with enthusiasm; or, if ever she ventured a shy glance of timid admiration, it was as quickly withdrawn, and she would sigh and blush at the idea of her comparative unworthiness.

Her lover was equally impassioned; but his passion was mingled with feelings of a coarser nature. He had begun the connexion in levity; for he had often heard his brother officers boast of their village conquests, and thought some triumph of the kind necessary to his reputation as a man of spirit. But he was too full of youthful fervor. His heart had not yet been rendered sufficiently cold and selfish by a wandering and a dissipated life: it caught fire from the very flame it sought to kindle; and, before he was aware of the nature of his situation, he became really in love.

What was he to do? There were the old obstacles which so incessantly occur in these heedless attachments. His rank in life—the prejudices of titled connexions—his dependence upon a proud and unyielding father—all forbade him to think of matrimony:—but, when he looked down upon this innocent being, so tender and confiding, there was a purity in her manners, a blamelessness in her life, and a beseeching modesty in her looks, that awed down every licentious feeling. In vain did he try to fortify himself by a thousand heartless examples of men of fashion, and to chill the glow of generous sentiment, with that cold derisive levity with which he had heard them talk of female virtue; whenever he came into her presence, she was still surrounded by that mysterious, but impassive charm of virgin purity, in whose hallowed sphere no guilty thought can live.

The sudden arrival of orders for the regiment to repair to the continent completed the confusion of his mind. He remained for a short time in the most painful irresolution; he hesitated to communicate the tidings, until the day for marching was at hand; when he gave her the intelligence in the course of an evening ramble.

The idea of parting had never before occurred to her. It broke in at once upon her dream of felicity; she looked upon it as a sudden and insurmountable evil, and wept with the guileless simplicity of a child. He drew her to his bosom, and kissed the tears from her soft cheek; nor did he meet with a repulse; for there are moments of mingled sorrow and tenderness, which hallow the caresses of affection. He was naturally impetuous; and the sight of beauty, apparently yielding in his arms, the confidence of his power over her, and the dread of losing her for ever, conspired to overwhelm his better feelings: he ventured to propose that she should leave her home, and be the companion of his fortunes.

He was quite a novice in seduction, and blushed and faltered at his own baseness; but so innocent was his intended victim, that she was at first at a loss to comprehend his meaning, or why she should leave her native village, and the humble roof of her parents. When at last the nature of his proposal flashed upon her pure mind, the effect was withering. She did not weep—she did not break forth into reproach—she said not a word—but she shrunk back aghast as from a viper; gave him a look of anguish that pierced to his very soul; and,

clasping her hands in agony, fled, as if for refuge, to her father's cottage.

The officer retired, confounded, humiliated, and repentant. It is uncertain what might have been the result of the conflict of his feelings, had not his thoughts been diverted by the bustle of departure. New scenes, new pleasures, and new companions, soon dissipated his self-reproach, and stifled his tenderness; yet, amidst the stir of camps, the revelry of garrisons, the array of armies, and even the din of battles, his thoughts would sometimes steal back to the scene of rural quiet and village simplicity—the white cottage—the footpath along the silver brook and up the hawthorn hedge, and the little village maid loitering along it, leaning on his arm, and listening to him with eyes beaming with unconscious affection.

The shock which the poor girl had received, in the destruction of all her ideal world, had indeed been cruel. Faintings and hysterics had at first shaken her tender frame, and were succeeded by a settled and pining melancholy. She had beheld from her window the march of the departing troops. She had seen her faithless lover borne off, as if in triumph, amidst the sound of drum and trumpet, and the pomp of arms. She strained a last aching gaze after him, as the morning sun glittered about his figure, and his plume waved in the breeze: he passed away like a bright vision from her sight, and left her all in darkness.

It would be trite to dwell on the particulars of her after-story. It was, like other tales of love, melancholy. She avoided society, and wandered out alone in the walks which she had most frequented with her lover. She sought, like the stricken deer, to weep in silence and loneliness, and brood over the barbed sorrow that rankled in her soul. Sometimes she would be seen late in an evening sitting in the porch of the village church; and the milkmaids, returning from the fields, would now and then overhear her, singing some plaintive ditty in the hawthorn walk. She became fervent in her devotions at church; and, as the old people saw her approach, so wasted away, yet with a hectic bloom, and that hallowed air which melancholy diffuses round the form, they would make way for her, as for something spiritual, and, looking after her, would shake their heads in gloomy foreboding.

She felt a conviction that she was hastening to the tomb, but looked forward to it as a place of rest. The silver cord that had bound her to existence was loosed, and there seemed to be no more pleasure under the sun. If ever her gentle bosom had entertained resentment against her lover, it was extinguished. She was incapable of angry passions; and, in a moment of saddened tenderness, she penned him a farewell letter. It was couched in the simplest language, but touching from its very simplicity. She told him that she was dying, and did not conceal from him that his conduct was the cause. She even depicted the sufferings which she had experienced; but concluded with saying that she could not die in peace, until she had sent him her forgiveness and her blessing.

By degrees her strength so declined, that she could no longer leave the cottage. She could only totter to the window, where, propped up in her chair, it was her enjoyment to sit all day and look out upon the landscape. Still she uttered no complaint, nor imparted to any one the malady that was preying on her heart. She never even mentioned her lover's name; but would lay her head on her mother's bosom and weep in silence. Her poor parents hung, in mute anxiety, over this fading blossom of their hopes, still flattering themselves that it might revive to freshness, and that the bright unearthly bloom which sometimes flushed her cheek might be the promise of returning health.

In this way she was seated between them one Sunday afternoon; her hands were clasped in theirs, the lattice was

thrown open, and the soft air that stole in brought with it the fragrance of the clustering honeysuckle which her own hands had trained round the window. Her father had just been reading a chapter in the Bible: it spoke of the vanity of worldly things, and of the joys of Heaven: it seemed to have diffused comfort and serenity through her bosom. Her eye was fixed on the distant village church; the bell had tolled for the evening service; the last villager was lagging into the porch; and every thing had sunk into the hallowed stillness peculiar to the day of rest. Her parents were gazing on her with yearning hearts. Sickness and sorrow, which pass so roughly over some faces, had given to hers the expression of a seraph's. A tear trembled in her soft blue eye.—Was she thinking of her faithless lover? or were her thoughts wandering to that distant churchyard, into whose bosom she might soon be gathered?

Suddenly the clang of hoofs was heard—a horseman galloped to the cottage—he dismounted before the window—the poor girl gave a faint exclamation, and sunk back in her chair;—it was her repentant lover! He rushed into the house, and flew to clasp her to his bosom; but her wasted form—her death-like countenance—so wan, yet so lovely in its desolation,—smote him to the soul, and he threw himself in an agony at her feet. She was too faint to rise—she attempted to extend her trembling hand—her lips moved as if she spoke, but no word was articulated—she looked down upon him with a smile of unutterable tenderness,—and closed her eyes for ever!

Such are the particulars which I gathered of this village story. They are scanty, and, I am conscious, have little novelty to recommend them. In the present rage also for strange incident and high-seasoned narrative, they may appear trite and insignificant, but they interested me strongly at the time; and, taken in connexion with the affecting ceremony which I had just witnessed, left a deeper impression on my mind than many circumstances of a more striking nature. I have passed through the place since, and visited the church again, from a better motive than mere curiosity. It was a wintry evening; the trees were stripped of their foliage; the churchyard looked naked and mournful, and the wind rustled coldly through the dry grass. Evergreens, however, had been planted about the grave of the village favorite, and osiers were bent over it to keep the turf uninjured.

The church door was open, and I stepped in. There hung the chaplet of flowers and the gloves, as on the day of the funeral: the flowers were withered, it is true, but care seemed to have been taken that no dust should soil their whiteness. I have seen many monuments, where art has exhausted its powers to awaken the sympathy of the spectator; but I have met with none that spoke more touchingly to my heart, than this simple, but delicate memento of departed innocence.

NOTICES RESPECTING STERNE AND LA FLEUR.

La Fleur was a native of Burgundy, who kept a *cabaret* at Calais. He had sometimes been employed as a courier or emissary, being qualified for that kind of employment by his zeal and diligence. 'There were moments (said he to an inquirer) in which my master appeared sunk into the deepest dejection—when his calls upon me for my services were so rare that I sometimes apprehensively pressed in upon his privacy, to suggest what I thought might divert his melancholy. He used to smile at my well-meant zeal, and, I could see, was happy to be relieved. At other times he seemed to have received a new soul—he launched into the levity natural *à mon pays*, and cried gaily enough, *Vive la Bagatelle!*'

Poor Maria—was, alas! no fiction. —'When we came up to her, she was

groveling in the road like an infant, and throwing the dust upon her head —and yet few were more lovely! Upon Sterne's accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself and resumed some composure—told him her tale of misery, and wept upon his breast—my master sobbed aloud. I saw her gently disengage herself from his arms, and she sang the service to the Virgin: my poor master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the cottage where she lived:—there he talked earnestly to the old woman.'

' 'Every day, ' while we stayed there, I carried to them meat and drink from the hotel, and when we departed from Moulines, my master left his blessings and some money with the mother. How much I know not—he always gave me more than he could well afford.

' Sterne was frequently at a loss upon his travels for ready money. Remittances were interrupted by war, and he had wrongly estimated his expenses—he had reckoned along the post-roads, without adverting to the wretchedness that was to call upon him in his way.

He wrote much, and to a late hour. La Fleur, being told of the inconsiderable quantity he had published, expressed extreme surprise. ' I know,' said he, ' upon our return from this tour, there was a large trunk completely filled with papers.' ' Do you know any thing of their tendency, La Fleur?' said the above-mentioned inquirer.—' Yes—they were miscellaneous remarks upon the manners of the different nations which he visited. In Italy, he was deeply engaged in making elaborate inquiries into the governments of the towns, and the characteristic peculiarities of the people.'

To effect this he read much; for the collections of the patrons of literature were open to him; he observed more. Singular as it may seem, he endeavoured in vain to speak Italian. His valet acquired it on their journey; his master, though he applied now and then, gave it up at length as unattainable.—' I the more wondered at this,' said La Fleur, as he must have understood Latin.'

The assertion, sanctioned by Johnson, that Sterne was licentious and dissolute in conversation, stands thus far contradicted by the testimony of La Fleur. ' His conversation with women,' he said, ' was of the most interesting kind; he usually left them serious, if he did not find them so.'

COMPARISON BETWEEN NOVEL-WRITING AND THE DRAMA;

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LE SAGE, Fielding, and others, eminent for fictitious narration, have either altogether failed in their dramatic attempts, or at least have fallen far short of that degree of excellence which might have been previously augured of them. It is hard to fix upon any plausible reason for a failure, which has occurred in too many instances to be the operation of mere chance, especially since, *à priori*, one would think the same talents necessary for both walks of literature. Force of character, strength of expression, felicity of contrast and situation, a well-constructed plot, in which the developement is at once natural and unexpected, and where the interest is kept uniformly alive, till summed up by the catastrophe,—all these are requisites as essential to the labor of the novelist, as to that of the dramatist, and, indeed, appear to comprehend the sum of the qualities necessary to success in both departments. Fielding's biographers have, in this particular instance, explained his lack of theatrical success, as arising from the careless haste with which he huddled up his dramatic compositions; it being no uncommon thing with him to finish an act or two in a morning, and to write out whole scenes upon the paper in which his favorite tobacco had been wrapped up. Negligence of this kind will no doubt give rise to great inequalities in

the productions of an author so careless of his reputation, but will scarcely account for an attribute something like dullness, which pervades Fielding's plays, and which is rarely found in those works which a man of genius throws off 'at a heat,' to use Dryden's expression, in prodigal self-reliance on his internal resources. Neither are we at all disposed to believe, that an author, so careless as Fielding, took much more pains in laboring his novels, than in composing his plays; and we are, therefore, compelled to seek some other and more general reason for the inferiority of the latter. This may, perhaps, be found in the nature of these two studies, which, intimately connected as they seem to be, are yet naturally distinct in some very essential particulars; so much so as to vindicate the general opinion, that he, who applies himself with eminent success to the one, becomes, in some degree, unqualified for the other, like the artisan, who, by a particular turn for excellence in one mechanical department, loses the habit of dexterity necessary for acquitting himself with equal reputation in another, or as the artist, who has dedicated himself to the use of water-colors, is usually less distinguished by his skill in oil-painting.

It is the object of the novel-writer, to place before the reader as full and accurate a representation of the events which he relates, as can be done by the mere force of an excited imagination, without the assistance of material objects. His sole appeal is made to the world of fancy and of ideas; and in this consist his strength and his weakness, his poverty and his wealth. He cannot, like the painter, present a visible and tangible representation of his towns and his woods, his palaces and his castles; but, by awakening the imagination of a congenial reader, he places, before his mind's eye, landscapes fairer than those of Claude, and wilder than those of Salvator. He cannot, like the dramatist, present before our living eyes the heroes of former days, or the beautiful creations of his own fancy, embodied in the grace and majesty of Kemble or of Siddons; but he can teach his reader to conjure up forms even more dignified and beautiful than theirs. The same difference follows him through every branch of his art. The author of a novel, in short, has neither stage nor scene-painter, nor company of comedians, nor dresser, nor wardrobe: words, applied with the best of his skill, must supply all that these bring to the assistance of the dramatist. Action, and tone, and gesture, the smile of the lover, the frown of the tyrant, the grimace of the buffoon,—all must be told, for nothing can be shown. Thus, the very dialogue becomes mixed with the narration; for he must not only tell what the characters actually said, in which his task is the same as that of the dramatic author, but must also describe the tone, the look, the gesture, with which their speech was accompanied, —telling, in short, all which, in the drama, it becomes the province of the actor to express. It must, therefore, frequently happen, that the author best qualified for a province, in which all depends on the communication of his own ideas and feelings to the reader, without any intervening medium, may fall short of the skill necessary to adapt his compositions to the medium of the stage, where the very qualities most excellent in a novelist are out of place, and an impediment to success. Description and narration, which form the very essence of the novel, must be very sparingly introduced into dramatic composition, and scarcely ever have a good effect upon the stage. Mr. Puff, in the Critic, has the good sense to leave out 'all about gilding the eastern hemisphere;' and the very first thing which the players struck out of his memorable tragedy, was the description of queen Elizabeth, her palfrey, and her side-saddle. The drama speaks to the eye and ear; and, when it ceases to address these bodily organs, and would exact from a theatrical audience that exercise of the imagination which is necessary to fol-

low forth and embody circumstances neither spoken nor exhibited, there is an immediate failure, though it may be the failure of a man of genius. Hence it follows, that though a good acting play may be made by selecting a plot and characters from a novel, yet scarcely any effort of genius could render a play into a narrative romance. In the former case, the author has only to contract the events within the space necessary for representation, to choose the most striking characters, and exhibit them in the most forcible contrast, discard from the dialogue whatever is redundant or tedious, and so dramatize the whole. But we know not any effort of genius, which could successfully insert, into a good play, those accessories of description and delineation, which are necessary to dilate it into a readable novel. It may thus easily be conceived, that he whose chief talent lies in addressing the imagination only, and whose style therefore must be expanded and circumstantial, may fail in a kind of composition where so much must be left to the efforts of the actor, with his allies and assistants, the scene-painter and property-man, and where every attempt to interfere with their province is an error unfavorable to the success of the piece. Besides, it must farther be remembered, that in fictitious narrative an author carries on his manufacture alone, and upon his own account; whereas, in dramatic writing, he enters into partnership with the performers, and it is by their joint efforts that the piece is to succeed. Copartnery is called, by civilians, the mother of discord; and how likely it is to prove so in the present instance, may be illustrated by reference to the admirable dialogue between the player and poet in Joseph Andrews. The poet must either be contented to fail, or to make great condescensions to the experience, and pay much attention to the peculiar qualifications, of those by whom his piece is to be represented. And he who in a novel had only to fit sentiments, action, and character, to ideal beings, is now compelled to assume the much more difficult task of adapting all these to real existing persons, who, unless their parts are exactly suited to their own taste and their peculiar capacities, have, each in his line, the means, and not unfrequently the inclination, to ruin the success of the play. Such are, amongst many others, the peculiar difficulties of the dramatic art, and they seem impediments which lie peculiarly in the way of the novelist who aspires to extend his sway over the stage.

REMARKS ON SOME OF THE FEMALE CHARACTERS IN THE PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE.

Our great dramatist is said to have exerted greater ability in his imitation of male than of female characters: and it is stated, as an apology for his seeming neglect of the latter, that he did not bring them into a full and striking light, because female players were in his time unknown. But if, with those embellishments which we expect in poetry, he has allotted to the females on his theatre such stations as are suitable to their situation in society, and has delineated them with sufficient discrimination, he has done all that we have a right to require.

1. In the character of Miranda, simplicity is intended to be the most striking circumstance. Consistent, however, with simplicity, is gentleness of disposition, flowing out in compassionate tenderness, and unrestrained by suspicion. Miranda, seeing the danger of shipwrecked strangers, never supposes that they may be suffering punishment for heinous guilt, but expresses the most amiable commiseration and tender alarm. Conscious of no guile in herself, conscious of native truth, she believes that others are equally guileless, and reposes confidence in their professions. Her easy belief does not proceed from weakness, but from innate candor, and an

ingenuous propensity, which had never been abused or insulted. If her simplicity and inexperience had rendered her shy and timid, the representation might have been reckoned natural; but Shakspeare has exhibited a more delicate picture. Miranda, under the care of a wise and affectionate father, an utter stranger to the rest of mankind, unacquainted with deceit either in others or in herself, is more inclined to frankness and confidence, than to shy or reserved suspicion. Moved in like manner by tender and ingenuous affection, she never practises dissimulation or disguises her intention, either in the view of heightening the love or of trying the veracity of the person whom she prefers. All these particulars are distinctly illustrated in the exquisite love-scene with Ferdinand; and, upon the whole, Miranda exhibits not only a consistent, but a singular and finely distinguished character.

2. Isabella is represented equally blameless, amiable, and affectionate: she is particularly distinguished by intellectual ability. Her understanding and good sense are conspicuous: her arguments are well applied, and her pleading persuasive. Yet her abilities do not offend by appearing too masculine: they are mitigated and finely blended with female softness. If she ventures to argue, it is to save the life of a brother; and even then it is with reluctance, hesitation, and diffidence. The transitions in her pleading are natural and affecting: her introduction is timid and irresolute; but, when she is prompted by Lucio, she makes an effort: she speaks from her immediate feelings: she has not acquired boldness enough to enter the lists of argument, and addresses Angelo merely as a suppliant:

> Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
> The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
> Become them with one half so good a grace,
> As mercy does.

Animated by her exertion, she becomes more assured, and ventures to refute objections; and, at length, no longer abashed and irresolute, but fully collected, she even reasons on the merits of the cause. Her subsequent conduct vindicates her own character from aspersion. Besides, she had with great delicacy and propriety, at the beginning of her pleading, expressed herself in such a manner as to obviate any charge:

> There is a vice that most I do abhor,
> And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
> For which I would not plead, but that I must.

Emboldened by truth, and the feeling of good intention, she makes a spirited appeal even to the consciousness of her judge:

> ———————— Go to your bosom:
> Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
> That's like my brother's fault.

She is not only sensible and persuasive, but sagacious, and capable of becoming address. In communicating to her brother the unworthy designs of Angelo, she seems aware of his weakness; she is not rash or incautious, but gives her intimation by degrees, and with studied dexterity. It is not inconsistent with her gentleness, modesty, and reserve, that, endowed as she is with understanding, and strongly impressed with a sense of duty, she should form resolutions respecting her own conduct without reluctance, and adhere to them without wavering. Though tenderly attached to her brother, she spurns, without hesitation, the alternative proposed by Angelo, and never balances in her choice. Nor is it incongruous but a fine tint in the character, that she feels indignation, and expresses it strongly. Yet it is not indignation against an adversary; it is not on account of injury: it is a disinterested emotion, against a brother who does not respect himself, who expresses pusillanimous sentiments, and would have her act in an unworthy manner.

3. But if the gentle, unsuspecting, and artless simplicity of Miranda, or the good sense and affecting eloquence of Isabella, should not lead to an ample vindication of the bard, success may perhaps be ensured by the vivacity and wit of Beatrice. No less amiable and affectionate than Miranda or Isa-

bella, she expresses resentment, because she feels commiseration for the sufferings of her friend.

> Is he not approved in the height of a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, and dishonored my kinswoman?

Like Isabella, she is distinguished by intellectual ability, but of a different kind. She does not defend herself, or make her attacks with grave, argumentative, and persuasive elocution; but, endowed with the powers of wit, she employs them in raillery, banter, and repartee.

> *Ben.* What! my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?
>
> *Beat.* Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signor Benedict? The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Her smartness, however, proceeds from wit rather than from humor. She does not attempt, or is not so successful, in ludicrous description, as in lively sayings.

> *Beat.* My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.
>
> *Claud.* And so she doth, cousin.
>
> *Beat.* Good lord for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world, but I, and I am sunburn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry, Heigh-ho, for a husband!
>
> *Ped.* Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.
>
> *Beat.* I would rather have one of your father's getting.

Another distinction, not unconnected with the preceding, is, that though lively, she is serious, and, though witty, grave. While she possesses talents for wit, she seems to employ them for the purpose of defence or disguise. She conceals the real and thoughtful seriousness of her disposition by a show of vivacity. However she may speak of them, she treats her own concerns, and those of her friends, with grave consideration. A compliment, and the enticement of a playful allusion, almost betray her into an actual confession.

> *Ped.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.
>
> *Beat.* Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, [illegible] on the windy side of care.

[illegible] is desirous of being reputed very sprightly and disdainful; but it is not of the qualities which we chiefly possess that we are usually most ostentatious. Congreve wished to be thought a fine gentleman; Swift would be a politician, and Milton a divine. What Beatrice, who is really amiable, would have herself thought to be, appears in the following passage, where Hero, pretending not to know she was present, describes her in her own hearing:

> —— Nature never framed a woman's heart
> Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
> Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
> Misprising what they look on, &c.

Tender, affectionate, and ingenuous, yet conscious of more weakness than Miranda, or not like her educated in a desert island, she is aware of mankind, affects to be mirthful when she is most in earnest, and employs her wit when she is most afraid. Nor is such dissimulation, if it may be so termed, to be accounted peculiarly characteristic of female manners. It may be discovered in men of probity and tenderness, who are actuated by serious principles, but are rendered timid by a consciousness of imbecility, or become suspicious by too early an observance of designing persons. If such men are endowed with so much liveliness of invention as, in the society to which they belong, to be reckoned witty or humorous, they often employ this talent as an engine of defence. Without it, they would perhaps fly from society like the melancholy Jaques, who wished to have, but did not possess, a great portion of such ability. Thus, while they seem to annoy, they only wish to prevent: their mock encounter is a real combat: while they seem for ever in the field, they conceive themselves always besieged: though perfectly serious, they never appear in earnest; and though they affect to set all men at defiance, and though they are not without understanding, yet they tremble at the censure and are tortured with the sneer of a fool. Let them come to the school of Shakspeare. He will give

them, as he gives many others, an useful lesson. He will show them an exemplary and natural reformation or exertion. Beatrice is not to be ridiculed out of an honorable purpose; nor will she forfeit, for fear of a witless joke, a connection with a person who is 'of a noble strain, of approved valor, and confirmed honesty.'

4. Portia, like Beatrice, is spirited, lively, and witty. Her vivacity, however, is not so brilliant, and approaches rather to sportive ingenuity than to wit. Her situation renders her less grave, when in a serious mood, than Isabella; but, like her, she has intellectual endowment. She is observant, penetrating, and acute. Though exposed to circumstances that might excite indignation, she never betrays the vehemence of anger; while Isabella, on account of her religious seclusion, having had less intercourse with the world, expresses her displeasure with reproach, and inveighs with the holy wrath of a cloister. To the acquaintance which both of them have with theology, Portia superadds some knowlege of law, displaying a dexterity of evasion, and an ingenuity in detecting a latent or unobserved meaning, which do her no discredit as an advocate. We may observe, too, that the principal business in The Merchant of Venice is conducted by Portia. Nor is it foreign to remark, that while, in the intimacy of Rosalind and Celia, Shakspeare has represented female friendship as no visionary attainment, he has, by the mouth of Portia, expressed some striking particulars in the nature of that amiable connection:

——— In companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

5. Our poet, in his Cordelia, presents a fine example of exquisite sensibility, governed by reason, and guided by a sense of propriety. This amiable character indeed is conceived and executed with no less skill and invention than that of her father. Treated with rigor and injustice by Lear, she utters no violent resentment, but expresses a proper anxiety for her reputation. She displays the same gentleness, accompanied with much delicacy of reproof, in her reply to a mercenary lover:

Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

Even to her sisters, though she has a perfect discernment of their characters, and though her misfortune arose from their dissimulation, she shows nothing virulent or unbecoming. She expresses, however, in a suitable manner, and with no unseasonable irony, a sense of their deceit, and apprehensions of their disaffection to Lear.

Near the close of the tragedy, when she receives complete information concerning the violent outrages committed against her father, the sufferings he has undergone, the ruin of his understanding, and has the fullest evidence of the atrocious guilt of her sisters, she preserves the same consistency of character: notwithstanding her wrongs, she feels the deepest sorrow for the misfortunes of Lear: she has the most entire abhorrence of the temper displayed by Goneril and Regan; yet her sorrows, her resentment, and indignation, are guided by that sense of propriety, which does not in the smallest degree impair her sensibility, but directs it to that conduct and demeanor which are suitable, amiable, and interesting. Tenderness, affection, and sensibility, melting into grief, and mingled with sentiments of reluctant disapprobation, were never delineated with greater delicacy than in the description of Cordelia, when she receives intelligence of her father's misfortunes.

There are few instances in any poet, where the influences of contending emotions are so nicely balanced and distinguished; for, while in this amiable picture we discern the corrected severity of that behaviour which a sense of propriety dictates, mitigated and brought down by fine sensibility and

the softness of the female character, we also see this softness supported, and this sensibility rendered still more engaging, by the influence of a sense of propriety.

Need I add, to these illustrations, the sisterly and filial affections of Ophelia, leading her to such deference for a father, as to practise deceit at his suggestion on a generous lover, and strive to entangle him in the toils of political cunning? Need I add the pride, the violence, the abilities, and the disappointed ambition of Margaret?

NOTES RELATIVE TO THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE CRIM TATARS*, *by Mary Holderness.* 12mo. 1821.

More real information is condensed in this small volume than some modern tourists would have given in a pompous quarto. The authoress resided in the Crimea from the year 1816 to 1820, and consequently had frequent opportunities of observing whatever was remarkable in the characters and customs of the inhabitants. She writes in a familiar and unaffected style, and in a modest unassuming tone. Her sketches, if not closely connected, are not destitute of method; and on their fidelity we may firmly depend.

The male population of the Crimea (says Mrs. Holderness) 'amounts, according to the last revision, to one hundred and eighty-six thousand souls; of these, about six hundred only are Mirzas, the number of noble families being so materially reduced, that they are not supposed to exceed sixty. The whole population, including all descriptions of people, is estimated at two hundred and sixty thousand.'

* * * * *

'Among this population exchange is still the medium of purchase, and money is seldom required or produced in bargains made between one Tatar and another, since they look with far more anxious eyes at the expenditure of a single petack [*halfpenny*] than at the cost of ten or twenty roubles, if negociated by the way of exchange.

'The Tatars may be divided into three classes: the Mirzas or noblemen, the Mullas or priests, and the peasantry; the latter paying great deference to both the former. The Mulla is considered the head of every parish, and nothing of consequence to the community is undertaken without his counsel. His land is ploughed for him, his corn sown, reaped, and carried home; and it is seldom that the proprietor of the soil takes tithe of the priest.'

The Tatarian dress is remarkable; and it is described with perspicuity by this observant lady. 'The dress of a Tatar gentleman is of cloth, trimmed with gold or silver lace, or, in the heat of summer, of Turkish silk, or of silk mixed with stuff. In winter, his coat is lined with fur; his trowsers are worn tight and low at the ancles, and are made of some bright-colored linen, frequently blue. He wears upper and under slippers, and no stockings. He has generally a large high cap of broad cloth (which distinguishes him from the peasantry), and a colored linen shirt. The priests and old men wear their beards, but the young shave them. All shave the head; and the Mullas are known by a white linen cloth which they bind round the outside of their caps.

'The dress of the women consists of a pair of trowsers, tied at the ancle and falling loose to the heel; a shift; and a quilted robe, made either of Turkish silk or cotton, or of gold or silver brocade, according to the rank and condition of the wearer. The cap, worn by the girls, is of red cloth, trimmed round with gold fringe, or (amongst the peasantry) with their small gold money, of which they also make necklaces; the latter are likewise sometimes of silver, in form somewhat resembling a collar, being tight round the neck, with silver pendents hung close around it. Their bracelets oc-

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* This is the correct appellation, though custom has established the name of *Tartar*.

casionally consist of three or four silver chains affixed to a broad clasp, but are most commonly rings of colored glass, of which they often wear two or three on each arm. Every finger is loaded with a multitude of rings of brass, lead, silver, and some few of gold, generally with colored stones in them. A broad belt is worn around the waist, hanging very loose and as low as the hips; its materials vary according to the taste of the owner, but it is generally worked with gold or silver thread on black velvet, and fastened with a clasp as big as the palms of both hands: these are sometimes of gold or silver, richly embossed, and occasionally of brass or lead.'

The women of the Crimea are not famous for personal beauty; and their children in general would be thought, in our country, exceedingly ugly. Mothers 'suckle their children from two to three years, and think us barbarous for weaning ours so early. For the first half-year they are seldom carried in the arms, but are commonly laid on their backs in a kind of cradle, in which they are bound so as not to roll out. To the top of this, immediately over their heads, are attached colored beads, bits of glass, or money, in order to attract their notice. This, to an English mother, appears a most promising plan for making the infants cross-eyed; but it rarely happens that they are so. A Tatar child is swathed from head to foot with no other clothes than a few rags, for the first two or three months; but, after that, it is habited in the same stiff and formal manner as the mother; and its dress, the ugliness of its features, and, more than all, the scorbutic humors which almost invariably cover it from a very short time after its birth, make it, of all the infants I ever saw, the most disgusting and uninteresting. Rarely, indeed, is one seen which we may venture to take in our arms.

'A Tatar wife is most completely the slave of her husband; and that the men consider her such I had from the mouth of one of the most respectable of them. Thus she is only desirable as she serves to gratify his passions, or to connect him with some Tatar of better family or greater riches than himself. Among the peasantry, however, who are less bound by rigid forms, or less observant of them than their superiors, I have often seen sincere affection displayed; but their religious tenets, as well as long established customs, teach them to suppress and subdue feeling rather than to indulge it. When a Mirza visits the apartments of his women, they all rise on his entrance, and again when he leaves it, although he comes and goes very frequently. This ceremonious mark of respect is never omitted, even by the wife or by any other of the females, except they be very old women, who, on account of their age, are excused from this form.'

Though polygamy is allowed, few of the Tatars indulge themselves with more than one wife. 'In cases where husbands have two or more wives, separate apartments and separate establishments must be given them; they will never consent to live together, and always regard each other with feelings of hatred, jealousy, and pride.

'The priest possesses the power of giving a divorce under particular circumstances. If the husband beat or ill use his wife, she may complain to the Mulla, who, attended by the community of the village, comes to the house, and pronounces a formal separation between the parties. The woman goes back to her own relations.

'Runaway matches, though not common, sometimes happen, and appear to be as valid as those which are sanctified by the priest. No other shame attaches to them than that which results from the omission of their proud ceremonials and festivities. The woman considers herself as effectually bound to the man, and he as faithfully attaches himself to her, as if they had passed through the long ordeal of a Tatar marriage.'

The meals of the Tatars are more ocial than those of the Turks. 'At

their dinners they sit in a circle round a small table, about a foot from the ground, over which is thrown a large table-cloth, or more commonly a very long napkin, covering the knees of all the party. The first dish, which generally consists of soup, is then brought in, with slices of bread, and a spoon for each person. All eat out of the same dish, and the use of a fork is unknown. When roast or boiled meat is sent to table, the master of the house cuts it into slices, and helps his guests with his fingers, placing every one's portion upon his bread, or upon the tray. At their parties they serve up ten or fifteen dishes, one at a time, and at a friendly dinner I have never seen less than six. Water is commonly drank at table, and (when that is removed) excellent coffee, often without sugar or cream, is handed round. An ewer and basin are brought to each person, before and after the meal. It is not their custom to say grace aloud, but I have remarked the elder women of the family repeating some sort of prayer before they began to eat.'

Agriculture does not particularly flourish in the Crimea, yet it is not neglected. All the labors of husbandry are performed by oxen, except that of threshing, which is generally done by horses. From the rude and barbarous form in which their ploughs are constructed, seven pairs of oxen are often required in breaking up old grass land. In ploughing a second or third time, they use two, three, or four pairs of oxen. They work these animals until they are upwards of twenty years old, and consider it wasteful to kill them while they are still able to labor. In order that they may earn as soon as possible the cost of their sustenance, they are broken into the plough as early as at two years old. The Tatar oxen are small and ugly, and those more remarkable for size and beauty, which are often seen in the Crimea, are brought from the southern provinces of Russia, particularly from [illegible] government. The cows [illegible] small quantity of milk, which is perhaps attributable to the dryness of the soil. The best are those of the German breed.'

Horse-racing and coursing seem to be the favorite amusements of the Tatars. The former is frequently practised in the following way: one rider holds a handkerchief in his mouth; he who overtakes him snatches the prize, and is pursued by others, who endeavour to secure it. In coursing, the sport is spoiled by the use of too many dogs.

Few people are more superstitious than the inhabitants of the Crimea. They wear charms and amulets, as 'preservatives from sickness and other dangers. These commonly consist of some written paper, purchased from the Mulla, and carefully sewn up in a piece of cotton or silk. They hang in strings about the neck, are suspended by the women to the hair, and are worn by the men in the centre of the back, stitched to the outer garment. They use this remedy for the sickness of their horses as well as for their own, and one of them lending my son a bridle, begged him to take care of the amulet attached to it, 'for which,' said he, 'I paid five roubles.' Another favorite specific is a bag of millet tied round a horse's neck, which, as it is applied either for a lame foot or a sore back, is, I suppose, equally efficacious for each. They likewise throw an egg, or eggs, into the face of a horse which is ill; but that this charm is not *always* effective I can answer from my own experience. These superstitions, gross as they may appear, are by no means confined to the lower class.

'In common with many other nations of the East, they retain the superstition of the evil eye, which is too well known to require description. Another and more singular prejudice is that respecting bees. They suppose that if any robbery be committed where hives are kept, the whole stock will gradually diminish, and in a short time die; 'for bees,' say they, 'will not suffer thieving.' This remark has

been more than once made to me by respectable, and, on other subjects, apparently sensible persons.

'In cases of epidemic disease amongst cattle, a Tatar expects to cure it by cutting off the head of one of them, and burying it in a hole. This, I believe, is a sacrifice to the devil, or evil spirit, who has sent the contagion.'

A NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD, IN THE RUSSIAN SHIP RURIC;

Undertaken with a view to the Discovery of a North-East Passage between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, by Otto Von Kotzebue. 8vo. 1821.

FROM the time of Peter the Great, the Russians have distinguished themselves by maritime exploration; and we are indebted to them for many important discoveries, resulting from the spirit of adventurous navigation. The present emperor has not been wholly inattentive to this great object; and, under his auspices, one of the sons of the celebrated dramatist sailed in 1815, from the road of Cronstadt. A small vessel was allotted to him, being better calculated than a large one for approaching the coast of any country; and his whole company consisted only of two lieutenants, three mates, two non-commissioned officers, and twenty sailors, beside a physician, a draughtsman, and two scientific men.

After a navigation of four months, the Ruric began to approach the shores of South-America. The voyage from the English channel had been dull and uninteresting; but the crew looked forward to future amusement. A dramatic entertainment was now allowed by the captain. 'In the evening (he says) we had a play: at noon a bill was posted on the head-mast, in which the Country Wedding was announced. The sailors had composed the play among themselves, and performed it to the general satisfaction of the spectators; the performance was concluded by a ballet, with general applause. Some may think such amusements ridiculous in a discovery-ship; I, however, am of opinion that on board every thing ought to be done to keep the crew in a cheerful disposition, and to make them thus pass over the difficulties of such a wearisome service; beside, cheerfulness will have its salutary effect upon the bodily frame, since a cheerful man is, generally speaking, the healthiest.' In doubling Cape Horn, the voyagers were assailed by strong gales; but they escaped all danger, and reached the coast of Chili. Landing near the city of Conception, they were treated by the Spaniards with politeness and hospitality; and all their wants were readily supplied. They proceeded across the Pacific to Easter Island, where the injuries which the natives had sustained from an English adventurer, who had carried off many of their friends into slavery, rendered them so suspicious and mistrustful, that it was hazardous to visit them on shore. In the prosecution of the voyage toward the equator, the captain, eager for discovery, gave six piastres to a sailor who said he saw land, and called the island by the name of his patron Romanzoff. It was only three miles in length, and though pleasant and seemingly fertile, was uninhabited. If this discovery gave him so much pleasure, how delighted must he have been, when he found a groupe of coral isles, to which he gave the appellation of the Ruric Chain, and also another groupe, which he named Krusenstern. He soon after reached the Penrhyn islands, which, being seen by their original discoverer at a distance, had not been examined. On approaching one of them, 'the Ruric (says Kotzebue) was soon surrounded by twenty-six boats, which we kept on one side, my crew not being sufficiently strong to protect the ship against 300 savages. The trade was carried on in a very lively and clamorous manner; many boats, in the endeavour to be foremost with their goods, were overturned; but the most violent struggle always ended with laughing

and joking. Those who could not approach the Ruric, on account of the crowd, amused themselves in their boats with singing and dancing; their droll movements, and particularly their skill in making grimaces, gave us much amusement. The exchanges were effected by means of a rope, to which they fastened their goods without mistrust, and waited patiently for their payment, which was conveyed to them in the same way. By degrees, their boldness increased; they stole as much as they could, and, at last, even insulted us by menaces. I was then obliged to have a musket fired, which had its effect: in the same instant they all jumped into the sea, in which they disappeared. A death-like silence followed the monstrous noise, and an immense grave seemed to have swallowed them all, till, by degrees, one head after another appeared above the surface. Fright and terror were depicted in every face; they looked anxiously about them to see what mischief the report had done, and, when they found that there was none, they returned into their boats; but they were more orderly. Nothing pleased them better than large nails, for which they bartered lances of black wood, very neatly made, with some other arms.'

After various discoveries, the vessel reached Kamtchatka in the eleventh month of the voyage; and the commander, having augmented the number of his crew, directed his course to Behring's Strait. He stopped in his way at the island of Tchibocki, which, he says, had never before been visited by Europeans. The inhabitants resembled the Americans of Norton-Sound, seen by captain Cook. Beyond the strait, he descried the entrance of a wide inlet, and began to entertain the hope of finding the long-sought passage. From the neighbouring natives he could gain no intelligence on the subject. He landed, and met a party of these barbarians. 'At our approach (he says) they sat down upon the ground, like the Turks, in a large circle, by which it was intended to show their peaceable intentions; two of the leaders had seated themselves aloof from the rest. Being well-armed, we entered into the circle, and observed they had left the greater part of their arms in their boats, but had long knives concealed within their sleeves: in their countenances were depicted mistrust, curiosity, and astonishment; they were very loquacious, but we did not understand one word of their conversation. I gave them some tobacco, doubling the portion to the chiefs, a present which they seemed to value very highly; those who had been among the first to receive some, were crafty enough to change their places, in the hope of getting it twice; they both smoked and chewed the tobacco. It was truly strange to see this savage tribe sitting in a circle, smoking from white stone pipes, with wooden tubes. It is remarkable that the use of this herb has been extended even to these distant regions; but it is from the Tchuktchi, in Asia, that the Americans receive it, with European goods. The two chiefs I presented with knives and scissars; the latter they appeared not to have seen before, and they seemed highly delighted when they found that they could cut their hair with them; they were handed round for their inspection, each making trial of them upon his own hair. They were above the middle size, of strong, vigorous, and healthy appearance; their motions were lively, and they seemed much inclined to be jocose; their faces, which had rather a wanton than vacant expression, were ugly and squalid, distinguished by very small eyes and high cheek-bones; and on both sides of the mouth they had holes, in which they wore morse-bones, ornamented with blue beads, which gave them a terrific appearance. Their hair hung down long, except upon the scull, where it was cut short; the head and ears were also ornamented with beads. Their clothes were made of skins, of the form which in Kamtchatka is

called *Parka*, with this difference, that in the latter country it reaches down to the feet, whilst here it scarcely reached down to the knee; besides which, they wore long trowsers and half-boots of seal-skin.'

Entering the inlet to the eastward, while in the north the sea was open, the captain found that the land to the right was a rocky island, separated from the continent by a broad channel. In his progress, he was disappointed in his hope by that junction of land which precluded a passage. Near this spot, to his great surprise, he saw masses of the purest ice, a hundred feet high, under a cover of moss and grass. 'That this ice was of a primitive construction (he says) may be inferred from the many bones and teeth of the mammoth, which have been discovered on the occasional thawing of these masses.' He traced without effect another apparent inlet; and a sound, to which his own name was given, did not lead to any beneficial discovery. He now returned to Behring's Strait, and disembarked on the Asiatic coast. From the observations which he was then enabled to make, he considers the Tchuktchi as of the same race with the Americans. A party of the former paid him a visit, with their wives, in six boats. Before they entered the ship, 'they slowly rowed once round it, singing as they passed. In each boat was one man who played upon the tambourine, to which a second was dancing, making, at the same time, the most ludicrous contortions of hand and body. At last they all came on board (except that only one woman came), and behaved themselves freely without the least mistrust, embracing, singing, and dancing with the sailors, while a dram, which I had given to each of them, served to add to their mirth. One of them had a complete Russian countenance, and therefore was called the Russian by the others; even some of us thought that he actually was one, who was not willing it should be known; he was distinguished from the others by a strong beard, which, however, he fearlessly suffered to be shaved off by one of the sailors. I told my guests that I wished to see their dances upon shore, as there was not room enough on board; and they immediately left the ship with continued shouts. I must notice here that the Tchuktchi, and also the Americans whom we saw, form an exception to all other northern people, in their invariable cheerfulness of temper.

'When we had landed, they met us in a friendly manner, and made us sit down upon skins; but, before the dance began, I gave needles and beads to the women, and tobacco leaves to the men, which much pleased them all. The ball was opened with a solo-dance; an old, squalid, miserable-looking woman stepped forward and put her body in the most singular and fatiguing contortions, but without moving from the spot; she rolled her eyes, and made such grimaces as created a general laugh. The music consisted of a tambourine and the singing of several voices, which, however, possessed few charms for an European ear. After this, several men and women performed singly, but not so as to equal the skill of the old woman. The ball was closed by a peculiar dance; twelve women sat down, close together, in a semi-circle, turning their backs upon each other, the whole groupe singing, and endeavouring to give expression to their song, by the motions of their hands and bodies.'

Satisfied for the present with his survey of the higher latitudes of both continents, Kotzebue sailed to the southward, and recruited in California the vigor of his crew. As there is little novelty in his account of that ill-peopled and neglected country, we will follow him to the Sandwich islands, which were then under the sway of the celebrated Tammeamea. This prince invited him to his camp at Owhyhee, alleging that he could not meet him on board, as the jealousy of his subjects would not allow him.

'The king's camp (says the captain) was concealed by a neck of land, formed by bare rocks; but, having passed these, we were surprised at the sight of a most beautiful landscape. We were in a small sand bay, protected against the waves upon perfectly smooth water; a fine grove of palm-trees lined the shore, under the shade of which we saw several well-built thatched houses; and, through the green leaves of the bananas, on the right, two white stone houses shone, built in the European style,—a mixture of buildings which gave to the place a singular, yet pleasing appearance. To the left, close to the water-side, upon an artificial hill, stood the morai of the king, surrounded by large wooden statues, representing caricatures of the human form; which indeed are his gods. The back-ground of this valley is formed by the majestic mount, *Mauna-Wororai;* the height of which I calculated at 1687 fathoms: it rises on this side rather steeply; on its declivity, green fields and valleys change to beautiful woods, between which immensely large and steep lava rocks are frequently visible. A number of islanders, armed with muskets, stood near the coast; the king met us with some of his chief warriors at the landing place, and shook me heartily by the hand. I now stood beside the famous Tammeamea, whose deportment and unrestrained friendly behaviour inspired me with the greatest confidence. He took me to his thatched palace, which, after the fashion of the country, consisted of one single large room, and was exposed to every wind, so that the oppressive heat was diminished. Some very pretty European chairs were placed for our use; and, a mahogany table being set before us, we were in possession of all the furniture of the palace. Although the king has several houses built in the European style, he prefers this simple habitation, not wishing to infringe upon the manners of the country; every thing that he considers useful he imitates, and endeavours to make his people adopt it; stone palaces he deems superfluous, the thatched houses being more comfortable, and he wishes to increase the happiness, and not the wants, of his subjects. His dress consisted of a white shirt, blue pantaloons, red waistcoat, and black neckcloth; but sometimes he dresses splendidly, having several embroidered uniforms and other habits. The chiefs, who during our audience were sitting on the ground, made a very ludicrous figure, in black coats, which were their only covering, and which did not fit them. One of the ministers had the waist high up the back; the coat was buttoned with the greatest difficulty, and he perspired excessively; his misery was very evident; but fashion did not permit him to get rid of this burthen. It is remarkable that the savages surpass even the Europeans in supporting the inconveniences imposed upon them by fashion. The king, having poured out for us some very good wine, drank to our health; and I then acquainted him with my intention of supplying myself here with water and wood. A well-informed young man, named Cook, was the only white person in attendance on the king; and he spoke the language of the country with perfect ease; he had been mate in a ship, but had been settled for some years on this island, where he had gained the king's favor, and was in possession of a large estate; he now acted as an interpreter between us. Tammeamea directed him to speak as follows: 'I am informed that you are the commander of a man-of-war, on a voyage similar to that of Cook and Vancouver, and, consequently, have nothing to do with trade; it is therefore my intention not to enter into any with you, but to supply you gratuitously with every thing my islands produce. This matter is now settled, and requires, therefore, no more mentioning. But I beg you will tell me whether it is the wish of your emperor that his subjects should begin to affront and oppose me in my old age? Since Tammeamea has been

king of these islands, no European has had reason to complain of any injury done to him here. I have made my country an asylum for all nations, and supplied every ship that wanted provisions. Some time ago, Russians from the American colony of Pitka came here; they were well received, and supplied with all necessaries; but they have basely requited me, having treated my subjects in Wahu with hostility, and threatened to conquer the islands with men-of-war. Yet, as long as Tammeamea reigns, that will not take place! A Russian physician, named Scheffer, pretended that he was sent by the emperor Alexander, to botanize on my islands. Having heard the good fame of that prince, and being particularly pleased with his bravery, I not only permitted Mr. Scheffer to botanize, but also promised him every assistance, granted him a piece of land, with peasants, and tried to make his abode as pleasant to him as possible. But what was the consequence of my hospitality? Even in Owhyhee he repaid my kindness with ingratitude, which I bore with patience; after this, he went by his own will, from one island to another, settling at last in Wahu, where he proved himself my worst enemy, by destroying the morai, our sanctuary, and stirring up against me, on the island of Otuwai, king Tamary, who submitted some years ago to my government. And Scheffer is there at this moment, threatening my islands.' I answered this complaint by vindicating my sovereign from all concern in such acts, and by declaring that any well-founded charge against his subjects would entail his indignation upon the offenders.'

The gallantry of the Russian commander having inclined him to request the honor of an interview with the principal ladies of the court, he was readily gratified.—'With the king's permission we took a walk with our interpreter, accompanied by five naked soldiers, as a guard of honor. We visited the favorite queen Kahumanna, found the other two wives with her, and were kindly received by all of them. Her house is neatly built, and very clean within; the floor, upon which the three ladies had seated themselves in the Asiatic manner, was covered with neat matting, and they were closely wrapped up in the finest country stuffs. Kahumanna sat in the middle, and the other wives on both sides of her, and I was invited to sit down on the floor. All her questions I answered to her satisfaction. She was so polite as to cut a water-melon, and present me with a piece. The chief occupations of the royal ladies are smoking, combing their hair, driving away the flies with a fan, and eating. Tammeamea does not smoke; but the custom of smoking has become so prevalent, that little children begin to smoke before they walk, and the adults carry it to such excess, as to fall down senseless; and some even die of the stupor. The tobacco-plant, brought here by Europeans, is carefully cultivated, and has become indigenous; the smell of it is very pleasant, but the tobacco is very strong. They use no tubes; but the pipes which they always carry about them, hanging on their sides, form a part of the royal ornament; they were very large, made of a dark wood, and lined with brass. Kahumanna took a few draughts with great zest, which prevented her from swallowing part of the smoke, making the rest pass through her nostrils; half intoxicated, she handed the pipe to me, and was surprised at my European stupidity, when I refused, giving it to her neighbour, who, after a short time, passed it to the third wife: as soon as the pipe was empty, a new one was filled, and the circulation began again. The three queens were very tall, stout women, above fifty years of age, and seemed to have never been handsome. In their dress they were distinguished from other ladies by several silk shawls. On the outside of the door sat the king's daughter on a mat: behind her stood a negro-boy, holding a silk parasol over her: two other boys drove away the flies with red plumes.'

Tammeamea died some time ago; and his son, who, when he entered during his father's life into the partial possession of power, was called *Lio-Lio*, or the *dog of all dogs*, and whom Kotzebue despised as the most stupid of all brutes, immediately claimed the succession: but a contest arose, of the issue of which we have no certain information.

[*To be continued.*]

COLLECTIONS FROM NATURAL HISTORY.
NO. VI.

The Caiman, or Crocodile of Louisiana.—It is the general opinion, that this animal completely resembles a large lizard: but, says M. de Montulé, 'the head and tail are considerably different, the former being flatter, and nearly as large at the end as at the beginning, while the tail is armed with four very sharp excrescences. Its color is precisely that of the herb which is found under water, being a dark green. Its teeth are pointed, and may be thought small, if we consider its size and the alleged voracity of its nature. The head, instead of being covered with scales, is guarded by a skin equally hard, which, plaited, gives it that appearance. It has no tongue, but several membranes, or moving cartilages, perfectly white; these fill the under-jaw to which they are attached in every direction, so that rising or falling they perform the same functions as the tongue. Its paws resemble those of the lizard, and are formed like hands, the fingers being united by a membrane. I had been informed that its nails were less pointed than the teeth, which is certainly the fact; for, after having killed one, I paid the greatest attention to it.

'This amphibious creature buries itself during the winter in a muddy swamp, and continues torpid until the spring. It is much less feared in Louisiana than we imagine in Europe. It is only dreaded by hogs and dogs, who have a fear, I may say horror, on beholding it. When it seizes these animals, it drags them to the bottom of the water, where it probably enjoys most strength.

'Being in a *bayou* or canal, I saw and fired upon a caiman: the ball struck it; but, as it did not move, I conceived that I had hit the trunk of a tree. I ordered the boat to be rowed thither; when the supposed piece of wood sunk into the stream at my approach, and proved to be a caiman, which was ascertained by a little blood appearing upon the water. On another occasion, I fired at one which was about nine feet in length. When the ball had traversed its neck, it beat the water with its tail. Moving towards it, and finding it swim, I wished to seize it by the hinder paw; upon which, a dreadful blow of its tail, and a movement of its tremendous head, in endeavouring to seize my arm, made me desist; but in this action its head fell on the boat, between my legs. I then gave it four violent blows with the stock of my piece; and I saw it swim on, and drag itself among the reeds, mortally wounded.'

The Bear of New California.—'Bears are so numerous in that country (says Kotzebue the navigator), that, on going only a mile from the houses into the woods, we could meet with them in great numbers. The species differs from ours by a pointed head and an ash-grey color; they are also more active and daring. Nevertheless, the dragoons here are so dexterous and courageous, that they are sent out into the wood for a bear, as we should order a cook to fetch in a goose. They go on horseback, having nothing but a rope with a running knot in their hands, which is sufficient to overpower a bear. As soon as the enraged animal is about to rush on one of them, another slips the knot, which is fixed to the saddle by a strong curve, round one of his fore-paws, and, galloping off, throws him down; immediately the other throws a knot round his hind-leg, and thus the third

is able to tie his fore-legs together, after which they carry him home without danger.'

The Rein-Deer.--Mr. Bullock lately purchased, in Norway, twelve of these animals. In traveling, they were completely under the command of a leader or captain, who not only headed their march, but seemed, in every case of difficulty, to issue his orders, which were promptly and implicitly obeyed. This was most remarkable when they reached the boat for embarkation. A new situation required a stronger exercise of instinct and of courage, than had previously been called forth. The herdsman got into the boat, and invited the captain of the deer to follow him. The noble animal approached, and put his foot from the pier into the vessel. It seemed to be unsteady ground; and he recoiled in alarm. Fresh invitations, and fresh investigations of the boat, ensued; the whole herd looking on and watching these proceedings. At last the captain entered the boat, and he trod upon and examined every plank. When satisfied, he uttered a kind of snort, and in three minutes the hitherto passive herd had bounded into and filled the boat. When the party arrived in the Thames, the custom-house officer at Gravesend did not feel himself authorized to allow the deer to be landed; and, before application could be made to the proper authorities in London, the majority of the poor herd fell victims to their confinement on shipboard. They began to die very fast, and eight of the twelve deer were thus destroyed. The remnant saved consists of a male and female, and a male who has been cut. The last, who was the leader, is the largest of the animals, being about ten hands high, and proportionally stout. Their fur is astonishingly thick, very fine, and delicately soft and warm. The horns branch in a singular and beautiful manner, and are entirely covered with a short fur. Those of the female form almost a perfect coronet, above a foot in height, and her head is of the most elegant shape. The captain's antlers are three feet in length; on one side branching from a single root, on the other having two branches bending forward over the nose, issuing from the head with the main branch. The fawn has only two short protuberances. Their hoofs are very broad, and flexible between the divisions. This enables them to clamber up precipices and hang on rocks inaccessible to all other animals. Their speed is prodigious. They seem to be reconciled to hay as food, and to be fond of brandy, which is administered as a medicine.

Chase of a wild Animal.——Sir Robert Ker Porter, riding in the mountainous part of Persia, descried an animal which his companions mistook for an antelope. He put his Arabian horse to its utmost speed, and, approaching within pistol-shot of the fugitive quadruped, had an opportunity of observing its form. 'He appeared to me (says this writer) to be about ten or twelve hands high; the skin smooth, like a deer's, and of a reddish color; the belly and hinder parts partaking of a silvery grey; his neck was finer than that of a common ass, being longer, and bending like a stag's, and his legs beautifully slender; the head and ears seemed large in proportion to the gracefulness of these forms, and by them I first recognised that the object of my chase was of the ass tribe. The mane was short and black, as was also a tuft which terminated his tail. No line whatever ran along his back or crossed his shoulders, as on the tame species with us. When my followers of the country came up, they regretted I had not shot the creature when he was so within my aim, telling me his flesh is one of the greatest delicacies in Persia; but it would not have been to eat him that I should have been glad to have had him in my possession. The prodigious swiftness and peculiar manner with which he fled across the plain, coin-

cided exactly with the description that Xenophon gives of the same animal in Arabia. But, above all, it reminded me of the striking portrait drawn by the author of the book of Job. 'Who hath loosed the bonds of the wild ass? whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwellings! He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver. The range of the mountain is his pasture.'

Sir Robert was afterward informed, that the wild ass of the Arabian Irak exactly corresponded with the animal which he had chased. He soon after saw another, and, pursuing it determinately, had the good fortune, after a hard chase, to kill it and carry it off. Elphinston, in his admirable account of the kingdom of Cabul, mentions this highly picturesque creature under the name of gourkhur; describing it as an inhabitant of the desert between India and Afghanistan. It is called *gour* by the Persians, and is usually seen in herds, though often single, straying away in the wantonness of liberty.

Occasional Forbearance of Vipers.—M. Humboldt, famous for his survey of the Oroonoko territory, says, 'As the inside of our hut was filled with grass, and as we lay upon the ground, there being no means of suspending our hammocks, we were not without inquietude during the night. In the morning a large viper was found on lifting up from the ground the jaguar skin, upon which one of our domestics had slept. The Indians say, that these reptiles, slow in their movements when they are not pursued, creep near a man because they are fond of heat. In fact, on the banks of the Magdalena a serpent entered the bed of one of our fellow-travellers, where he remained a part of the night, without doing him any harm. Without wishing to take up the defence of vipers and rattle-snakes, I believe it may be affirmed, that, if these venomous animals had such a disposition for offence as is supposed, the human species would certainly not have resisted their numbers in some parts of America; for instance, on the banks of the Oroonoko, and the humid mountains of Choco.'

A supposed Shower of Snails.—Such a shower was reported to have fallen over two acres of land at Tockington, in Gloccestershire; but the wonder is thus explained. It is a species called the *zoned snail,* found in great abundance in various counties. On the approach of heat, they leave their hiding-places, and crawl about the fields, becoming visible even to the superficial observer. As it is a well-known fact that they furnish much nourishing matter, it would be best for the farmer belonging to the field at Tockington to turn into it a flock of sheep, which would soon crush the snails in eating them with the grass, and the flock would doubtless improve. In this phenomenon, the philosophic mind will easily trace the provision of nature to render these snails (fattened near the roots of the succulent grass) a pasture, when parched by the rays of the sun, of a most nourishing nature to herbivorous animals.

JOURNAL OF A VALETUDINARIAN.

Sunday morning.—I AWOKE at eight o'clock; found that for the last hour or two I had not slept soundly; am therefore indisposed; believe that it was entirely in consequence of my waiting ten minutes in the cold, entreating a pretty widow for leave to see her home: but she preferred a mere dandy to a much more sensible and prudent conductor. I have no clue to account for her conduct, except that it might be care for my health, as she said I looked exceedingly pale. I can feel indeed that I have become extremely thin—some of my bones have hardly any covering, and the sternum has nothing but the cuticle drawn over it. Gracious Heaven! if this rapid emaciation goes on, the sharp angles of the skeleton will burst their atte-

nuated covering, and then—oh then! the softest down will feel like a bed of adamant. I must rise, to endeavour to get rid of the frightful idea.

Nine o'clock. In getting out of bed I struck my foot against the bed-post—for near a minute felt considerable pain. There is an uninterrupted set of nerves forming the communication betwixt the extremities of the body, the head and the feet, and this must be the reason that I feel the temporal artery beat at this moment with unusual violence. Whatever may be the consequences, I hope I shall be enabled to suffer with fortitude. And when I am no more!—but I will ring for my breakfast.

Ten o'clock. I took three cups of coffee, a couple of slices of toast and butter, with a small bit of ham and an egg. I am losing my appetite daily. I cast my eyes on the New Medical Journal: what do I see! 'Dreadful effects of drinking coffee. This infusion is of a drying nature; an old woman in France, by the daily use of it, became totally withered, and died in the eighty-second year of her age.' Heaven defend me! I have this morning taken three cups of this pernicious potion—the exsiccation it occasions will first ossify the harder and then the softer parts of my body. I have no doubt that the former is already accomplished; and, from the unusual beating of my heart, the other must be in progress; it is plain the ossification is already begun, and that must terminate in death, irrevocable death.

Monday. I awoke after a sound sleep. This death-like somnolence is, I am sure, one symptom of incipient ossification. I must obtain medical advice immediately. I shall apply to Dr. Hum. He may at least inform me how long I have yet to live.

Tuesday. I am no better, though Dr. Hum examined me carefully, and seemed to undertand my case perfectly. He charges two guineas for a consultation; but he says he can soon remove the tendency to ossification, which he easily perceives to be the defect in my constitution. I know not how he means to accomplish this; for, when I examined his prescription, it was composed only of rhubarb and spring-water; but I bow with deference to his superior judgement; and I must make an extraordinary effort to preserve my existence, which I feel is in immediate danger.

Wednesday. Dr. Hum, I am persuaded, does not understand my constitution. I sent for Dr. Vapid's new five-shilling pamphlet, entitled 'Help to Longevity;' but it unhappily contains nothing analogous to my case. In the first part, the doctor very learnedly proves, that some men live longer than others: and the practical directions are, that we ought to avoid every thing hurtful to the stomach. I am of opinion, that the ossification may be retarded by moistening the parts with copious potations of some insipid diluent; I shall therefore drink plentifully of tea or gruel, avoiding all animal food, shell-fish particularly, as being highly calcareous. This is the manner in which I shall live all the rest of my life; though my graceless nephew advised me to take a rump-steak and a couple of bottles of Port. Gracious heaven! I could never survive such treatment. But he is a foolish young fellow, and knows nothing of medicine.

Thursday. Rest, in my opinion, is absolutely necessary to my preservation. The friction attendant upon exercise must indurate the parts—I shall therefore be cautious of moving from my chair; and thus, I am convinced, I shall protract my existence. I am much paler than I was last week. Heaven forbid that the pretty widow should see me now—she certainly would be shocked at the dreadful spectacle I exhibit. My joints are stiffened with sitting; and, were I not fully convinced that to stir is to perish, I should be strongly tempted to get up and dance—but it is the part of a wise man to control his inclinations, and I submit.

Friday. I consulted Dr. Puzzle,

who has fully convinced me that my disorder is a nervous atrophy. Yes, I feel it plainly; I wonder how I came to overlook the symptoms. Extreme debility—a cadaverous countenance: I am in imminent danger, and nothing can save me but the use of very nutritious food. Beef, mutton, veal, oysters, I shall have them all; and all will for some time be insufficient to convert into chyle, to fill those narrow channels which threaten by their inanity to collapse for ever.

Saturday, ten o'clock. My nephew tells me that there is a famous physician at Kensington, who makes my disorder his peculiar study, and that a couple of horses are at the door to convey us thither. I am determined to hear his opinion.

Eleven o'clock. A glorious day! fresh and beautiful: the Park appears delightful: I feel myself quite reanimated. The widow advances to meet us—Oh! I could leap from my saddle. She says she never saw me look so well. Oh, I am all health and joy. After she parted from us, my nephew told me that the fellow who escorted her home last Saturday evening, has a wry mouth. N. B. My nephew is not such a fool as I once thought him—I shall accept his invitation to a bowl of punch and a merry song this evening, and shall not trouble the doctor to-day.

Sunday morning. I awoke quite well. My servant brings me a note from the widow, inviting me to dinner. I think I never was so robust and hearty. Oh, I shall live these fifty years! I shall dress myself as smart as the youngest beau in town; throw away all my medical books; and then, on the wings of love and joy, I shall fly to the lovely widow. J. W.

REMARKS ON THE EMPLOYMENTS OF BOTH SEXES.

An agricultural society, some years ago, offered a premium to women for *ploughing*. The motive, undoubtedly, was to encourage industry; but, as we have a sufficiency of men for the labors of the field, an attempt to give a new direction to the industry of one half of the species is at least unnecessary, if not absurd.

It was considered as one of the most unequivocal signs of the exhausted and miserable state to which France was reduced in the later days of Louis XIV. that in many provinces they had only women left for the offices of husbandry; and, in all ages and countries, to have only women to till the ground, or gather the fruits of the earth, has been thought to present a striking picture of desolation. The country is poor (whatever else may abound) where men are scarce. This scarcity does not exist in England; and the evil is, that the men have usurped the departments of the women. If we ask where are the robust frames that ought to be toiling in the winter's frost and summer's sun, we shall find that some of them are stationed in warm carpeted rooms, handing tea to a circle of idle listless ladies and gentlemen; others are lifting up and down their long legs, and painfully trying to accommodate their pace to the short trip of a delicate young lady who walks before them, or the slow pace of an infirm old one: some are carrying out lap-dogs to air; some with white sleeves and aprons making cheese-cakes; and hundreds are stationed behind counters, sorting thread, and measuring lace and tape. Let, then, the servants' halls give up the idle that are in them, and the pastry-cooks' and haberdashers' shops the idle that are in them, and there will be a sufficiency of stout recruits for the plough, without taking the women from their appropriate employments. Indeed they cannot attend to both; and, if the wives are to be in the field, their husbands must in return wash the linen, rock the cradle, dress the dinner, and scour the rooms.

Of the consequences of such an exchange of employment, we have a ludicrous picture in an old Scotish ballad, called the Wife of Auchtermuchty. A farmer, weary of the labour of ploughing, insists on his wife's alternate par-

ticipation of that toil; and the good dame consents without hesitation, on his promising to attend to the domestic duties. The next day, while the wife is ploughing, the husband drives out the geese, seven in number, to feed; the fox comes and carries off five of them; on hearing their cries, he runs out, when, taking advantage of his absence, the calves break loose, and save him the trouble of milking the cows. On his return, he sits down to spin; but, on his stooping down too near the grate, the lint takes flame, and sets fire to the chimney, which he has no small difficulty in quenching. He then tries the churn; but, after toiling at it for an hour, no butter does he get: he then abandons the butter-making in despair. The sow comes in, and is beginnning to lap up the unchurned milk, when, seizing the churn-staff to drive it away, he kills, inadvertently, the two goslings which the fox had left. It is now time to go and 'take up the bairns;' but his wife suddenly returns from the field, and scolds him for his folly and negligence; and he promises to give up his new office for life.

The poet of nature, Thomson, has described, in glowing colors, the hay-making lass, placed by the side of her lover, with all—

'Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.'

But he probably would not have been equally pleased with the idea of a sturdy lass bending over a plough, and whistling to the horse. Indeed, before the effect can be ascertained, it should be known with accuracy what is intended; for it does not appear, whether the Bath agriculturists intended the female to *guide the plough*, or to be *yoked to it*. The latter, though somewhat novel, would not be altogether unprecedented, since we are informed by Mr. Barrow, that in China, a country which does not yield in politeness even to Bath, it is not uncommon to see a husbandman plough with a woman and an ass yoked together. This is an age of improvements; and, if the Chinese custom should be adopted, it would, no doubt, be a great saving in the labor of that noble quadruped the horse, and would correspond to that scale of excellence which exists in the minds of some philosophers, who maintain that the forms of men are more perfect and beautiful than those of women, and that horses are, in this respect, superior to both.

MAXIMS, REFLECTIONS, AND PITHY SENTENCES.

WISDOM, properly understood, includes virtue. He who is wise knows that it is both his duty and his interest to be virtuous: talents and knowlege may be displayed by one who neglects that duty: but his mind is not illuminated by true wisdom.

Many men would have more wisdom, if they had less wit.

Advice is not disliked because it is advice, but because so few people know how to give it in a proper way; and it is remarkable that some are so vain as to hate it in proportion to its agreeableness.

Persons of a reflecting disposition undertake to settle what ideas they shall have under prospective circumstances of existence, when it is nothing but their present state of being that enables them to have those ideas.

He who does his work keeps pace with time. Procrastinate enjoyment, not duty.

Do not indulge in idleness: for only the running water remains clear.

Precedents in favor of what is unjust prove that your predecessors were fools or knaves, and that you aspire to the same character. Against our fathers, indeed, the conclusion may not be always just. That may have been wisdom in a former period, and under particular circumstances, which is now weakness and wickedness; and in this case to act from precedent is to make wisdom the shelter of selfishness and folly.

There are two sorts of avarice. One consists in a solicitude to acquire wealth

for the sake of those advantages which it bestows, and from a dread of poverty and its attendant evils; the other, in an anxiety for wealth on its own account only, and which sacrifices to the attainment of it every advantage that it can give. The former is the excess of a quality which when not carried to excess is praiseworthy, and is called œconomy. The other, when indulged in the extreme, produces the effect of ruinous prodigality; for, if you do not make use of your wealth, you are poor in effect.

The miser puts all his money into bad hands, from which he will never recover it. To him a penny saved is a penny lost.

Nobody gets so much for his money as the generous man.

The lord and the knight died with other men; Bacon and Newton will live to the end of the world.

He is happy in proportion to his fortune whose beneficence and affections expand with it. The fortune of a vicious man is the measure of what he takes from the public good, and from his own happiness.

It is pernicious to society when the poor become rich by avarice or injustice, great by mean services; when they carry not up with them the sentiments which make wealth beneficent, and rank respectable: it is beneficial to society when worth, and skill, and industry, obtain their due reward,—when all aid the successful efforts of the generous man who loves to do good to all. It is pernicious to society when the rich, becoming poor from extravagance and dissipation, or neglect of their affairs, carry into the lower ranks the sentiments and propensities which ruined them; not when, becoming poor by misfortune, they carry into poverty generous and independent minds.

What is the proper mixture of ranks by marriage? That which raises the worthy and the amiable to influence and happiness; which rewards generous affection, in merit and love deserving its condescension; which gives the rich an affectionate interest in the poor; which gives the poor spirit and consequence without insolence or vanity; which unites without confounding; where the parties are capable of the same pleasures and interests, of pursuits adapted to their fortune; where the rich sacrifice not the dignity of their rank to mere appetite, and become not the dupes of selfish address; where the poor sell not themselves to weakness and worthlessness for the sake of wealth.

'O that I were as in months past,' must at last be the unavailing prayer of beauty, where it seeks not the aid of other charms. Without this, nothing is so short-lived as its influence, even while it lasts. To have beauty only is the courtezan's portion: it may captivate a succession of admirers: it will retain none of them. Such a woman is not qualified for a wife. With sense, affection, virtue, a man soon ceases to miss in his wife a greater share of beauty. After the honeymoon, how great may become the effect of the former;—of the latter, how small!

In tempting to sin by removing good principles, you not only take away virtue, but repentance.

It is a grievous thing to malignity when the faults which enabled her to gratify spite under the appearance of virtue are forgotten in a man's worth.

It is only a little way that folly can go in acting wisdom.

When drunkenness becomes a habit, the only time a man lives and is himself, is when he is getting drunk. To this are transferred all his pleasures, his activity, his affections. In his sober intervals he is a bow unbent, an instrument out of tune. And what are the powers, the activity, the affections of drunkenness!

When we consider the object for which men desire medical aid, it is a poor recommendation of a medicine, that it is harmless; but this seems to be a strong testimony in its favor, when we observe the frequent effects of medicine.

How beautiful is the best side of the world! How shocking the worst!

Have you never seen a strange, unconnected, deformed representation of a figure, which, seen in another point of view, became proportioned, and agreeable? It is the picture of human nature.

The continuance of war, as a part of the political system even of an enlightened nation, is a lamentable proof of barbarism. It is like a deadly poison amidst the most salutiferous drugs.

An ancient barbarian was called the Scourge of God, or the chastiser of mankind under divine providence. But it requires not a Hun or a Goth to make war a dreadful scourge. It still deserves that stigma, whether the leader be an Attila or a Turenne, a Bonaparte or a Wellington.

Pope says—

> "For forms of government let fools contest,
> Whate'er is best administer'd is best."

But are all equally calculated to be well administered? or, if all were well administered, would *all* be *equally good?*

There are two points which form, and keep up, a commerce of friendship among reasonable men, and, among unreasonable men, *break* it. These are, disagreeing in little things, and agreeing in great ones.

When men, for whom we have a well-grounded contempt, at the same time contemn us (no uncommon case), it rather makes us laugh, than hurts our feelings.

We judge of others from ourselves! Source of knowlege, source of error!

A TALE OF FORMER YEARS, NOT INAPPLICABLE TO MODERN TIMES.

In the present day, when many families have been reduced from affluence to comparative poverty, it may not be unedifying to make known how a pair highly descended, and nurtured in all the refinements of luxury, created for each other substantial happiness, in blending unostentatious elegance with undeviating œconomy, and, without a total sacrifice of their habits, avoided the humiliation of pecuniary embarrassment. It is not the privation of customary indulgences, nor even the trouble of attending to concerns which in more prosperous circumstances were the charge of servants—it is by the goadings of pride, and the vain efforts of pretension, that the feelings of poor gentility are harassed. The pair whose virtues we commemorate were indeed removed to a land of strangers; and, under a borrowed name, shrouded their hereditary rights; but extensive distress in the commercial and agricultural classes might supply the influence of numbers to countenance avowed retrenchment, and it should be esteemed honourable and dignified to accommodate the expenditure of a family to its means. A party of friends, dressed with neat simplicity, may cheerfully meet to partake of a plain dinner, though, in former years, they could have had superb apparel, and a service of different courses, ornamented by plate and crystal, but now only graced by the charm of polished manners, and spirited, intelligent, refined conversation—intrinsic possessions, which adversity cannot impair! How ennobling is the consciousness of bearing up with fortitude under the pressure of blameless misfortune, and submitting to self-denials, that creditors may be amply repaid! Or, if we are self-condemned for inadvertence, and for trusting, with too sanguine expectation, to contingencies, we never have such solid ground for self-complacency, as in atoning for error.

Fifty years have been absorbed in the progress of time, since a gentleman of the West Highlands, looking from the window of his bed-room, as he dressed himself before sun-rise, observed a small bark leaving a wherry in the opposite harbour. As a governess for his daughters was expected by sea from Leith, he felt some interest in the bark, when he saw its course directed to the landing-place

appropriated to his castle; and he soon discerned a female figure in the stern. A tall man leaped out, and handed the lady to the shore; both were wrapped in great-coats that concealed their under-dress; but their mien bore the stamp of superior station. The old man-cook of the castle happened to be choosing fish from the gains of the preceding night. The gentleman addressed him, requesting to be directed to an inn. The cook replied, there was no house of that description nearer than the other side of the bay. The stranger turned round to stop the skiff that brought him from the wherry; but it was bounding over the waves at too great a distance to be recalled. 'I can walk round the bay to an inn,' said he; 'but this gentlewoman, who has suffered much from sea-sickness, cannot go so far on foot.' The old man, presuming on a service of five and thirty years, invited the wanderers to his master's castle, till the lady might take some rest; and, having performed the office (declined by a new footman) of showing them into the parlour, he stated to his master what seemed a sufficient excuse for the liberty he had taken. 'She is such a genteel pretty creature, and so worn out, and so sweetly sad, that I made bold to offer her the shelter of your honor's roof for a few hours, just to rest a little in bed.' 'You did right,' replied the laird; and, in the true spirit of Highland hospitality, he hastened to pay his respects to the unknown guests. He found the lady reseated on a sofa, and the gentleman hanging over her, as she sat pale and exhausted. She attempted to rise when the laird appeared; but sunk down through debility. The ladies of the family had been summoned, and orders given to prepare a bed; but, before it could be ready, the laird rang several bells for cordials, and to beg his mother would come to the parlour with all speed. The lady was laid to repose; and, while breakfast was preparing, the stranger informed the laird that he was of Ireland, was lately married, and, soon after, was so fiercely assaulted by a person of superior rank, that in self-defence he exerted his force, and broke the arm of his antagonist.

Ireland was then no safe abode for him; and, in compliance with the intreaties of his wife, he passed over to the coast of Scotland, to seek a quiet residence. He aspired only to a cottage, some garden ground, and grass for a cow. Since he had no credentials, he would place five hundred guineas in the hands of any gentleman who would provide him with the accommodations he had stated, and would take the trouble of directing him to a proper market for humble necessaries. The laird said he could give a choice of four situations, and would order his *grieve* (*Anglice*, the manager of his domain) to supply whatever Mr. Cope might require from the produce of the farm. When breakfast was ready, the gentleman glided softly into his lady's bedchamber. She was awake, and instantly rose, saying she was refreshed, though she had not slept. Her husband laid before her the proposals of the laird, and the carriage was ordered, that they might view the places in question. On a farm, about two miles from the castle, a cottage of two rooms had been recently built for a school-mistress, a native of Ireland, who had not, in the lapse of forty years, one of her countrymen as a neighbour. She joyfully agreed to remain in her old habitation, while another was in preparation, and to make over to Mr. and Mrs. Cope the new erection, in which the carpenters were at work. In the mean time, the laird ordered a boat to get from the wherry all packages belonging to his guests, who remained at the castle until their domicile, and some simple articles of furniture, were in readiness. Suppose them removed to the cottage, consisting only of two rooms, with a kitchen, added by Mr. Cope's direction, and made to communicate by a staircase with the garrets of the larger building.

While these works were in progress, Mr. Cope had a paling ready to enclose a garden round his cottage; and behind he had a fence placed about the park allotted to feed his cow. Through this park murmured a stream of pure water, sufficient for the full supply of that precious element.

The school-mistress, though born in Ireland, was of the laird's own family; had been well educated, and, until grown up, had the prospect of an easy independence. Her father embarked his fortune in the South-Sea speculation; became insolvent; and, being unable to endure the mortification of living in a society to which his income was inadequate, he passed over from Londonderry to his own country, where some near relatives took measures for his support. His daughter found employment as a governess, while her mother enjoyed tolerable health. Her father died suddenly; the widow could no longer exist without her daughter. They struggled many years with a little farm; and, though by rigid self-denial they avoided debt, yet, at the old lady's decease, the reversion of their effects was so small, that the daughter was induced to take upon herself the duties of a school-mistress. The new house, for her dwelling and school, was placed by Mrs. Cope's request at a short distance from the cottage, where we shall suppose the strangers settled about the middle of a favourable autumn. The school-mistress recommended a neat girl to do the lower domestic offices, and, the school being dismissed, good mistress Molly, as she was called, came every evening to instruct Mrs. Cope in the necessary household management, of which indeed she was quite ignorant. In like manner, the laird's gardener directed Mr. Cope in his horticultural operations, when the seasons arrived for planting shrubs and flowers, or sowing seeds. The ensuing summer showed a happy combination of taste and frugality in the internal arrangements and exterior decorations of the cottage. The wood on the eastern side, through which frequent communication wore a path to the school, furnished strawberries and other wild fruit, before the garden became productive. These, with some cream and sugar, were the only repast Mrs. Cope offered the ladies and gentlemen who called upon her; and, though she and her husband returned those calls, they declined all formal invitations. The cottage was remarkably clean; the furniture of common wood, with white cushions for the chairs, covered with Irish linen, and white covers for the tables, exactly fitted to their form, and flounced like the chair-cushions and window-curtains. The floors were bare in summer, and so polished and spotless, that one might almost imagine the plane had just smoothed their surface. In winter they were covered with green cloth. Mr. and Mrs. Cope, with exact neatness, were habited in fabrics so homely, that, at a first glance, they looked indeed the inmates of a cottage; but, when they moved and spoke, the elegance, the subdued dignity of their language and gestures, awakened curiosity to know how they, who appeared fitted for a court, could exist in a sphere so manifestly inferior to their former habits. The mild, but overawing reserve which they maintained, prevented impertinent inquiries. They were believed to have been more communicative to the minister, before he baptized their son, as the pious man was known to be strict in maintaining every rule of the church. Another infant blessed their union, and to him also Mrs. Cope performed the endearing offices of a nurse. He was weaned, and beginning to walk, when Mr. Cope carried him to the castle; and he walked, hanging on his mother's apron when tired, or frisking after the butterflies, if they invited his pursuit. They had been only a few minutes at the castle, when the post-bag was brought in. While the laird looked at his letters, he gave a newspaper to the gentleman and lady. The laird's mother was also

reading a letter; but, on a suppressed ejaculation from Mrs. Cope, looked up. Tears were coursing each other down Mrs. Cope's cheeks, and her husband seemed labouring to repress his emotion. The old lady took off her spectacles, and hesitatingly expressed much concern. Mr. Cope, in a tremulous voice, said, 'I see, in this paper, the death of a brother. He was unkind; yet, would to God, that we had exchanged forgiveness! My dear Lucy,' he continued, 'most generous of women, give me your consent to explain our mystery.' 'My love,' replied his lady, 'you have never proposed what I would disapprove, and we have no concealments to be ashamed of.'

'Thus sanctioned,' resumed Mr. Cope, 'I will tell you, madam, that the earl of —— had only two sons—my brother, whose decease is announced in this paper, and myself. My mother's sister had, in her own disposal, an estate of double value to my father's, and avowed her intention of making me the heir. My father, therefore, left me a small patrimony; but my aunt liberally contributed to my education. She was of England; and at her house I saw and loved this lady. My brother, unhappily, also admired her. She preferred me; and, as my aunt promised to make over a part of her estates in my favor, my Lucy's guardians consented to our union. Before the settlements were signed, my aunt died intestate; or, I rather suspect, her will was villanously suppressed. I was now unprovided; my Lucy's guardians forbade her to think of me; but she thought my intrinsic value was undiminished, and blest me with her hand. Her guardians had power to withhold her fortune until her twenty-fifth year should be completed, and they used that power; but, with her allowance as a minor, we could live contentedly, though not splendidly, in Ireland. We had not been there a fortnight, when my brother attacked me at a fair. As I saw that he was intoxicated, I bore much abuse, without retorting the provocation. Even when he struck me, I only held his wrists. In wrenching his arm from my grasp, a fracture was occasioned; and he denounced vengeance. My Lucy was miserable; and, to appease her alarm, I left Ireland for this country. You know the rest so far as regards the common occurrences of my life; but you cannot know, for I possess not words to express, the heartfelt felicity I have owed to the best of wives. Her wise tenderness extracted the sting from humiliation and exile; her fortitude taught me to support self-denial, and her œconomy managed an income in a manner which left to me resources for contingent expenses. Pomp and luxury are not indispensable to happiness. If we can overcome pride, the affections and intellect will yield a rich fund of pleasure.'

Mrs. Cope several times endeavored to check this effusion; but her husband said it was a tribute of justice and gratitude which he was determined to pay. The new earl and his lady soon after returned to Ireland. The contents of the cottage were made over to the school-mistress, and the earl punctually remitted to her an annuity, which gave comfort to the decline of her life. B. G.

THE STUDENT'S MANUAL, OR AN APPENDIX TO THE ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.

As the Greek roots, in our dictionaries, are usually given in the original characters, so as to be unintelligible to the mere English reader, the editor of this volume thought that he should perform an acceptable service to the unlearned part of the community by adjusting an etymological and explanatory vocabulary. He says that it was 'originally compiled for the use of a young female relative, and is now published with the hope of being generally useful; more especially to young ladies, whose mode of education

precludes them from a knowlege of Greek, and consequently to whom the etymological knowlege in Johnson's Dictionary is inaccessible; that is, as far as it relates to the Greek language, whence our own has derived almost all its scientific words. To form a correct idea of *things*, it is necessary to have a correct knowlege of the *words* by which things are designated; and this is best obtained by an acquaintance with etymology.'

The work might have been more correctly executed: yet, upon the whole, it is entitled to our favorable report. As it is not necessary to dwell upon it, two specimens will suffice. One relates to a logical term; the other to philosophy.

'Dilemma, *s.* from *dis*, twice, and *lemma*, an argument. An argument consisting of two or more propositions, so disposed, that grant which you will of them, you will be pressed by the conclusion; as in the following celebrated dilemma. 'A youth named Evathlus, engaged with Protagoras to learn dialectics, upon condition that he should pay him a large sum of money the first time of his pleading, if he should gain the cause. Evathlus, when fully instructed, refused to pay the money. Protagoras brings his action, arguing thus: 'You must pay the money however the cause may go; for, if I gain, you must pay in consequence of the sentence, as being cast in the cause; and, if you gain it, you must pay in pursuance of our covenant.' 'Nay,' Evathlus retorts, 'which way soever the cause is decided, you will have nothing; for, if I prevail, the sentence gives it that nothing is due; and, if I lose, there is nothing due by the covenant.' It is said that the court, unable to decide in favor of either party, ordered both to appear a hundred years afterwards, to receive judgement.' The word is now commonly used to express a difficult or doubtful choice; a vexatious alternative.

'Philosopher, *s.* When a race of self-created preceptors arose in Greece, who assumed the name of *sophist* (from *sophos*, a wise man), their arrogant pretensions gave great offence to such as were capable of distinguishing between real and counterfeit wisdom, and led them to adopt an appellation more suitable to the character of men, who modestly professed themselves to be in the *pursuit*, rather than in the *possession* of truth and wisdom;—namely, that of *Philosophers*. This word is formed from *philos*, a lover or admirer, and *sophia*, wisdom. Cicero ascribes the formation of the term to Pythagoras, and gives the following account of the manner in which it was introduced:—Among the Greeks there were seven eminent men, who were denominated the 'Seven Wise Men of Greece.' This appellation was given to other persons also, who devoted themselves to the contemplation of nature; and the title continued in use till the time of Pythagoras. It happened, while this great man was at Phlius, that Leon, the chief of the Phliusians, was exceedingly charmed with the ingenuity and eloquence with which he discoursed upon various topics, and asked him in what art he principally excelled; to which Pythagoras replied, that he did not profess himself master of any art, but that he was a 'philosopher.' Leon, struck with the novelty of the term, asked Pythagoras who were philosophers, and in what they differed from other men. Pythagoras replied, that, as in the public games, while some are contending for glory, and others are buying and selling in pursuit of gain, there is always a third set of persons who attend merely as spectators; so in human life, amidst the various characters of men, there is a select number of those, who, despising all other pursuits, assiduously apply themselves to the study of nature, and to the search after wisdom: 'These,' added Pythagoras, 'are the persons whom I call philosophers.' This appellation, thus assumed merely through modesty, to intimate that even they who have made

the greatest advances in knowlege, are rather to be considered as 'lovers of wisdom,' than as 'wise men,' soon lost its original meaning, and was borne with as much haughtiness and vanity, as if it had implied an exclusive right to the possession of wisdom.'

THE PORTFOLIO, N°. XIV.

Vulgar Errors.--ALTHOUGH the progress of knowlege necessarily tends to the extinction of error, many absurd ideas and ill-founded opinions are still prevalent among the lower classes of society.

It is said that the salamander lives in fire; but this is not true, nor is it capable of bearing more heat than the generality of animals. It is believed by many, but without reason, that the scorpion stings itself when surrounded by fire; that the lizard is friendly to man, and awakens him on the approach of a serpent; that, even in this country, spiders are venomous, and have a particular antipathy to toads; that porcupines shoot out their quills for the annoyance of an enemy; that jackalls are the lion's followers and purveyors; and that the mole has no eye, nor the elephant any knees. The barnacle, a well-known kind of shell-fish, which is found sticking at the bottom of a ship, is supposed, when broken off, to become a species of goose. Old writers, of the first credit in other respects, have fallen into this mistaken and ridiculous notion; and we find no less an authority than Holinshed, gravely declaring that with his own eyes he saw the feathers of these barnacles, 'hanging out of the shell, at least two inches.' It is also fancied, that it is not lawful to go about with a dark lantern; this error probably originated from the use of a lantern in the Gunpowder-Plot. That the moon has any concern in producing a change of weather, or any influence over those who are called lunatics; that the tenth wave is greater or more dangerous than any other, and that the tenth egg is the largest; that swans sing sweetly a little before their death, and that the basilisk is generated from a cock's egg hatched under a toad or serpent, may likewise be reckoned among vulgar errors.

Fanciful Credulity.—Dr. Plot, the naturalist, says, 'As to what concerns death, I must add a relation, as strange as it is true, of the family of captain Wood, some whereof, before their deaths, have had signal warning given them by a certain knocking, either at the door without, or on tables and shelves within the house. The number of strokes, and distance between them, and the place where, for the most part, respecting the circumstances of the persons to die, or their deaths themselves, will be collected from the following circumstances and relation. The first knocking that was observed was about a year after the restoration of the king [Charles II.], in the afternoon, a little before night, at or upon the door, it being then open. Mrs. Eleanor Wood, mother of the captain, only heard it. She was much disturbed, thinking it boded some ill to her or hers—fourteen days after, she heard news of the death of her son-in-law, Mr. George Smith. Three years after that, there were great knocks thrice given, very audibly to every body in the house, viz. to Mrs. Eleanor Wood, Mr. Basil Wood and his wife, Mrs Hester W. and some servants; which knocks were so remarkable, that one of the maids came from the well, which was about twenty yards from the place, to see what was the matter; and another maid saw three pans of lard shake and totter so, upon a shelf, in the milk-house, that she was like to fall down. Upon this violent knocking, Mr. Basil Wood and his wife, being then in the hall, came presently running into the milk-house, to their mother, and, finding her much disturbed, she replied 'God knew the matter—she could tell nothing but that she heard the knocking.' Mr. B. W. concluded it must be for some of the family at home; and that upon

the door for a friend abroad, which accordingly fell out; three of the family, according to the number of the knocks, dying within half a year, viz. Mrs. Hester Wood, a child of Mr. Wood's sister, and Mrs. Eleanor Wood, his mother!

A remarkable Vision.—A young gentleman of the name of C——, heir to a large fortune, was particularly amiable, of a lively disposition, gay in his manners, seemingly free from superstition, and very unlikely to give credit to the workings of his imagination, or to believe in dreams. One morning, however, at breakfast, his hagard and pale looks, and his thoughtful manner, attracted the attention of his friends, who were accustomed to see him animated and healthy; and on their pressing him to account for this sudden alteration, he confessed that he had, during the night, had a dream, which had made so strong an impression upon him, that he could not drive it from his thoughts. He said, that he had seen a young woman enter his room softly, with a light in one hand, and a knife in the other; that she made several attempts to stab him, but, on his resistance, had disappeared. He then described her person and dress, both of which, he said, were so deeply impressed upon his memory, that they never could be effaced. His friends treated the matter lightly, and ridiculed him for giving so much credit to a dream; and, as if ashamed of his weakness, he tried to banish it from his thoughts. Several months passed away, and he resumed his usual gaiety of manner; every thing seemed to be forgotten, and, when his dream intruded upon his recollection, he laughed at himself for having ever thought of such a trifle. When he had come into the possession of a large property, he proposed to an intimate friend to visit the continent. They left England together; and, after having traveled through most of the countries in Europe, were returning home. A long and tedious day's journey brought them very late one evening to a retired village on the borders of Hungary; there was only one inn in the place, and that, from its appearance, did not promise them very comfortable accommodation. However, they had no choice; it was too late to proceed, and they alighted. There was nothing remarkable in their reception: they were proceeding to the apartment which was allotted to them, when Mr. C—— suddenly stopped, and uttered a scream of horror; his friend ran to his assistance, surprised at an emotion for which he could not account. Mr. C——, having closed the door, immediately related the circumstances of his dream, adding, that the female servant who had lighted them up stairs, was the same person, in face, appearance, and dress, who had appeared to him in his vision. This recollection could not fail to agitate him exceedingly; but, as there was nothing suspicious in the manners of the inhabitants of the inn, the friends retired to rest, having first taken care to fasten the door, and place their pistols near them. Overcome by fatigue, they were soon asleep; but Mr. C——, awaking suddenly, beheld, to his extreme horror, the same woman, standing over him, with a light in one hand, and a knife in the other, having the blade directed toward his breast, apparently about to strike. In his agony of horror, he uttered a scream, which roused his friend, who, springing from his bed, seised her arm, and frustrated her murderous purpose.

Pagan Superstition upon Christian Principles.—A band of pilgrims, natives of the interior of Ceylon, ascended Adam's Peak. "A priest (says Dr. Davy), in his yellow robes, stood on the rock, close to the impression of the [Adam's] foot, with his face to the people, who had ranged themselves in a row below; some on their knees, with their hands uplifted and joined palm to palm, and others bending forward, with their hands in the same attitude of devotion. The priest, in a loud

clear voice, sentence by sentence, recited the articles of their religious faith and duties; and, in response, they repeated the same after him. When he had finished, they raised a loud shout; and, he retiring, they went through the same ceremony by themselves, with one of their party for their leader.

An interesting scene followed this: wives affectionately and respectfully saluted their husbands, and children their parents; and friends one another. An old grey-headed woman first made her salems to a really venerable old man; she was moved to tears, and almost kissed his feet: he affectionately raised her up. Several middle-aged men then salemed the patriarchal pair; these men were salemed in return by still younger men, who had first paid their respects to the old people; and lastly, those nearly of the same standing slightly salemed each other, and exchanged betel-leaves. The intention of these salutations, I was informed, was of a moral kind,—to confirm the ties of kindred, to strengthen family love and friendship, and remove animosities.

'Each pilgrim makes some offering to the impression of the foot, and to Samen. I observed several of them: one presented a few small pieces of copper coin, another some betel-leaves, another some areka-nuts, another some rice, and another a piece of cloth. The offerings were placed on the impression, and almost immediately removed by a servant who stood by for the purpose; they are the perquisites of the chief priest of the Malwatte Wiharé.

'Before the pilgrims descend, they are blessed by the priest, and exhorted to return to their homes, and lead in future virtuous lives.'

Antiquity and wonderful Permanency of the Hindoo Manners.—'While our forefathers (says the author of *Sketches of India*), were clad in wolf-skin, dwelt in caverns, and lived upon the produce of the chase, the Hindoo lived as now:—as now, his princes were clothed in soft raiments, wore jewelled turbans, and dwelt in palaces. As now, his haughty half-naked priests received his offerings in temples of hewn and sculptured granite, and summoned him to rites as absurd, but yet more splendid and debauching than the present. His cottage, garments, household utensils, and implements of husbandry or labor, were the same as now. Then, too, he watered the ground with his foot by means of a plank balanced transversely on a lofty pole, or drew from the deep *bowerie* (well), by the labor of his oxen, in large bags of leather, supplies of water to flow through the little channels by which the fields and gardens are intersected. His children were then taught to shape letters in the sand, and to write, and to keep accounts on the dried leaves of the palm or cocoa, by the village-schoolmaster. His wife ground corn at the same mill, or pounded it in a rude mortar with her neighbour. He could make purchases in a regular bazaar, change money at a shroff's, or borrow it at usury, for the expenses of a wedding or festival. In short, all that the traveler sees around him of social or civilized life, of useful invention or luxurious refinement, is of yet higher antiquity than the days of Alexander the Great; so that, in fact, the eye of the British officer looks upon the same forms and dresses, the same buildings, manners, and customs, on which the Macedonian troops gazed with the same astonishment.'

Sketch of the chief Seat of the Hindoo Theology.—In the heart of Benares (says the same author), 'you are borne through a labyrinth of lanes, with houses of six or seven stories on either side, communicating with each other above, in some places, by small bridges thrown across the street. These houses are of stone or brick; and many of them are painted either in plain colors or stripes, or with representations of the Hindoo deities. Every bazaar or street con-

taining shops, you find a little, and but a little, wider than the others. Shops here stand in distinct and separate streets, according to their goods and trades. In one, all are embroiderers in muslin, which they work here in gold and silver most beautifully; in another, silk-merchants; in another are displayed shawls; in some, shops filled only with slippers; in one, jewel-merchants; in the next, mere lapidaries. Several contiguous streets are filled entirely with the workmen in brass, who make the small brazen idols; also the various urns, dishes, vessels, lamps, which the Hindoos require either for domestic or sacred purposes. These shops make a very bright and showy display; and, from the ancient forms, various sizes and patterns of their vessels, attract your attention strongly. You meet numbers of the naked officiating brahmins indeed; but you also see here a distinct class of wealthy brahmins, most richly dressed in fine muslin turbans, vests of the most beautiful silk, and valuable shawls. Their conveyances out of the city are the open native palanquins, with crimson canopies, or hackrees, sometimes very handsome, and drawn by two showy horses, with long flowing manes.

'The women in Benares are beautifully formed, wear garments of the richest dyes, and walk most gracefully. But these are minor features;—innumerable Hindoo youth, of high cast, are sent hither for education. They have not colleges or schools, but reside six or seven in each brahmin's or pundit's house, and pursue the studies which he enjoins. There are eight thousand houses in Benares belonging to brahmins: what number may receive students I know not; perhaps not more than one thousand.'

Account of the Inhabitants of Madeira, from a new History of that Island.—' The natives, more particularly the laboring classes, are of a more dark and swarthy complexion than those of the colder climates of Europe; for which, it is probable, they may be indebted to a Mulatto or Moorish origin, in common with the natives of the parent branch of the peninsula, from which they are derived. It is only a few of the first families who bear the least resemblance in complexion to the fair inhabitants of northern Europe; and this difference may be traced to a superior extraction. These islanders are generally of a middle stature, but athletic, well-limbed, active, and of great muscular strength, which renders them capable of sustaining the greatest fatigue; so much so, that they are often reduced to an emaciation of body and debility of constitution, which bring on premature old age; though long life appears to be, otherwise, among the privileges which nature seems disposed to confer on them. The peasantry are sober, œconomical, and not merely inoffensive in their manners, but of dispositions the most courteous toward strangers, as among themselves. When they meet one of the latter [*former*], they take off their caps, and 'hope the Lord will prosper him;' and, when they meet each other, they stand cap in hand, with ceremonious politeness, though under a perpendicular sun and the reflected heat of a rock, till they have satisfied each other as to the welfare of their wives, children, relatives, acquaintance, cattle, domestic animals, &c.; and it is a point of ceremony not immediately to be settled, which of the friendly social party shall first return the cap to its appropriate situation.

'The higher classes are inclined to corpulence, as they are inactive and indolent, which may be one cause of it; and this disposition is attended with a temper somewhat morose, and a tendency to melancholy. Though sober, in respect to their libations to Bacchus, the presiding divinity of the island, they frequently indulge their appetite to excess in the luxury of the table. From this circumstance, with the sedentary life to which they habituate themselves, they become subject

to chronic disorders, which are followed by the debilities of premature old age.'

The writer adds, 'that early marriages and a numerous offspring greatly shorten the youth, or at least the bloom and gaiety of female life. The mothers (he says) have often from six to twelve children, whom they generally suckle.

Effect of the Deluge, as applied to Barbadoes.—As geology is now more studied than it ever was, we need not apologise to our readers for the insertion of this and the following article. —That the earth was overwhelmed by an universal deluge, during which the waters rose considerably above the highest mountain, is a fact established on the authority of the Mosaic history, and supported by the traditions of the rudest nations, and the observations of enlightened geologists. The mind naturally turns to the period of this stupendous catastrophe, as that at which the mountainous district of Barbadoes was formed; and feels something like certainty on this point, from the geognostic situation of the salt springs. The beds of saline matter over which these waters flow, and from which they derive their impregnation, have in all probability been formed by repeated oceanic inundations of that part of the island which is called the plain of Scotland. Each inundation, effected by the concurrent influence of strong trade winds and spring tides, would form a saline lagune; and the repeated formation and evaporation of such lagunes would occasion the deposition of salt, or of minerals charged with salt, as well as of gypsum. Now it is evident that such inundations and evaporations could only take place at a time when the sea stood nearly at its present level, and when the constant occupancy of the ocean was prevented by some natural dam or barrier; and, as the salt minerals appear to have been deposited under the argillaceous, which form the superior crust of the hilly district, it would seem to follow necessarily, that the argillaceous minerals, which reach an altitude of at least eight hundred feet, must have been deposited during a rising of the waters subsequent to the formation of the saline minerals; and of such a rising we have no example, except during the great and universal deluge.

Dr. Maycock, therefore, concludes, that the coralline structure which constitutes the body of this island was produced during the subsidence of the primeval waters, antecedently to the flood, and that it rests on primitive or secondary rocks of ancient date; that, during the period between the formation of the coralline mass and the deluge, frequent eruptions of the ocean over its bounds formed such saline lagunes as gave origin to those minerals which impregnate the saline springs; and lastly, that the argillaceous minerals were deposited from the troubled waters, when they had risen high above the whole island; that is to say, during the deluge.

This opinion is manifestly adverse to that hypothesis which considers Barbadoes and the chain of neighbouring islands to be of volcanic origin. That some islands have been thrown up by volcanoes, cannot be denied; but they have consisted entirely of volcanic materials; and it is certainly one thing for an island, or tract of country, to contain some materials of that description, and another (very different) to have been itself elevated to its present station in the globe by the force of volcanic fire.

A singular Species of Volcano.—At the distance of six miles from Girgenti, in Sicily, stands Mount Macaluba.—'This volcano of air (says Mr. George Russell), if we may so express ourselves, whose effects resemble those which have fire as their principal agent, has its moments of calmness as well as those of great fermentation and labor; it produces, too, like other volcanoes, earthquakes, subterraneous thunder, and violent eruptions; which

last have, at times, thrown the matter so emitted more than one hundred feet above the summit of the craters.

'The base of Macaluba is nearly circular, and its height is about two hundred and fifty feet, taken from a valley which surrounds it: this valley is, however, considerably elevated above the level of the sea. Its summit is about half a mile in circumference, and terminated by a plain presenting rather a convex surface; it is besides extremely sterile. On this summit are a considerable number of little conic heights, the largest of which may be about nine feet in diameter; and on the highest part of these cones, which are in general under five feet, are craters, whose depth we were unable to ascertain, being unprovided with a plumb-line, or any other contrivance by which such a purpose could be effected. The soil appeared externally to be composed of clay, rather dry and cracked, and the hollow sepulchral noise, caused by the action of walking, excited our most serious attention, and reminded us that in all probability we were then over an immense gulph of liquid mud, separated only by a thin covering of clay.

The interior of each crater is moist; out of which there constantly issues a species of brown diluted clay, which, after reaching the height of the lips or highest part, forms into little demi-globules; a few moments after this formation has taken place, these globules break, and the confined air which they retained dispels itself; the diluted clay then runs down the flanks of these heights, and extends itself more or less on every side. Upon introducing a pole about twelve feet long into several of the craters, we found it produced a kind of noise not unlike that of distant thunder: we observed upwards of one hundred and fifty of these craters in full action, beside many which had ceased to throw up the argillaceous matter; and our *cicerone* informed us that their numbers were continually varying, some dying away, and others breaking forth.

'It is generally believed, that in all volcanic eruptions fire acts as the principal agent: in this of Macaluba, however, the result is very different; for after minute examination, not only on the summit, but round the sides and base, we could perceive no trace of any such element having been concerned either in the formation or working of this surprising production of nature: neither could we discover the least particle of any matter that had undergone the action of fire. We next immersed our thermometer in several of the craters, naturally expecting to find the temperature much higher than in the open air; but here also we found ourselves greatly deceived, the reverse being the result of the experiment. The thermometer so immersed, about nine o'clock in the morning, stood at 64° according to Fahrenheit; but, on being exposed to the atmosphere, it immediately rose to 72°: after this experiment, we no longer sought the igneous element.'

A new Discovery at Pompeii!—The Gazette de France states, on the authority of a traveler who recently returned from Italy, that 'it is easy to discover, in the streets of Pompeii, baths, *coffee-houses*, bakers' shops, &c.' If in the reign of Louis XIV. the public had enjoyed the advantage of being enlightened and edified by such a paper as the Gazette, Madame de Sévigné would never have ventured to say, 'Racine passerait comme le Café.' She would have learned (thanks to the erudition of our journalists,) that coffee was known 1750 years ago; that the Greeks and Romans had coffee-houses which might have rivaled those of the Palais-Royal; and she would naturally have reflected that a taste of such old standing had a good chance of continuing for a few ages longer.

The Roman Bridge in Holland.—This bridge, which was discovered in 1818, is now cleared from the turf with which it was surrounded. It is three miles long, and twelve feet broad. It was laid by the fifteenth cohort of Germanicus, over the marshes, in which deep beds of turf have since been formed, and, in all probability, gradually sunk into the marsh by its own weight. The resinous particles which are in the marshy soil have probably contributed to preserve the bridge, which is entirely of wood. In every space of six feet, there were posts to support the railing, as may be judged by the holes in which they were fixed. This great work appears to have been wrought with very large axes; and the workmanship is admirable.

A French Philosopher's Head.—At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Cuvier presented to the society the head of René Des-Cartes, which M. Berzelius had forwarded from Sweden. He read the history of the head, and the details which seemed to demonstrate its authenticity. He also produced a portrait of Des-Cartes, and remarked that the bony parts seemed of the same character as those in the head sent by Berzelius, which gave strength to the idea that it was the genuine head of that great philosopher. We are not informed of the decision respecting this *important* subject; but we may conclude that the head will be preserved as a valuable relic.

Antiquarian Folly of a Jesuit.—Colonia was a man of considerable learning, who published a treatise on rhetoric, which passed through twenty editions, beside proofs of Christianity from Pagan writers, &c. As he blended sarcasm with his erudition, he soon found enemies; but they were contented with the following ludicrous instance of revenge. To try his boasted talents in the capacity of an antiquary, they cut an inscription on a leaden pot, which they concealed for some time in a field, and then dug it up, and had it transmitted to him as a discovery. He examined it with enthusiasm, and published a dissertation on the subject in the *Journal de Trevoux.*

Anecdotes of English Church-men.—A prior, having invited some friends to dinner, ordered his servants to mingle water with the wine, that it might go farther, and, perceiving one of the monks to be very loquacious, said to him—'Brother, when will your mill leave clacking?'—'It cannot leave, Sir,' replied the monk, 'as long as you give it so much water.'

A clergyman having visited his church, from which he had been promoted to the archdeaconry, there came to him a husbandman to ask counsel, saying, 'Master archdeacon, I married a poor wife, and now I know where I may have a rich one; is it lawful for me to forsake the poor one, and to take the rich?' The archdeacon answered, 'By no means.'—'But, said the husbandman, 'you have forsaken a poor church, and keep a rich archdeaconry.' Keenly feeling the reproof, the minister gave up the archdeaconry, and returned to his own church.

A prior who was very liberal caused these verses to be written in the front of his monastery:

> 'Be open evermore, O thou my door,
> 'To none be shut, to honest or to poor.'

But, after his death, a priest whose name was Raynhard, as greedy and covetous as the other was bountiful and munificent, kept the same verses there, only changing one point, which made them run after this manner:

> 'Be open evermore, O thou my door,
> 'To none, be shut to honest or to poor.'

He was at length dispossessed of his preferment for his meanness and avarice, and it was then said, that for *one point* Raynhard lost his priory.

A facetious canon of Windsor, taking his evening's walk, as usual, into the town, met one of the vicars at the castle gate, returning home rather



elevated by a glass too much of his neighbour's Port.—'Well, Sir, where have you been?' said the canon.—'Why,' said the vicar, 'I have been *spinning* it out with my friend.' 'Ay,' replied the canon, 'and now you are *reeling* it home, I see.'

Jocularity of a French Prelate.—A bishop of Amiens, a pious and yet a facetious man, was requested by a lady for permission to wear rouge. The lady was half a coquette, and half a devotee. 'I can give you permission, Madam,' replied the bishop, 'for *one* cheek only.'

Naiveté of a French Girl.—At the marriage of the count d'Artois, the city of Paris agreed to distribute marriage portions. A smart little girl, of sixteen, named Lise Noirin, having presented herself to inscribe her name on the list, was asked who was her lover!—'O!' said she, with great simplicity, 'I have no lover: I thought the city would furnish every thing.' This answer created much mirth, and a husband was soon found for her.

A pleasant Impromptu.—In the earlier part of Mr. Sheridan's life, he used to write for the fugitive publications of the day, in which employment he was materially assisted by his wife; and, many years after his entrance into the sphere of politics, he was heard to say, that if he had stuck to the law, he believed he should have done as much as his friend Tom Erskine—'But,' continued he, 'I had no time for such studies. Mrs. Sheridan and myself were often obliged to keep writing for our daily leg or shoulder of mutton; otherwise we should have had no dinner.' One of his friends, to whom he confessed this, replied, 'Then I perceive it was a *joint* concern.'

A quaint Reply.--A wit, being asked what pleasure he could find in the conversation of a pretty woman who had a very small share of understanding, replied, 'I like to *see* her talk.'

An old Joke.—Many of our readers must have heard the story of a man, who, when looking at a house, asked the servant, a pretty girl, with whom he seemed much inclined to take liberties, whether she was to be let with it? 'No, sir,' she replied, 'if you please, I am to be *let alone!*' The origin of this jest or pun is not so well known, and it will surprise some people to learn that it is to be found among the poetical productions of Francis Quarles, who was born in 1592.

On the World.

'This house is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow and her income tears;
Cupid, 't has stood long void; her bills make known;
She must be dearly let, or *let alone.*'

LOVE, MYSTERY, AND SUPERSTITION;

From Mrs. Opie's Tales of the Heart, vol. I.

This is an interesting tale, combining in its subject three useful requisites for the reader's entertainment: but we do not intend to analyse or examine it fully, having only introduced it for the explanation of that elegant engraving which decorates this number.

Alarmed by a violent knocking at the gate of a solitary mansion, the young lady of the house rises from her bed, and, in answer to an impatient inquiry, is thus addressed by an Irishman. 'For the love of the Holy Virgin, I conjure you to let me in; for I hold a dead woman in my arms, whom I want to bring to life; and I am quite dead myself!' He and his fair burthen are instantly admitted; and he states, that he found a lady habited like a pilgrim, in the deep snow, in a violent storm, near a ruined shrine of the Virgin, where, he supposed, she had been praying, as she had the appearance of a catholic. Restored, by kind attentions, to the exercise of the animal functions, Madeleine sends for a friend, with whom she retires to a distant habitation.

After an interval of six years, the brother-in-law of the benevolent and

hospitable young lady, in visiting an unfrequented part of the isle of Wight, is obliged to seek shelter during a stormy night, and finds it in an old house, occupied by Madeleine and her friend. The former, oppressed by melancholy, is in the last stage of a decline, and her protector also pursues a course of penance and mortification. When death has released the unhappy lady from her misery, the sorrowing friend does not long linger; and, when he foresees his speedy dissolution, he explains, by a voluntary confession, the mystery of his conduct. He declares himself to be an Italian nobleman, who, after having devoted himself to monastic seclusion, eloped with a nun, married her, emigrated to Britain, became a father, and lived in retirement, until the loss of Madeleine shook his frame and overwhelmed him.

ACCOUNT OF THE ORIENTAL ASSASSINS;

from Sir Robert Ker Porter's Travels.

The faith of these people was a wild aberration from the Mohammedan creed, mingling with its laws and fatalities the transmigratory doctrines of the Hindoos; and, in consequence, they believed that their prince or imam was a successive incarnation of the Great Prophet, and that every behest of his to good or evil, must be obeyed as implicitly as the word of God himself. The first of this tribe who arrogated these divine pretensions, was Hassan Saheb; a man whose domineering passions, consummate subtilty, and persevering spirit of enterprise, perfectly fitted him for his plan of imposture. He appeared about the year 1090; and by various intrigues, and singular mysterious deportment, as well as so invincible a courage that few dared to resist who approached it, he inspired the ignorant barbarians around him with a firm belief in his mission, and an enthusiastic devotion to himself. His despotic authority followed of course. Once secure of his empire over these mountain hordes, he secured every pass with fastnesses; and holding himself totally independent of the surrounding states, he spread his colonies over Elborz, and along the whole range of hills to beyond Tabreez; whence they issued forth, singly or in bands, at the command of their imam, or his deputed emissaries, to destroy by open assault, ambuscade, or private murder, all persons who were obnoxious either to his ambition or his avarice. Christians, Jews, Mohammedans of Omar or of Ali, all were alike the objects of his excommunication; and he sold his dagger, or rather that of his followers, to whatever party were vile enough to buy the blood of their enemies. There was a mystical obscurity about his person, and in the views of his widely extending government, with a dauntless determination of proceeding, which held the princes of that dark age in a kind of superstitious awe. Jealous of his sway, and abhorring his tenets; contemning his divine pretensions, yet doubting whether he did not possess some superhuman means of mischief; they dreaded a power, which seemed to hang over themselves and people with constant threatening, though never showing when or where it would strike. He soon acquired, from these appalled sovereigns, the vague but supreme title of Sheik-ul-Jebal, or lord of the mountains; while, in the minds of the most superstitious people, he might well be considered one of the dreadful Deeus, or dæmons of the waste.

It so happened, that for more than two centuries, in short, from their accession to their extinction, every successor of the first Imam inherited the same disposition to turn the blind zeal of their followers to the worst purposes. A colony of these fanatics, under the leading of one of Hassan Saheb's most odious representatives, settled themselves among the heights of Lebanon, and have been variously called Ismaelians, Bathenians, or assassins. That colony is the best known to European historians, from the hor-

rible enormities which its people committed in the towns and villages of the Holy Land; and not less so on the persons and lives of some of our most gallant crusaders. It is woeful to read who were the victims of these savages, but often much more horrible to turn the page and find who were their employers. Their universal violence, however, at last, armed every hand against them; and, toward the end of the thirteenth century, they were rooted out of Syria and Egypt, and from their original seats in Persia; leaving nothing but their appropriate appellation of assassins behind them; no longer to be considered what it had originally imported, the mere distinguishing name of a sect, but to be severally fixed from age to age hereafter, as a peculiar brand of infamy, on every treacherous, secret, or hired murderer.

Halukoo, the Mogul conqueror of Persia and of the family of the famous Genghiz Khan, was the prince whose victorious arms almost repaid, to his new dominions, the devastations of his conquest, by the entire extirpation of the lawless race, which had so long preyed on the vitals of the country.

REMARKS ON THE PROVERB, 'THE SHOE-MAKER MUST NOT GO BEYOND HIS LAST.'

NOTHING is a more general subject of ridicule than for such as have not been bred to a particular profession to presume to have a knowlege of it, or to hold opinions contrary to those of men of the profession who are supposed to have studied the subject. The folly of this is generally allowed; but it is astonishing what a number think themselves individually exceptions to the general rule, and make no scruple of disputing with a physician on medicine, with a barrister on law, or with a clergyman on divinity, while they laugh at any other person, not educated to those professions, for doing the same.

The maxim seems more just, however, when applied to such professions as require mechanical exertion only, than when applied to such as require exertions of the mind: for long habit is more necessary for the attainment of excellence in the mechanical arts, than in those which depend on the power and extent of the understanding. A man, however ingenious, who would attempt to make a common chair, without having been bred a carpenter, would certainly succeed much worse than one accustomed to the trade, though the latter might be far inferior to him in talents; because the power of using the fingers and applying the tools with dexterity is to be acquired by frequent use and long habit only. But the mind is more flexible than the muscles. A man who has been in the habit of reflecting and reasoning all his life will reason better, even on a new subject, than another of a more narrow understanding who has been accustomed to investigate it. Few things are supposed to require greater talents, and more strength of understanding, than the art of commanding an army, and conducting a campaign: yet the late war with France demonstrates, that it is not absolutely necessary to be bred to the military profession to enable men of great natural acuteness to excel in it.

The business of a statesman is thought, above all others, to require superior talents, and much experience; yet the first have been found to succeed without the second. Instances might be given of the affairs of a great nation being conducted for a series of years in a prosperous manner, by men of little or no experience, and whose measures were not rendered more prosperous by experience when it had been acquired.

ENGLISH FEMALE COSTUME FOR NOVEMBER.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Although the graces still preside at the toilette of British beauty, yet fashion shows little variety in the metropolis, and we are obliged to glean our information from those of her fair votaries, who become stationary at the different watering places. The wrapping pelisse of figured *gros-de-Napels*, of various hues, and trimmed with swansdown or velvet of the same color, form the most favorite out-door costume for female attire. Spencers of various-colored velvets yet prevail, and scarf shawls over high dresses; these are of the double white Cashmir, like that represented in our Plate. The Anne Boleyn bonnet, composed of a beautiful and novel article, called the chain pearl straw, and lined with net or blond, and ornamented with a plume or sometimes with a single brush feather to droop considerably over the left shoulder, and finished at the edge with a full quilling of *chevaux de frise*, which produces a rich and beautiful effect. Black velvet Spanish hats, with elegant plumage, appear to be in great estimation; but the large straw bonnet which has lately made its appearance, with a falling white or colored plume, is generally preferred.

We have observed little change in the fashionable trimmings for gowns; these consisting of cambric or chintz, are trimmed with plaitings of muslin, at the border, in blue, with a pelerine trimmed to correspond, and the wrists of plaitings of muslin. Those are mostly in favor for morning promenade when the weather is mild; the ends of the pelerine are somewhat long in front, forming a stomacher, and confined round the waist with a band of the same, or a riband of an elegant pattern. Another dress, and which is very generally worn, is a pelisse of plum or lavender-colored *gros-de-Naples*, with a pelerine cape, wadded, and finished with a narrow piping of satin cord round the edge, and is confined by a belt of the same material as the pelisse, and finished with cord of the same: this is worn over a white cambric dress, trimmed at the border with very broad puckerings of muslin let in or placed just above the hem, and advancing up nearly to the knee, or occasionally worn with a skirt of the same material as the pelisse, ornamented at the edge with white lace, and a narrow rouleau of white satin. Bonnets still continue of fine Leghorn, ornamented with a large full blown rose at one side, or with ripe ears of corn and corn poppies. Ruffs double plaited are much worn, and the ends of sashes very long, with the bows short and broad. Silk stockings are richly brocaded and worn in open work. The jewellery at present consists of oriental pearls, rubies, and polished steel. The dress corsages now lace behind, and some at the shoulder, finished by a double rosette. The favorite colors are mignonette, green, violet, plum, and celestial blue, with lavender grey.



Walking Dress.



Evening Dress.

WALKING DRESS.

Pelisse of violet-colored sarsnet, richly trimmed at the sleeves, cuffs, and at the bottom, with swansdown: standing collar with folds of white satin, placed one above another; the sleeve tight to the arm and finished at the shoulder with epaulettes very full, and composed of an intermixture of satin and silk, the same material as the pelisse: the skirt buttoned close down the front, and trimmed at the bust with Brandenburgs. White satin bonnet, with a superb plume of white ostrich feathers; coffre reticule of red Morocco leather; white Cashmir shawl, and Isabella-colored kid half-boots.

EVENING DRESS.

Round dress of figured gauze, deep flounce of Urling's lace, surmounted with full puckered gauze, headed by a rouleau of satin, the same carried round the centre of the trimming: white satin cordage low, with short sleeves, epaulettes of deep lace, richly intermixed with straps of satin piping; the whole completed with a fine lace narrow quilled tucker. Head-dress, the hair arranged a la Sevigné, with a bouquet of full-blown roses on the left side. Necklace and ear-rings of large oriental pearls; white satin slippers, and white kid gloves.

POETRY.

THE OSAGE* HUNTER, OR LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT;

BY THE EDITOR.

Where the White-River rolls its lucid stream,
And lofty pines exclude the solar beam,
A native youth, reclin'd in thoughtful mood,
Seem'd o'er his solitary state to brood.

A girl then pass'd: he look'd, and was amaz'd:
Her beauty pleas'd him, and he fondly gaz'd:
'You've rous'd me from my gloomy trance,' he said,
'And may I ask, whence comes my lovely maid?'

She answer'd not: but he, with love inspir'd,
Pursu'd his aim, and her assent requir'd:
He took her by the hand; she still was mute:
He press'd her closely, and thus urg'd his suit;

'I hunt the deer, the beaver, and the bear;
'And shoot wild turkeys, hov'ring in the air:
'Neat mocasons and leathern vests I make;
'And other arts I'll practise for thy sake.'

'I like thy talents,' said she to the youth;
'But canst thou love with constancy and truth?
'Hunters are fickle; rove from place to place,
'And soon are weary of the same dull face.'

'Dear girl, say only that thou wilt me mine:
'Gladly to thee my freedom I resign:
'Our pleasures shall be mutual, joys the same;
'And my pure love shall burn with steady flame.'

'Thy looks are candid: take (she said) my hand:
'My duteous service thou may'st now command:
'If thou wilt vow to cherish me through life,
'To thee I'll prove a fond and faithful wife.'

* The Osages are a tribe of Americans, inhabiting the Missouri territory; neither absolutely wild, nor properly civilised.

CONTRAST BETWEEN ANCIENT AND MODERN GREECE;

BY LORD BYRON;

In the form of a song, supposed to be the effusion of a Bard at a festive entertainment;

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho lov'd and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's heart, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo farther west
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'

The mountains look on Marathon—
  And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
  I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
  Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
  And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
  My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
  The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degen'rate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
  Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
  Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
  Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
  A remnant of our Spartan dead;
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
  Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
  And answer, 'Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!'
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
  Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
  And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
  Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
  The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
  He serv'd—but serv'd Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
  Was freedom's best and bravest friend
That tyrant was Miltiades!
  Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line,
  Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
  They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
  The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  Our virgins dance beneath the shade:
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
  But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—
  Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
  There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

ROLAND AND HILDEGONDA,

A BALLAD,

Translated from Schiller.

'Sir Knight, a sister's truest love
  For thee this heart doth know,
Then ask, I pray, no other love,
  It only wakes my woe.
Unmov'd, I look upon thee, knight,
  Unmov'd I see thee fly;
I wis not why that gentle tear
  Is glist'ning in thine eye.'

Her speech he heard with silent grief,
  And sore his heart did bleed;
Then quick he press'd her in his arms,
  Then bounded on his steed.
Then summon'd he his brave men all
  That dwelt about the Rhine;
The cross upon each valiant breast,
  They sped to Palestine.

There, deeds of high renown were wrought
  By every warrior's sword;
Their helmets' crests in battle gleam'd
  Amidst the paynim horde—
And most at Roland's dreaded name,
  Quail'd each Moslem chief;
But Roland's heart was fastly bound
  Within its chains of grief.

A long long year his pain he bore,
  Till all his joy was lost;
And, refuge finding none from woe,
  He left the armed host.
A ship well dight with ready sail
  By Joppa's strand there lay;
And he for that dear land embark'd
  In which she breath'd the day.

And at her castle gate anon
Low the pilgrim shook'd.
Ah! with a thunder's sound
Was that gate unlock'd.
'She whom thou seek'st now wears the veil,
And is bright Heaven's bride;
For yestermorn, with holy rites,
Was she to God allied.'

And then for ever he forsook
His father's castle door—
His armour never more he plied,
He strode his steed no more.
Down from the donjon rock he roam'd,
A stranger every where;
For now his noble limbs were hid
In cloth of coarsest hair.

And now a lonely hut he built,
Amid that lov'd country;
Whence looking through the linden shade
The convent he might see;
And station'd there from morning dawn,
Till evening purple shone,
With hope upon his pensive eye,
Still he sat alone.

Still look'd he on the convent walls,
Still hopeful did he look
Upon the casement of his love,
Until the casement shook;
Until her lovely form appear'd,
Until that face so dear,
With angel look, so still and mild,
Bent o'er the valley near.

And then he laid him joyful down,
And slept with solace sweet,
Rejoicing when the morning beam
Again his eye should greet;
And thus full many a day he sat,
He sat through many a spring,
Still list'ning, without plaint or pain,
To hear the casement kling;

Until that lovely form appear'd,
Until that face so dear,
With angel look, so still and mild,
Bent o'er the valley near;
And there one morning fix'd he sat,
A pallid corpse upright;
But to the casement turn'd he still
His dim and clouded sight.

A DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

By a Female Character in Clitheroe's Tragedy of Crichton.

Ah me! there is no softener of the heart
So sure as love. There is no power like it
Can play the tyrant in a woman's breast.
But some few months ago, and men were wont
To call me proud, and so I thought myself;
But now, alas! how alter'd are my thoughts!
Fain would I hide my weakness from the world,
Fain hide it from myself. Oh, vain attempt!
For what is passion if I feel it not?
Is it the throbbing breast, and kindling eye?
Is it the burning cheeks, or quiv'ring lips?
These are its outward signs, and these I feel;
But there are other tokens more than these,
That false love cannot feign, but true love suffers.
When he is absent—all the world of sighs
That burst unheeded from the beating breast;
The teasing restlessness, that neither books,
Nor flowers that breathe perfumes, nor music's voice,
Can lull to sleep: the oft-recurring image
Of that dear form, still floating in our view,
That the veil'd eyelids cannot shut from sight:—
When he is present—then the anxious fears
Lest pleas'd attention should betray itself,
Or fearful consciousness should draw a blush
From maiden modesty, and give it pain.
All these are signs that mark out my disease,
The bitter longings of concealed love,
That gains more strength by preying on itself.

CONSTANCY;

By C. H. Townshend.

Let love burn with fiercest flame,
If to more than one it fly,
'Tis not worthy of the name:
The crown of love is constancy!

Let love still adore the same,
If it fade with cheek or eye,
'Tis not worthy of the name:
The crown of love is constancy!

Let it be love, no force can tame,
If, absent, it burns less than nigh,
'Tis not worthy of the name:
The crown of love is constancy!

Give me the love, whose faithful aim
Can absence, change, and time, defy;
This is worthy of the name—
This is crown'd with constancy!

LAMENTATION.

Though the sun never shines on the grave where she sleeps,
Nor flow'rets their fragrance bestow,
The traveler rests on his journey, and weeps
For the maid who reposes below.

When last I came by she was cheerful and gay,
And hope told of pleasure to come;
But the Sylph with her sun-beam has stolen away,
And now she is cold in the tomb.

The friends that she lov'd can no longer be found,
They have breath'd an eternal adieu;
For, when fancy no longer breathes pleasure around,
Her vot'ries will fly away too.

Oh! light may her spirit recline on its pillow,
And gentle and soft be her sleep:
In the summer-mild eve I will sit by yon willow,
To think of her beauty and weep.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE CONTINENT.

Our late sovereign never quitted Great-Britain for a moment: but the present king has a more active spirit of curiosity, and a greater desire of varying the scene of existence. Like the emperor Adrian, though in a more limited sphere, he wishes to traverse all parts of his dominions, with an exception, perhaps, of the colonial dependencies: but how far the indulgence of this desire of loco-motion is compatible with that œconomy which he promised to adopt, his ministers alone can explain.

His majesty, in his progress from Carlton-palace to the coast, was hailed by his loyal subjects with applausive shouts, with which he seemed to be highly gratified. Ramsgate was illuminated on the night of his arrival; and, after the fatigue of his journey, he found luxurious repose at the maritime villa of Sir William Curtis. Having embarked on the 25th of September, he reached Calais in five hours, and was received on his landing with military honors. In the evening he made his appearance at the theatre; and the French joined the English part of the audience in singing our national anthem, God Save the King. 'His affability and good French (says the writer of a letter from Calais) delighted all around him;' and his liberality was still more conciliating; for he treated the governor and the whole guard with a good dinner, and six hundred bottles of wine. On the 27th, he arrived at Brussels, where he was not saluted by the people with that hearty loudness of acclamation which he expected, though he was treated by the court with the most respectful attention. While he occupied the house of his ambassador, the earl of Clancarty, he received visits from the nobility and other distinguished persons. He dined with the royal family at the palace of Lacken, where the festivity was prolonged to a late hour. On the 29th, he witnessed the performance of an opera at the theatre, being seated in a splendid box, with the Belgian queen on the right, and the king on the left; but he was not highly pleased either with the acting or the music. Attended by the duke of Wellington, he visited the memorable field of Waterloo, and noticed with a curious eye the chief points of attack and defence. He then proceeded to the German frontier, and, on the 8th of October, safely arrived in the afternoon at his palace in the vicinity of Hanover. He passed the rest of that day with the dukes of Cambridge and Cumberland; and the next day was also devoted to privacy; but on the 10th, his public entry took place. The long avenue from the palace to the city exhibited, on one side, regiments of cavalry, dressed in splendid uniforms; and on the other side were seen pedestrians, of different ranks, but for the most part respectable in appearance. In the assemblage were many students from the university of Gottingen; and they might easily be distinguished from other youths, by the peculiarity of their costume. They were dressed in short frocks, buttoned high round the waist; and it was difficult to say whether their shirt-collars hung more expansively over their shoulders than their hair, which descended in luxuriant profusion from under the covering of a cloth cap, tied under the chin by a band of black leather. The principal streets were strewn with fresh foliage and the gayest flowers that the season afforded; nor was any thing omitted that could render the scene more striking and impressive. Among the triumphal arches that were erected, the two which stood at the extremity of the grand avenue were particularly conspicuous. One was a light and beautiful structure, ornamented with allegorical devices, and surmounted by a star, with the national emblem of the White Horse in the centre. The other arch displayed a happy union of ingenuity and classic taste. Branches of palm, intermingled with moss, were reared into Corinthian pilasters, and the gay flowers that hung down in imitative style from the capitals, served to remind the observer of the fortuitous circumstance that gave rise to the order. The streets from the grand arch to the house of the duke of Cambridge, comprising a circuitous route, were lined with numerous bodies of the inhabitants, dressed in blue coats, nankeen trowsers, and white waistcoats. Each had a musket in his hand, and a bunch of oak leaves in his hat, over a green silk cockade. When the preparations for the grand ceremony were completed, a military detachment led the way from the palace; then appeared the gentlemen of the court with their equipages; and a division of the burgher guard of honor followed. The staff officers, four abreast, preceded the duke of Cambridge; and, after the master of the horse, the king advanced, mounted on a fine charger, and dressed in a field marshal's uniform. The duke of Cumberland, and the gentlemen of his majesty's English suite, then moved forward; and a long train of respectable persons, in full dress, closed the procession. A salute of 101 guns announced the arrival of the sovereign within the walls of his

capital. When he reached his brother's palace, he dismounted with an appearance of agility, and soon after appeared in the balcony, with the duchess of Cambridge leaning on one arm, and the duchess of Cumberland on the other, repeatedly bowing in return for the shouts of the spectators. In the evening the whole city was illuminated, and many transparencies and loyal inscriptions were displayed. On the following day, the king held a brilliant levee at Herrenhausen, and also a drawing-room, at which many ladies were presented in form, each of whom he kissed on the forehead.

If we except the outrages of daring depredators, Great-Britain, since the king's departure, has been perfectly tranquil, as the people enjoy the advantages of an established regularity of government.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The coronation pageant has not yet been laid aside; and we may therefore conclude that it still gratifies that thirst of lucre which has kept this house so long open, even while the town has been thinned by the usual dispersion of a great number of families among the places of fashionable resort.

A tale by Mrs. Opie, founded on a real occurrence, has furnished the subject of a melodrame, called Geraldi Duval, or the Bandit of Bohemia. A young ruffian aspires to the favor of a nobleman's daughter; but, being rejected, he stabs one of her friends in mistake for her, and is condemned to imprisonment for life. After fifteen years he escapes from his dungeon, and becomes the captain of a band of robbers. All the energies of his soul being concentrated in one burning desire for vengeance on the fair and innocent author of his misery, he makes several desperate attempts on her life; and, at last, carries her away; but, at the moment when he is about to satiate his thirst of blood, is taken and slain. Such a character, formed into dark and terrible decision by a woman's scorn, might have been very forcibly drawn out by the pen of genius: but, though some of the situations are striking, the interest is not well sustained.

Mr. Cooper, however, acts the ruffian with spirit, and Miss Smithson is a respectable representative of the lady whom he assails, while Knight amuses the audience in the character of a cowardly servant; and the piece has been frequently repeated.

The farce of Monsieur Tonson is drawn from the well-known tale, so pleasantly recited by Mr. Fawcett. Some additions have been made to it, and a love story has been introduced; but it has not been ably dramatised, though it seems to please the public.

In the farce entitled Five Hundred Pounds, Nonplus, a spendthrift, gets into debt and difficulty, and, in order to extricate himself, determines to alarm his uncle, Subtle, out of the money which he wants. In the prosecution of this scheme he disembodies himself, and ventures to assume the functions of a ghost. Subtle, who is averse to spirits (at least of the impalpable kind, makes a precipitate retreat on the appearance of his ghostly nephew, and in his hurry drops his pocket-book, which contains the sum that Nonplus has occasion for! A lady, and some love, are added to this outline; but all these attractions did not give currency to the piece.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

After a short recess, this house was re-opened on the 24th of September, with a tragedy of so popular a description, that even those who have frequently seen it are not weary of its recurrence. Mr. Young was the Hamlet of the night, and he was so well received, after a three-years' secession from the mimic scenes of the metropolis, that he seemed to act with augmented spirit and zeal. Our meaning will easily be understood, when we say that he is rather an artificial than a natural performer, being, in general, too stiff and rigid for pathos and passion. He excels in those characters which exhibit a mixture of bluntness with the finer feelings; and he is pre-eminent in declamatory parts: but, while he surpasses Mr. Kean and Mr. Macready in his style of speaking, he is inferior to them in talent and energy.

A new performer, of the name of Brudenell, has lately appeared in the character of Mrs. Haller, in the Stranger. She had previously represented Belvidera at the Haymarket; but in neither of these parts did she rise above mediocrity.

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

The Witch of Derncleugh, borrowed from the novel of Guy Mannering, was produced at this house, on the 30th of July, with general approbation. This piece differs considerably from Mr. Terry's opera on the same subject. It is inferior to that popular drama in sentiment and character, but surpasses it in striking situations and theatrical effect. The writer (Mr. Planché) has rendered the parts of Dinmont and Sampson less conspicuous and important; and he has dispensed with Miss Bertram; but he has introduced Meg Merrilies as a more active agent, and has made Dirk Hatterick, next to her, the most prominent of the groups. Both these characters gave opportunity for admirable acting. Miss Kelly, indeed, could not entirely

represent the Meg Merrilies of the novel—the veteran who has passed the common age of mortals, whose heart, nearly exhausted, is kept beating only by one old affection, one fond unconquerable hope. This pleasing actress could not fully embody a conception, so remote from herself; but she brought more to the character than she left of it unessayed. She threw into it such deep earnestness, and such gentle pathos, as seemed to sanctify the portraiture. The Dirk Hatterick of Cooke was complete: his careless ruffian-like gait was expressive at once of voyages and of crimes; and the cool villainy on his face seemed ingrained by frequent and violent storms. His acting in the scene where he is brought before Glossin, and calmly turns the tables on him, and reduces the magistrate to submission, is as fine an exemplification of the leveling principle as we have seen for many years. Miss Carr was elegant and sensitive as Julia Mannering, and Broadhurst, as her lover, sang some Scotish airs with taste and feeling.

The melo-drame of the Miller's Maid, founded on one of Bloomfield's poems, soon followed the Witch of the novelist. It does not differ essentially from the original story, which is very simple. The borrower has adapted it to the stage with considerable effect; but those who are acquainted with the poem know how nearly it approaches a dangerous point. The supposition that two lovers are brother and sister, would, we believe, be sufficient to counteract the passion, however violent; but the favorite of the maid proves at length to be only her cousin-german. She has two other lovers—certainly more than a fair allowance. One is soon convinced of the weakness of his pretensions; and Giles retreats from the contest, after a hard struggle with his heart. Emery's performance of this part was very fine and affecting. He is one of the most powerful colorists of natural agitation, and of the conflicts of stubborn emotions, that the stage ever possessed. His countenance, his attitudes, and his entire representation of the loving, jealous, and afflicted peasant, finally triumphing over the strongest feelings, were genuine and admirable. In several of the scenes, and in the last especially, Miss Kelly played well up to this high standard, and frequently drew tears from the audience.

THE HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

Two new pieces with opposite titles, *Match-Making* and *Match-Breaking*, have gratified the visitants of this house. The former is a comic interlude, light and airy, exhibiting in a ludicrous point of view the folly of an old humorist, who wishes to procure husbands and wives for all his young friends. The latter is a comedy in three acts, for which Mr. Kenney is chiefly indebted to a French dramatist. Three brothers of the Stromberg family have promised to give the hand of Emma, their relative, to Edgar, a captain in the prince's guard. The prince, disguised as an academical professor, sees and admires the young lady, and proposes that the consent of his highness should be previously obtained: but this idea is ridiculed by the brothers, whose politics are ostensibly hostile to the court. The contract is on the point of being signed, when a present arrives from the prince to the lady, with a complimentary inscription. This produces a change in the sentiments of the Strombergs, who are now inclined to break off the match with the captain, in the hope of an union between Emma and the prince. Notice of a public visit is sent by his highness, with an order for the arrest of the professor as a malcontent; and the brothers resolve to turn him out of their house: but he suddenly resumes his real character; and, having had an opportunity of perceiving the strong attachment of Emma to her military lover, joins their hands. It will be seen that there is great improbability in the story; for the circumstance of a prince assuming a mask, and throwing himself into situations where his feelings must unavoidably be wounded, merely to ascertain the propriety of a matrimonial union projected by an officer of his guard, is as extraordinary as it is novel; but there is also another objection to this piece,—the false picture it gives of the virtues of a court, and the contempt which it inculcates for every thing like political opposition or manly independence. Three characters in the piece are, however, well drawn. The prince (Mr. Terry) preserves his dignity in situations the most embarrassing. Solomon (Mr. Jones) is a political coxcomb, who is perpetually boasting of his own importance, his secret information, and his acute discrimination. The character of Emma is particularly amiable: a lovely woman, in the bloom of youth and beauty, preserving her constancy amidst all the temptations which a sovereign can offer, and the persuasions of importunate friends, could not fail of giving a powerful support to any piece when represented by Mrs. Chatterley.

MUSICAL PERFORMANCES.

During the absence of Madame Catalani from this country, Mrs. Salmon took the lead at the oratorios and concerts, and fully maintained her former reputation: but the celebrated Italian at length re-appeared, and again eclipsed the fame of every English vocalist. No one can perceive the least diminution of her powers, or the least decline of her skill and talent. At a concert in the Argyle rooms, on the 16th of July, her efforts fascinated every auditor. For this occasion she selected four songs; *Della Superba Roma*, a new composition of the marquis Sampieri, an Italian virtuoso of great reputation; an air written for the violin with variations by Rode; a recitative and air *Mio Ben*, by Pucitta; and the famous bass song in Mozart's Figaro, *Non più andrai*. The other parts of the concert were two or three instrumental pieces; two bass duets by Angrisani and Placci, and a duet for the harp and piano-

forte by the Misses Ashe, which those young professors performed with great taste and precision. But Catalani was the chief point of attraction: the room, crowded with rank and fashion, contained very few who seemed willing to attend to any other portion of the entertainment.

Della superba Roma were the first words that broke from her lips; and they issued forth with the grandeur which the subject deserved. The rich amplitude of her magnificent tones filled the ear, as the broad splendors of the mid-day sun satiate the eye. In one chromatic passage (ascending by semitones), to those who stood near her voice sounded like the wind rushing through trees; and, indeed, distance is absolutely indispensable to the true enjoyment and the true notion of her powers. All her effects are calculated to operate through a vast space; and, at every remove, the auditor would be liable to entertain a different idea of her singing. When very close, it is really terrific. She would be said by judges to violate every rule of art; but, as you recede, distance modifies the preternatural strength, and the grandeur is retained, while the coarseness evaporates. She has formed a style of her own, and it is purely dramatic. It is also florid in the highest possible degree. Her voice is the most prodigious instrument, in volume and in tone, that ever astonished the ear; her facility is not less wonderful. Her capital faculties are force and transition. Her choice of a comic bass song was dictated, we presume, not so much by singularity, as by the desire of showing her talents in a new style, and the richness and depth of her lower tones. She altered some of the passages; appended two splendid cadences to the pauses; and enriched the song with genuine humor, mellow and expressive, particularly where the leading words were repeated. Upon the whole, this air gave most pleasure; the others excited most surprise.

Her figure and features, we may add, are subjects for as much admiration as her voice. Never perhaps were transitions so fine, so instantaneous. Yet it may almost be said that the effort is appalling. The spectator seems to tremble for the beautiful creature before him, who is at one moment convulsed with passion, the next melted by tenderness. He can hardly escape the fear, that those delicate vessels, which swell almost to bursting, may overpass the point of safety, and destroy the frame they serve to agitate.

This admirable singer also distinguished herself at a second concert in the same rooms, chiefly intended for the benefit of the Westminster Hospital; but, in one which was given at St. Margaret's church for the interest of another charitable institution, she did not condescend to show herself; and her demand for eventual attendance at the Chester music-meeting was so unreasonable and enormous, that the managing committee refused to engage her.

The concert of Moscheles was honorably attended. He is, perhaps, the best of all performers on the piano-forte, while Kiesewetter is pre-eminent as a violin-player, and Bochsa as a harper. The last-named professor ennobled the oratorio season at Drury-Lane by a grand *Requiem*, which, though not thoroughly comprehended or appreciated by every auditor, was allowed to be a magnificent composition. He also brought forward a cantata, entitled Peace, which exhibited a variety of beauties.

The compositions published during the spring and summer were more numerous than excellent: yet some have considerable merit. Those of Kalkbrenner and Cianchettini are among the best. Of the selections which appeared at the same time, few are more pleasing than the 'Spanish Melodies, with characteristic Poetry, by J. R. Planché; the symphonies and accompaniments by C. M. Sola.' We may also recommend a more recent work, called 'the Piano-forte Companion, being a selection of the most admired British and foreign melodies, adapted to the words of the most esteemed poets, with suitable accompaniments.'

For an improvement of that favorite instrument, a patent has been lately obtained by Mr. Collard. His scheme promises a large addition to the volume and richness of tone, which is effected by giving a lengthened vibration, similar to that produced by raising the dampers, but without any of the confusion which attends the latter. He has introduced what he terms 'a bridge of reverberation;' being a third moveable bridge parallel to the side of the case; by the action of which, a consentaneous vibration takes place in other parts of the strings, beside those stricken by the hammers; in the way in which strings in unison are known to vibrate, when another of the same pitch is sounded. By this contrivance, the player is empowered to use three degrees of tone, and thus greatly to modify and vary the expression of his performance.

An instrument called the *terpodion* has been brought from Germany, to add to our musical gratification. While its sound originates from a cylinder set in motion by the foot, it is played by keys like a piano-forte. It occupies about four feet by two. The tone of its chief portion resembles the finest tones of a French horn, and the upper notes are nearly the same with those of a flute.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

A son to the countess of Longford; also to lady Torphichen, the honorable Mrs. Liddel, and the lady of Sir William Napier.

A daughter to Mrs. Brougham, wife of the late queen's attorney-general

Daughters to the ladies of rear-admiral Hervey and rear-admiral Otway.

At Surbiton-House, Surry, a son to the wife of alderman Garratt.

At Gatcombe, a son to the lady of Sir Lucius Curtis.

At Newton, in the shire of Inverness, a son to the wife of major L. Stewart.

At Glossop, Derbyshire, the twentieth child of Mrs. Howard.—Thirteen of her children are now living.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. Stuart, of Rothsay, in Scotland, to Miss Hipper, of Barnes.

Sir David Erskine, to Miss Jane Silence Williams, of Aberconway.

Captain Baird, to lady Ann Kennedy.

Mr. Haydon, the historical painter, to Mrs. Hymon.

The honorable captain Campbell, M. P. to the daughter of general Gascoyne.

Capt. George Digby, R. N. to the daughter of Sir John Walsh.

Edward William Seymour, Esq. R. N. to Mrs. Wilkins, of Brecon.

Lord Edward Chichester, son of the marquis of Donegal, to Miss Grady, of Dublin.

Mr. Sober, to the youngest daughter of Sir John Dashwood King, M. P.

The honorable Mr. Trevor, to Miss Irvine, of the county of Fermanagh.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Piozzi.—The time of this lady's death (the 5th of May) was inadvertently omitted in our sketch of her life.

At Frankfort, lady Charlotte Hill, daughter of the marchioness of Downshire.

In his 69th year, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Morgan, an eminent dissenting minister.

The Rev. Dr. Vicesimus Knox, the essayist.

Major Charles James, a writer on military affairs, and a poet.

At the age of 74 years, Mr. George Elwes, son of the well-known miser.

In his 60th year, general Andrew Cowell.

Mr. Edmund Wigley, formerly a representative of Worcester in parliament.

At Margate, Edward Bancroft, M. D.; and at Battersea-Rise, Dr. Richard Budd.

Mr. John Rennie, the engineer and architect.

At Margate, at the age of 55, Abraham Mendez Furtado, a celebrated player on the piano-forte.

The Rev. Dr. George Cope, canon of Hereford.

At Odell-castle, Bedfordshire, the countess of Egmont, in her 88th year.

Near Carlisle, Mrs. Irwin, who had nearly reached the age of 100 years, and retained her faculties to the moment of her expiration.

Near Huntingdon, captain St. Aubin, in consequence of having taken sugar of lead instead of a dose of salts.

Elizabeth, wife of lord Henley, and daughter of the lord-chancellor Northington.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

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A SURVEY OF THE STATE OF FEMALE SOCIETY AMONG THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

The treatment of the fair sex may be considered, in a great measure, as a criterion of civilisation. Where women are treated with arrogance or contempt, it may be concluded that the men are little better than barbarians: where they meet with polite attention and sincere respect, we may infer that their protectors are enlightened and refined.

As the Egyptians were the wisest people of early times, they had a just idea of the dignity of the sex. When their kings left no male issue, they even allowed females to ascend the throne, not merely for the prevention of mischievous contests, but because they entertained a good opinion of the political judgement of well-educated women, whose deficiency of courage might be remedied by the advice of able ministers, and the habitual vigor of an established government. It does not appear that the power thus exercised was more injurious to the honor and dignity of the empire, or to the welfare and happiness of the people, than the sway of the lords of the creation. Daluka, who is said to have succeeded the Pharaoh who perished in the Red Sea, was, according to some oriental writers, the most expert magician of her time; and we know that persons who have been supposed to be conversant in magic have in general possessed great talents and superior wisdom. So great was the estimation in which the people held the women, that the queens are said to have been much more honored and more readily obeyed than the kings.

The prevalence of agriculture in Egypt, while other nations chiefly subsisted by hunting and fishing, tended to increase the social comforts of the women, and to procure for them a greater degree of respect. Where the earth is cultivated, the practice of wandering is checked, and people are more settled and regular in their habits: the two sexes are more frequently in company with each other, and thus a stronger desire of becoming mutually agreeable is gradually produced; the natural roughness of the male is softened, and female influence is more winning and effective.

We are informed by the father of Grecian history, that it was customary in Egypt for the men to attend to domestic cares and employments, while

their wives and daughters were occupied in agricultural concerns and ordinary traffic. But there is reason to believe, that only females of the lower class were required to perform the laborious duties of the field. The same historian relates an anecdote of Psammenitus, the Egyptian king, and his principal nobles, who, when Memphis (then the capital of the realm) was taken by Cambyses the Persian, witnessed a sight which deeply wounded their feelings. Placed by the insulting victor on an eminence near the city, they saw the princess, and the young women of the most respectable and dignified families, approaching the Nile in the dress of slaves, with pitchers in their hands, which they were obliged to fill with water for the use of the captors. They shed tears as they moved along, and bitterly lamented their degradation; while the captive nobles were affected with equal indignation and regret. The king was nearly overwhelmed by the acuteness of his sensations: but, instead of manifesting his affliction, he merely fixed his eyes on the ground. This story suggests a strong presumption, that the Egyptian females of a higher class were not employed in hard labor; for, if they had usually been so occupied, the feelings of the vanquished prince and his courtiers would not have been shocked or outraged; nor is it probable that the Persian monarch would then have fixed upon that mode of insulting them, as what is common does not excite extraordinary sensations or strong disgust.

It may be argued, that, if we exclude the more respectable and elevated part of the sex in Egypt from the coarseness and vulgarity of agricultural labor, we still allow the majority to have been so employed; and this may seem to show, that the Egyptians did not treat their women with that respect which we have already adduced as a part of their general character. But, as we find that they were particularly regardful of the sex in other instances, we may be assured that they did not mean to offer any disrespect or insult to those whom they devoted to the business of farming and the pursuits of trade.

From hints which are given both by sacred and profane writers, it is probable that the Egyptian women of rank were not confined, like those of the East, but had a general liberty of appearing in public. The daughter of Pharaoh, it is stated, 'went down to wash herself at the river, and her maidens walked along by the river's side;' and the wife of Potiphar, when she exposed herself to Joseph, was not secluded in the recesses of the mansion. Such is the account given by Moses; and, from the statements of Herodotus and Diodorus the Sicilian, we are authorised to draw a similar conclusion.

Although the Jews indulged themselves in the simultaneous possession of two or more wives, the Egyptians were not so licentious; and this circumstance forms an additional presumption of their reverence for female dignity. Nor was concubinage a frequent practice among them: if it was not expressly prohibited by law, it was at least not fashionable or prevalent.

A remarkable law existed in Egypt, by which it was ordained, that daughters, rather than sons, should provide for their parents. 'Nothing (says Dr. Alexander) can exhibit the power and consequence of the Egyptian women in a stronger light than this law;' but we do not fully concur in the applicability or justness of this remark. The ordinance naturally arose from the practice of employing the women in productive business and trade, leaving the question of honor and respect on its former basis.

Of the education of Egyptian females we cannot ascertain the full extent. In all probability, they did not imbibe the abstruse and mysterious learning of the priests, but were, in general, obliged to be content with ordinary literature, though some were admitted to an acquaintance with astronomy.

It is doubted whether instrumental music was one of their accomplishments. The men were certainly debarred from the exercise of that pleasing art, as their legislators not only deemed it altogether useless, but fancied that it tended to relax the vigor of the mind; but the women, perhaps, were not wholly precluded from the practice. Vocal music seems, as well as dancing, to have been allowed in religious festivals, in which females, decorated with flowers and arrayed with fanciful elegance, performed conspicuous parts, and excited the admiration of the spectators.

A SMALL BUT TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE WAYS AND MANNERS OF THE ABYSSINIANS, BY NATHANIEL PEARCE, AN ENGLISH SAILOR;

published in the second volume of the Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay.

THIS is a plain unvarnished narrative of the affairs of an extensive empire, and an interesting though desultory view of the customs of a remarkable race. The author, who died in 1820, was not a man of learning; but was observant, inquisitive, and intelligent. He resided in Abyssinia about fifteen years; and we may rather wonder at the long preservation of his life among barbarians, than at his being harassed by frequent injuries and oppressions. Civil dissensions and intestine war raged during the greater part of that period; and the blessings of enlightened and equitable government were unknown.

The princes who tyrannised over the country in 1814, are thus characterised by the honest seaman:

'Ras Walder Serlassey is the strongest prince in Abyssinia, and has of his own 8500 match-locks, besides a great quantity belonging to his chiefs; about 2000 horse, and above 20,000 shieldsmen; still he is as mean as a common Jew, and a great liar; though he is very merciful to prisoners, and a brave hard fighter.

'Ras Gabri is free, but barbarous to those he dislikes; he has about 700 muskets, and few horse, though his country is the hardest in Abyssinia to conquer, through the strong mountains it contains, which are cultivated on the tops, and have water.

'Guxar is not barbarous, though he is of a Garlar descent: he has 8000 horse, but few muskets.

'Ras Ilow is not very strong, though his country produces brave soldiers. He is an ally constant to Walder Serlassey.

'Libban is barbarous and revengeful; he has about 10,000 horse, though Guxar beat him in two battles.

'Goga is uncommonly barbarous, and friendly with no one, but always at war; and, indeed, all except Ras Walder Serlassey fear him.

'These are the great princes who have the whole country in their hands. The king, Itsa Guarlu, now in Gondar, has no sway at all, is very poor, and has only the name of a king.'

The Abyssinians are a religious people; but it is to be lamented, that their piety is not properly guided or directed by their priestly instructors. They seem to think that fasting is their chief merit, in the eye of their Creator; for they fast, in some years, 190 days, and, in others, 205 days; but, in this respect, the priests favor themselves; for they only fast 70 days in a year. This species of self-denial leads, as might be expected, to the grossness of indulgence.

'The priests (says Mr. Pearce) have a great feast at the end of every fast; they all meet in the forenoon after taking and administering the body and blood of Christ to those who come to the church for that purpose; they afterwards go to the house of the head priest, where they sit down according to their rank in the church; they then kill one or two cows according to their number, close to the door, and, before the animal has done kicking, and the blood still running from his throat, the skin is nearly off on one side, and the prime flesh cut off and with all

haste held before the elders, or heads of the church, who cut a large portion each, and eat it with such greediness, that those who did not know them would think they were starved. They at all times prefer the raw meat to cooked victuals. After they have finished their *brindo*, as they call it, they take a little of the fattest parts of the cow, just warmed on the fire, to settle their stomachs, and then one or two large horns of *sevoir* or beer, which is very strong and made of several sorts of corn. They then have the table brought in and covered with bread and cooked victuals, where those that are not satisfied with the raw meat, eat until they are of [*with*] the cooked.'

Afterwards the lower class of priests and deacons are called in, and the raw meat is laid upon the bread, which they cut and eat with as much eagerness (though quite cold) as their superiors did when it was hot. After they are satisfied, the third class are called in, and so on in turns until they devour all the bread and victuals, more like a pack of hounds than intellectual beings. When all is cleared away, the greater and middling ranks drink maize, until they begin to sing psalms or hymns; and at last they are intoxicated and stupified.'

As their fasts are followed by feasts, their funeral sorrow is succeeded by an appearance of joy.—'They have great crying and howling for the dead, for many days, and appoint a particular day for a general cry, which ends their crying. If a great man dies, they make his effigy, and cry and howl round it, firing their matchlocks, and tearing the skin off the temples and forehead, until the blood runs down the neck in such a horrible manner as would frighten any one unacquainted with these customs. They pretend to be so weak with sorrow that they cannot support themselves; one of them then begins to eulogize the actions, the beauty, and riches, of the deceased, and concluding in a sorrowful tone, they all together make a loud bellow, and tear their temples. This ceremony being over, they retire into a large house, where they eat and drink until they turn their sorrow into merriment and quarreling.'

With all their affectation of piety, they are (says our author) 'great liars; no dependence can ever be put in them, of whatever rank they may be. Their mode of evading an oath is curious: if the king swears he will forgive an offender, and then wishes to punish him, he will call his servants together, and say, 'Servants, you see the oath I have taken; I scrape it clean away from my tongue that made it.' He then puts his tongue out and scrapes the oath off with his teeth; and, spitting, says, 'When the rebel comes, you will do your duty as I shall order you.'

The following oath is frequently taken to a falsity. 'If what I now swear to be not true, may God blow away my soul from me as I blow away the fire from this candle,' which is immediately blown out! When Pearce expostulated with some of the natives on the heinousness of breaking such a solemn oath, they would reply that their father confessor would absolve them for one half of the profit or advantage which they derived from the oath.

When a child is baptized, the god-father holds him in his arms, and says, 'I being acquainted with the parents of this child, and knowing them to be good Christians, hold it before you to make it the same;'—and, while he holds it in his arms, the priests pray over a large vessel of water, with a blue twisted thread in it, and, pronouncing the name of the child, set it in the water, and with a small cross begin at the forehead and touch every joint to the toes; they then give it to the mother, who waits and takes the sacrament, and then goes home. A boy is baptized when he is forty days old, a girl at eighty days. Any one standing godfather for a converted Moslem, holds him in his arms, or bears him on his knees, and says, 'I

have been a long time acquainted with this Moslem, and I know it has been a long time in his heart to be of my religion: I now therefore hold him before you to make him the same.'

The influence of Christianity is insufficient to prevent the practice of polygamy; nor do the priests officiate in the solemnities of marriage. The nuptial ceremony, among the higher ranks, as described by Pearce, resembles, in some respects, that of the Jews in Barbary and Soudan. A man of 70 may marry a girl of 17; for the inequalities of age are never thought of. The girls are married at the ages of 9, 10, 11, and 12; they have children at 13 and 14 years of age.

The women are not distinguished by chastity; but, as the men are equally licentious, the injury is mutually liquidated.

In describing the dress, Pearce says, 'The dress of the higher ranks is a shirt of fine white India cloth, which comes from Marsaw, by the Muselmen Coffler [*Moslemîn kafila* or caravan]. The shirt is neatly sewed with silk, and ornamented with silk twist, of different colors, from the neck down to the bosom as far as the navel; the sleeves are tight, and ornamented in the same manner, from the elbow to the wrist: they have ornaments of silver for their necks, legs, and wrists. The dress over all is called a *murrerguf drobe*, with a wide silk border to it. The surplus dress resembles the hayk of the Muselmen; and, like the women of that race, the Abyssinians of fair color prick their skin with charcoal. Their feet are covered with red Egyptian shoes, and some wear black, manufactured in their own country. The women work like slaves, grind corn, carry water in large jars upon their loins: they also carry great loads of wood in the same manner.' In this respect they resemble their neighbours of Nubia. Pearce says, 'the women use scented oils, and also butter mixed with pounded cloves in their hair; and blacken their eyelids with a mineral called cole [*alkahl*] which comes from Egypt.'

Little attention is given to trade by the Abyssinians, who leave that concern chiefly to the Mohammedans of their country. To agriculture and pasturage the former are more devoted; and the chief prince has more than 1300 ploughmen in his immediate service.

An annual review, connected both with war and policy, takes place on an extensive plain, where an elevated stage is erected, covered with Persian carpets, silk pillows, and other valuable articles. Here the king sits with all his household servants round him. The troops then run full gallop to the foot of the place where he is seated, turning their horses round, shaking their heads and spears, and boasting of themselves and their deeds of arms. This review lasts three days, during which all the officers of the government are fixed upon; and every one then knows whether he is to remain governor of his district, or whether another is to be appointed. All who have killed an enemy during the year, have a trophy of his person hung to the right arm, which, after ending their speech to the king, they throw down at his feet. Although the sovereign pretends 'to give preferment to the bravest and to the higher ranks,' Pearce says it is principally given to 'tatlers, who make mischief by sly conversations, and many are dismissed from their stations through false reports and false witnesses!'

THE VILLAGE MINSTREL, AND OTHER POEMS;

by John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant.—2 vols. 12mo.

The poetical efforts of a lime-burner are as unexpected and extraordinary as those of a thresher or a shoe-maker. Powerful talents will certainly burst through great obstacles: but it rarely happens, that the laboring poor are gratified with opportunities of rising into fame on the wings of Pegasus. Their

'noble rage,' and the 'genial currents of their souls,' are usually frozen by chill penury. When, however, they emerge from their obscurity, and join the ranks of highly-gifted bards, we view their flights with pleasure and surprise.

It was with the scanty produce of extra labor, as a plough-boy, that Clare was first enabled to procure a tincture of elementary learning; and it was the inspection of Thomson's Seasons that first inspired him with a desire of becoming a poet. He continued for some years to increase his store of verses; and, at length, in 1817, resolved to publish a volume of poems by subscription. Being informed that a regular annunciation of his scheme would cost twenty shillings, he worked at a lime-kiln at Pickworth with redoubled zeal.

'Here, (to use his own words), by hard working, day and night, I at last got my one pound saved, for the printing of the proposals, which I never lost sight of; and having written many more poems, excited by a change of scenery, and being over head and ears in love, —above all, having the most urgent propensity to scribbling, and considering my latter materials much better than my former, which no doubt was the case,—I considered myself more qualified for the undertaking; so I wrote a letter from this place immediately to Henson, of Market-Deeping, wishing him to begin the proposals and address the public himself, urging that he could do it far better than I could; but his answer was that I must do it. After this, I made some attempts; but, not having a fit place for doing any thing of that kind, from lodging at a public-house, and being pestered with many inconveniencies, I could not suit myself by doing it immediately: so from time to time it was put off. At last I determined, good or bad, to produce something; and as we had another limekiln at Ryhall, I often went there to work myself, where I had leisure to study over such things on my journeys of going and returning. On these walks, morning and night, I have dropped down, five or six times, to plan an address, &c. In one of these musings, my prose thoughts lost themselves in rhyme. Taking a view (as I sat beneath the shelter of a woodland hedge) of my parents' distresses at home, of my laboring so hard and so vainly to get out of debt, and of my still added perplexities of ill-timed love,—striving to remedy all, and all to no purpose,—I burst out into an exclamation of distress, "What is life!" and instantly recollecting that such a subject would be a good one for a poem, I hastily *scratted* down the two first verses of it, as it stands, as the beginning of the plan which I intended to adopt, and continued my journey to work. But when I got to the kiln I could not work for thinking about what I had so long been trying at; so I sat me down on a lime-skuttle, and out with my pencil for an address of some sort, which, good or bad, I determined to send off that day; and for that purpose, when it was finished, I started to Stamford with it, about three miles off; still, along the road, I was in a hundred minds whether I should throw up all thoughts about the matter, or stay till a fitter opportunity, to have the advice of some friend or other; but, on turning it over in my mind again, a second thought informed me that I had no friend; I was turned adrift on the broad ocean of life, and must either sink or swim: so I weighed matters on both sides, and fancied, let what bad would come, it could but balance with the former: if my hopes of the poems failed, I should not be a pin worse than usual; I could but work then as I did already: nay, I considered that I should reap benefit from the disappointment; the downfall of my hopes would free my mind, and let me know that I had nothing to trust to but work. So with this favourable idea I pursued my intention, dropping down on a stone-heap before I entered the town, to give it a second reading, and correct what I thought amiss.'

He proposed to publish his poems at three shillings and sixpence, if three hundred subscribers could be obtained; he wrote a modest address to the public, and inserted his sonnet to the Setting Sun, as a specimen: but, alas! he could only obtain the names of *seven* subscribers. One of these, however, recommended him to better patrons, and had the honor of introducing his talents to general notice.

The principal poem in the present collection, the Village Minstrel, was begun in the autumn of 1819, and finished soon after the former volume made its appearance. Clare is himself the hero of his poem, and paints, with glowing vigor, the misery in which he then was, and his anxiety for his future fate. It is a fine picture of rural life, and the author luxuriates in his love of natural objects, and in his description of rustic sports and village scenes, notwithstanding the melancholy reflections with which they are accompanied. He thus describes his own feelings and character:

'And dear to him the rural sports of May,
When each cot threshold mounts its hailing bough,
And ruddy milk-maids weave their garlands gay,
Upon the green to crown the earliest cow;
When mirth and pleasure wear a joyful brow,
And join the tumult with unbounded glee
The humble tenants of the pail and plough:
He lov'd 'old sports,' by them reviv'd, to see,
But never car'd to join in their rude revelry.

'O'er brook-banks stretching, on the pasture-sward
He gaz'd, far distant from the jocund crew;
'Twas but their feats that claim'd a slight regard;
'Twas his, his pastimes lonely to pursue—
Wild blossoms creeping in the grass to view,
Scarce peeping up the tiny bent as high,
Beting'd with glossy yellow, red, or blue,
Unnam'd, unnoticed but by Lubin's eye,
That like low genius sprang to bloom their day and die.

'O who can tell the sweets of May-day's morn;
To waken rapture in a feeling mind,
When the gilt east unveils her dappled dawn,
And the gay woodlark has its nest resign'd,
As slow the sun creeps up the hill behind;
Morn redd'ning round, and daylight's spotless hue,
As seemingly with rose and lily lin'd;
While all the prospect round beams fair to view,
Like a sweet opening flower with its unsullied dew.

'Ah, often brushing through the dripping grass,
Has he been seen to catch this early charm,
List'ning the 'love song' of the healthy lass
Passing with milk-pail on her well-turn'd arm;
Or meeting objects from the rousing farm;
The jingling plough-teams driving down the steep,
Waggon and cart—and shepherd-dogs' alarm,
Raising the bleatings of unfolding sheep,
As o'er the mountain top the red sun 'gins to peep.

'Nor could the day's decline escape his gaze;
He lov'd the closing as the rising day,
And oft would stand, to catch the setting rays,
Whose last beams stole not unperceiv'd away;
When, hesitating like a stag at bay,
The bright unwearied sun seemed loth to drop,
Till chaos' night-hounds hurried him away,
And drove him headlong from the mountain-top,
And shut the lovely scene, and bade all nature stop.'

* * * *

'It might be curious here to hint the lad,
How in his earliest days he did appear;
Mean was the dress in which the boy was clad,
His friends so poor, and clothes excessive dear,
They oft were foil'd to rig him once a year!
And housewife's care in many a patch was seen;
Much industry 'gainst want did persevere:
His friends tried all to keep him neat and clean,
Though care has often fail'd, and shatter'd he has been.

'Yet oft fair prospects cheer'd his parent's dreams,
Who had on Lubin founded many a joy;
But pinching want soon baffled all their schemes,
And dragg'd him from the school, a hopeless boy,
To shrink unheeded under hard employ;
When struggling efforts warm'd him up the while,
To keep the little toil could not destroy:
And oft with books spare hours he would beguile,
And blunder oft with joy round Crusoe's lonely isle.'

He bitterly laments the restraints which the hands of aristocratic power

are putting on the pleasures of the humble peasant, and contrasts, with much feeling, the state of the village green ere

'—— reformation's formidable foes,
With civil wars 'gainst nature's peace combin'd,
And desolation struck her deadly blows,'

With its appearance,—

'When ploughs destroy'd the green, when groves of willows fell.'

He proceeds to observe:—

'There once were springs, when daisies' silver studs
Like sheets of snow on every pasture spread;
There once were summers, when the crow-flower buds
Like golden sunbeams brightest lustre shed;
And trees grew once that shelter'd Lubin's head;
There once were brooks sweet whimpering down the vale:
The brooks no more—kingcup and daisy fled;
Their last fallen tree the naked moors bewail,
And scarce a bush is left to tell the mournful tale.

'You shaggy tufts, and many a rushy knot,
Existing still in spite of spade and plough,
As seeming fond and loth to leave the spot,
Tell where was once the green—brown fallows now,
Where Lubin often turns a sadden'd brow,
Marks the stopt brook, and mourns oppression's power;
And thinks how once he waded in each slough,
To crop the yellow 'horse-blob's' early flower,
Or catch the 'miller's thumb' in summer's sultry hour.

'There once were days, the woodman knows it well,
When shades e'en echoed with the singing thrush:
There once were hours, the ploughman's tale can tell,
When morning's beauty wore its earliest blush.
How woodlarks carol'd from each stumpy bush;
Lubin himself has marked them soar and sing:
The thorns are gone, the woodlark's song is hush,
Spring more resembles winter now than spring,
The shades are banish'd all—the birds have took to wing.

'There once were lanes in nature's freedom dropt,
There once were paths that every valley wound,—
Inclosure came, and every path was stopt;
Each tyrant fix'd his sign where paths were found,
To hint a trespass now who cross'd the ground:
Justice is made to speak as they command;
The high road now must be each stinted bound;—
Inclosure, thou'rt a curse upon the land,
And tasteless was the wretch who thy existence plann'd.

'O England! boasted land of liberty,
With strangers still thou may'st thy title own;
But thy poor slaves the alteration see,
With many a loss to them the truth is known;
Like emigrating bird thy freedom's flown;
While mongrel clowns, low as their rooting plough,
Disdain thy laws to put in force their own;
And every village owns its tyrants now,
And parish slaves must live as parish kings allow.'

Among the poems of this ingenious author are a considerable number of sonnets, some of which are very pleasing. His songs have an air of interesting simplicity; and a poem on Sunday shows his descriptive talents to advantage. Upon Rural Morning and Evening, likewise, we are glad to bestow our tribute of praise. Vulgarisms and inaccuracies may be found in his language; the metaphors are not always correct; and the coarseness of the peasant sometimes mars the elegance of the poet; but, upon the whole, these volumes display a high degree of talent, exercised under unpropitious circumstances, and amidst the irksome severity of labor.

THE SACRED ISLAND; A TALE.

RONALD and his brave associates, having humbled a Norwegian prince, were returning in a light bark from their adventurous campaign. As they seemed to make little progress, one of the party exclaimed, 'Some spirit must pursue us, and perpetually urge the boat out of its way, or we should have arrived by this time at Inistore*.'

* The old name for the largest of the Orkney isles.

Ronald took him at his word, and, turning hastily round, thought he saw an armed figure near the stern. His anger rose with his despair: and with all his strength he dashed his arm at the moveless and airy shape. At that instant a fierce blast half turned the boat round. The chieftains called out to Ronald to set his whole heart at the rudder; but the wind beat back their voices, like young birds into the nest; and no answer followed. The boat at length became absolutely unmanageable. In the intervals of the wind they again called out to Ronald, but still received no answer. One of them crept forward, and felt for him through the blinding wet and darkness. His place was void. 'It was a ghost,' said they, 'which came to fetch him to the spirits of his fathers.' Ronald of the Perfect Hand is gone, and we shall follow him as we did in the fight. Hark! The wind is louder and many-voiced. Is it his voice which has roused up the others? Is he calling upon us, as he did in the battle, when his followers shouted at his call?'

The rocks of an isle beyond Inistore had occasioned the wild roaring of the wind. The chieftains found that they were not destined to perish in the mid ocean; but it was fortunate for them that the wind did not set in directly upon the isle, or they might have been dashed to pieces upon the rocks. With great difficulty they stemmed their way obliquely; and at length they were thrown violently on the shore, bruised, wounded, and half inanimate. They remained on this desolate island two days; but, on the third, they were taken away in a boat by seal-hunters.

The chieftains, after their return to Inistore, affirmed that Ronald had been summoned away by a loud-voiced spirit, and disappeared. Great was the mourning for the hand that with equal skill could throw the javelin and traverse the harp, could build the sudden hut of the hunter, and bind up the glad locks of the maiden tired in the dance. He had therefore been called the chieftain of the Perfect Hand, and therefore with deep sorrow was he mourned; but by none with such heart-felt grief as by his love, his betrothed bride Moilena; by the maiden of the Beautiful Voice, who had lately been called the Perfect Voice, because she was to be matched with the Perfect Hand. The hand was now gone, and the maiden's voice sang brokenly for tears.

A dreary winter was it, though victorious, to the people of Inistore. Their swords had conquered in Lochlin; but most of the hands that wielded them had not come back. Their warm pressure was felt no more. The last, which they had given their friends, was now to serve them all their lives. 'Never, with all my yearning,' said Moilena, 'shall I look upon his again, as I have looked at it a hundred times, when nobody suspected.—Never.' And she turned from the sight of the destructive ocean, which seemed as interminable as her thoughts.

The winter at length passed away; the tears of the sky were dried up. The sun looked out kindly again; and the spring had scarcely re-appeared, when Inistore had a proud and a joyful day, from the arrival of the young prince of Lochlin with his bride. It was a bitter one to Moilena; for the prince came to thank Ronald for sparing his life in the war, and had brought his lady to thank him too They thanked Moilena instead; and proud, in the midst of her unhappiness, of being the representative of the Perfect Hand, she lavished smiles upon them from her pale face. But she wept in secret. She could not bear this addition to the store of noble and kind memories respecting her Ronald. He had spared the bridegroom for his bride. He had hoped to come back to his own. She looked over to the north, and thought that her home was as much there as in Inistore.

Ronald, however, was not drowned. A Scandinavian bark, bound for the Island of the Circle, had picked him up. The crew, chiefly priests, were

going thither to propitiate the deities, on account of the late defeat of their countrymen. They recognized the victorious chief, who, on coming to his senses, freely confessed who he was. Instantly they raised a chorus, which rose sternly through the tempest. 'We carry,' said they, 'an acceptable present to the Gods. Odin, stay thy hand from the slaughter of the obscure. Thor, put down the mallet with which thou beatest, like red hail, on the sculls of thine enemies. Ye other feasters in Valhalla, set down the sculls full of mead, and pledge a health out of a new and noble one to the King of Gods and Men, that the twilight of heaven may come late. We bring an acceptable present: we bring Ronald of the Perfect Hand.' Thus they sang in the boat, laboring all the while with the winds and waves. They reached the shore by the first light of the morning; and, when they came to the circle of sacred stones, they placed their late conqueror near the largest, and kindled a fire in the middle. The warm smoke rose thickly against the cold white morning. 'Let me be offered up to your gods,' said Ronald, 'like a man, by the sword; and not, like food, by the fire.'—'We know all,' answered the priests: 'be thou silent.'—'Treat not him,' said Ronald, 'who spared your prince, unworthily. If he must be sacrificed, let him die as your prince would have died by this hand.' Still they answered only, 'We know all: be thou silent.' He could not help witnessing these preparations for a new and unexpected death with an emotion of terror; but disdain was predominant. Once, his cheek turned deadly pale in thinking of Moilena. He shifted his posture resolutely, and thought of the spirit of the dead whom he was about to join. The priests then encircled the fire and the stone at which he stood, with another devoting song; and he looked earnestly at the ruddy flames, which gave to his cold body, as in mockery, a genial warmth. The priests, however, did not lay hands on him. They respected the sparer of their prince so far as not to touch him themselves; they left him to be despatched by the supernatural beings, whom they confidently expected to come down for that purpose.

Ronald, whose faith was of another description, saw their departure with joy; but it was damped the next minute. What was he to do in winter on an island, inhabited only by the amphibious creatures of the northern sea, and never touched at but for a purpose hostile to his hopes? For he now recollected, that this was the island of which he had so often heard, as the chief seat of the Scandinavian religion; whose traditions had so influenced countries of a different faith, that it was believed in Scotland as well as on the continent, that no human being could live there many hours. Spirits, it was thought, would appear in terrible superhuman shapes, like the bloody idols which the priests worshiped, and would carry him off.

The warrior of Inistore soon had reason to know the extent of this belief. He was not without fear himself, but disdained to yield to any circumstances without a struggle. He refreshed himself with some snow-water; and, after climbing the highest part of the island in vain to look for a boat, he began to prepare a habitation. He saw at a little distance, on a slope, the mouth of a rocky cave. This he destined for his shelter at night; and looking round for a defence for the door, as he knew not whether bears might not be among the inhabitants, he cast his eyes upon the thinnest of the stones which stood upright about the fire. The heart of the chieftain misgave him as he thought of appropriating this mystical stone, carved full of strange figures; but, half in courage, and half in the very despair of fear, he suddenly twisted it from its place. No one appeared. The fire altered not. The noise of the fowl and other creatures did not become

louder. He smiled at his fears, and knew the undiminished vigor of the Perfect Hand.

He found the cavern already fitted for shelter, doubtless by the hands of the priests. He had bitter reason to know how well it sheltered him; for day after day he hoped in vain that some boat from Inistore would venture upon the island. He beheld seals at a distance; but they did not approach. He piled stone upon stone, joined old pieces of boats, and made flags of the sea-weed; but all in vain. The vessels, he thought, came nearer, but none so near as to be of use; and a sickly kind of impatience agitated his stout heart. He knew not whether it was with the cold or with misery, but his frame would shake for an hour, when he lay down on his dried weeds and feathers to rest. He remembered the happy sleep that used to follow upon toil; and he looked with double activity for the eggs and shell-fish on which he sustained himself, and smote double the number of seals, half in the very exercise of his anger: and then, from fatigue, he would fall into a sound sleep.

In this way he bore up against the violence of the winter season, which had now past. The sun looked out with a melancholy smile upon the moss and the poor grass, chequered with flowers almost as poor. There was the butter-cup, struggling from a dirty white into a yellow; and a faint-colored poppy, neither the good nor the ill of which was then known; and here and there by the thorny underwood a shrinking violet. The lark alone seemed cheerful, and startled the ear of the desolate chieftain with its soaring triumph in the air. He looked up. His fancy had been made wild and wilful by strange habits and sickened blood; and he thought impatiently, that if he were up there like the lark, he might see his friends and his love in Inistore.

His only hope of being delivered from the island seemed to depend on the Scandinavian priests; but it was a doubtful point whether they would respect him for surviving, or kill him on that very account, out of a mixture of personal and superstitious resentment. He thought his death the more probable, but this at least was a termination of the dreary prospect of a solitude for life; and partly in that hope, and partly from a courageous patience, he produced as many pleasant thoughts and objects about him as he could. He adorned his cavern with shells and feathers; he made for himself a cap and cloak of the latter, and boots and a vest of seal-skin, girding it about with the glossy sea-weed: he cleared away a circle before the cavern, planted it with the best grass, and heaped moss-covered stones about it: he strung some bones of a fish with sinews, and fitting a shell beneath it, drew forth the first gentle music that had ever been heard in that wild island. He touched it in the midst of a flock of seals, who were basking in the sun; they turned their heads toward the sound; he thought he saw in their mild faces a human expression; and from that day no seal was slain by the Perfect Hand. He spared even the huge walruses, in whose societies he beheld a dull resemblance to the gentle affections; and his new intimacy with these possessors of the place was completed by one of the former animals, who, having been rescued by him from a contest with a larger one, followed him about, as well as its half-formed and dragging legs would allow, with the officious attachment of a dog.

But the summer had elapsed, and no one appeared. The new thoughts, and deeper insight into things, which solitude and sorrowful necessity had produced, together with a diminution of his activity, had not tended to strengthen him against the approach of winter; and autumn came upon him like the melancholy twilight of the year. He had now no hope of seeing even the finishers of his existence before the spring. The rising winds among the rocks, and the noise of the whales blowing up the spouted water till the

hollow caverns thundered with their echoes, seemed to be the heralds of the stern season which was to close him in against all approach. He had tried one day to move the stone at the mouth of his habitation a little farther in, and found his strength fail. He laid himself on the cold ground, full of such thoughts as nearly bewildered him. Things by turn appeared a fierce dream and a more fierce reality. He was leaning and looking on the ground, and idly twisting his long hair, when his eyes fell upon the hand that held it. It was livid and emaciated. He opened and shut it more than once, turned it round, and looked at its ribbed thinness and laid-open machinery; many thoughts came upon him, some which he understood not, and some which he recognized too accurately; and a turbid violence seemed rising, at his heart, when the seal his companion drew nigh, and began to lick that weak memorial of the Perfect Hand. A shower of self-pitying tears fell upon the seal's face and the hand together. Suddenly, he heard a voice: it was deep and loud, and distinctly called out, Ronald! He looked up, gasping with wonder. Three times it called out, as if with peremptory command; and thrice the rocks and caverns echoed the word with a dim sullenness. Recollecting himself, he would have risen and answered; but the sudden change of sensations had done what all his sufferings had not been able to do; and he found himself incapable either of rising or speaking. The voice repeatedly called; but it was now more distant; and his heart sickened as he heard it retreating. His strength seemed to fail in proportion as it became necessary. Suddenly, the voice seemed to return. It advances. Other voices are heard, all advancing. In a short time figures move hastily down the slope by the side of his cavern, looking over into the area as they descend. They enter. They are before him and about him. Some of them, in Scandinavian habits, prostrate themselves at his feet, and address him in an unknown language. But these are sent away by another, who remains with none but two youths. Ronald has risen a little, and leans his back against the rock. One youth puts his arm between his neck and the rock, and half kneels beside him, turning his face away and weeping. 'I am no god, nor a favorite of gods, as these people supposed me,' said Ronald, looking up at the chief who was speaking to the other youth:—'if thou wilt despatch me then, do so. I only pray thee to let the death be fit for a warrior, such as I once was.'—The chief appeared to be agitated.—'Speak not ill of the gods, Ronald,' said he, 'although thou wert blindly brought up. A warrior like thee must be a favorite of heaven. I came to prove it to thee. Dost thou not know me? I came to give thee life for life.' Ronald looked more attentively. It was the Norwegian prince whom he had spared, because of his bride, in battle. He smiled, and lifted up his hand to him, which was intercepted and kissed by the youth who held his arm round his neck.—'Who are these fair youths?' said Ronald, half turning his head to look in his supporter's face.—'This is the bride I spoke of,' answered the prince, 'who insisted on sharing this voyage with me, and put on this dress to be the bolder in it.'—'And who is the other?'—The *other*, with dried eyes, looked smiling into his, and intercepted the answer also.—'Who,' said the sweetest voice in the world, 'can it be, but one?'—With a quick and almost fierce tone, Ronald cried out, 'I know the voice;' and he would have fallen flat on the earth, if all three had not supported him.

It was a mild return to Inistore, Ronald gathering strength all the way at the eyes and voice of Moilena, and the hands of all three. Their discovery of him was easily explained. The crews of the vessels, afraid to approach, had repeatedly seen a figure on the island making signs. The priests related how they had left their enemy here, but insisted that no human being could live upon it, and that some god

wished to manifest himself to his faithful worshipers. The heart of Moilena was quick to guess the truth. The prince had proposed to accompany the priests. His bride and the destined bride of Ronald went with him, and returned as you heard; and from that day many were the songs in Inistore upon the fortunes of the Perfect Hand, and the beauty and kindness of the Perfect Voice.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF A CITIZEN OF NEW-YORK.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Apalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season and of weather produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the goodwives as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of grey vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It was founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province; and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks. In one of those houses, while the country was yet a province of Great-Britain, there lived a simple good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of the governor Stuyvesant; but he inherited little of the martial character of his ancestors. He was a kind neighbour, and an obedient hen-pecked husband. To the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long suffering. A termagant wife may therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and, if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed. Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among the goodwives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked over those matters in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in his composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a long and heavy rod, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he might not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder

for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him in such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, he was ready to attend to any body's business but his own: but, as to doing family duty and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible. In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; every thing about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than any where else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; and thus his farm was the worst-conditioned in the neighbourhood. His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of Rip's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easily, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be gotten with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife was continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Her tongue was incessantly going, and every thing he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. He had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind: he shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, and cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was obliged to yield, and retire to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

His sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods: but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a rueful air, casting many a sidelong glance at his mistress; and, at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge-tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle persons of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade on a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling dull stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands. How solemnly they would

listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

The opinions of this junta were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, (for every great man has his adherents,) perfectly understood him. When any thing that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but, when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation. Even from this strong hold Rip was at length routed by his wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and abuse the members. That august personage Vedder himself, was not sacred from the daring tongue of this virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and his clamor of his wife, was to take his gun and stroll into the woods. In a long ramble on a fine autumnal day, he had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself on a green knoll, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook the country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands. On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time he lay musing on this scene: evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a sigh when he thought of encountering domestic terrors.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, 'Rip Van Winkle!' He looked around, but could only see a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the air. At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, sculked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks. He was surprised to see a human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; and, on approaching, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows

of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but, supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-storms which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices. On a level spot in the centre appeared a company of odd-looking persons playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches like those of the guide. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugarloaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip, was, that though they were evidently amusing themselves, they maintained the gravest faces and the most mysterious silence. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains, like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, and he fell into a deep sleep. On waking he found himself on the green knoll, whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes: it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes; the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. 'Surely,' thought Rip, 'I have not slept here all night.' He recalled the recent occurrences. The strange man with a keg of liquor —the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon —'Oh! that vile flagon!' thought Rip—'what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?'

He looked round for his gun; but, in the place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. He whistled after

Wolf, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen. He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints. 'These mountain beds do not agree with me,' thought Rip; 'and, if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle.' With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended; but to his astonishment a mountain-stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He however made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that spread a kind of net-work in his path. At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin. Here, then, he was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; but he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and he was almost famished. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and turned his steps homeward. As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal surprise, and, whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The frequent recurrence of this gesture induced him, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, and strange faces at the windows. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of his wife. He found the house in decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was sculking about it. Rip called him by name; but the cur snarled and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—'My very dog,' sighed poor Rip, 'has forgotten me!' He entered the house; it was apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears: he called loudly for his wife and children;—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted 'The Union Hotel.' Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular

assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of king George; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and under the figure was the name of Washington.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens, elections, members of congress, liberty, Bunker's hill, heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The uncouth appearance of Rip, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and inquired 'on which side he voted?' Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, 'whether he was a federal or a democrat?' Rip was at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village? 'Alas! gentlemen,' cried Rip, 'I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!'

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—'A tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!' It was with great difficulty that the self-important man restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who frequented the tavern.

'Well—who are they?—name them.'

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, 'Where's Nicholas Vedder?'

An old man replied, in a thin piping voice, 'Nicholas Vedder? why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a *wooden tombstone* in the church-yard that used to tell all about him; but that's rotten and gone too.'

'Where's Brom Dutcher?'

'Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war: some say he was killed at the storming of Stoney-point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's nose. I don't know—he never came back again.'

Rip had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, 'Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?'

Two or three exclaimed, 'Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle, yonder, leaning against the tree.'

He looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded, and seemed to doubt his own identity. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was?

'God knows,' exclaimed he, at his wit's end; 'I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!'

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. 'Hush, Rip,' cried she, 'hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you.' The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. 'What was your father's name, good woman?' asked he.

'Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell.'

Rip then, with a faltering voice, asked, 'where's your mother?'

'Oh, she died a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion.'

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. 'I am your father!'—cried he—'Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?' All stood amazed, until an old woman put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face, exclaimed, 'Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?'

Rip's story was soon told; for twenty years had been to him as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story. He assured the company that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

The company then broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to his son and heir, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to any thing but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor. Having nothing to do at home, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village. He

used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at the hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it; but it at last settled down to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood, but knew it by heart. Some pretended to doubt the reality of it, while the old Dutch inhabitants almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm in a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they may have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

*** The utter improbability of this tale is too obvious to escape notice; yet it is admired by many readers of the Sketch-Book; and we have therefore thought proper to introduce it, curtailed indeed of its fair proportion, but still picturesque, pleasant, and characteristic.

KOTZEBUE'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD;

(*Concluded from page 530.*)

WE left this enterprising voyager at the court of Tammeamea, with whose character he was pleased, and whose talents he admired; and, indeed, when a barbarian rises above the mass of his countrymen, and infuses into his government a degree of intelligence and spirit, which could not reasonably have been expected from his origin and education, it is natural to view him with surprise and respect.

The most fertile island of the Sandwich groupe is Wahu, on which an Englishman of the name of Young then resided, whom the king had desired to build a fort in the European style. The governor of this territory was Karcimoku, who promoted his master's views for the establishment of a navy, and who, being considered as an able minister, was honored by the English residents with the name of Pitt. Being invited by Kotzebue to an entertainment on ship-board, he entered the Ruric with his wife, Mr. Young, and the chiefs of the island. ' He was very friendly (says the captain); he shook my hands heartily, saying several times *Aroha* [God be with you]; my guests were all in their best dresses; I could scarcely recognize Kareimoku, who appeared in the dress of an English mate, with polished boots and cocked hat; but every thing was so tight upon him, that he could scarcely move a limb, and was almost suffocated by the heat; the other chiefs moved about, no less pompously, and quite as uncomfortably, forming a strange assemblage of sailors, dandies, and quakers. The rage is so great here, that no person can rest without having some articles of European dress; some walk only in a shirt, some in trowsers, and others strut about in a waistcoat. The Americans buy up all the clothes which have become out of fashion, and sell them here to great advantage. One of my guests had on a very long coat, with buttons as large as tea-cups, with which he seemed highly delighted. The ladies, on the contrary, were content with their native cloth, only wearing a silk kerchief about the neck. Mrs. Young, as the wife of an European, formed an exception, by dressing in rich Chinese silk, after the European fashion. Her pleasant countenance and modest behaviour formed a striking contrast with Kareimoku's wife, a tall stout woman, who behaved in a very masculine style. There being no room in the cabin for so large a company, the cloth was laid in the fore-castle; but the islanders ate nothing. I unfortunately did not know that pork must be consecrated in the *morai* before they can eat it; not only this, but all the other meats were *taboo* (forbidden from a religious motive), having been roasted at the same fire as the pork. At my urgent request, however, they at last

agreed to eat some biscuit, cheese, and fruit; the wine and spirits did not seem *taboo*, as they emptied their glasses very frequently. These islanders are passionately fond of spirituous liquors; they empty a bottle of rum at one draught, with the greatest ease, and it is inconceivable how much of it they can drink. Kareimoku proposed the health of our emperor and Tammeamea. My guests were pleased with every thing which they saw, particularly with the portrait of my father, that hung in the cabin, and which they fancied was alive, till they touched it. They immediately recognized Tammeamea's portrait; and, when it became known in the country that we had the king on paper, we daily received a crowd of visitants, who wished to see the representation of their popular sovereign.'

Grateful for the kindness of Kotzebue, Kareimoku invited him to a dance. 'We were taken (he says) to a house, before which a large place was prepared for the solemnity, which was already surrounded by spectators, mats having been spread for us on the ground in the midst of the circle. The governor sent an apology, through Mr. Young, for his absence, alleging that his lady was so drunk that he could not leave her. However strange this excuse may seem, it was nevertheless true, and I was obliged to admit it. The women here are generally more addicted to drinking than the men. We sat down, and the dance began immediately. The music was performed by four men, who, by striking with small sticks upon pumpkins scooped out, produced a hollow sound. Three dancers by profession, who go from one island to another and perform for money, stepped forward quite naked, with the exception of bracelets of boars' tusks, and leggings of dogs' teeth. They placed themselves opposite us, beside each other, and expressed, by motions of the whole body, the words of the accompanying song. They manifested great address in changing their countenances every moment, to adapt them to the motions of the body. The spectators were enraptured, entering at every pause into the circle to bestow gifts upon the dancers, and at last, in their enthusiasm, even gave their silken kerchiefs. The men having finished, the scene changed, and a number of girls placed themselves in three rows. Their heads and shoulders were adorned with neat wreaths of flowers, their necks with beads and other things, and only the lower parts of their bodies were covered with *tapa*. This groupe looked pretty, as they made the most graceful motions to the monotonous music. The whole had the expression of pure nature, and gave me more pleasure than the best-executed European ballet. The scene of performance was bordered by a hedge of bamboo, behind which a small house stood concealed; and a large hog walked in front, and was tenderly stroked by every passing chief: these caresses struck me, and I learned from Young, that in the house was a son of Tammeamea, a child nine months old, and that this was the hog which was to be offered to the gods when the young prince should perform his first duties in the morai. The dance was given in honor of the little prince, although he could take no part in the amusements, and, in fact, durst not appear before a certain age; still it was requisite that frequent festivals should be given in compliment to his dignity.'

From the chief town of Wahu the captain undertook a journey to the Pearl River. He admired the pearls from which the stream derived its name, and had an opportunity of observing the agricultural skill of the islanders. 'The road lay through a beautiful valley, bordered on the north by a romantic wilderness, formed by wood-crowned heights, and on the south by the sea. The luxuriant taro-fields, which might be properly called taro-lakes, attracted my attention. Each of these consisted of about one hundred and sixty square feet, and formed a regular square, walled round with stones,

like our basins. Every field or tank contained two feet of water, in whose slimy bottom the taro was planted, as it only grows in moist places. Each had two sluices, one to receive, and the other to let out, the water into the next field, whence it was carried farther. The fields became gradually lower, and the same water, which was taken from a high spring or brook, was capable of watering a whole plantation. When the taro is planted, the water is lowered to half a foot, and the slip of a gathered plant stuck into the slime, where it immediately takes root, and is reaped after three months. This plant requires much room, having strong roots; it strikes forth long stalks and great leaves, which seem to swim on the water. In the spaces between the fields are pleasant shady walks, planted on both sides with sugar-cane or banana. The taro-fields are also used as fish-ponds. In the same manner as they keep the river-fish here, they keep the fish in the sea, where they sometimes use the outer coral-reefs, and form from them to the shore a wall of coral-stones, thus making fish-preserves in the sea.'

Steering to the southward from the Sandwich archipelago, the navigators discovered a race of people differing in their appearance from those whom they had before seen. They gave, to the spot where they beheld these strangers, the appellation of New-Year's Island. 'In seven ill-constructed boats, the islanders (says our author) approached us, and looked at the ship with great astonishment. Their behaviour, at the same time, was rational; we neither noticed the cries, nor the ridiculous motions usually made by savages, upon their first meeting with Europeans; their attention was engaged by the ship, which they surveyed from the top of the mast to the water. These savages appeared tall and slender; their dark complexion and their being tatooed every where, except in their faces, made them look quite black at a distance. A high forehead, curved nose, and lively hazel eyes, distinguished the natives of this territory from those of the majority of the islands in the Pacific. Their long black hair is rubbed with cocoa-nut oil, tied together on the top of the head, and adorned with flowers and shells; and round the neck they wear ornaments of red shells. The dresses of our new visitants were of various kinds; some had two fine mats round the body, others wore a plaited belt, from which grass-fringe hung down to their feet, and entirely covered them. We particularly observed that the ear-holes were more than three inches in diameter, in which they wore green leaves twisted together. In each boat was a chief, who did not row, but gave orders. He sat with composure on the side of the boat, cross-legged, upon an elevated part, where he looked very stately. One of these chiefs, a tall, well-made man, with a thick beard, seemed to be more tatooed than the rest; he held a large shell, from which he frequently blew forth very loud and hollow sounds. On our invitation they came nearer, but would not come on board. The trade began to be very brisk: for small pieces of old iron hoops, they willingly gave the most curious articles of their manufactures, and the chief even parted with his beautiful shell for a piece of old iron, which, after having looked at it with delight, he concealed in his girdle. They dealt very honestly, and I thought them cheerful and even jocular. Their arms, only consisting of lances, carelessly made, proved that they were no warriors; but their other productions were neater than I have often seen them, and they were remarkably clean in their persons. The island did not seem to be very fertile in provisions; at least these natives had nothing with them except a few pandanus grains, which they were incessantly chewing.'

To the south-west of this spot, the adventurers discovered a groupe of coral islands, which did not appear to have been long inhabited. 'The chief of the whole cluster had an agreeable

person, and an expressive countenance, and seemed, as well as the people, to be of an amiable disposition. The captain having landed upon one of these islands, called Ormed, the inhabitants hastened to the shore to welcome the *Tamon Oa Ellip* (as they called him), the commander of the large boat. 'A very old man, with a long grey beard, whom I recognized as the chief, presented me with some cocoa-nuts, and made me enter his hut, where we sat down upon mats. The rest of the men, and some very pretty women, with infants in their arms, formed a circle round me, and all looked at me with silent astonishment; but this silence was suddenly interrupted: panic-stricken, they all ran off with loud screams, except the old man, who, tremblingly, kept hold of my arms. This confusion was created by a Chilian dog, who had passed from the ship unnoticed, and, in order to get at me, was obliged to jump over the shoulders of one of the natives. The animal, though at other times very timid, encouraged by the cowardice of his antagonists, began to bark at them, which drove them up the trees, upon which they climbed with the dexterity of monkeys. I had great difficulty in convincing the old man of the harmlessness of the creature; and, when I had at last succeeded, he called back the people, who gradually came, sneaking, and still keeping a jealous eye upon their foe, whose least motion threw them into convulsions. As they knew no other quadrupeds than rats, which they called *Didirick*, they called the dog *Didirick Ellip*. It was only after I sent their tormentor to the boat, that their countenances cleared up again, and the old man presented me with cocoa-nuts, and a cake made of pandanus-juice. I now produced my presents; a large hatchet and two knives enraptured the old man, as he had never seen so large a piece of iron; and when I split a piece of wood with it, the whole circle exclaimed Oh! If the men were gratified with knives, the women were still more delighted with beads and looking-glasses. After having sufficiently admired their treasures, their curiosity was turned to me; but only the old man attempted to touch me. He spoke to the rest at some length, and they listened to him with gaping mouths; they made me strip my arm, which they touched, to convince themselves that the white skin was not some sort of cloth. I perceived for the first time a sort of modesty among the women, which is quite different from the conduct of the sex in the other islands of the Pacific. In vain the men endeavoured to persuade them to touch my arm; they refused it with much grace. When I put my watch to the old man's ear, the ticking of it made him start back with terror; they all listened, were much pleased with the gold, and the motion of the second-hand astonished them greatly; and, when I made the watch repeat, they became almost afraid of my sorcery; they went aside, talking very seriously upon the matter, till I encouraged them again by some presents. The women, in return, gave me neat rows of shell, which they took off their heads and placed upon mine, while the men offered me their necklaces, made with great ingenuity of red coral; the old man gave me a pretty mat, hinting that I ought to sleep upon it; and at last both men and women began a song, which, being addressed to me, was probably meant to express their gratitude. In a walk which I took through the island, several of the people accompanied me, and one walked before me as a guide. I was unarmed; for, among these kind children of nature, who, to amuse me, went playing and dancing before me, I was perfectly safe. I saw pandanus and bread-fruit trees of an uncommon height and size; but the cocoa-nut tree was scarce. Near the houses I perceived a plant with beautiful blossoms, which they only cultivate for the purpose of adorning themselves with its flowers,—a trait which shows that they have made a considerable step toward civilization.'

Between eight and nine degrees of northern latitude, and from 188 to 190 degrees of western longitude, several groupes of islands were found, which were supposed not to have been previously noticed or surveyed. One cluster appeared to consist of sixty-four isles, all of which, however, were small, and many uninhabited. At one which was called Aur, a remarkable personage was introduced to the notice of the crew. His name was Kadu; and he was born at the distance of at least 1500 miles west of the groupe. According to his own account, he left Ulle, his native island (one of the Carolines), in a sailing-boat. He and three of his friends were driven by a storm out of their course, and, after eight months' navigation, during which time they scantily supported themselves with fish, they arrived in a wretched condition on the isle of Aur. The most remarkable circumstance of their voyage is, that it was accomplished against the N. E. trade wind; and this fact must be particularly interesting to those who thought that the population of the islands of the Pacific took place from W. to E. They calculated their time by making a knot in a line, at every new moon. They suffered more from thirst than from hunger; for, although at every fall of rain they collected a small supply, they were often entirely without fresh water. Kadu, as the best diver, was frequently sent down to the bottom of the sea, where the water is known to be less brackish, from which he brought up water in a cocoa-nut shell, with only a very small hole in it: although this quenched their thirst for the moment, it probably tended to produce inanition. When they beheld Aur, it afforded them no pleasure, every feeling being blunted. Their sails had been destroyed; and, yielding to the mercy of the wind and waves, they quietly awaited death, when the inhabitants of Aur came to their assistance. Their preservers, however, tempted by the sight of iron and other utensils, were about to sacrifice them to their avarice, when Tigedien, the chief, came up in time to save their lives. When Kadu, afterwards, offered all his property to his preserver, the latter had the generosity to refuse it: he only took a trifle, at the same time threatening his people with the punishment of death, if any one should attempt to injure the strangers. Kadu with his companions went to live with Tigedien, who treated him with paternal regard. By his calculation they must have been here between three and four years. He was in the wood, when the Russian ship arrived, and was quickly sent for (being generally considered as a sensible and experienced man,) that he might explain this singular appearance. He stated to the islanders whatever he knew with regard to shipping, and advised them to go on board; but, as they imagined that the whites were in the habit of eating the blacks, they were afraid to venture, until he promised to procure some iron for them. He himself long entertained the same horrible idea; and, when he saw the men open a cask of salt meat, he fancied that they would kill him in case of scarcity, and convert his body into ship-provision. He attached himself, however, to the captain, became a messmate with the officers, and conducted himself with as much propriety and decorum as if he had been long an associate of civilized people. He took leave of the natives in an eloquent harangue, and assured them that nothing but the desire of re-visiting his native country could induce him to leave them.

After some additional surveys, Kotzebue sailed to the northward; and, escaping the danger of shipwreck, which frequently menaced him with its terrific aspect, he arrived at the Russian island of Unalaska, where his shattered vessel underwent a thorough repair. He intended to renew his exploration of Behring's strait; but the intelligence which he received of the prevalence of ice, and the consideration of his declining health, occasioned a dereliction of his purpose.

He returned to Unalaska, where he was informed of a phænomenon which some of the Russians had witnessed in that part of the North-Pacific in the year 1796. A column of smoke rose from the sea after a violent storm; in the evening a black object appeared beneath the smoke; flames burst forth in the night, while the isle of Unimak was convulsed by an earthquake; at sun-rise the fire diminished, and a new island was distinctly perceived, in the form of a cone, which continued for some years to emit smoke. It has since increased in height and circumference, and is frequented by hunters, because it is a place of resort for sea-lions.

On a second visit to the Sandwich islands, the captain was kindly received by his old friends, the king and queen, to whom Kadu was an object of great curiosity. Tameamea was returning from a fishing expedition; and, not being very formal or ceremonious, he conversed while he was in a state of nudity, and then dressed himself before his visitant, as the kings of France used to put on their shirts in the presence of their courtiers.

Sailing again to the islands which he had discovered, the beneficent navigator left at some of them a variety of useful animals and vegetables. At Otdia (he says) 'all the natives were present, to be instructed in the manner of cultivating each plant; and Kadu performed the office of interpreter. He was, however, so taken up with his own adventures, which he wished to relate, that I was at last obliged to desire him to be silent. In order to make the islanders acquainted with the taste of the various roots, I ordered some of each to be boiled: they liked every one of them, particularly the potatoes, of which I left them a large supply. I delighted in the idea that these good-natured people might one day be indebted to me for their prosperity; that, when these islands should once abundantly supply their inhabitants with potatoes, yams, and taro, the cruel practice of destroying many of their children from an apprehension of scarcity would cease, and perhaps their wars (which, for the most part, are undertaken from a similar motive,) would become less frequent. Some water-melons, which I had still left, were so much relished by them, that they wanted some of the seeds, which I gave them with pleasure; and Lagediack immediately resolved to raise a garden upon pillars, to secure it against the depredations of the rats. Three cats and five goats were also landed, and placed under his care. The cats in particular excited the admiration of the assembled natives, when, being put on land, they caught some rats, which, unacquainted with their danger, ran under their paws. Beside these, I gave to the friendly chief two hens and a cock. In the evening, when M. Chamisso and myself had finished the plantation, we sat down on the turf, surrounded by the people, who had composed songs in honor of us, which they now sang.'—At Ormed, Kadu thought proper to quit his European friends, though he had frequently declared that he would accompany them to Petersburg. He alleged, as a reason for his change of determination, that he had left a little son at Aur, who was earnestly desirous of seeing him.

Passing to the westward, the party reached the Ladrones, and stopped at Guam. This island, though it presented a beautiful aspect, seemed to be very deficient in population; yet Agadna, the chief town, is said to contain 1500 inhabitants. Of the original possessors of these islands, scarcely any descendants remain; such has been the effect of Spanish oppression and cruelty.—Proceeding to the Philippines, the captain was delighted with the fine country about Manilla; noticed the luxurious habits of the higher ranks; listened to the musical performances of the middle class; and observed with pleasure the industry of the Chinese colonists, contrasted with the indolence of the natives. He crossed the Indian ocean to Madagascar, and,

on his arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, found the French navigator, Freycinet, preparing for a voyage of discovery, of the result of which we expect a speedy and complete account.

On the 21st of April, 1818, about two years and nine months after he had sailed from the road of Cronstadt, he brought the Ruric to a point in the South-Atlantic, which corresponded with the meridian of Greenwich. He had thus completed the circumnavigation of the globe, by sailing 360 degrees from east to west. On his approach to St. Helena, where Bonaparte was then confined, the ship was fired at by the jealous caution of the governor, even after the proper signals had been displayed. The captain fired a gun in return for this 'kind reception,' and hastened to the isle of Ascension. He at length reached Portsmouth; and, presenting himself at Westminster, had the honor of being introduced to the prince regent (now our gracious sovereign), who congratulated him on his safe return, and complimented him on the addition of his name to the respectable list of bold and skilful navigators.

REMARKS ON THE PRINCIPAL LONDON THEATRES; BY AN AMERICAN.

An English theatre is so much like our own, that there is scarcely any thing to remind an American he is not in his own country. The theatrical art is said to be on the decline. The present is not, I believe, a theatrical age; and in the arts, as in every thing else, if there be little demand, there will be as little supply. In England the play is no longer the *fashion*; and, the power of fashion is in this kingdom more absolutely paramount than that of the boasted acts of parliament, which, as it has been said, can do any thing but make a man a woman, or a woman a man. The increasing interest of politics, the duties of parliamentary attendance, and the complete revolution that has taken place *in hours*, have all conspired to detach the *beau-monde* from the play-houses. The resident population of London is said to be the least theatrical in the kingdom, and the audiences are generally made up of the floating mass of visitors, many of whom, like myself, are turned out in the evening to find a resource in the glare and glitter of the theatre, from the *tædium* and *ennui* of a coffee-house. Again—the squeamishness of modern taste has banished the productions of the best comic writers; and, if the stage is dull, it is often in consequence of its obligation to be decent. The laws, which have vested a monopoly in the hands of the two great London theatres, have also mainly contributed to effect this degradation of the national drama. The immensity of their scale, which, however, is not more than necessary, if all London is to be squeezed into two houses, has wrought a great change in the art of acting. The performer is now obliged to color all the passions higher, and must adjust the tones of his voice, and the expressoin of his features, not according to the standard of nature, but that they may produce an effect upon the eyes and ears of persons half a mile off;—so that the one necessarily rises into bawling, and the other into grimace. If it were not for this monopoly, which operates as a check upon improvement, the theatres would have long since undergone a change to accommodate the quality and the period of their entertainments to the shifting fashion of the day. There is a manifest unfitness in continuing to inclose boxes, pit, and gallery, under the same roof:—but this again is one of the evils arising out of the monopoly. Each rank would be better entertained in a separate house. As it is, there is too much for the money. The entertainment lasts too long. The play, which is what the boxes wish to see, begins so early, that dinner must be sacrificed in order to be present at the commencement. The after-piece, which is rather intended for the gallery, endures much too long for persons, who

ought to be up early again in the morning in pursuit of their daily avocations. The industrious classes, then, who go to the play as an occasional recreation, should have play-houses to themselves, where the performance might begin at six, and conclude at ten o'clock; and the world of fashion would well support more than one theatre, dedicated to the support of the English drama, where a tragedy or comedy might be represented between the hours of nine and twelve, to an audience in which there should be no distinctions of pit or gallery. I have not yet noticed the last, and perhaps the worst objection to the theatres in their present state;—the lobbies. The open and flagrant violations of the decencies of life, and the laws of morality, in the shameless scenes which are here nightly exhibited, are disgraceful to a nation which affects to arrogate to itself a moral superiority over the rest of the world, and are certainly sufficient to scare away any modest woman belonging to any other country, who is not 'a native here and to the manner born.'

STATE OF THE SPANISH STAGE, IN THE TIME OF CERVANTES;

from his Preface to an Edition of his Plays.

I WAS a few days ago in the company of some friends when the conversation turned on the drama. The subject was discussed with so much acuteness, that to me it appeared the conclusion was most accurate. Allusion was then made to the man, who first of all, in Spain, took comedy out of the cradle, and attired her in splendid and magnificent garments. As the oldest person present, I said I remembered having heard the great Lope de Rueda recite, a man equally remarkable for his powers of representation and his more than ordinary intelligence. He was born at Seville, and was, by trade, a gold-beater. He was admirable in pastoral poetry, and in that line had no superior before his time, and has not been surpassed since. Although I could form no judgement respecting the merit of his verses, being still a child when I saw him act, some of them have dwelt upon my memory, which, on recalling them to recollection, now that I have arrived at years of maturity, I consider worthy of the reputation they attained. In the time of that celebrated Spaniard, all the dresses and accompaniments of a writer of plays or manager of a theatre were contained in a bag, and consisted of four shepherds' white robes or frocks, bordered with gilt leather four beards and false heads of hair, and four crooks. Plays were nothing more than conversations, similar to eclogues: they were diversified and lengthened by two or three interludes, the characters in which were a negress, some intermeddlers, some stupid clowns, and some Biscayans. The same Lope used to perform these four characters with all the excellence and discrimination imaginable. At this period there were no side-scenes, no battles between Moors and Christians on foot and horseback, no figures issuing, or seeming to issue, out of the centre of the earth, by means of trap-doors; and the stage itself consisted of four or six planks, placed on four benches laid across, which composed a platform raised about four palms above the ground. Angels were never seen descending from the skies, nor spirits mounted aloft on clouds: all the ornament of the stage was an old blanket, tied up by ropes, fastened from one side to the other, and dividing the dressing-rooms from the stage. The musicians were placed behind, and they usually sang some old romance unaccompanied by a guitar. Lope de Rueda died; and, from respect to his excellence and celebrity, they interred him between the choirs in the great church at Cordova. Naharro, a native of Toledo, succeeded Lope de Rueda; he gained great reputation, especially in the part of a cowardly intermeddler. He added a little to the stage decorations, and exchanged the

clothes-bag for chests and trunks. He brought forward on the stage the musicians, whose place before was behind the curtain. He took away the beards from the buffoons ; for up to his time nobody ventured to make his appearance on the stage without a beard. He made them all appear as they were (except those who performed the parts of old men), or entirely alter their faces. He invented side-scenes, clouds, thunder, lightning, duels, and battles. But in no particular were theatrical exhibitions carried to the perfection in which we now see them (and here it is that I am induced to trangress the bounds of modesty) until the Captives of Algiers, Numantia, and the Naval Engagement, all of them written by me, were represented in the theatre of Madrid. In these I ventured to reduce the acts or *jornadas* from five (the number wherein all the plays before my time were comprehended) to three. I was the first who embodied the phantoms of imagination and the hidden thoughts of the soul, by introducing on the stage, with the general applause of the spectators, the attributes of morality. I composed, at that time, between twenty and thirty comedies, which all passed representation, without the performers receiving volleys of cucumbers or oranges, or any of those missiles with which an audience is wont to assail bad actors : they ran their career unchecked by hisses, tumult, or clamor. After this, I desisted from theatrical composition ; and, at this juncture, that prodigy of nature, Lope de Vega appeared.

COLLECTIONS FROM NATURAL HISTORY. NO. VII.

The Jaguar, or American Tiger.—'A missionary (says Humboldt) related to us a striking instance of the familiarity of these animals, upon the whole so ferocious. A jaguar, which was thought to be young, though of a large size, had wounded a child in *playing* with him ; I use confidently this expression, which may seem strange, having on the spot verified facts which are not without interest in the history of the manners of animals. Two Indian children, a boy and a girl, about eight and nine years of age, were seated on the grass near Atures, in the middle of a savannah. A jaguar issued from the forest, and approached the children, bounding around them ; sometimes he hid himself in the high grass, sometimes he sprang forward, his back bent, his head hung down, in the manner of our cats. The boy, ignorant of his danger, seemed to be sensible of it only when the beast with one of his paws gave him some blows on the head. The blows, slight at first, soon became ruder ; the claws of the jaguar wounded the child, and the blood flowed with violence. The girl then struck the animal with the branch of a tree, and it fled from her. The Indians ran up at the cries of the children, and saw the jaguar, which retired bounding, without the least show of resistance.'

We may here observe, that the beast might *seem to be playing* ; but it was like a cat playing with a mouse, before it gives a fatal wound.

A remarkable Monkey.—'Among the monkeys (says the same author), which we saw at the mission of the Atures, we found one new species, of the tribe of *sais* and *sajous*, which the Creoles vulgarly call *machis*. It is the *ouacapavi* with grey hair and a bluish face. It has the orbits of the eyes and forehead as white as snow, and is as gentle as it is ugly. Every day in the court-yard of the missionary it seized a pig, upon which it remained from morning till night, traversing the savannahs. We have also seen it upon the back of a large cat, which had been brought up with it.'

The supposed Man of the Woods.—The same naturalist observes, that strange stories are told of an animal called *salvaje*, which, it is said, carries off women, constructs huts, and some-

times eats human flesh. 'The Tamanacks call it *achi*, and the Maypures *vasitri*, or *great devil*. The natives and the missionaries have no doubt of the existence of this anthropomorphous monkey, which they singularly dread. Father Gili gravely relates the history of a lady in the town of San Carlos, who much praised the gentle character and attentions of the man of the woods. He says that she lived several years with one in great domestic harmony, and only requested some hunters to take her back, 'because she was tired, she and her children (a little hairy also), of living far from the church and the sacraments.' The same author, notwithstanding his credulity, confesses, that he had not been able to find an Indian, who asserted positively that he had seen the *salvaje*. This fable, which the missionaries, European planters, and negroes, have embellished with many features, taken from the description of the manners of the ourang outang, gibbon, jocko or chimpanzee, and pongo, pursued us during five years from the northern to the southern hemisphere; and we were every-where blamed, in the most cultivated class of society, for being the only persons who doubted the existence of the great anthropomorphous monkey of America. We shall first observe, that there are certain regions, where this belief is particularly prevalent: such are the banks of the Upper Oroonoko, the valley of Upar near the lake of Maracaybo, the mountains of Santa Martha and Merida, the province of Quixos, and the banks of the Amazon near Tomependa. In all these places, so distant one from the other, it is repeated, that the salvaje is easily recognized by the traces of its feet, the toes of which are turned backward. But if there be a monkey of a large size in the new continent, how has it happened that during three centuries no man worthy of belief has been able to procure the skin of one? Several hypotheses present themselves to the mind, in order to explain the source of so ancient an error or belief. Has the famous *capuchin* monkey of Esmeralda, the canine teeth of which are more than six lines and a half long, the physiognomy much more like man's than that of the ourang outang, and which when irritated, rubs its beard with its hand, given rise to the fable of the salvaje? It is not so large indeed as the coaita; but, when seen at the top of a tree, with the head only visible, it may easily be taken for a human being. In all probability, however, it is one of the large bears that are supposed to attack women, and the footsteps of which resemble those of a man. The animal killed at the foot of the mountain of Merida, and sent by the name of *salvaje* to colonel Ungaro, was in fact a bear, with black and smooth fur.'

The Mosquitoes of South-America.—These insects are a dreadful nuisance. 'Persons (says Humboldt) who have not navigated the great rivers of equinoctial America, for instance the Oroonoko and the Rio Magdalena, can scarcely conceive, how at every instant you may be tormented by insects, and how the multitude of these little animals may render vast regions nearly uninhabitable. However accustomed you may be to endure pain without complaint, however lively an interest you may take in the objects of your researches, it is impossible not to be constantly disturbed by the multitude of insects that cover the face and hands, pierce the clothes with their long suckers, and, getting into the mouth and nostrils, make you cough and sneeze whenever you attempt to speak in the open air. In the missions of the Oroonoko, in the villages placed on the banks of that river, surrounded by immense forests, the *plaga de las moscas*, the plague of the flies, affords an inexhaustible subject of conversation. When two persons meet in the morning, the first questions they address to each other are, 'How did you find the zancudoes during the night? How are we to-day for the mosquitoes?' These questions remind

us of a Chinese form of politness, which indicates the ancient state of the country where it took birth. Salutations were made heretofore in the *celestial empire*, in the following words, *vou-tou-hou*, 'Were you incommoded in the night by the serpents?' We shall soon see, that on the banks of the Tuamini, in the river Magdalena, and still more at Choco, the country of gold and platina, the Chinese compliment on the serpents might be added to that of the mosquitoes.

'At Maudavaca we found an old missionary, who told us with an air of sadness, that he had spent *his twenty years of mosquitoes* in America. He desired us to look well at his legs, that we might be able to tell one day beyond sea what the poor monks suffer in the forests of Cassiquiare. Every sting leaving a small darkish brown point, his legs were so speckled, that it was difficult to recognize the whiteness of his skin through the spots of coagulated blood. If the insects of the *simulium* genus abound in the Cassiquiare, which has white waters, the zancudoes or *culices* are so much the more rare; you scarcely find any there, while on the black waters, in the Atabapo and the Rio Negro, there are generally many zancudoes and no mosquitoes.'

THE COOK'S ORACLE,

Containing Receipts for plain Cookery on the most œconomical Plan for private Families, &c. the whole being the Result of actual Experiments instituted in the Kitchen of a Physician. 12*mo.* 1821.

THE ART OF INVIGORATING AND PROLONGING LIFE,

By Food, Clothes, Air, Exercise, Wine, Sleep, &c. By the Author of the Cook's Oracle.

NOTHING is more desirable than health: the means of preserving it are consequently important; and, as an attention to cookery is a good preliminary in this case, we ought to be thankful to those ingenious and friendly writers who instruct us by their culinary experience, and enlighten us by their salutary advice. Adam and Eve might be content with the fruits of the earth, moistened by mere water; but our degenerate constitutions and feeble frames require more nutritious fare. We should not, however, have thought so much of the difficulty of obtaining full gratification in point of cookery, if we had not been assured, that there are at least 'seven chances against even the most simple dish being presented to the mouth in absolute perfection; for instance, a leg of mutton. The mutton must be *good*; 2. must have been kept a *good* time; 3. must be roasted by a *good* fire; 4. by a *good* cook; 5. who must be in a *good* temper; 6. with all this felicitous combination, you must have *good* luck; and, 7. *good* appetite. The meat, and the mouths which are to eat it, must also be ready for each other at the same moment.' If any doubt could exist as to the importance of cookery, after the instance we have quoted of sevenfold difficulties attending one of its simplest operations, we might refer to the highest authorities. We might quote Archestratus, who traversed land and sea in quest of the choicest productions for the gratification of the palate: who wrote a poem on gastronomy, and deemed it useless to hold any communication with men who could give no elucidation on this subject. We might refer to Apicius, the prince of Roman cooks; to the emperor Domitian, who assembled the senate to decide how to dress a turbot; or to Claudius, who—

> 'found the imperial palate tickled
> By love of glory less than mushrooms pickled.'

Our author, who, by a happy allusion to his subject, calls himself Dr. *Kitchener*, has endeavoured to illustrate this useful art, because he knew not how he could employ some leisure hours more beneficially for mankind, than to teach them to combine the *utile* with the *dulce*, and to increase their pleasures without impairing their health or impoverishing

their fortune. His aim is 'to render food acceptable to the palate, without being expensive to the purse or offensive to the stomach,--nourishing without being inflammatory, and savoury without being surfeiting; constantly endeavouring to hold the balance even between the agreeable and the wholesome—the epicure and the œconomist.' He is not a mere theorist; for he declares that 'he has not printed one receipt that has not been proved in his own kitchen, approved by several of the most accomplished cooks in the kingdom, and eaten with unanimous applause by a committee of taste.'

The receipts in this work are very numerous, and we may add, without wishing to offend the learned doctor, that many of them are ludicrously amusing. He sometimes uses language similar to that of Mrs. Glasse (or rather of Sir John Hill), who advised the cook to take up her head, garnish it neatly, and put her brains round the dish; for he gravely says, 'Take your chops out of the frying-pan.' For any injury, indeed, which your chops might have received from the heat, he offers a remedy in another place, by desiring you to 'put your tongue into plenty of cold water.'—He thus teaches the proper mode of frying eggs: 'Be sure the frying-pan is quite clean; when the fat is hot, break two or three eggs into it; do not turn them, but, while they are frying, keep pouring some of the fat over them with a spoon:—when the yolk just begins to look white, which it will in a couple of minutes, they are done enough:—the white must not lose its transparency, but the yolk be seen *blushing* through it:—if they are done nicely, they will look as white and delicate as if they had been poached: take them up with a tin slice, drain the fat from them, trim them neatly, and send them up with the bacon round them.'

In speaking of a calf's head, he says, 'If you like it full-dressed, score it superficially: beat up the yolk of an egg, and rub it over the head with a feather; powder it,' &c. We might almost think that he is speaking of the head of one of the gentlemen belonging to his 'committee of taste.' We remember an Englishman in Paris, who, not knowing how to ask for a calf's head in French, pointed to his own pericranium, and cried out, '*une tête comme ça!*'—a head like this. The waiter, by a broad grin, acknowleged the applicability of the comparison; and the desired head, dressed *à-la-mode*, was in due time produced.

The doctor seems to be as fond of a pig as a certain poet is of an ass. He says, indeed, that 'a pig is a very troublesome subject to *roast*;' but, when it is well roasted, he seems to think it delicious. Most persons, he observes, have this little animal *baked*; and, in that case, he advises you to 'send a quarter of a pound of butter, and beg the baker to baste it well.'—When it is roasted, you must attend closely to it: 'a sucking pig, like a young child, must not be left for an instant.'—He says to the cook, 'Lay your pig *back to back* in the dish, with one half of the head on each side, and the ears one at each end, which you must take care to make nice and *crisp*, or you will get scolded, as the good man was who bought his wife a pig with one ear.'

He is no friend to the practice of baking, particularly when that operation is applied to *poor meat*. Before it has been half baked, he has seen it start from the bone, and shrivel up in a manner that can scarcely be believed. Roasting, he says, 'should be done in the open air, to ventilate the meat from its own fumes: otherwise, it is in fact baked.' He is not pleased with the machines that œconomical grate-makers call roasters; which 'are, in plain English, ovens.'

Authors and reviewers rarely employ cooks; yet we had one in our service who made as great a fire for a very small as for a large joint. Dr. Kitchener would have taught this servant, that 'the fire which is just sufficient to receive the noble sirloin,

will parch up a lighter joint.' A great fire will quickly overwhelm a small joint; and slow roasting, he says, is as proper and important as slow boiling.

Although he is fond of good cookery, he reprobates luxurious refinement. 'The imaginations of most cooks (he says) are so incessantly on the hunt for a relish, that they seem to think, they cannot make sauce sufficiently savoury, without putting into it every thing that ever was eaten; and, supposing every addition must be an improvement, they frequently overpower the natural flavour of their plain sauces, by overloading them with salt, spices, &c.:—but, remember, these will be deteriorated by any addition, save only just salt enough to awaken the palate.

'Why have clove and allspice,—or mace and nutmeg in the same sauce, or marjoram, thyme, and savory; or onions, leeks, eshalots and garlick? one will very well supply the place of the other;—and the frugal cook may save something considerable by attending to this, to the advantage of her employers, and her own time and trouble. You might as well, to make soup, order one quart of water from the Thames, another from the New River, a third from Hampstead, and a fourth from Chelsea, with a certain portion of spring and rain water.'

Mindful of his regular profession, the doctor mingles medicine with his cookery. 'As the latter may not always keep up the vigor of health, he recommends the use of pills, which, with modest delicacy, he calls *peristaltic persuaders*.

'It is your *second courses*—ridiculous variety of wines, liqueurs, ices, desserts, &c. (which are served up to feed the eye) that overcome the stomach, and paralyse digestion, and seduce 'children of a larger growth' to sacrifice the health and comfort of several days, for the baby pleasure of tickling the tongue for a few minutes, with trifles, custards, &c.

'Indigestion will sometimes overtake the most experienced epicure: when the gustatory nerves are in good humour, hunger and savoury viands will sometimes seduce the tongue of a *grand gourmand* to betray the interests of his stomach, in spite of his brains. On such an unfortunate occasion, when the stomach sends forth eructant signals of distress, the *peristaltic persuaders* are as agreeable and effectual assistance as can be afforded; and for delicate constitutions, and those that are impaired by age or intemperance, are a valuable panacea. They derive and deserve this name from the peculiar mildness of their operation.'

By the aid of these pills (he says) 'indigestion is easily and speedily removed, appetite restored, nutrition facilitated; and strength of body and energy of mind are the happy results.'

The second work is equally *profound* with the former; and those who are in possession of both can only blame themselves, if they do not, even at an advanced age, enjoy robust health. By following his own rules, the author has strengthened his constitution which was originally 'extremely delicate;' and he will probably live as long as the famous Cornaro.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MRS. GRIERSON;

from Ryan's Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland, lately published.

That the most splendid talents, united with the most intense application, are not confined either to sex or sphere of life, is fully evinced by the subject of the present memoir. This prodigy of early learning and acquirements (whose maiden name is no-where mentioned) was born in the county of Kilkenny, of parents poor and illiterate. Nothing is recorded of her until her eighteenth year, when we are told by Mrs. Pilkington, that she was brought to her father to be instructed in midwifery, and that then

she was a perfect mistress of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French languages, and was far advanced in the study of the mathematics. Mrs. Pilkington having inquired of her where she gained this prodigious knowlege, she modestly replied, that when she could spare time from her needle-work, to which she was closely kept by her mother, she received some little instruction from the minister of the parish. She wrote elegantly (says Mrs. P.) both in prose and verse*; but the turn of her mind was chiefly to philosophical or divine subjects; nor was her piety inferior to her learning. The most delightful hours, this lady declares, that she had ever passed, were in the society and conversation of this 'female philosopher.' 'My father', adds she, 'readily consented to accept Constantia as a pupil, and gave her a general invitation to his table, by which means we were rarely asunder. Whether it was owing to her own design or to the envy of those who survived her, I know not, but of her various and beautiful writings I have never seen any published, except one poem of hers in the works of Mrs. Barber. Her turn, it is true, was principally to philosophical or religious subjects, which might not be agreeable to the present taste; yet could her heavenly mind descend from its sublimest heights to the easy and epistolary style, and suit itself to my then gay disposition.'

Mrs. Barber likewise gives her testimony to the merit of Constantia, of whom she declares, 'that she was not only happy in a fine imagination, a great memory, an excellent understanding, and an exact judgement, but had all these crowned by virtue and piety. She was too learned to be vain, too wise to be conceited, and too clear-sighted to be irreligious. As her learning and abilities raised her above her own sex, so they left her no room to envy any: on the contrary, her delight was to see others excel. She was always ready to direct and advise those who applied to her, and was herself willing to be advised. So little did she value herself upon her uncommon excellencies, that she has often recalled to my mind a fine reflection of a French author, 'That great geniuses should be superior to their own abilities.'

'Constantia married Mr. George Grierson, a printer in Dublin, for whom lord Carteret, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland, obtained a patent appointing him printer to the king, in which, to distinguish and reward the merit of his wife, her life was inserted. She died in 1733, at the premature age of twenty-seven, admired and respected as an excellent scholar both in Greek and Roman literature, in history, theology, philosophy, and mathematics. Her dedication of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to lord Carteret, affords a convincing proof of her knowlege in the Latin tongue; as also does that of Terence to his son, to whom she wrote a Greek epigram. Dr. Harwood esteems her Tacitus one of the best-edited books ever published. She wrote many fine poems in English, but esteemed them so slightly, that very few copies of them were to be found after her decease. What makes her character the more remarkable is, that she rose to this extraordinary eminence entirely by the force of natural genius and uninterrupted application. As a daughter, a wife, and a friend, her conduct was amiable and exemplary; and, had she been blessed with the advantages of health and longer life, there is every reason to believe she would have made a more distinguished figure in the learned world than any woman who had preceded her.

* The following epigram was written by Mrs. Grierson to the Hon. Mrs. Perceval, with Hutcheson's Treatise on Beauty and Order:—

Th' internal senses painted here we see,
They're born in others, but they *live* in thee;
Oh! were our author with thy converse blest,
Could he behold thy virtues in thy breast,
His needless labors with contempt he'd view,
And bid the world not read, but copy you.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. TIGHE;

FROM THE SAME WORK.

MARY TIGHE, a very superior woman, both in mind and acquirements, was born in Dublin, in 1774. Her father was the Rev. Mr. Blachford, keeper of St. Patrick's Library, Dublin; and her mother was Theodosia Tighe, of Rosanna, in the county of Wicklow. She had the misfortune to lose her father while an infant; but, by the care of an excellent mother, her fine intellectual powers were developed and cultivated. In early life she appears to have mixed with the gay world; but an extreme sensibility, joined to great delicacy of sentiment, soon decided her preference for retirement, where, happy in her choice of a partner, and devoted to her relatives and friends, hope pointed exultingly to happiness, but sickness and death made their inroad in the choice circle. The loss of relatives, joined with other causes, undermined her health; and, after a painful struggle of six years, she departed this life with Christian resignation and confiding hope, at Woodstock, in the county of Kilkenny, on the 24th of March, 1810, in the thirty-seventh year of her age.

Her beautiful poem of Psyche will be remembered as long as elegance and classical taste can excite admiration; nor will her minor poems be forgotten, whilst piety, delicacy, and the most touching pathos, have power to charm. With the profits arising from the above poems, an hospital ward has been endowed and attached to the House of Refuge, (a charitable institution founded by her mother in the county of Wicklow,) which is called the Psyche ward.

She married her cousin, Henry Tighe, a man of considerable talent, who has been dead above three years. He represented the county of Wicklow in parliament, at the time of his decease. He was the author of 'The Statistical History of the County of Kilkenny,' published in 1799, the best of those county histories published under the auspices of the Dublin Society.

A MEMOIR OF THE REV. DR. VICKSIMUS KNOX.

THE lives of studious and literary men rarely abound with incidents. Their days and years pass on in an even tenor, without the ebullition of unrestrained passions, or the restless vehemence of political agitation. We have therefore few materials for an interesting biographical account of Dr. Knox.

This gentleman was born in the metropolis, near the close of the year 1752. His father, who bore the name of Knock, was a fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and afterward obtained the mastership of the free-school at Tonbridge in Kent. The son, having received his early education under the eye of a learned parent, was sent to Merchant-Tailors' school, where he made a great progress in classical literature. Mr. Townley was then head-master, of whom his pupil ever spoke with affectionate regard. In due time, the youth became a student and a fellow of St. John's College, of which Dr. Dennis was president. Both these masters, it is said, observed with pleasure his rising talents, and prognosticated his future eminence. On the death of his father, in 1799, he was chosen master of Tonbridge school; and over that respectable seminary he presided for thirty-three years. When he retired from this employment, he was succeeded by his son, the present master. He was rector of Romwell and Ramsden-Cray in Essex (of which livings he was the patron), and minister of the chapelry of Shipbourne in Kent, to which he was presented by lord Vane. The duties of a parish priest he discharged for nearly forty years, with a regularity, an ability, and a zeal, never surpassed; scarcely during that long period requiring any assist-

ance in the performance of the service of the church. After his retirement, while he lived in London (the situation of his benefices in Essex not permitting residence) he never withheld his powerful aid from the pulpit, when it was urgently solicited in favor of the various charities with which the metropolis abounds. There are few of these institutions which were not greatly benefited by his exertions.

As a preacher, he will long be remembered. His matter was generally excellent; and his manner possessed a dignity, a propriety, and impressiveness, that riveted the attention of his auditors. He enjoyed a long course of uninterrupted health, and retained his mental faculties in such vigor, that, within the three last days of his life, he was as capable as ever of any laborious literary research or professional exertion. He died at his son's house, on the 6th of September last, in the 69th year of his age.

A detailed account of Dr. Knox's various writings may be thought unnecessary, as few are more generally known. Many of them have been translated into the different languages of Europe. The order in which they appeared is as follows: 'Essays Moral and Literary;' 'Liberal Education;' 'Winter Evenings;' 'Personal Nobility, or Letters to a young Nobleman on the Conduct of his Studies, and the best Means of maintaining the Dignity of the Peerage;" "Sermons on Faith, Hope, and Charity;' 'Christian Philosophy;' 'Considerations on the Nature and Efficacy of the Lord's Supper;' and a pamphlet, recently published, on the national importance of Classical Education.

In a sermon which he preached at the opening of the chapel of the Philanthropic Society, in St. George's Fields, he first called attention to the necessity of increasing the places of public worship, on the establishment. A very eloquent sermon from his pen is to be found at the end of the collection, entitled 'Domestic Divinity,' upon the duty and advantage of educating the poor. During his mastership of Tonbridge school, for the use of his classes, he published valuable editions of Horace and Virgil, upon the plan of expurgation, and compiled that useful series of selections, so well known under the name of 'Elegant Extracts—Elegant Epistles,' &c. About the commencement of the French revolution, some political tracts, on the popular side, were attributed to him. At that time, he translated, and printed, under the title of 'Antipolemus,' the adage of Erasmus, '*Bellum dulce inexpertis.*' He had a strong and just sense of the wickedness and folly of war, and reprobated it on all occasions. His famous sermon at Brighthelmston was on the unlawfulness of offensive war. It was one of his earliest objects to procure a reform in the discipline of the English universities; he lived to express great satisfaction at the present state of those establishments; for the statute passed a few years since embraced his principal suggestions.

His politics were those of the Whigs, which placed the present royal family on the throne. His steadiness and consistency were remarkable; and he possessed an independence of sentiment which scorned any concealment of his opinions, however personally disadvantageous to himself might be the avowal of them. Mr. Fox sought his acquaintance; and there is little doubt, that if political events had afforded the opportunity, Dr. Knox would have filled the highest station in the church. Preferment, however, was never his object.

He was, from conscientious conviction, a firm friend of the establishment. His strenuous support of its doctrines in his theological works excited the hostility of the Socinians and other sectaries; and Dr. Disney, in particular, addressed to him a letter of expostulation upon the publication of his sermons. On the other hand, though of political sentiments diametrically opposite, that distinguished prelate,

bishop Horsley, publicly eulogized his treatise on the Lord's Supper, in one of his episcopal charges, recommending it to the general attention of the clergy, and describing it as no inconsiderable monument of the learning and piety of the writer. Bishop Porteus also had a high opinion of Dr. Knox's religious works, and recommended them for perusal as containing the most attractive delineations of the pure spirit of Christianity.

Notwithstanding his strong attachment to the establishment, Dr. Knox was a friend to religious as well as civil liberty, and therefore an advocate for a very liberal toleration. While he entertained a high respect for the private character of the late bishop Dampier, he felt it his duty publicly to protest against an address, which that prelate proposed for the adoption of the clergy of the diocese of Rochester, thanking the crown for requiring a pledge from the ministers that they would never again bring forward the catholic question. He was aware that differences of opinion might very conscientiously be entertained upon what is called catholic emancipation; but thought, that, with proper securities, it was contrary to sound justice and policy, no less than to the benign spirit of the Gospel, to impose civil disabilities on so many of the Christian subjects of the united kingdom, merely because they remain faithful to the religion of their forefathers.

Dr. Knox's facility of composition was remarkable. He wrote Latin with classic purity in prose and verse, and was particularly happy in epigrammatic point. He was a great cultivator of the harmony of language, and, in forming his sentences, had a constant regard to rhythmical proportion. His style presents an union of force with polish. As a standard of his literary powers, and a specimen of the energy of his mind, his last production (the pamphlet upon classical education) may be fairly taken. Both the style and matter of the Essays have long been admired. They appeared, originally, in one volume, in the lifetime of Dr. Johnson. In speaking of them to Mr. Dilly, the publisher, that great critic expressed himself in terms of high encomium, and predicted the future reputation of the author. In private life, Dr. Knox was beloved and esteemed. There was a grand simplicity in his character, that abhorred any thing bordering on simulation or disguise. He had none of that morose reserve which is sometimes found to alloy the agreeable qualities of those who devote themselves, so much as he did, to learned contemplation. He was frequently, however, silent from depression. As he possessed a heart of the keenest sensibility, his feelings in the later years of his life were grievously wounded by the loss of a son and daughter, and by the death of his wife, the daughter of Mr. Miller of Tonbridge, at no very distant intervals. These calamities made a deep impression upon his heart, and seriously detracted from the happiness of his subsequent life.

LIVES OF LEARNED AND EMINENT MEN, *taken from authentic Sources.* 1821.

We are always inclined to commend the attention of a lady not only to the instruction of her own but also of other children. The lives of distinguished men, narrated with perspicuity, and enforced with pertinent remarks, may furnish good examples of conduct, and suggest hints of salutary caution: but the statements and observations must be such as children can comprehend; and how those who are only four years old (for at that age they are to commence the perusal of this volume) can understand the biography of Socrates, Plato, Apelles, Galen, and other personages, though given in the most familiar style imaginable, we are at a loss to conceive. Such a wonderful child as Baratier may perhaps read these accounts with some degree of comprehension; but we will venture to affirm, that ninety-

nine children in a hundred must considerably exceed the age of four years before they will be able to fathom the depth even of this shallow stream. If the authoress, in her title, had mentioned *six years and upwards*, instead of *four*, the absurdity would have been less glaring.

Beside the worthies above-named, we find, in this little work, the lives of Herodotus, Hippocrates, Seneca, Plutarch, Alfred, Columbus, Galileo, and other eminent persons of different periods and nations; but we see no reason for the introduction of Nero. Bad princes abound in the annals of every age and country; and such a character may be left to the stigma of the general historian. Children would be sooner deterred from vice and wickedness by reading the life of Jonathan Wild or of David Haggart, or the Lives of the Highwaymen, than by seeing an account of the reign of an infamous tyrant among characteristic sketches of 'learned and eminent men.'

But, while we take the liberty of incidental animadversion, we do not mean to disparage the general execution of the work. It seems to have been compiled with care, and may prove useful to young readers.

THE SISTERS; A NOVEL,

IN FOUR VOLUMES. 1821.

THE attempt of the authoress of Cœlebs to infuse a religious spirit into works of fiction, received high applause from the pious and virtuous portion of the community, while the gay and the volatile, not looking for such an ingredient in the composition of a novel, fancied that it diminished the interest of the work. Our opinion respecting that point may thus be stated. As novels are intended to be probable histories of life, the introduction of a religious character is not more inconsistent with the subject, than the ordinary display of fashionable manners or the view of domestic incidents; but, in works of this kind, a judicious writer will abstain from tedious theological discussions, and be content with occasional recommendations of that devotional spirit which, when properly regulated, enhances the dignity and augments the comforts of our existence. In Cœlebs, perhaps, the subject is too ostentatiously brought forward, and the heroine is too formal, precise, and fastidious; yet that novel is far from being deficient in interest or attraction. In the Sisters, Felicia, the leading character, is sufficiently religious, without being puritanical; and, while she apparently rejects her lover for being more attentive to the pursuits of pleasure than to his Christian duties, she leaves such a latitude for his return to her favor, as only the charms and blandishments of her more beautiful sister prevented him from accepting.

Felicia and Rosalind, two orphan sisters, are under the protection of two aunts. Both have talents; but the former receives such impressions as rectify her judgement, and mould her heart to piety and virtue, while the latter imbibes only the follies of genteel or modish life. Felicia, when her protectress is on her death-bed, is warned not to suffer any earthly love to engross the best affections of her soul. She has fixed her regard upon Mr. Evanmore, a young man of an amiable disposition; and, when she has joined her sister and her surviving aunt (lady Wyadale) in London, he becomes a regular visitant at the house, and attends the family to various places of fashionable resort. But he evinces a giddy want of steadiness by being more pleased with the striking beauty and bold vivacity of Rosalind, than with the soft graces, modest cheerfulness, and unassuming manners of Felicia.

Rosalind's character is thus sketched by the present novelist, who, from the style and mode of writing, appears to be a lady.—'Vanity was her besetting sin, and flirting her favorite employment. She was a practised co-

quette, and her prominent passion influenced every look, every motion, every expression. She was all things to all men, alternately bewitchingly soft, pensively sentimental, or sparkling with animation. She possessed many accomplishments, and excelled in all the little arts of ingenious idleness; but to embellish her person was her chief study; to attract, her principal aim.'

A lively portrait is given of a female pedant. Rosalind is supposed to be characterising one of her nominal friends. She says to her sister, 'The object of your well-founded amazement is, that most *unique* animal of the biped species, a philosopher in petticoats; that is, a sort of incongruous, heterogeneous mass of learning, ignorance, and folly; either laughable from its absurdity, or disgusting from its pedantry. She reads her Bible in Hebrew, her Testament in Greek, her Prayer-book in French, and her novels in German—so at least her grandmamma says. Then, as she is always laudably engaged in the pursuit of learning, whenever you meet her, you are favored, in addition to these standing dishes, with a taste of what she is then hashing up for the public, which is generally decided by the fashion of the day, or the situation in which she happens to be placed. Thus, about four years ago, when it first became the rage to crowd every room in your house with flowers and exotics, she was a botanist; quoted whole pages out of Darwin's Loves of the Plants, and stunned your ears with monandria, diandria, monadelphia, polyadelphia, fulcra, folia, fructus, &c.

'At one time she affected to be a mineralogist and lapidary, and then, like the good girl in the fairy-tale, she never opened her mouth but some precious stone fell out of it, from the diamond of Golconda to the pebble of Scotia. She bored you with accounts of spars, crystallizations, stalactites, petrifactions, fossils, bitumens, metals perfect and imperfect, and without mercy, or any compunctious visitings of conscience, tore up the inside of poor old mother earth to supply her with topics of conversation. She has, in short, a little knowlege of every thing; a little of languages, a little of botany, a little of mineralogy, a little of conchology, chemistry, ornithology, meteorology, &c. and a precious little it is. If a philosopher could look into her head, like the lover in the Spectator, who had the privilege of viewing his mistress's brains, I verily believe he would see much the same as he did, with the addition of some crabbed words, and heads and tails of the sciences. She appears, however, wonderfully wise when you are first acquainted with her; and I have seen as much consternation exhibited in a party where she has, after having been long studying how to display herself to the greatest advantage, pounced upon a poor female acquaintance, as when a hawk or a kite, after hovering some seconds in the air, stoops on a defenceless chick, to the terror of the farmyard. But these literary alarms soon wear off on acquaintance; for she is all *écorce*, a mere outside shell of learning, no nut to satisfy the palate after the eye has been sufficiently gratified. Indeed she always reminds me, when she is preparing to strike her auditors dumb with the profundity of her wisdom, of the Turkish cry, 'In the name of the prophet—*figs*.' As she is now the inhabitant of a seaport, conchology will be the order of the day: you are a stranger; and, mark me, she will burst upon you like the rushing of a cataract, in her literary character: therefore be prepared, and don't feed her egregious vanity by seeming alarmed; for she is never more delighted than when, by some of her enigmas, she sees she has completely puzzled her audience. Meet her with her own weapons. When she cries univalve, do you say bivalve. When she talks of corallines, do you speak of zoophytes; and, if you find yourself in a dilemma, do as I have often before done, intrench yourself

in some high-sounding words and unintelligible phrases, and get handsomely out of the scrape.'

The gay Rosalind attracts the notice of lord Edgermond (for that is the barbarous title given by the authoress to a sprig of nobility); but his admiration is transient, and unconnected with matrimonial views. He is an unprincipled votary of dissipation, and is in some measure pre-engaged to a lady of fashion and fortune. Disappointed in the hope of securing him, Rosalind listens to the addresses of an untitled though rich gentleman, and at the same time encourages every open act of gallantry on the part of her sister's lover.

Resenting the apparent fickleness of Evanmore, and disgusted at his growing love of pleasure, Felicia resolves to put his affection and his principles to the test. She invites him to an interview, and states her opinions with propriety and spirit. An union with one whose feelings were at variance with her own would deprive her, she thought, of that 'surest cement of faithful friendship and domestic love—unbounded confidence.'—'What Egyptian darkness (she exclaims) must environ, what sickening solitariness must encompass, that heart which cannot repose on the bosom of a husband!'

After some dispute, Evanmore blames the scrupulosity of Felicia's deceased friend in the performance of the duties of life, and declares that he 'can never be made to see the iniquity of a ball or a play.' He endeavours to soothe her by professing the unabated continuance of his love; but immediately offends her by suggesting the expediency of a mean compromise. He then fondly takes her hand, as if a little display of tenderness would secure his triumph.

'Evanmore!' said Felicia, withdrawing her hand with the energy of one who feels a sense of injury and injustice, 'when have I said I saw any iniquity in a ball or a play? have I not accompanied you to each? And have I not frequently declared it was the abuse, not use, of public amusements which I deprecated? The justice of my dislike to the avidity with which you have resorted to such scenes, is too well proved by their having alienated your mind from me. Day after day, night after night, have I (united to you by one of the nearest and dearest of ties) been left alone and dejected, while you were the companion of my sister, or of some other whose principles, I had too much reason to fear, might undermine yours. Gradually I have perceived your estrangement from all that we once mutually prized and esteemed. Even now, what is the offer you have made me—what is the reparation I am to receive for the unnumbered slights I have personally endured—what is the pledge of sincerity, where to be insincere is fatal—what is the proof that your attachment is strong enough to brave those trials to which it must be exposed during a connexion which can terminate only with our existence—that you will not interfere with my absurd scruples (for such is the construction I cannot but place on your words), if I will permit you to continue the same course which has already cost me so much pain, already proved so dangerous to our peace!—No, Evanmore, these are not terms to which either my pride, or my love, or my duty, will permit me to accede!'

The discarded lover consoles himself for his disappointment by a marriage with Rosalind; but, as this inconsiderate step leads him into a profuse expenditure, and threatens him with ruin, his consolation is imperfect and temporary. The shock to which Felicia is subjected by his final desertion, and by the supposed treachery of her sister, is severe and afflictive, as 'the pride of the woman, and the affections of the heart, are equally pierced by such a blow:' but, reflecting on the solemn admonition of her dying aunt, she gradually recovers her self-possession, if not her spirits. Her first interview with Rosalind,

after the ill-starred marriage, is described with delicacy and feeling.

The sisters 'embraced without speaking. Felicia's emotions were known only to herself; but the blush of conscious shame glowed in Rosalind's delicate complexion, and lighted up her brilliant eye, beneath whose long dark lashes glittered a tear of mingled gladness and confusion; while a sense of Felicia's kindness, and her own scarcely honorable behaviour, gave a softness to her voice and manner that rendered her peculiarly interesting. 'I must now see little Rosalind,' cried Felicia, endeavouring, by assumed gaiety, to throw a shade of cheerfulness over this embarrassed meeting. Rosalind rang the bell, and the nurse, with a lovely child, immediately entered the room. It was a sweet infant, lively, sportive, and blooming; already the dark eye of its mother beamed with dawning intelligence, and silken lashes rested on a cheek scarcely less marked by beauty. Felicia felt her heart dilate with before-unknown emotions; and, forgetful of all but that it was her niece, she clasped her with energy to her bosom. Evanmore abruptly left the room. His paternal pride had been gratified by her encomiums on his child; but there was a something in the manner of her caress, in the look which she bent on its cherub face, that spoke volumes to his heart. Her affected cheerfulness had deceived Rosalind, and for a moment she felt half-mortified at an indifference that seemed to detract from the lustre of her conquest. But Evanmore saw through the veil, and penetrated the motive. He perceived all passion was gone; but, to him, her serenity was the calm of a frightful storm, which had spent its fury; and in the sickly smiles, 'few and far between,' that sometimes lighted up her features, he hardly saw the dawning of a brighter day.'

Evanmore not only indulges his volatile and dissipated wife in every species of extravagance, but weakly suffers her to renew her acquaintance with the profligate lord who had been her first gallant, and by whom (according to the frequent course of novels) she is at length deprived of her honor. Her husband challenges the adulterous villain, and obtains no other satisfaction than the loss of his own life. With his last breath he recommends his infant daughter to the care of her amiable aunt, whose sensations on the melancholy occasion are thus expressed.

'As she gazed on the lifeless form of the murdered Evanmore, Felicia cast a look of retrospection on her early years, and mourned, with the bitter tears of anguished regret, the playfellow of her childhood, the companion of her blissful season of youth. She forgot that he had deceived her hopes, blighted her visions of happiness. She had given him her whole undivided heart at that sunny season of our existence, when the romantic ardor of youth arrays the object of our tenderness with a thousand inexplicable charms. At this sad hour all the inextinguishable love that had lain buried through long years of sorrow, seemed to revive. She recollected only, that he was the possessor of her earliest affections—that her faith was pledged to him—that to be united with him in the sacred bonds of marriage had been her prayer, her pride; and, leaning over his breathless form, she embalmed it with the warm tears of pity and forgiveness. While one hand supported the sacred deposit he had committed to her care, with the other she gently closed his eyes; and this last sad duty, which friendship can pay to departed nature, being finished, she wrapped the child tightly in her cloak, and with lingering steps tore herself for ever from the remains of him whom she had loved with a fervor she could never feel again.'

Felicia's patience is severely tried by the very unkind treatment to which she is exposed from the malignity of lady Wredale, whose chief delight consists in giving pain to others. For refusing to send away her little niece,

she is ordered by the incensed dowager to seek another habitation; and, when she has taken a mean lodging in the vicinity of London, she suddenly discovers the retreat of Rosalind, who, deserted by her base betrayer, subsists on the produce of her jewels.—

'The room was partially illuminated by the dying embers of an expiring fire, and the rays of a single candle beaming in the socket. Its fluctuating beams rested on the person of a woman, who was reclining in a large old-fashioned chair, supported by pillows. Her face was concealed by an arm of sickly whiteness, and a profusion of light shining hair which had escaped from beneath her cap. Her hand rested on the serene face of an infant, reposing in the unruffled sweetness of childish slumbers, and the transparent thinness of the one mournfully contrasted with the rosy roundness of the other. Her head was bent on its dimpled features; and a tear, trickling through the half-shut fingers of the dying mother, betrayed the nature of her silent musings.

'There is something sacred in that grief which utters no complaint, which seems to shroud itself even from the sufferer; and Felicia involuntarily drew back, fearful of intruding on a sorrow so deep. But it was too late—her stealing footsteps caught the ear of a little dog sleeping by the fire, and his angry growl, as he fiercely sprang towards her, arrested the attention of the mourner. She suddenly raised her head, and threw back the dishevelled hair that shaded her face: the light fell full upon it, and discovered a countenance that, once seen, was destined never to be forgotten; for it was the countenance of Rosalind.

Felicia shrieked, and, springing forward, clasped her in her arms. 'Rosalind!' she cried; but Rosalind spoke not. She anxiously bent her head to view again those features which fond affection had indelibly imprinted on her heart, and saw she was insensible to her love—the fluttering spirit seemed scared from its frail abode. She shrieked, but no one came to her assistance. Rosalind was evidently the only inhabitant then within; and, trying to compose her agitation, she sought to recover her to animation. 'Rosalind!' she said, when the pallid lips and returning color again partook of the hues of life. 'Rosalind, dear, dear Rosalind!' she repeated. Rosalind feebly opened her sunken eyes, and looked wistfully at her. Oh, they spoke a language that thrilled through Felicia's soul. 'My Rosalind!—my dear Rosalind—speak to me!—oh, speak to me!' was all her tremulous lips could utter, as she pressed them a thousand times to the cold cheek of her dying sister. Rosalind appeared again on the point of relapsing into insensibility: her poor thin arms seemed unable to sustain the weight of the babe which yet rested on them; and, fearful of its falling, Felicia eagerly caught it in her own. Rosalind suddenly seemed to acquire new energy. She half raised herself from her pillows, and reclaimed her child. 'You must not touch this child, Felicia,' she said, in a voice hollow, yet struggling for firmness—'it is the child of shame!' For a moment Felicia shrunk back, and gazed on her in speechless emotion—then strained both to her bosom. 'My own—own Rosalind!' she sobbed—she could not proceed; but she still grasped them tightly in her arms, and the proud heart of Rosalind was subdued. Burning tears rushed to her aching eyes: with a weak piteous cry she flung her arms around her sister, and gave way to the bitter agony that swelled her bosom to suffocation.'

Another personage may now be mentioned, whom, we think, the writer has not made sufficiently prominent in the narrative. This is Mr. Berkely, a friend of the family, and a secret admirer of the exemplary character of Felicia, to whom, however, he does not venture to pay his addresses before the death of Evanmore;

presuming that his desertion has indisposed her for matrimony. After she has smoothed the passage of her heart-broken sister to the 'realms of rest,' she cordially listens to his suit, and becomes the wife of a man of unsullied honor and virtue.

Such is the substance of the novel. We may say of the two sisters, that one is a gay meteor, streaming through the troubled air, and dazzling by its desultory coruscations; and the other is a star in a clear horizon, diffusing a mild radiance and steady light. The writer has displayed some talent in eking out the work to four volumes with such a paucity of incident. The moral is unexceptionable: some of the characters are well delineated; and the style is flowing and agreeable.

ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

Dante.--This celebrated poet, being banished from Tuscany, was protected at Verona by the head of the Scala family; but, not accommodating himself (as Aristippus would have done) to the taste and humor of his patron, he gradually declined in his favor. Among the nobleman's friends were many of loose principles; and one in particular, remarkable for his ribaldry and free conversation, was much caressed by the rest. The signor, suspecting that Dante was not pleased with the character of this libertine, ordered him to approach, and, having extolled him, turned to the poet, and said, 'I wonder that this man, who is mad, should have found out the secret to make himself beloved, which you, who pass for a man of sense, have not hit upon.' Dante coolly replied, 'You will cease to wonder at the cause, if you consider how much friendship depends upon a conformity of manners and inclinations.'

Addison.--This great man betrayed his weakness in condescending to marry a woman of a narrow mind. The countess of Warwick treated him with extreme superciliousness and contempt, as if she believed that the mere casualty of splendid birth entitled her to arrogate an insolent superiority over a man of genius and virtue. Not content with treating him with the least possible deference, and manifesting her want of consideration for him, even to her servants and dependents, this wretched woman sought to implant the same sentiments in the bosom of their only child, and taught her to despise the memory of her father. The lady who had the education of this girl assured the editor of the Tatler (ed. 1797) that her pupil was distinguished by her marked dislike to her father's writings, and her unconquerable aversion to the perusal of them. Indeed it is more than surmised that the days of Addison were shortened by the unhappiness which attended his connexion with his high-born and heartless consort.

Queen Anne constituted Addison keeper of the records in Ireland, and increased the salary, which had been very trifling, to 300*l*. a year. There is an anecdote related by Swift of our author, while in the performance of the duties of this office, which serves to illustrate his prudence and carefulness in matters in which money was to be gained. He would never remit the fees of office even to his friends. 'I may,' said he, 'have a hundred friends; and if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than two. The evil suffered, therefore, exceeds, beyond all proportion, the benefit done.' Of the independence and integrity of his conduct in refusing every thing in the shape of compliment or *douceur*, we have a remarkable instance in the letter addressed by him to major Dunbar, who had sent him a bank-note of 300*l*. by way of gratuity, in order that he might expedite his business with the lord lieutenant.

Steele said of Addison, 'When he is arrived at his pint (of wine), and begins to look about and like his company,

you admire a thousand things in him, which before lay buried. Then you discern the brightness of his mind and the strength of his judgement, accompanied with the most graceful mirth. In a word, by his enlivening aid he is whatever is polite, instructive, and diverting. What makes him still more agreeable is, that he tells a story, serious or comical, with as much delicacy of humor as Cervantes himself.'

The effects produced by wine upon different constitutions have been commented upon with considerable humor by Horace. One man weeps under the influence of the bottle, the miserable martyr of maudlin sensibility; another becomes merry and loquacious; a third grows noisy and quarrelsome; and a fourth goes sottishly to sleep. It is a curious fact, that when Addison and Steele dined with each other, such different results were produced from the same cause, that the former only began to be witty and facetious by the time the latter had absorbed wine enough to make him heavy and incommunicative.

Lord Mansfield.—During one of the last days of his presiding in the court of King's Bench, in which there was a trial of some consequence, he remarked, with uncommon satisfaction, the assiduity of a student who was placed near him, who was employed on his note-book with singular industry, and occasionally directed glances at their lordships with very shrewd and attentive observation. When the trial was over, he complimented the young gentleman on his zeal and diligence, and requested to be favored with a sight of his notes. The student, with much confusion, expressed his apprehensions that they were much too imperfect for his lordship's inspection; but, being farther solicited, he was obliged, though very reluctantly, to comply. The judge proceeded very solemnly to examine the contents, in which, much to his disappointment, he only found the accurate likenesses of himself and his brethren, highly caricatured *en profile*. He returned the book to the confused young Templar, pleasantly acknowleging, 'that it was *one way* of approaching to the *head* of the profession.'

Barry, the Painter.—When Mr. Burke visited this eccentric man, in consequence of a particular invitation, dame Ursula, the servant, 'at first denied that her master was at home; but, on Mr. Burke's expressing some surprise and announcing his name, Barry overheard his voice, and ran down stairs in the usual trim of abstracted genius, utterly regardless of his personal appearance: his scanty grey hair, unconscious of the comb, sported in disordered ringlets round his head; a greasy green silk shade over his eyes, served as an auxiliary to a pair of horn-mounted spectacles, to strengthen his vision. His linen was none of the whitest, and a sort of *roquelaure* served the purpose of a *robe de chambre*; but it was of the composite order, for it was neither jockey-coat, surtout, pelisse, nor tunic, but a mixture of all four, and the chronology of it might have puzzled the Society of Antiquaries to develop. After a welcome greeting, he conducted his eloquent countryman to his dwelling-room on the first floor, which served him for kitchen, parlour, study, gallery, and painting-room; but it was at that moment so befogged with smoke, as almost to suffocate its phthisicky owner, and was quite impervious to the rays of vision. Barry apologized; d—d the bungling chimney doctors; hoped the smoke would clear up, as soon as the fire burned bright; and was quite at a loss to account for 'such an infernal smother,' until Mr. Burke, with some difficulty, convinced him he was himself the cause; for, in order to remedy the errors of his chimney, he had removed the old grate from the fire-place into the centre of the room, where it was sustained by a large old dripping-pan, by way of a platform, to save the carpet from ignition; and

he had been occupied for half an hour with the bellows to cheer up the coals to a blaze. He was now prevailed on to assist his guest in removing the grate to its proper situation, and, the windows being thrown open, the smoke soon vanished. He now proceeded to conduct his guest to see his pictures in certain apartments on the higher story, where many exquisite pieces, without frames, stood edgewise on the floor, with their fronts to the walls, to guard them from injury; and, by the aid of a sponge and water, their coats of dust were removed, and their beauties developed, much to the delight of the guest. When he had lectured *con amore* upon the history and merits of the paintings, his next object was to display to his guest the œconomy of his bed-room: the walls of this apartment, too, were occupied by frameless pictures, veiled in perennial dust, which was likewise sponged off, to develop their beauties, and display some first-rate gems of the art. In a sort of recess, between the fire-place and the wall, stood a stump bedstead without curtains, counterpaned by a rug, bearing all the vestiges of long and arduous service, and tinted only by the accumulated soil of half a century, which no scourer's hand had ever profaned. 'That, sir,' said the artist, 'is my bed; I use no curtains, because they are unwholesome, and I breathe more freely, and sleep as soundly as if I reposed on down, and snored on velvet.—But there, my friend,' continued he, pointing to a broad shelf, fixed high above the bed, and fortified on three sides by the walls of the recess, '*that* is my *chef-d'œuvre.*—'Ecod, I have outdone them at last.'—'Outdone whom?' said Mr. Burke—'The rats, the d—d rats, my dear friend,' replied Barry, rubbing his palms in ecstasy; 'they beat me out of every other security in the house—I could not keep any thing for them, in cupboard or closet; they devoured my cold meat, and bread and cheese, and bacon: but there they are now, you see, all safe and snug, in defiance of all the rats in the parish.' Mr. Burke could not do less than highly commend his invention, and congratulate him on its success. They now descended to the first room: Barry, whose only *clock* was his *stomach*, felt it was his dinner hour, but totally forgot his invitation, until Mr. Burke reminded him of it; —'Ods-oh! my dear friend,' said he, 'I beg your pardon: so I did invite you, and it totally escaped my memory:—but if you will sit down here and blow the fire, I'll step out and get a charming beefsteak in a minute.' Mr. Burke took the bellows to cheer up the fire—and Barry departed to cater for the banquet. And, shortly after, he returned with a comely beefsteak, enveloped in cabbage leaves, crammed into one pocket; the other was filled with potatoes; under each arm was a bottle of Port, procured at Slaughter's Coffee-house; and each hand held a French brick. An antique gridiron was placed on the fire, and Mr. Burke performed the office of cook; while Barry, as butler, set the table, which he covered with a cloth, perfectly *geographical*; for the stains of former soups and gravies had given it the appearance of a map of the world. The knives and forks were veterans *brigaded* from different sets, for no two of them wore the same uniform, in blades, handles, or shapes. Dame Ursula cooked the potatoes in Tipperarian perfection, and by five o'clock, the hungry friends sat down, like Æneas and Achates, to make a hearty meal: after having despatched the 'pinguem ferinam,' they whiled away the time till nine o'clock, over their two flaggons '*veteris Bacchi,*'

> 'And jok'd, and laugh'd, and talk'd of former times.'

Mr. Burke has often been heard to declare, that this was one of the most amusing and delightful days of his whole life.'—*Biographical Account of the Worthies of Ireland.*

DAPHNE; A PASTORAL, BY GESSNER;

Translated from the German.

I HAVE seen Daphne. Perhaps, alas! I should have been more happy if I had not seen her. Never before did she appear so charming. I reclined, during the meridian heat, under the shade of the willows, where the brook purls slowly over its pebbled bed. The clustering boughs hung over my head, and spread their peaceful shade upon the water. I there enjoyed sweet repose: but, since that hour there has been no repose for me.

Not far from the bank where I sat, I heard a rustling of the leaves, and presently saw Daphne, the beauteous Daphne! She walked in the shade, by the side of the stream. There, with charming grace, she took up her blue robe, and, uncovering her lovely feet, entered the limpid stream. Then, her body gently inclining, with her right hand she laved her lovely face, while, with the other, she held her flowing robe. She then waited, till not a drop fell from her hand to agitate the surface of the stream. The water, resuming its tranquil aspect, presented the artless semblance of her charming features. Daphne smiled at her own beauty, and admired her flaxen tresses bound up in a tasteful knot. For whom, I sighing said, for whom are all these cares? Whom would she please? Who is the happy mortal that employs her thoughts, while the pleasure of seeing herself so lovely thus deepens the roseate hue of her lips?

While she mused, inclining over the brook, she dropped the nosegay that adorned her bosom; and the stream brought it to the place where I sat. Daphne retired, and I seized the nosegay. How I kissed it! How I held it to my panting heart! No, I would not have parted with it for a whole flock. But, alas! this lovely nosegay fades; and yet it has been only two days in my possession. With what care have I not preserved it! I have still kept it in the prize-cup, which, in spring, I won by my singing. On it is seen, curiously engraven, the form of love, seated in a bower of myrtles. With the tips of his fingers, he, smiling, tries the sharpness of his arrows. At his feet appear two doves, their wings embracing, while they tenderly join their bills. Three times each day, in this cup have I refreshed my nosegay with the purest water; and, by night, exposed it at my window to the falling dew. How often, leaning over these flowers, have I imbibed their sweet fragrance! Their odors seem to be more delicious, and their colors more brilliant, than those of all the gay ornaments of the spring. It was on Daphne's bosom that they fully bloomed.

Then, in an ecstasy, I view the cup, and I sighing say, 'Oh love! how fatal are thy arrows! how forcibly I feel their sting! Ah! make Daphne feel for me even less than I feel for her, and I will consecrate to thee this cup. I will place it on this little altar. Every morning will I surround it with a garland of the freshest flowers; and, when winter shall despoil our gardens, I will adorn it with a branch of myrtle. O may you, charming doves! become the happy omen of my future bliss. But, alas! notwithstanding all my cares, the nosegay fades. Withering, fading, the flowers hang their heads around the cup. They no longer exhale perfumes; and their drooping leaves fall off. O love! grant that the fate of these flowers may not prove a direful presage to my tender passion!'

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

I AM aware that, in alluding to the fair sex, it is irregular and seemingly disrespectful to hint that any one has outlived her beauty or lost the attractions of her youth: but the effects of time are not easily concealed, and many ladies, who, if they cannot pretend to be young, wish to be thought *middle-aged*, must be reckoned *old* by all who are acquainted with them. My present object, however, is to speak of

a widow who is not ashamed of her age, and who is content to be called 'the old lady.'

My venerable friend resides in the most rural part of a market-town, about twenty miles from London. Her habitation is small, not exceeding one story; but it is neatly built and in good repair. She generally dresses in plain silks, which make a gentle rustling as she moves about; and she wears a nice cap with a border of lace that comes under the chin. Her waist is rather tight and trim than otherwise, as she had a fine one when young; and she is not sorry if you see a pair of her stockings on a table, that you may be aware of the neatness of her leg and foot. Contented with these and other indications of a good shape, and letting her young friends understand that she can afford to obscure it a little, she wears pockets and uses them well too. In the one is her handkerchief, with any heavier matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the change of a sixpence;—in the other is a miscellaneous assortment, consisting of a pocket-book, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle-case, the fragments of a biscuit, a nutmeg and grater, a smelling bottle, and, according to the season, an orange or apple, which after many days she draws out, warm and glossy, to give to some little child that has behaved well. Her rooms are in the neatest condition possible. In the chamber is a bed with a white coverlet, built up high and round to look well, with curtains of a pastoral pattern, consisting alternately of large plants, and shepherds and shepherdesses. On the mantel-piece also are more shepherds and shepherdesses, with dot-eyed sheep at their feet, in colored ware, the man perhaps in a pink jacket and knots of ribands at his knees and shoes, holding his crook lightly in one hand, and with the other at his breast, turning his toes out and looking tenderly at his sweetheart;—the woman, holding a crook also, modestly returning his look, with a gypsy-hat jerked up behind, a very slender waist, and the petticoat pulled up through the pocket-holes in order to shew the trimness of her ancles. But these patterns, of course, are various. The toilette is ancient, carved at the edges, and tied about with a snow-white drapery of muslin. Beside it are various boxes, mostly of Japan ware, and the set of drawers are exquisite things for a little girl to rummage, if any girl be so bold,—containing ribands and laces of various kinds,—linen smelling of lavender, of the flowers of which there is always dust in the corners,—a heap of pocket-books for a series of years,—and pieces of dress long gone by, such as head-fronts, stomachers, and flowered satin shoes with enormous heels. The letters are always under especial lock and key. So much for the bed-room. In the sitting-room, is rather a spare assortment of shining old mahogany furniture, or carved arm-chairs equally old, with chintz drapery down to the ground,—a folding or other screen with Chinese figures, their round little-eyed meek faces perking sideways;—a stuffed bird in a glass case; a portrait of her husband over the mantel-piece, in a coat with frog-buttons, and a delicate frilled hand lightly inserted in the waistcoat;—and, opposite him, on the wall, is a piece of embroidered literature, framed and glazed, containing some moral distich or maxim worked in angular capital letters, with two trees or parrots below in their proper colors, the whole concluding with the alphabet and numerals, and the name of the industrious fair, expressing it to be 'her work, Jan. 14, 1763.' The rest of the furniture consists of a looking-glass with carved edges, perhaps a settee, a hassock for the feet, a mat for the little dog, and a small set of shelves, in which are the Spectator and Guardian, the Turkish Spy, a Bible and Prayer-book, Young's Night Thoughts, with a piece of lace in the volume to flatten, Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises of the Heart, Mrs. Glasse's Cookery, and perhaps Pamela

and Sir Charles Grandison. The clock is on the landing-place between the two room-doors, where it ticks audibly, but quietly; and the landing-place and stairs are carpeted to a nicety. The old lady receives a few quiet visitors to tea, and perhaps an early game at cards; or you may sometimes see her going out on the same kind of visit herself, with a light umbrella turning into a stick, and a little dog equally famous for his love to her and captious antipathy to strangers. Her grandchildren dislike him on holidays; and the boldest will sometimes venture to give him a sly kick under the table. When she returns at night, she appears, if the weather happens to be doubtful, in a calash; and her servant, in pattens, follows half behind and half at her side, with a lantern.

Her opinions are not many, nor new. She thinks the minister of her parish a nice man. The duke of Wellington, in her opinion, is a very great man; but she has a secret preference for the marquis of Granby, who was popular when she was very young. She thinks the young women of the present day too forward, and the men not respectful enough; but hopes that her grandchildren will be better, though she differs from her daughter in several points respecting their management. She sets little value on the new accomplishments; is a great, though delicate connoisseur in butcher's meat, and all sorts of housewifery; and, if you mention waltzes, expatiates on the grace and fine breeding of the minuet. She wishes that she had seen one danced by Sir. Charles Grandison, whom she almost considers as a real person. She likes a rural walk in a summer's evening, and sometimes goes through the church-yard where her other children and her husband lie buried, in a serious, but not melancholy mood. She has had two great æras in her life,—her marriage,—and her having been at court to see the royal family. When she refers to this, she speaks highly of the amiable and virtuous characters of king George the third, and queen Charlotte.

THE PORTFOLIO, N°. XV.

The Kit-Cat Club.—The memory of this celebrated association has been lately recalled by an expensive, if not splendid work, consisting of forty-eight portraits and biographical sketches. It is supposed that the club derived its ludicrous appellation from Christopher Cat*, a pastry-cook, whose house in Shire-lane served as a place of meeting, while his delicious mutton pies gratified the palates of the members. The society flourished from the year 1700 to 1720, and was composed of many distinguished patrons and professors of literature, and the fine arts; who, being also friends of the protestant settlement, have been styled the 'Patriots that saved Britain.' Such was the opinion of the late earl of Orford, and there is some foundation for the eulogium; but, as members of the club, they appear to have attended more to literature than to politics. Pope saw a paper in the hand-writing of lord Halifax, offering a reward of 400 guineas (a large sum in the time of queen Anne) for a good comedy. In points of taste and criticism, that nobleman and his associates were the leaders of the town. A new play had little chance of success, unless it had the approbation of the club; and the booksellers in general were unwilling to enter into any engagements with authors, before they knew the sentiments of some of its principal members, with regard to the propriety of a literary scheme, or the merit of a work proposed for publication.

Royal Academy of Literature.—We apprehend that the members of this new institution will not be so friendly

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* In an epigram attributed to Dr. Arbuthnot, it is jocularly derived from a fiddle and a cat, or (as the members used to *toast the ladies* at their merry meetings) from old cats and young kits.

to the cause of liberty as the Kit-Cat Club. The ten associates who are to receive pensions for reputed literary merit have been named by his majesty; and it is supposed, (for their names have not been regularly announced,) that no adversaries of the ministry, however great may be their merit, have been gratified with this mark of respect. It does not, however, follow from this circumstance, that the associates who are to be nominated by the subscribers will all be as courtly as the poet-laureate or the author of Marmion—we hope not. Let them be loyal in a constitutional sense, but not servile. Let not the establishment resemble the institutions of Louis XIV. or Napoleon, who connected every grant of honor, and every reward, with the support of their own power in all its plenitude and excess.

Progress of Education.—It must be a high gratification to the advocates of general instruction, to find that Mr. Lancaster's system has been introduced into the capitals of the kingdoms of Lombardy and Naples, and other considerable towns in Italy.—Even the pope has consented to the adoption of a similar plan at Rome, and the king of Sardinia has admitted it into Genoa. Elementary learning is still more encouraged at Florence, in which city is a remarkable establishment, being, in fact, a combination of several schools. It is under the immediate patronage of the government, and is superintended by Zuccagni Orlandini, who is assisted by Pierretini and Giuliani, young men of talent and erudition. This seminary does not confine its instructions to the mere elements of reading and writing; for there are teachers of arithmetic, drawing, geography, and history. The pupils are likewise taught universal grammar, and its application to their own idiom. They learn French, and are initiated into the higher departments of literature, and into physics and natural history.

New American Society.—A national academy has been formed in the United States, for the cultivation of languages and the *belles lettres.* It consists of the most distinguished votaries of learning in the different States: the president is Mr. Quincy Adams, and the vice-presidents are the judges Livingston and Story. It is patronized by the highest authorities, and promises to advance and refine the rising literature of the country.

Remarkable Formation of Land in America.—According to Mr. Bringier, the Mississipi, in all its alluvial region, runs on the top of a hill 24 feet in its highest position; the base is three miles in its average diameter; and it reposes on the swamps, which are about nine feet above the marshes on the sea-shore, for a distance of 215 miles up the river. The deposits of the rivers consisting of timber, leaves, &c. are wonderful; and from it the Achafalaya receives a profusion of various substances. When that gentleman landed at the mouth of the latter river, he reckoned the large trees which were carried into its current in a given time, and found them amount to 8000 cubic feet in a minute. To these may be added, the leaves, bark, reeds, and muddy sediment, making on a moderate calculation 36 cubic miles of deposit annually. The beds of drift-wood at the heads of the islands in the Mississipi will give some idea of the quantity of wood brought down the stream of that river. The large raft of Red River is 50 miles in length, and in many places 18 in breadth, in some places composed of pines heaped together, and in others of cedars matted with their leaves into compact rafts. Hence, mineral coal and bituminous bodies are, no doubt, formed. Under this raft many small streams disappear, and shew themselves again several miles off. A vast portion of land is formed in this way, and that part of America is gradually rising to a higher level.



A MEMOIR OF MR. YOUNG;

ACCOMPANIED WITH A PORTRAIT.

THEATRICAL performers may be regarded as a species of artists, because they profess the art of imitating nature; and they not only please the eye and the mind, like painters and sculptors, but gratify the ear with the varieties of modulated tone. Yet their peculiar excellence is fragile and transient, and cannot be its own record. We know how Pope wrote, and Kneller painted; for their performances still remain; but we do not precisely know how Betterton illustrated the beauties of Shakspeare. The fame of an actor, however, survives his own age: we hear of Roscius, although he lived above 1800 years ago; and our posterity will hear of Garrick. To that celebrated man Kemble was, in some characters, equal; and Young makes considerable approaches to the merit of Kemble.

Charles Mayne Young dates his birth from the 10th of January, 1777: he is, therefore, not (as many would incorrectly say) in his *prime*, but in the vigor of his age. He is the son of Mr. Thomas Young of Fenchurch-street, whose chirurgical skill introduced him into considerable practice. The elements of morals and of literature were communicated to him under his paternal roof; and he imbibed them with docility and success. When he was in his tenth year, he had an opportunity of expanding his mind by an observance of foreign manners and customs. A Danish physician, who had been sent by his sovereign to study the healing art, as practised in Great-Britain, was permitted by Mr. Young, the surgeon, to take his son to Copenhagen. Having conceived a high regard for a lady of Mr. Young's family, the physician returned to England in the following year with matrimonial views, accompanied by the promising youth, who was soon after sent to Eton school, for the acquisition of that classical learning which tends to dignify the future man. He remained for several years at that distinguished seminary; but for what reason he was removed from it before he had completed his education, we are not informed; but probably the distance from his home, though inconsiderable, operated as an objection. He was again instructed in his father's house, and afterward became an *eleve* of Merchant Tailors' school, which was then under the direction of Mr. Bishop.

His aptitude for profiting by instruction was noticed by every preceptor under whom he was placed. His great flow of spirits did not lead him into a neglect of his studies, or the commission of any offence or irregularity which could justly subject him to correction or reproof. In the intervals of relaxation from ordinary study, he sometimes amused himself and his school-fellows by reciting such passages of orations, poems, or plays, as struck his fancy: he delivered them in general with proper emphasis, and thus produced a kind of theatrical effect.

It was the wish of his friends that he should engage in the mercantile profession, or in a wholesale branch of trade; and, for about two years, he was employed in the business of a respectable firm; but, as he was not bound by any articles of agreement, he discontinued his connexion with the house. Being still fond of declaiming, he began to turn his attention to the stage; and, after studying many characters with zeal and diligence, he ventured to appear at the private theatre in Tottenham-court-road. The approbation which his performance elicited was a strong *stimulus* to subsequent exertion. He scorned the pleasures into which giddy young men blindly rush, and 'lived laborious days;' and, when he had thus prepared himself, his theatrical ambition would not suffer him to rest without a public engagement.

At the age of twenty-one years, he was gratified with the desired opportunity of displaying his talents; but, as he was doubtful of success, he con-

cealed his name, that his failure might not be generally known. At Liverpool, he acted the part of Douglas in Home's interesting tragedy, and performed in such a manner as to obtain greater applause than he fondly expected. From that time to the year 1805, he performed at the same town, with the intervention of occasional engagements at Manchester, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, where his efforts were also honored with approbation. In the spring of that year, he gained a wife by his pleasing address and amiable disposition; for Miss Grimani, who then belonged to the Liverpool company, gave him her hand; and with this lady he repaired to Manchester in the following autumn, having purchased a share in the flourishing theatre of that populous town. His connubial happiness was not of long duration; for, in June 1806, Mrs. Young, not long after she had become a mother, was attacked by a fever; and neither the strength of a youthful constitution, nor the skill of able physicians, could save her from an immature death. The loss of such an interesting companion was severely afflictive; but the husband's grief was soothed by the necessity of attending to professional business, as he was not only the performer of many parts both in tragedy and comedy, but joint manager of the theatre.

He had long aspired to the honor of acting before a metropolitan audience; but he waited until his tragic powers were matured; and he had completed the age of thirty years, before he appeared at Mr. Colman's theatre in the Haymarket. The part which he then selected was Hamlet, —an arduous character, which many theatrical adventurers boldly attempt, with few requisites for its just and correct personation. This, however, was not Mr. Young's case. His fame had preceded his steps, and his endeavours were attended with happier auspices and a more flattering issue. With the exception of Mr. John Kemble, he was immediately considered by the critics of the day as the best representative of Hamlet that the stage then possessed. In the Stranger and Sir Edward Mortimer, he also excited loud applause.

In November 1808, he was admitted into the Covent-Garden company, soon after the theatre had been destroyed by fire. He was brought forward in a new character (that of Daran in the Exile); and it was said at the time, by those who were willing to impute to Mr. Kemble the meanness of jealousy, that he wished to prevent Mr. Young from taking the lead at Drury-lane, where a good tragedian was not then to be found, and to confine him to new parts, or old second-rate characters. But there was not sufficient ground for the imputation; for Mr. Young soon acted first-rate parts with Mr. Kemble's company at the Opera-house. He continued to perform in the metropolis in every season until the summer of 1819; and then, thinking perhaps that his absence for some years would augment the lustre of his re-appearance, he voluntarily seceded from the theatre which he adorned. He is now re-engaged, and fills the first tragic characters with increased effect.

The person of Mr. Young is well formed, and his countenance is far from being inexpressive. His address and manners are those of a gentleman. He treads the stage with a firm and manly step. His action and gestures, if not always appropriate, are graceful and picturesque. His voice is powerful and melodious, regulated by a musical ear: he neither strains it for the purpose of idle rant, nor suffers it, in scenes of tenderness, to sink into an unmeaning whine. His elocution is sonorous, magnificent, and majestic; but he does not sufficiently adapt it to all the varieties of passion. Where one master-passion pervades the character, he seems to be animated by its influence, and makes a proportional impression upon his auditors. Thus, he excels in the repining Stranger, the stern Pierre, and the unbending Cassius; but, where transitions of feeling are required, he is less natural





and forcible. He does not infuse into the lighter scenes that ease and playfulness which some tragic characters occasionally require; nor, indeed, does he particularly shine even in the genteel parts of the comic drama. But he is always respectable, and is unquestionably a tragedian of talent and skill; and we are happy in the opportunity of adding, that his merit in private life strengthens his claim to public praise.

ENGLISH FEMALE COSTUME FOR DECEMBER.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Pelisses are still worn, as forming a favorite costume for the morning walk; they are generally of a bright plum or French grey color, lined throughout with white or rose-colored sarsenet. The trimming is composed of satin shell work, fancifully plaited from the shoulders down the sides, round the border of the pelisse, and the collar, is cut in very broad scollops, lined with satin, and edged with a narrow trimming of satin piping round the whole. The mancherons are ornamented in a correspondent style with the wrists. Spencers of colored satin with those of black velvet in the Canezon style, are much in request. Bonnets, worn with those dresses consist chiefly of large Leghorn hats, with a full plume of white ostrich feathers, or a single drooping fox brush feather of the same color as the dress. Large bonnets of straw, in the village form, and trimmed with bright crimson, with a full quilling of blond or *chevaux de frize* at the edge, are in general favor. Bonnets of white crape, lined with pink and gauze puffings, are much admired for the carriage: they are finished at the edge by a deep fall of blond, and ornamented by a light half wreath of flowers, and puffs of painted gauze of similar colors. High dresses of sarsenet, poplin, and the figured *Gros-de-Naples*, form the most striking and elegant home costume for ladies of rank and fashion. The last in favor is the British poplin, of a bright geranium-color: it has four flounces at the border, cut bias, composed either of sarsenet or the same material as the dress, each flounce headed with a narrow piping. The body is made tight to the shape, and the stomacher, which is open work, is in stripes cross-wise, embroidered in needle-work, and completed with stripes of satin of the color of the dress.

Cornets or convent mob caps, of Paris net, have now taken their place in genteel undress: this last fanciful little article is composed of figured net, confined under the chin with a brooch, and ornamented in front with a small cluster of white spiral flowers, or pink ribands. The hair is in full ringlets on the sides of the forehead, twisted close behind, and confined with bands of riband corresponding with the color of the hair. Pelisses of blond sarsenets, such as the pearl-grey, plum-color, or grass-green, trimmed with swansdown or velvet cut bias, are most in favor. White sultana turbans are much worn, and gauze is folded in various ways round the head: likewise a small white satin hat, in the Anne Boleyn shape, seems to be in very general estimation, also very becoming as an evening head-dress. The most decided preference, in color, is given to the geranium, plum-color, sage-green, rose, and celestial blue.

LOW DRESS.

A round robe of white crape, worn over a white satin slip, ornamented at the feet with a broad satin rouleau, surmounted by a novel and beautiful trimming of net bouillonne let in and terminating with narrow points, each point confined with small rosettes or a silk button. Short sleeves composed of

crape and Urling's lace, with straps of satin, fastened with rosettes of the same material, intermixed with blond. White satin body with stomacher front, composed of alternate lace, crape, and satin, the belt fastened in front by a superb brooch: the hair in full curls, braids and ringlets, only ornamented by a valuable comb, a tiara of harvest flowers and roses in moss. Necklace and ear-rings of oriental pearls. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

WALKING COSTUME.

A pelisse, composed of plum-colored sarsenet: an arched collar trimmed with a narrow braiding; the front of the bust ornamented with the same, and finished with three rows of silk frogs, the color of the pelisse. The mancherons are neatly and elegantly fluted, and finished by a row of puffings. Bonnet of figured *gros-de-Naples*, ornamented with a wreath of flowers tastefully contrasting with that of the dress. Puce-colored kid half-boots. Limerick gloves.

POETRY.

MATILDA; A ROMANCE *.

When the pious king Henry, the sixth of the name,
The crown of fair England enjoy'd;
Ere yet a bold rival contested his claim,
Or the peace of his realm was destroy'd;
A baron, whose youth had been actively spent,
Whose vassals were num'rous and bold,
In opulence liv'd and domestic content,
And in tranquil retirement grew old.

Near the fam'd Roman rampart his proud castle stood,
Overlooking the country around:
Some splendor it had; but 'twas massively rude;
And on foes stern defiance it frown'd.
Of gay festive mirth it was often the seat;
Hospitality grac'd the full board;
And the poor its benevolent owner would treat
With the comforts that wealth could afford.

A daughter he had, the delight of his age,
The pride and the boast of the north;
Whose heart lovers eagerly strove to engage,
Admiring her beauty and worth:
Unmov'd by their pray'rs, she all offers declin'd,
Her parent unwilling to leave:
To his pleasure and will all her thoughts she resign'd,
And would not a husband receive.

In a fit of caprice, a new inmate he sought;
And soon a brisk widow he found,
Who was fair, but with guile and ambition was fraught;
And in wedlock's close ties they were bound.
She now, the old baron's regard to allure,
Woman's pow'rful artillery play'd;
His exclusive and permanent love to secure,
All her craft and her arts she essay'd.

When almost too young for a mother, a son
She had borne to a northern esquire;
And he whom her youthful attractions had won
Seem'd to satiate her fondest desire:
But soon (a too potent disease was the cause)
He gave way to mortality's fate;
And then, by succession's predominant laws,
A former son gain'd his estate.

As her son to exalt was the wish of her heart,
By a match with some opulent fair,
She resolv'd to Matilda her thoughts to impart,
Of the baron's estates the sole heir
Of his person, his manners, his mind, she would treat,
With the joy which fond mothers express;
And an union with him, she would often repeat,
Would surely her step-daughter bless.

'For the youth thus extoll'd,' 'twas the virgin's reply,
'I feel no emotions of love:
'The virtues of Edward I do not deny;
'But his passion I cannot approve;
'And, ev'n if I lov'd the youth, duty's stern voice
'Would forbid me to give him my hand,
'Unless my dear parent should sanction the choice,
'Or freely the match should command.'

The baroness now, with importunate zeal,
To her husband had frequent recourse,
And press'd him, with many an am'rous appeal,
His daughter's assent to enforce.

* We recommend this Poem to some of our ingenious readers, as a good foundation for a prose romance of considerable length.

He was not averse to the marriage: but still
So much on his child did he dote,
That he would not attempt to control her free will,
Or a match, which displeased her, promote.

Matilda, thus left unconfin'd as the air,
In refusal resolv'd to persist;
And, when the young Edward renew'd his fond pray'r,
With firmness his suit she dismiss'd:
She told him that farther pursuit would be vain,
As she ne'er to his wish would accede;
And she hop'd he would not of her rigor complain,
Or his love again venture to plead.

The baron now suddenly quitted this life:
On his death-bed, his wife he conjur'd
With his child, who ne'er wrong'd her, to cease from all strife;
And her promise of peace he procur'd.
But, as she and her son on dark schemes were intent,
The promise became a weak tie;
And, as they despair'd of the maid's free consent,
Force, they said, should now make her comply.

It chanc'd at this time, to Matilda's great joy,
That a youth to the castle repair'd,
Who erst, when a giddy though promising boy,
For our heroine his love had declar'd.
As the baron had treated his love with neglect,
He had since on the continent rov'd,
Where his courage and honor commanded respect,
And himself a true knight he had prov'd.

Impatient, the heiress he quickly address'd,
And told her, his heart was her own:
To requite his affection her wish she profess'd;
And thus her warm feelings were shown.
'That I love you, my Henry, cannot be deny'd:
'Your vows with great pleasure I hear:
'But, if I consent to become your fond bride,
'Your life is endanger'd, I fear.'

'No danger, my fair,' said the spirited knight,
'Shall deter me, or silence my claim:
'Your avowal of love I receive with delight;
'And none can my eagerness blame.
'For me, my Matilda, you're destin'd by fate;
'And no rival shall dare to intrude;
'Or he who may venture, shall with the strong weight
'Of my vengeance be warmly pursu'd.'

Thus he said, when arm'd villains, whom, for a foul deed,
The widow had secretly hir'd,
Appear'd in the castle: her son took the lead,
With love and with fury inspir'd.
O'er the fortress he wander'd in search of the fair:
He found her at length with her friend:
He then, with fierce look and a resolute air,
Enjoin'd her his steps to attend.

On the foe the bold Henry indignantly rush'd,
And, before the hir'd band could approach,
The youth by a mortal blow quickly he crush'd,
Who had dar'd on his love to encroach.
Then, calling some trusty esquires to his aid,
He prepar'd with firm vigor to act:
Matilda's arm'd vassals his orders obey'd;
And the bravoes fled, yet unattack'd.

The widow, enrag'd at the loss of her child,
In her mind schemes of mischief revolv'd:
With grief and revenge she was frantic and wild,
And to poison the heiress resolv'd.
But her aim was foreseen; and our heroine sav'd
Her life by her vigilant care;
The old baroness then, with a heart still deprav'd,
To a convent retir'd in despair.

Matilda now yielded her hand to the youth,
Whose merits had won her regard;
His love and attachment, his zeal and his truth,
Thus met with an ample reward.
Her vassals and tenants applauded her choice;
Loud praises were lavish'd around;
The marriage was bless'd with the popular voice;
And with joy did the castle resound.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE KING'S RETURN FROM THE CONTINENT.

It was supposed that his majesty would be crowned at Hanover; but this ceremony was omitted, in consideration perhaps of the low state of the finances of that kingdom. It was not necessary or expedient that he should rival the profusion of the elector of Brandenburg, who, being raised by the emperor of Germany to the regal dignity, was crowned with great pomp on the first day of the year 1701. Even a greater fondness for pageantry than the king has evinced might be satisfied for a time with the late gorgeous parade at Westminster.

A sudden fit of the gout, attacking the royal person, alarmed the courtiers; but it proved so slight, that, though it interrupted the course of festivity at Herrenhausen, it did not obstruct the prosecution of public business. The marquis of Londonderry had daily conferences at the palace; and the balance of power was more solemnly discussed when prince Metternich arrived from Vienna. Jealous of the ambition of the Russian potentate, the emperor of Austria

wished to form such arrangements as might prevent the aggrandisement of that prince on the side of Turkey. Francis would be very glad to divide with Alexander the European dominions of the grand signor; but, as he cannot easily settle that point with his powerful ally, he is willing, for the present, to concur with the kings of Great Britain and France, in a league for securing the independence of the Porte.

For three weeks the city of Hanover was a scene of gaiety and mirth. The people exulted in the presence of their sovereign, and seemed to rival even the inhabitants of Dublin in the exterior marks of loyal zeal. One instance of respect particularly gratified his majesty. Some hundreds of citizens, preceded by four bands of music, marched amidst the blaze of 600 torches into the garden of the palace, and treated the court with a serenade. The king thanked them for this manifestation of their regard, and, forgetting for a moment his British subjects, he is said to have declared, that he had always been a Hanoverian in his heart, and would live and die a Hanoverian. It is proper to observe, however, that another account gives a different and more probable turn to the royal speech.—'At my birth, I inherited sentiments favourable to my Hanoverian subjects; and I shall continue to cherish those sentiments to the end of my life.'

Having declined the acceptance of an invitation from his most Christian majesty, by an allegation of the advanced state of the season, the king left Hanover on the 29th of October, and arrived on the following day at Gottingen. At the principal gate of that town, where a stately triumphal arch was erected, a numerous train of young females, dressed in white, each carrying in her hand a festoon of variegated flowers, approached with a poem placed on a scarlet velvet cushion; and his majesty was pleased to accept it in the most condescending manner. The first place to which he proceeded on his entrance was the Riding-school, where the students had made arrangements for entertaining him with a carousel in the style of ancient chivalry. Here he was received by the constituted authorities, while the professor of riding in the university was waiting to exhibit specimens of his art. The majority of the academics moved forward in files of four deep; and there were, besides, about fifty on horseback, who served as a guard of honor. The riding school is in an oblong form, and on one side of it the students ranged themselves along in double rows, the inhabitants of the town standing opposite to them, while the king was conducted to a pavilion, hung with rich drapery of crimson velvet and white satin. A large party of the students then went through various equestrian exercises; some, in particular, rode a quadrille; and no French dancing-master could have shown more precision in the different figures than they evinced.

At Cassel, the king was entertained by the Hessian elector, who had previously sent an apology for an insult which he had offered to the father-in-law of the duke of Cambridge. It was at first supposed that the king of Prussia would meet the returning prince; but he did not think it necessary to take that trouble; and it was surmised by some sapient politicians, that his reason for declining an interview was an apprehension of giving offence to the emperor of Russia, as if a mere act of civility could be construed into an intention of embracing the politics of our court. His majesty, however, was received in the Prussian territories with public honors, and acknowleged the politeness of general Thielmann by the present of a ring, and by a letter of recommendation to Frederic William. Returning through the Netherlands, he re-entered France, and was complimented at Calais by the duke of Angouleme. He landed at Ramsgate on the 8th of November, and, hastening to Westminster, put an end to the commission of regency.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The manager of this house, after sickening the town with the wearisome repetition of Geraldi Duval, Monsieur Tonson, and the Coronation, has lately brought forward two new pieces. One is a musical farce, called *Maid or Wife? or the Deceiver deceived.* The plot of this piece may be briefly stated, as it is by no means complex. A baronet is so weary of matrimony, that he hates the very idea of such a connexion, and declares that he will not keep a married servant in his house. His valet, alarmed at this denunciation, and willing to preserve his place, keeps his union with a pretty vil- [illegible] secret. During an occasional [illegible] his lady, however, the master sees the servant's wife, and endeavours to seduce her. The perplexities of the parties, the arts of the baronet, witnessed by his jealous valet, and the coquetry of the flattered peasant, constitute the humor of the performance. Fearing consequences, the valet sends a private intimation to the lady, that her husband is engaged in a scheme which would shock the feelings of a faithful wife; and the intelligence brings her home in haste to wind up the scene, without injury to her own honor, or the character of her husband, and to the complete satisfaction of the inferior couple. The dialogue has a natural and domestic tone, and the farce, upon the whole, is lively and pleasant. Miss Smithson, a handsome and elegant woman, performed the part of

the lady with great spirit; but the author seems to have made her a little more blind to the contrivances of her husband than is usual with married ladies. Miss Copeland represented the valet's wife with archness and simplicity, without deviating into coarseness and vulgarity. Mr. Elliston acted the gentleman well; but the servant (Harley) seemed to act better than his master. The piece was honored with general approbation, and has been frequently performed, though the manager was for some days prevented by the gout from displaying his vivacity.

The other novelty bears the title of *Lost Life*. It consists of three acts, and, as it is replete with character and incident, might have been extended to five with little difficulty. The complication of the plot requires detail, as it is of little use to mention a dramatic piece that has considerable merit, unless the subject be particularized. Solomon Pilgrim, having been disappointed in love, visits the continent to relieve and amuse his mind. On his return to England, he hears of his brother's death, in consequence of which he is entitled to a great estate. Soon after his arrival, he loses an account which he has written of his own life, and, from his complaints on this subject, a report of the death of Pilgrim, the great traveler, originates. His nephew Featherbrain immediately takes possession of the Grumbleton estate; while the lawful claimant becomes an inmate of the ruins of a neighbouring castle. His chief object is to watch the conduct of the young man, without obstructing his views, if he should find him acting an honorable part. While the nephew was a stranger to the smiles of fortune, an attachment was formed between him and Emma, an interesting but portionless girl. When riches are poured on him, he deems the match too humble, and resolves to sacrifice love at the altar of ambition. At this moment chance throws in his way a charmer whose reputed wealth, and whose pretended acquaintance with persons of high rank, induce him to declare his admiration of her excellencies. This is Miss Versatile, who, for the purpose of ensnaring some wealthy fool, appears at Bognor with her aunt. These worthy personages (a female Archer and Aimwell) tired of the dull routine of dress-making in Cranborne-alley, soon attract the attention of different suitors. Miss Versatile is obliged to sustain three characters to meet the peculiar taste of three gentlemen who favor her with their addresses. To Featherbrain she appears the fine lady, mentions the names of people of fashion, her particular friends, and talks of operas, plays, and splendid entertainments, with imposing vivacity. To her second lover, captain Freshwater, she passes herself off as the rich heiress of a deceased naval officer; and, in her approaches to him, discourses as glibly of sea-fights 'as maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs.' Her last sweet-heart is Natty Daffodil, poet and perfumer, from the city, who has been directed to travel for orders. To allure him she assumes the character of one of those whom 'the gods have made poetical.' He describes himself as the member of a literary club which meets at the Magpie and Punch-bowl. There (says he) the birth-days of the poets are kept, and, that we may ourselves look like poets, we wear our hair as Petrarch did, and disdain the formality of neckcloths. Miss Versatile wishes to see only one of her lovers at a time; but an unfortunate mistake, committed by Doldrum, the *factotum*, at the hotel and circulating library, brings them all into her presence at the same moment. Her trick is of course discovered, and the disgrace of rejection at once entailed on the fair Incognita of Featherbrain, the Charming Peggy of the captain, and the Lissy of Daffodil. In the mean-while Pilgrim discovers the baseness with which Featherbrain has treated Emma; and, incensed against the faithless lover, resolves to discover himself, to provide for the young lady, and dispossess his nephew of the estate. In an interview with her, he finds that she is his niece, her mother having been privately married to his brother.—Two new characters now make their appearance,—Jeremiah Bunyan, who has been sent in quest of Daffodil, and Barrington Coventry, a swindler, who, having found the 'Lost Life of Old Pilgrim,' and learned from it all the family secrets of that great man, hopes to obtain his estate by personating him. This adventurer endeavours 'to make assurance doubly sure;' and, having been informed that a young lady, who, resides in a cottage, is in reality the heiress to the Grumbleton estate, he explores the neighbourhood for the purpose of discovering her. In his rambles, he encounters Miss Versatile, and, after a few questions, the answers to which convince him that she is the person he is seeking, he offers her his hand —the offer is accepted, and the two swindlers become man and wife. The just claimants, however, Pilgrim and Emma, immediately appear: the impostors are put to flight; and Featherbrain is restored to the favor of his uncle and his fair cousin.

Some of the characters are pleasantly and humorously delineated, particularly those of Daffodil and Miss Versatile, to which Mr. Harley and Mrs. Edwin did full justice: but the part of Pilgrim is unworthy of the talents of Mr. Munden, who, without being unreasonably vain, may entertain the same opinion. The unceasing astonishment of Doldrum was ludicrously represented by Knight; Gattie pointed with effect the observations of Pilgrim's servant Double; and Miss Smithson was a charming Emma; but the grave Mr. Cooper did not seem to be at home in the flighty character of Featherbrain.

The author of this comedy is Mr. Moncrieff; and, however improbable may be the story, the execution of his task evinces such comic talents as will tend to increase his former reputation. He appears to be well acquainted with stage effect: he maintains the characteristic spirit of the dialogue, and enlivens the audience with bustle and variety.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The opera of the Exile has been revived, chiefly if not solely, for the purpose of introducing the 'grand public entry and coronation of the empress Elizabeth.' When will this rage for *spectacle* subside?—The play itself is not particularly distinguished by its excellence or merit; yet it has some striking situations, and excites interest, at least to the end of the second act.

The manager of this theatre seems to be remiss, with regard to the production of novelties. A farce, indeed, was lately brought forward, under the title of the *Venison Pasty*; it was borrowed from the French; but, beside its deficiency of dramatic merit, it was so grossly indecent in many of its speeches, that it was exploded by the just indignation of the audience.

Mrs Chatterley, having distinguished herself at the Haymarket Theatre, was deemed worthy of a more beneficial engagement at Covent-Garden; and the comedy of She Stoops to Conquer was selected for her introduction. In the part of Miss Hardcastle, she exhibited an intelligent archness of manner, and the most pleasing vivacity. The editor of the Literary Gazette, having noticed this new display of her talent, breaks out into the rapturous warmth of panegyric. 'It is impossible (he says) to speak of the play in which she appeared without adverting to the admirable way in which it is filled at this theatre. The inimitable richness of Liston's Tony, the excellence of his Mamma in the hands of Mrs. Davenport, the chaste personation of Old Hardcastle by Fawcett, the beauty of Miss Foote, the gentlemanly manners of her lover Abbot, and the pleasantry of Jones' Young Marlow, though seen after one of the best performers of such parts that ever adorned the stage, (Mr. Charles Kemble,) form altogether as strong a combination of comic attractions as any public can demand.'

A new heroine has appeared in the Stranger, in the person of Miss Bakewell. In the exertions of a female performer we are habitually interested; but we cannot indulge in the exuberance of encomium, where little praise is due. Those who are not easily pleased may think that she merely served as a foil to the hero of the piece, to that gentleman whose merits (not without his defects) we have stated in a regular memoir; but there are many who allow that she has some merit.

THE MINOR THEATRES.

Before the manager of the Haymarket establishment closed his career, which, we believe, was not so fortunate as he at first expected, he produced the Beggar's Opera, with a view of offering a female Macheath to the licentious gaze of the play-going vulgar. Miss Blake was the bold *debutante*; and she gave the songs of the highwayman with feeling and propriety. In two of the number, she was particularly applauded,—'When the heart of a man is depressed with care,' and 'The first time at a looking-glass.' Russel's Filch, on this occasion, has been censured for its coarseness; but some critics have highly praised it; for these *great men* frequently differ in their opinions.

At the English Opera-house, at the close of the regular season, Mr. Bengough had a benefit, which he rendered very productive by the aid of Miss Clara Fisher. The impression which this child made on the public four years ago will not easily be forgotten. She was then only six years of age, and yet sustained the character of Richard the Third with striking effect. On this evening she played Little Pickle, in the Spoiled Child, and was the smartest little romp we ever saw. Her next character was a singular one for a child, Crack, in the Turnpike Gate. Her last effort for the evening was in the Actress of All Work, in which she sustained a considerable variety of characters. In every part which she undertook, she displayed a power of delineation which might put many old actors to the blush.

At the Surrey Theatre, the principal female characters were for some time sustained by Miss S. Booth, in consequence of the removal of Miss Taylor to the Coburg-house. She personated Mariette, the Maid of Switzerland, in a very impressive manner, and also performed romping parts with great spirit; and she has subsequently distinguished herself at the Olympic house.

The best comedian at the Adelphi Theatre is Mr. Wrench, who rivals Mr. Harley in the representation of the servant in the Married Bachelor;—a piece drawn from that original which furnished Drury-lane with the Maid or Wife. Mrs. Baker, a lively little actress, likewise contributes to the success of this house.

At the West-London Theatre the public curiosity was excited by the announcement of a piece which had not been performed for 2240 years. This was the Œdipus Tyrannus of the celebrated Greek tragedian, Sophocles, who died about 406 years before the Christian æra. To give effect to this revival, Mr. Huntley was summoned from the Surrey Theatre, and Mrs. Glover from a state of inaction. The notice was said to be a deception, as the substance of this play had been performed in the time of Dryden, who, in concert with Lee, amused the town with this horrible story. Two acts of the renovated piece are chiefly borrowed from Dryden and Voltaire, and the third from the English version of Sophocles. The subject is of such a revolting nature, that we decline all detail. Œdipus was in his intentions perfectly innocent; but, by a train of unforeseen circumstances, he was involved in misfortunes for which there was no human remedy, and became, not only to others, but to himself, an object of horror and even of execration. The part of Jocasta is not altogether suited to the talents of Mrs. Glover; yet she rendered it in some degree interesting and impressive.

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EMULATION; AN ESSAY.

A spirit of emulation is not only a result of the natural activity of the human mind, but seems to be a necessary consequence of our social habits. We were framed for society, and are therefore desirous of acquiring the praise or good opinion of the community to which we belong. An ancient poet even says, that it is of no use to know any thing, unless others should know that you are acquainted with it. This remark may be thought to carry the principle of sociality too far; but there is no doubt of the prevalence of a desire of credit or reputation. The love of fame or of praise has been called an *universal* passion: that is evidently too strong a term; but we may readily allow that it is a *general* propensity. Few exercise their invention, pursue their studies, or attend to a particular pursuit, from an abstract consideration of fitness or propriety, or the mere view of self-satisfaction. A stronger motive rouses the generality of people to exertion: they hope to excel others, and to distinguish themselves in the estimation of their friends and of the public. As the grand community of mankind is divided into a variety of classes, dependent on each other, each class has its sphere of action, and among the individuals who compose it an emulous spirit is apparent. As sir Isaac Newton accounted for the *phænomena* of the material world upon the principle of gravitation, so we may refer the wonders of the moral world to the desire of fame. This spirit, indeed, in the case of military ambition, has frequently been attended with the most mischievous effects: but it has also produced many great and signal advantages to society.

To the influence of this passion we may attribute the most ample discoveries and improvements in the whole circle of science and of art. The latent powers of the mind, which, like fire in the flint, might otherwise have lain in a state of torpidity, have thus been called forth, and directed to the most honorable pursuits and the most useful researches. Animated by this strong impulse, the votary of science endeavours to penetrate into the recesses of nature, to develope her laws and operations, and ascertain the basis of her system. The metaphysician, from the same motive, labours to fathom the depth of the human

mind, analyse its agency, and fix the seat of the thinking faculty; and, although he may fail in his ultimate aim, he strikes out sparks which throw light on the intricate subject. The moralist hopes to demonstrate that he excels all other men in ethical refinement, and that all the duties of life are placed by him in the most forcible point of view. The poet does not write solely to please himself, but thinks more of the approbation which he may receive from others than of self-applause. The statesman aspires to the fame of giving an able direction to the machine of government, and securing to the people the blessings of social order; while the independent senator hopes to obtain the reputation of a patriot, by closely watching the proceedings of the court, guarding against the encroachments of regal power, and sounding the alarm when danger seems to impend over the freedom of his country. The soldier, when he takes arms in a just cause, is inspired with a resolution which neither danger can daunt nor disappointment can weaken; and, although his chance of distinction may seem precarious and almost hopeless, where a whole regiment appears to be actuated as one man by a sort of mechanical impulse, he is prompted to exert himself as much as if victory depended on his single arm. He does not brood over the melancholy reflexion, that 'the paths of glory lead but to the grave,' honor is his watchword, and he considers cowardice as an indelible disgrace. Even when he is engaged in the defence of traitorous usurpation, he evinces the courage of a man, like admiral Blake, who, under a government which in his heart he reprobated, acted with such spirit as to maintain that reputation which he had acquired in better times.

If we advert to the three learned professions,—divinity, law, and physic,—we shall find the same emulous zeal prevailing. The theologian seeks the reputation of correct doctrine and upright conduct: the advocate aims (but certainly with some exceptions) at honorable, and legitimate practice; and the professor of the healing art endeavours to rival Hippocrates and Galen in the most effectual methods of relieving indisposition and prolonging life.

Even that fame which can only be enjoyed after death (or before death in the sense of anticipation), has a considerable effect in influencing human conduct. It was this prospect that impelled Codrus, Empedocles, Curtius, and Decius, to devote themselves prematurely to death. They trusted that their names would live in history—would serve

——'To point a moral, or adorn a tale.'

Some may think that three of these worthies were only influenced by a concurrence of oracular superstition with the love of their country; but it is more probable that the love of fame was the prevailing motive.

This principle also operates to a considerable extent in ordinary life. The trader is desirous of being thought strictly honest; and, although some may say that he aims at that character from the mere desire of extending his business and increasing his profit, we ought not to be so censorious as to draw that conclusion. The mechanic wishes for the praise of superior skill in his art; a good servant, of either sex, hopes to be commended for attention, obedience, integrity, and industry; and a peasant strives to perform his humble task with that propriety and diligence which may please his employer.

By tracing the ramifications of this passion, we might extend our remarks to a great length: but we have sufficiently shown its prevalence, and shall only add, that it becomes pernicious and disgraceful when it is perverted to those pursuits by which no just praise can be obtained.

CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND;

FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK.

There is nothing in England that exercises a more delightful spell over

my imagination than the lingerings of the holyday customs and rural games of former times. They recall the pictures my fancy used to draw in the May morning of life, when I only knew the world through books, and believed it to be all that poets had painted it; and they bring with them the flavor of those honest days of yore, in which, perhaps with equal fallacy, I am apt to think the world was more homebred, social, and joyous, than at present. I regret to say that they are daily growing more and more faint, being gradually worn away by time, but still more obliterated by modern fashion. They resemble those picturesque morsels of Gothic architecture, which we see crumbling in various parts of the country, partly dilapidated by the waste of ages, and partly lost in the additions and alterations of later days. Poetry, however, clings with cherishing fondness about the rural game and holyday revel, from which it has derived so many of its themes—as the ivy winds its rich foliage about the Gothic arch and mouldering tower, gratefully repaying their support, by clasping together their tottering remains, and, as it were, embalming them in verdure.

Of all the old festivals, however, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church, about this season, are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good-will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings, than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering family connexions, and drawing closer those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying-place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementos of childhood.

There is something, in the very season of the year, that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we 'live abroad and every where.' The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated, our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of society, and are brought more closely together

by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart; and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness, which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms; and which, when resorted to, furnish the pure element of domestic felicity.

The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance into a kinder welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile, where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent, than by the winter fire-side? and as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security, with which we look round upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?

The English, from the great prevalence of rural habits throughout every class of society, have always been fond of those festivals and holydays which agreeably interrupt the stillness of country life; and they were, in former days, particularly observant of the religious and social rites of Christmas. It is inspiring to read even the dry details which some antiquaries have given of the quaint humors, the burlesque pageants, the complete abandonment to mirth and good-fellowship, with which this festival was celebrated. It seemed to throw open every door, and unlock every heart. It brought the peasant and the peer together, and blended all ranks in one warm and generous flow of joy and kindness. The old halls of castles and manor-houses resounded with the harp and the Christmas carol, and their ample boards groaned under the weight of hospitality. Even the poorest cottage welcomed the festive season with green decorations of bay and holly—the cheerful fire glanced its rays through the lattice, inviting the passenger to raise the latch, and join the gossip knot huddled round the hearth, beguiling the long evening with legendary jokes and oft-told tales.

One of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement is the havoc it has made among the hearty old holyday customs. It has completely taken off the sharp touchings and spirited reliefs of these embellishments of life, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished, but certainly a less characteristic surface. Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas have entirely disappeared, and, like the Xerès sack of old Falstaff, are become matters of speculation and dispute among commentators. They flourished in times full of spirit and lustihood, when men enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and vigorously; times wild and picturesque, which have furnished poetry with its richest materials, and the drama with its most attractive variety of characters and manners. The world is become more worldly. There is more of dissipation and less of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader, but a shallower stream, and has forsaken many of those deep and quiet channels where it flowed sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life. Society has acquired a more enlightened and elegant tone; but it has lost many of its strong local peculiarities, its homebred feelings, its honest fire-side delights. The traditional customs of golden-hearted antiquity, its feudal hospitalities, and lordly wassailings, have passed away with the baronial castles and stately manor-houses in which they were celebrated. They comported with the shadowy hall, the great oaken gallery, and the tapestried parlour, but are unfitted to the light showy saloons and gay drawing-rooms of the modern villa.

Shorn, however, as it is, of its ancient and festive honors, Christmas is still a period of delightful excitement in England. It is gratifying to

see that home feeling completely aroused which seems to hold so powerful a place in every English bosom. The preparations making on every side for the social board that is again to unite friends and kindred—the presents of good cheer passing and repassing, those tokens of regard, and quickeners of kind feelings—the evergreens distributed about houses and churches, emblems of peace and gladness,—all these have the most pleasing effect in producing fond associations, and kindling benevolent sympathies. Even the sound of the Waits, rude as may be their minstrelsy, breaks upon the mid-watches of a winter night with the effect of perfect harmony. As I have been awakened by them in that still and solemn hour 'when deep sleep falleth upon man,' I have listened with a hushed delight, and, connecting them with the sacred and joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir, announcing peace and good-will to mankind. How delightfully the imagination, when wrought upon by these moral influences, turns every thing to melody and beauty! The very crowing of the cock, who is sometimes heard in the profound repose of the country, 'telling the night-watches to his feathery dames,' was thought by the common people to announce the approach of this sacred festival:

> Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
> And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
> The nights are wholesome—then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
> So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is, indeed, the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart. The scene of early love again rises green to the memory beyond the sterile waste of years; and the idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, re-animates the drooping spirit, as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert.

Stranger and sojourner as I am in the land—though for me no social hearth may blaze, no hospitable roof throw open its doors, nor the warm grasp of friendship welcome me at the threshold—yet I feel the influence of the season beaming into my soul from the happy looks of those around me. Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence. He who can turn churlishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow-beings, and sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness, when all around is joyful, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a merry Christmas.

CELEBRATION OF THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL AT ROME;

from Friedlander's Views in Italy.

LONG before the actual return of Christmas, the expectation of its arrival is hailed by many joyous preparations. On the eve of the advent-season, shepherds from the Abruzzi are walking about Rome, in couples, playing and singing cradle hymns before every image of the Virgin. Their pointed hats, and brown cloaks, which reach down to their knees, give them a foreign appearance. One plays on a fife and is accompanied by the other on the bag-pipe. The nearer the holydays approach, the richer are the exhibitions at the fruit-shops and provision-houses. In the coffee-houses, is a neat set-out of sweetmeats and pastry. But the greatest beauty is displayed in the Piazza Navona, where,

under arcades of laurel and myrtle branches, connected by festoons of flowers and fruit, the provisions that are on sale, are arranged with a taste and sense of beauty peculiar even to the lowest orders of the Roman people.

Although, on the first Christmas morning, we were on our way to the church of S. Maria Maggiore, as early as three o'clock, in order to be present at the matins, I found the church full, and the heat and smoke of the lights almost intolerable. To get into the vestry, where the relics of the holy cradle were exposed, was impossible. The people, who had been waiting the whole night on the outside of the church until it was opened at two o'clock, lay, for the most part, in picturesque groupes, tired and sleepy, against the walls and the columns, covered with red damask. The singing from the high altar could not be heard from the noise of the people; we therefore went out, and walked through the dark and silent streets until a coffee-house was opened.

We went early to St. Peter's to be present at the celebration of the high mass, and, as usual, to take a new excursion through that venerable pile. No former or present temple can boast of greater splendor, beauty, or extent, or of the co-operations of so many heroes of the art, from Bramante to Bernini, who sought their glory in beautifying this first monument of religion and art of modern times. There is much in its details that may be blamed; we may find fault with the front, as it resembles more that of a palace than of a church, and has too much filagree work; with the inscription, with the composite order of columns in the colonnades; we may wish to see in the interior columns, instead of pilasters, other statues, more suitable paintings, and more appropriate ornaments; yet we must confess that it is the grandest temple in the world. On entering the place before the church, the eye is by turns attracted by Bern[illegible]mi-circular colonnades, by the [illegible], the two fountains, and the church itself, with its immense dome. Ascending the steps, we enter the vestibule, and should imagine ourselves to be in a majestic temple, if altars were to be seen instead of the five portals. At last we enter the immense interior, which opens in grand perspective before the enchanted eyes, that now turn to the golden arch over our heads, then to the beautiful marble pavement under our feet. On both sides delicately formed angels offer the holy water; we approach, and lo! they turn into giants. But as we proceed, the senses are delighted by the height of the rich Corinthian pilasters, and by the easy cast of the arcades, from the edge of which the eye beholds rows of elegant statues, and at every turn surveys niches, chapels, altars, or tombs, till we have reached the high altar and the tomb of the apostle. A hundred and twelve lamps are burning day and night on the railing of the holy spot; costly marble steps lead down into the railed-in tomb. We are astonished at the massive columns of gilt bronze, that support the lofty canopy above the high altar; but what are our feelings when, looking up to the heavenly vault of the enormous dome, we behold the mosaic representation of the bands of saints assembled round the throne of the Almighty! When we then consider the pillars on which this dome is supported, we think them worthy of the inscription on their frieze: 'On this rock I will build my church.' We proceed until at last we reach the end, where the chair of St. Peter is borne on the hands of the four gigantic fathers!

Cool in summer, pleasantly warm in winter, this sanctuary is at all times open to the devout or curious visitor. It was the first time to-day that I saw it animated by people; for there must be thousands in it before due life and motion can be perceived in these immense halls. Every thing was in the most brilliant state of preparation for the arrival of the pope. The centre gates being thrown open,

the splendid procession slowly moved into the church between two rows of Swiss guards in antiquated dresses. In front of it a *camericre* carried the cross, whilst two others held wax torches by his side. Now follow the prelates, the cardinals with their chaplains, the bishops, the senators, and *conservatori*, in brocade mantles, with other officers of the court. At last appears the pope himself, in the tiara, with a superb cloak of heavy brocade, falling down in rich folds, and nearly covering the twenty Swiss that are carrying him on his throne. The *insignia* of his dignity, among which is the hat of the golden fleece, are carried before him; and on both sides the *flabella*, or splendid fans of ostrich feathers. Dispensing his blessing to the kneeling multitude, he reaches the altar, where he is set down, and finds prepared for him, on the right, a throne, a bishop's chair, seats for the cardinals and the prelates, and a pulpit covered with rich drapery for the preacher. Now he takes off the tiara, kneels down, has the mitre put on his head, and then takes his seat on the throne, whilst he joins in the psalms and prayers which precede the holy office. His nearest retinue then form a circle round him, dressing him in all his *pontificalia*, and putting the tiara again on his head. Attended by two deans and two sub-deans, he steps before the altar, bows, makes the usual confession, and ascends the throne. Amidst solemn choral music, he takes off the tiara, and salutes the assembly with the *Dominus vobiscum*; after which he reads the collect with a loud, yet peculiar voice. When the epistles have been read, and some verses from the psalms have been sung, he takes off the tiara, and listens, in a devout posture, to the singing of the evangele. After the creed and the psalms, he leaves the throne, proceeds to the altar, and, having called the people to silent prayer, begins to sing the Præfatio, so called from its preceding the most solemn part of the office. The last words, Sanctus, &c. are uttered with the humblest devotion, and sung by the choir in deep solemn notes. Then the pope, in a low tone, recites the prayers accompanying the consecration, concluding with the Lord's prayer. This being over, he again addresses the community by the *Dominus vobiscum*, and returns to his throne, the choir singing, in the sweetest notes, the Agnus Dei. Two deans bring him the sacramental elements, which, after having adored them on his knees, he takes sitting. The deans and sub-deans take the sacrament in both forms, and, after some more hymns sung by the choir, a dean dismisses the congregation.

In Rome, as in most catholic countries, they are in the habit of building, at Christmas, *præsepia* or cribs, representing the scenes which accompanied the nativity. Here they are done in a superior style, as the holy artists, for the most part, place them on the roofs, profiting by some visible landscape, or the sky, for an appropriate back-ground. In the foreground they place ruins, clusters of trees, and figures, which, although formed of paste-board and the like, make, by the aid of perspective and skilful distribution, a delightful impression. A silent pensive melancholy is even perceived in the sports of the Roman people, whilst the *præsepia* at Naples are distinguished by their lively variety, cheerful coloring, and vivid splendor.

The next day, on going to the church called Ara Cœli, we were surprised by a strange sight at the entrance. Six men and women sat in a circle, and, accompanying themselves with guitars, triangles, and flutes, sang cradle hymns on the nativity to the sweetest and simplest, but most impressive melodies. What could be more touching than these unpretending pious strains, each stanza of which ended with the words,

> Dormi, dormi nel mio seno,
> Dormi o mio fior Nazzareno,

Il mio cuor culla sarà.
Fa la ninna nanna nà *.

MINSTREL-LOVE;

from the German of the Author of Undine; by George Soane, A. B. 2 vols. 1821.

The baron de la Motte Fouqué is more distinguished by the warmth of an inventive imagination, than by his power of reasoning or strength of judgement. In his Undine he has peopled the waters with the creations of fancy, as some of his countrymen have gratified vulgar superstition by the agency of aërial personages. The melo-drame borrowed from Undine has been continued to a second season; but it is far from being so popular in England as the same subject is in France and Germany.

Minstrel-Love, though not so fanciful as Undine, partakes of the wildness of romantic fiction. The introduction brings to our view, on the coast of Provence, an aged warrior, a youth, and a prior. The young man finds, from the information of his companions, that one of his ancestors, the 'wondrous Minstrel-King', lost his life in contending against arbitrary power, and that his father, pretending to prophesy in his last moments, pointed him out as one who would restore the lustre of the Maraviglia family, and erect a brilliant palace on the ruins of his hereditary castle. At the beginning of the tale this personage appears as a tried warrior and a celebrated minstrel, preparing to defend his native country against Moorish invaders. Offering his service to the viscount Bisiers, he is fascinated with the 'shining figure of the lady Alearda,' and instantly conceives for her the purest affection. In the course of hostilities, he is sent with a party to secure his mistress from the rude hands of the infidels. The castle-spirit appears at a window, 'swelling up in gigantic greatness,' and announces, by motions and gestures, the lady's escape. On various occasions, the minstrel signalises his zeal and courage, and obtains the esteem of his patron; and the Moors are at length driven from the country.

In the former part of this romance we have too much of war; but the incidents become more varied as we proceed. The return of peace is celebrated by a splendid festival, in which our minstrel makes a conspicuous figure.—'The rejoicing clangor of trumpets from the balconies, mingled with the melody of the march, and the sports with which the procession was accompanied, out-clamored all attempts at speech. Above, in the brilliant saloon, the viscount opened the dance with the lofty Alearda, and the festival began in all imaginable splendor. Arnald now rioted in bliss; for he scarcely lost sight of his mistress for a moment, and sometimes, as she floated by him, he was blest with a friendly salutation. So too was he greeted, when she left the saloon at midnight, still hanging on her husband's arm.

'Scarcely did the first light of morning sparkle, when the troubadour arose and went among his horsemen to order and arrange their ranks. At length the trumpets sounded the call to horse. All fell joyfully into their places, then wheeled round, and, amidst the triumphant music, passed before the principal balcony, from which the viscount and Alcarda looked down to greet the warriors. Arnald's light squadron sang in their march this song, which they had gathered from their chieftain:

'We have fought for ladies' fame,
For the chaste, unsullied dame;
For religion's holy band;
For the freedom of our land.

'Darkling hours the Lord first gave,
Wounds to many a soldier brave,
Death to many a gallant knight;
But at last broke morning's light.

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* Sleep, sleep on my breast,
Sleep, O flower of Nazareth!
My heart shall be thy cradle.
Come, and take a gentle sleep!

'To us was a hero given
Who hath done the work of Heaven;
Tell the tale to unborn times,
In the minstrel's holy rhymes.

'Tell the tale, that, if again
Night should rise with cloudy train,
Warlike fire through all may blaze,
Lit from him of other days.

'Now, the garland weave, chaste dames,
That the brow of valor claims;
Still the laurel freshly spreads;
Strew its garlands o'er our heads.'

'Amongst the garlands which the ladies scattered on the soldiers as they passed, there was one, woven of laurels and autumnal flowers, that glided down Arnald's sword upon his hand; a joyful foreboding whispered to him it was from his mistress herself, and he hung it carefully over his shoulder, and rode on in silent transport, while futurity rose before his spirit in many holy and delightful images. Many a sweet heroic legend, and many a motley tale, some of which he intended to embody, and others to recreate in a new blossom, now seemed as if to beckon him from the golden clouds of morning. At intervals arose the dew-dark shades of memory, while the nearness of his exalted mistress threw over the present a glorifying and enchanting splendor.'

While the minstrel knight is wandering amidst the ruins of the castle of his ancestors, his solitude is disturbed by a strange figure, under whose guidance he visits subterranean chambers, adorned with paintings of knights and women. The stranger pretends to search for something mysterious; but, suddenly, his magic rod starts from his hand against the wall, and elicits an extraordinary sound; and he sinks down as if dead, but soon recovers, and hurries from the spot. Master Ultramonte, as he is styled, draws our hero into a close alliance, by unveiling secrets which, apparently wonderful, yet move in the inward soul of man, and by affecting to exercise a power over nature itself. The prior endeavours to obstruct this unhallowed association; but, when the stranger traces a spring, and causes it to flow from its rocky recess over the plain, no doubt of his superiority over a frail and erring race exists in the mind of his new ally. Vain of his acquisitions, Arnald, in an interview with his adored patroness, speaks in pompous terms of the mystic treasures of wisdom, and of the extraordinary power which the gifted may obtain. She listens to him with astonishment and anxiety, and dissuades him from his presumptuous purpose. The heavy film of magic now falls from his eyes; he disdains the instructions of Ultramonte, and binds himself more closely to the interest of the viscountess, in whose service he commences a hazardous enterprise. He goes to Granada in quest of a brilliant ornament, a heir-loom of his mistress, carried off by a Moorish knight; and though he is treated with respect at that polite court, he is compelled to fight for the recovery of the prize. His antagonists are Balta and Gryba, whose manners and characters are pleasingly delineated. The former is apparently grave, but eloquent, witty, and courteous: the latter is more gay, lively, and alert. Accompanied by Balta, the minstrel visits a castle, in which one of the ancestors of Gryba had given an asylum to Crescenzio, an Italian sage, acquainted with the most profound mysteries. He is assured by his guide, that none but a Maraviglia can bring to light the magic volume which is concealed in the castle; but he has not the courage requisite for the attempt. The Moor, drawing up a curtain, pretends to show, to himself and his companion, a party of knights and ladies, sitting at a long table in antiquated habits, attended by dwarfs; and two tall figures, 'with links and ashy faces,' stride through the chamber, as if they wished to invite the strangers to the banquet.

When the contest takes place, Balta yields to the prowess of the Provençal knight, and resigns his share of the 'starry ornament.' Gryba wounds the stranger, but is not declared vic-

torious. Without waiting for a regular decision, Arnald returns to the castle, enters the hall of spectres, and forces with his dagger a casket-lock; and 'Alearda's constellation shines upon him in all its brilliant jewels.' When he is carrying off his prize, Gryba meets him, and, instead of attacking him, cries out, 'The jewel is thine, by all the laws of earth and heaven.' He and Balta then attend the minstrel into Provence; and the costly ornament is presented to the viscountess with all the eagerness of joy.

Seemingly happy in the friendship of a noble and peerless lady, and in the esteem of faithful friends, our hero is still harassed with fanciful and feverish anxiety. He cannot persuade himself that he is really at home in the seat of his ancestors, or at any other place. In communing with the prior, he is warned of the impropriety of cherishing that love for Alearda, which interferes with the love that he owes to God—of suffering an earthly sun to obscure in his mind the light of heaven. He is sensible of his error, but cannot effectually control his feelings. He continues to enjoy her occasional society, and to amuse her with his poetical effusions. In the mean time, his two Moorish friends become converts to the Christian faith, and mingle with their new devotion the zeal of knight-errantry.

Partaking of the superstition of the times, he offers, in the hope of propitiating the Deity, while his patron's little daughter is dangerously ill, to undertake a pilgrimage to a shrine of superior sanctity, upon a maritime rock in Bretagne. In his way he meets with various adventures, which do not require particular notice. Having accomplished his holy purpose in defiance of a storm, the pretended effect of sorcery, he is exposed to a fierce attack from Ultramonte, his old instructor, and from a mad associate of that necromancer; but, by the aid of a brother pilgrim, he repels his assailants, and, proceeding to the temple of their dark worship, resolves to unmask their vile impositions.

'The tangled pine branches (says the baron) shed a melancholy twilight about the temple, even in the middle of the brightest day, serving at the same time as a protection to many parts of the broken roof. As the strangers entered upon the wood, a loud and hideous rustling swept the branches, that sounded half like warning and half like mockery. Darkly drawn together sate Ultramonte in the vestibule.

'At the sight of Arnald he rose, and, eying him with defiance, exclaimed, 'There comes the sick fool who gave away the command of all nature for a woman's smile—the fool, who from free piteous humbleness devoted himself to the service of a mistress, contented, if she would but permit him to die for her.'

'And his mocking laugh was answered by a wild echo from every chamber in the building.

''It seems,' said Arnald, 'that you have an invisible company; but they must be poor slaves who only laugh in chorus after their master, just as it takes him in the head. Dismiss them.'

''That will I not. No master without his servants.'—'You will not, dark sorcerer!—Well, then, you compel and authorise me to do my part.'

'High in his right hand he stretched forth Alearda's cross-formed dagger, the hilt upwards, and spoke with slow and solemn voice; 'Ye unholy beings that gather in these walls,—by this image of the cross! I conjure ye—appear! appear!'

'A strange light quivered on the walls, which by degrees formed itself into various lovely images of gallant knights and noble ladies. Ultramonte smiled, well pleased, softly murmuring, 'Go on! Go on!'

'Powerfully calling forth the tones of his exhausted breast in their early strength, Arnald now cried with a voice of thunder,

''Have I so evoked you? Is that your actual form? Be visible as you really are!—I will have truth!—by this symbol, truth!'

'And as at times the clouds of the

firmament, which at first only formed quiet lakes and smiling forests and forms of cherubs, are distorted by a sudden gust of wind into gigantic devils and griffins with hideous outspread wings—so did it happen here at Arnald's evocation—Oh! what horrid shapes then flitted over the walls and even in the midst of the hall, wrestling and contending madly with each other!'

The magician, being thus attacked with his own weapons, cannot conceal his confusion; and, after playing off some idle tricks, he retires in dismay into an interior chamber. The terrified neighbours, soon after, observe over his dwelling a thick cloud, in which 'red flames are quivering like serpents;' and, in the back-ground, upon a funeral pile of brush-wood, his breathless body is found.

The minstrel does not long enjoy his triumph. His frame, weakened by long anxiety, is visibly injured by the fatigues of the pilgrimage; and, when he returns to the mansion of his patroness, and is saluted with the smiles of the child whom his pious zeal is supposed to have rescued from death, his countenance betrays the decline of his health. When all hope has vanished, he 'raises himself up in his last strength, tunes his lyre, and breathes the death-song of the swan. With the dying chords of the lyre a dying echo sighs through the ruins of the building, and his friend declares, that in the very same moment he saw a figure like the minstrel-king emerge in shroud from the meadow-mist, and melt away into the gold-edged clouds of evening.'

When we hear of the excitation of a storm by the arts of an enchanter, we are reminded of the opposite suggestion of Dr. Franklin, who proposed that a great quantity of oil should be thrown into the sea, to allay the fury of a tempest. One of these ideas arose from the wantonness of fiction; the other from the extravagance of philosophy. But, as the flights of fancy recreate and amuse the anxious mind, we ought not to condemn, by a sweeping censure, the efforts of those indulgent authors who write romances for our entertainment; and, in the case of Minstrel-Love, let it be considered that the period selected by the author was an age of superstition, when sorcery was believed and dreaded even by those who soared above plebeian ignorance.

REMARKS ON HAPPINESS.

'Man never is, but always to be, blest.'—POPE.

HAPPINESS seems to be nothing more than pleasing expectation. The mind of man, from its natural activity, cannot derive happiness from present enjoyment, but immediately fixes upon some future good, the hope of which conduces to the enjoyment of the present moment; and thus the man who has no advantage or benefit in view, is in some degree miserable, whatever may be his affluence or enjoyments. A series of pleasing expectation, then, constitutes happiness; the most pleasing necessarily confers the greater degree of it. That this is the case, and that happiness is not conferred by the intensity and duration of pleasure, will appear sufficiently evident, if we consider the conduct of mankind. We shall find, upon examination, that those amusements are the most eagerly resorted to, and the most highly applauded, which afford a succession of hope and expectation. For instance, to what must be attributed the fascinating powers of gaming? Certainly to the pleasing hope and expectation which it continually excites. If we look to the happiness conferred by hunting, an amusement so eagerly followed, there can be little doubt that it arises solely from expectation. The pleasures of the theatre are eagerly courted by many, because there expectation is kept constantly on the stretch; and when, from repetition, it is not, the representation of the best play becomes tedious and tiresome. To what is to be attributed the eagerness with which novels are read, but to the continued expectation which they excite? The mere act of present enjoyment is incapable of filling

the mind, which is in a state of constant activity and motion. The more pleasing the future expectation, the more exquisite is the present enjoyment; whilst, on the other hand, the dread of misery will often annihilate the happiness of the very same enjoyments. If then the greater number of the most pleasing expectations confer the greatest degree of happiness, it will necessarily follow, that the scale of happiness will ascend, in proportion to the degree of intellect; and he who possesses the greatest share of the latter, will succeed to the largest portion of the former, unless that superiority of intellect is powerfully counteracted by extraneous causes; because, the more enlarged is the intellect, the more extended is the circle of expectation, since this man has not only the ordinary topics of hope and expectation, his sensual enjoyments, and the amusements of the mass of mankind, to look forward to, but he possesses also the peculiar energies of genius and talents, which are a never-failing source of the most pleasing expectations.

THE PORTFOLIO, NO. XVI.

Entertainment of uninvited Guests at the City of Washington.—DURING the late American war, the president Maddison had reason to expect a visit from British invaders. An English officer says, 'That gentleman (as I was credibly informed) had gone forth in the morning with the army, and had continued among his troops till the British forces began to make their appearance. Whether the sight of his enemies cooled his courage or not, I cannot say; but, according to my informer, no sooner was the glittering of our arms discernible, than he began to discover that his presence was more wanted in the senate than with the army; and, having ridden through the ranks, and exhorted every man to do his duty, he hurried back to his own house, that he might prepare a feast for the entertainment of his officers, when they should return victorious. For the truth of these details, I will not be answerable; but this I know, that the feast was actually prepared, though, instead of being devoured by American officers, it went to satisfy the less delicate appetites of a party of English soldiers. When the detachment, sent out to destroy Mr. Maddison's house, entered his dining parlour, they found a dinner-table spread, and covers laid for forty guests. Several kinds of wine, in handsome cut-glass decanters, were cooling on the side-board; plate-holders stood by the fire-place, filled with dishes and plates; knives, forks, and spoons, were arranged for immediate use: in short, every thing was ready for the entertainment of a ceremonious party. Such were the arrangements in the dining-room, whilst in the kitchen were others answerable to them in every respect. Spits, loaded with joints of various sorts, turned before the fire; pots, saucepans, and other culinary utensils, stood upon the grate; and all the other requisites for an elegant and substantial repast were exactly in a state which indicated that they had been lately and precipitately abandoned.

'You will readily imagine that these preparations were beheld, by a party of hungry soldiers, with no indifferent eye. An elegant dinner, even though considerably over-dressed, was a luxury to which few of them, at least for some time back, had been accustomed; and which, after the dangers and fatigues of the day, appeared peculiarly inviting. They sat down to it, therefore, not indeed in the most orderly manner, but with countenances which would not have disgraced a party of aldermen at a civic feast; and, having satisfied their appetites with fewer complaints than would probably have escaped their rival *gourmands*, and partaken pretty freely of the wines, they finished by setting fire to the house which had so liberally entertained them.'

We may observe, that these men might be good soldiers; but they were

not distinguished by the amiable quality of gratitude.

Feast of Cherries.—At Hamburg there is an annual festival, in which troops of children parade the streets, carrying green boughs ornamented with cherries, to commemorate a remarkable incident which occurred in 1432. When the Hussites menaced the city with immediate destruction, one of the citizens proposed that all the children, from seven to fourteen years of age, should be clad in mourning, and sent as supplicants to the enemy. Procopius Nasus, the Hussite chief, was so touched with this spectacle, that he received the young supplicants, regaled them with cherries and other fruit, and promised to spare the city. The children returned crowned with leaves, holding cherries, and crying *Victory!*

Asiatic Mode of making Bread.—Sir Robert Ker Porter says, 'My attention was arrested at a baker's shop, by the singular way in which the owner was forming and baking his bread. He first rolled it out, to the length and breadth of a common chamber-towel, and not much thicker; then taking it up over the palms of his hands, threw it with admirable dexterity against the side of the oven, where it stuck. The wall of the oven being kept continually hot, by a constant supply of burning wood beneath, in a couple of minutes the cake was baked, and removed by the point of a stick. This kind of bread is in use over most part [*in many parts*] of Asia, and serves, not merely as food, but for plate and napkin during the whole meal.'

Apple Bread.—M. Duduit de Maizieres has invented, and practised with great success, a method of making bread with common apples. After having boiled one-third of peeled apples, he bruised them while quite warm in two-thirds of flour, including the proper quantity of yeast, and kneaded the whole without water, the juice of the fruit being quite sufficient. When this mixture had acquired the consistency of paste, he put it into a vessel, in which he allowed it to rise for about twelve hours.

Earth-eaters.—Among some tribes of negroes on the coast of Guinea, the inhabitants of New Caledonia, and the Javanese, earth is occasionally taken as food; but this strange custom is much more prevalent in South-America. When fishing is obstructed by the periodical swell of the rivers, the Otomacs seek the most unctuous earth, and roll it up in balls; but (says Humboldt) 'they do not mingle it with flour of maize, oil of turtles' eggs, or the fat of the crocodile. We examined the balls, and found no trace of the mixture of any organic substance, whether oily or farinaceous. The savage regards every thing as nourishing that appeases hunger; when, therefore, you inquire of an Otomac on what he subsists during the two months when the river is the highest, he shows you his balls of clayey earth. This he calls his principal food; for at this period he can seldom procure a lizard, a root of fern, or a *dead* fish *swimming* at the surface of the water. Even when fishing is most abundant, he scrapes his balls of *poya*, and mingles clay with his other aliment. What is most surprising is, that the Otomacs do not become lean by swallowing such quantities of earth; they are, on the contrary, very robust, and far from having the belly tense and puffed up. The missionary, Fray Ramon Bueno, asserts, that he never remarked any alteration in the health of the natives at the period of the great rising of the Oroonoko.

'The following are the facts which we are able to verify. The Otomacs, during some months, eat daily three quarters of a pound of clay, slightly hardened by fire, without their health being sensibly affected by it. They moisten the earth afresh when they are going to swallow it. We cannot

state, with precision, how much nutritious vegetable or animal matter these savages take in a week at the same time; but it is certain that they attribute the sensation of satiety which they feel to the clay, and not to the wretched aliments which they take with it occasionally.

'I observed every-where within the torrid zone, in a great number of individuals, children, women, and sometimes even full-grown men, an inordinate desire of swallowing earth; not an alkaline or calcareous earth, to neutralize (as it is vulgarly said) acid juices, but a fat clay, unctuous and exhaling a strong smell. It is often found necessary to tie the children's hands, or to confine them, to prevent their eating earth, when the rain ceases to fall. At the village of Banco, on the bank of the river Magdalena, I saw the women who make pottery, frequently swallowing great pieces of clay.'

Ready-made Shirts.—We saw (says Humboldt), on the slope of the Cerra Duida, *shirt-trees*, fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces, two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. This bark affords them a sort of garment, which resembles sacks of a very coarse texture, without a seam. The upper opening serves for the head, and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts in the rainy season; they have the form of the *ponchos* and *ruanas* of cotton, which are so common in Peru. As in these climates the riches and beneficence of nature are regarded as the primary causes of the indolence of [illegible] inhabitants, the missionaries do [illegible] fail to say, in showing the shirts of *marima*, 'in the forests of the Oroonoko garments are found ready made on the trees."—In addition to the ready-made shirts, the spathes of certa[illegible] palm-trees furnish pointed [illegible] resemble coarse net-work.

The Singalese Women, in Ceylon.—Dr. Davy says, they are 'generally well made and well looking, and often handsome. Their countrymen, who are great connoisseurs in the charms of the sex, and who have books on the subject, and rules to aid the judgement, will not allow a woman to be a perfect *belle*, unless of the following character, the particulars of which I shall give in detail as they were enumerated to me by a Kandian courtier, well versed and deeply read in such matters:—'Her hair should be voluminous, like the tail of the peacock; long, reaching to the knees, and terminating in graceful curls; her eyebrows should resemble the rainbow; her eyes, the blue sapphire and the petals of the blue manilla-flower. Her nose should be like the bill of the hawk; her lips should be bright and red, like coral on the young leaf of the iron-tree. Her teeth should be small, regular, and closely set, and like jessamine-buds. Her neck should be large and round, resembling the berrigodea. Her chest should be capacious; her breasts, firm and conical, like the yellow cocoa-nut, and her waist small—almost small enough to be clasped by the hand. Her hips should be wide; her limbs tapering; the soles of her feet without any hollow, and the surface of her body in general, soft, delicate, smooth, and rounded, without the asperities of projecting bones and sinews.'

Arts of the Singalese.—They are unacquainted with perspective, or with the effect of light and shade in coloring. All their paints are mixed with gum, and of oil painting they are entirely ignorant. Lacker painting, however, is an art of which they are very fond, and which they perform with some skill and taste. It is chiefly used to ornament bows and arrows, spears, sticks, ivory boxes, priests' screens or fans, and wooden pillars. Their lacker is obtained from a shrub called kapitia (*crocum lacciferum*), very common in most parts of Ceylon. In statuary

they have been more successful than in painting; and religion affords the most common subject. Their statues are always coloreds. The art of casting is not behind that of sculpture, and there is now at Kandy a figure of Boodhoo, in copper, as large as life, which Dr. Davy says is very well executed.

New pictorial Process.—An admirer of the arts, having zealously investigated the principles and mode of practice by which the Venetian school of painting attained its freedom of design and excellence in coloring, lately attempted to revive the methods which led to such enviable results, and to which he was first induced to turn his attention by the accidental spilling of some wax on a crayon drawing, sketched on the back of a book bound in rough calf-leather. From the effect produced by this casual sort of glaze, it struck him that the superiority of the Venetian school was attributable to the mixture of what he terms the fluid and the dry methods; in other words, the alternate use of oil or crayons on the same picture, as the different parts might call for a hard or soft, a cold or warm style. The experiments are accurately detailed in an anonymous publication, which merits the notice of artists and amateurs.

Incrustation of Glass.—The effect of this discovery is novel and elegant. The ornaments, whether painted in metallic colors or left plain, instead of being placed externally either *en creux* or in relief, or being painted upon the surface of the glass, are actually incrusted with that substance, and are thus more effectually secured from injury. The prior modes of forming patterns and devices on glass were more or less defective: the effect was either meagre or confused; vases and cups of this material were more admired for their pellucidity and brilliancy, than for purity of form or elegance of design; but this invention will materially embellish the manufacture of this useful article. Classical figures and devices will now be employed, and elegance of form be particularly studied. The effect is considerably heightened by the jar or vase being filled with some brilliant liquid, similar to those displayed by chemists; for the figures and ornaments, being opaque, have in a great measure the appearance of being raised on a colored ground.

Horizontorium.—This instrument affords a pleasing optical illusion, which is produced by the picture of a castle, &c. projected on a horizontal plane. The picture is laid flat on the table, with the light on the left of the spectator. In front there is a small perpendicular parchment sight, with a groove in it, to which the eye is applied, and the effect is, that the whole appears to be a solid building; the walls of the castle, the rim of a well, &c. being in every respect like a model, instead of a colored horizontal projection. By removing the candle to the floor, that which was a sun-light becomes a moon-light scene. The illusion, though very pretty, is not entirely new in its principles.

TRAVELS IN PALESTINE;

by J. S. Buckingham, Esq. 4to. 1821.

An account of the Holy Land, unless it be a mere transcript of a former work, deserves the particular attention of Christian readers. The country dignified with the ostensible birth of the great founder of our faith, the scene of the first preaching of that Gospel which we venerate, and the theatre of memorable exploits in different ages, must be interesting even in its lamentable decline; and, as the present writer surveyed it with an accurate eye, and had opportunities of examining various towns and districts which before were scarcely known to Europeans, we are induced to take an early notice of his curious volume. He combines the adventurous spirit and the hardy habits of a sailor with

the sagacity of an intelligent observer and the reading of a scholar.

From Egypt Mr. Buckingham sailed to the coast of the ancient Phœnicia; and, after a dangerous navigation, he reached Tyre, now a wretched town. Here he began to exercise his talent for the illustration of the Scripture by a view of modern usages.—'In the court of the house where we lodged (he says), I observed a female, whose garments appeared to resemble those of the Jewish women in Turkey and Egypt. The face and bosom were exposed to view, and the waist was girt with a broad girdle, fastened by massy silver clasps. This woman, who was a Christian, wore also on her head a hollow silver horn, rearing itself upwards obliquely from her forehead, being four or five inches in diameter at the root, and pointed at its extreme; and her ears, her neck, and her arms, were laden with rings, chains, and bracelets. The first peculiarity reminded me very forcibly of the expression of the Psalmist, 'Lift not up thine horn on high; speak not with a stiff neck: all the horns of the wicked will I cut off, but the horns of the righteous shall be exalted.''

He met with a kind reception from the friars, who are in possession of the church of Nazareth, and who show to inquisitive strangers the wonders of the place. He entered a subterranean grotto or sanctuary, said to have been the scene of the Annunciation, and viewed another which, he thinks, might have been the residence of the Holy Family.—'The church erected over this sacred spot is large, and well furnished with some few tolerable paintings, but still more gaudy ones. It has also a double flight of marble steps, and a gilt iron rail-way, leading up on each side of the grotto, which is left open, and faces the entrance to the church, producing an impressive effect. Below, in the grotto itself, is an altar of white marble, very finely executed, and a painting of the Annunciation, of great merit, as far as could be judged in this obscure depth, except that its effect is lessened by a diadem of gold and precious stones on the head of the Virgin. Among all the pictures I observed a departure from costume and propriety, which could only be accounted for by religious zeal. Joseph, the carpenter, was arrayed in purple and scarlet; Mary, beautiful, and dressed in the richest robes. If the painters could have taken their models from among the same class of people at Nazareth now, they would, perhaps, have approached nearer to truth; as these are, probably, still very similar in person, complexion, and apparel, to those described in the history of those times. In Europe, remote from the scenes themselves, scriptural subjects may be treated in any way that best displays the talent of the painter; but it is impossible to witness certain delineations of country and costume upon the spot where the scene itself is laid, without being forcibly impressed with their want of even general resemblance. There is an organ, which is played by one of the friars; an abundance of fonts, and altars, and candlesticks; a fine sacristy, or dressing-room, for the priests; and store-rooms for the moveables of the church, consisting of flags, tapers, silken curtains, silver crosses, incense-pots, &c exhibited only on festival-days.'

Mr. Buckingham visited the monastery on the summit of Mount Carmel, formerly the chief seat of the Carmelite friars. It appears to have been a fine building; but it is now entirely abandoned. During the Syrian campaign of the French, it was converted into a receptacle of sick and wounded soldiers.—At Jaffa, he investigated the truth of the charge adduced by Sir Robert Wilson against Napoleon, and found, upon undoubted authority, that the treacherous massacre of the prisoners had really been perpetrated.

To the visitants of Bethlehem, the grotto of the Nativity is a great object of attraction: but we cannot reflect, without regret, on the sanguinary ani-

mosity with which the Christians of different sects, more rapacious than devout, contend for the possession of this spot. Jerusalem has been so frequently described, that we shall not dwell upon our author's description of that city. Its ordinary population is about 8000; but, in consequence of the great influx of strangers from Christmas to Easter, the neighbourhood sometimes contains 12 or 13,000 persons. It has few manufactures and little trade. It is religion alone which keeps up the importance of the place.

The chief novelty of this work is the description of the journey to the east of the Jordan. The beauty of the country which appeared in front, as the author descended the second range of hills beyond that river, its natural fertility joined to a romantic wildness, and the associations connected in his mind with the ground over which he was passing, warm his imagination into luxuriance. His account of Jerash or Geraza, although the jealousy of the scattered inhabitants precluded a close or minute investigation, evinces the ancient splendor and magnificence of the town.

Viewed from a steep hill, 'the city, standing itself upon a rising ground, seemed to be seated in the hollow of a grand and deep valley, encircled by lofty mountains, now covered with verdure, and having part of its own plain below in actual cultivation. Near, on the summit of the southern hill which bounded the view in that quarter, stood the modern village of Aioode, having a central tower and walls, and forming the retreat of the husbandmen, who till the grounds in the valley beneath. The circular colonnade, the avenues of Corinthian pillars forming the grand street, the southern gate of entrance, the naumachia, and the triumphal arch beyond it, the theatres, the temples, the aqueducts, the baths, and all the assemblage of noble buildings which presented their vestiges to the view, seemed to indicate a city built only for luxury, for splendor, and for pleasure; although it was a mere colonial town in a foreign province, distant from the capital of the great empire to which it belonged, and scarcely known either in sacred or profane history.'

On a nearer view, it appeared that 'the city stood on the facing slopes of two opposite hills, with a narrow, but not a deep valley between them, through which ran a clear stream of water springing from fountains near the centre of the town, and bending its way thence to the southward. The eastern hill, though rather more extensive in its surface than the western one, rises with a steeper slope, and is consequently not so well fitted for building on. We found it covered with shapeless heaps of rubbish, evidently the wreck of houses, as the walls of some of them were still visible; but, as neither columns nor other vestiges of ornamental buildings were to be seen among these, we concluded that this portion of the city was chiefly inhabited by the lower orders of the people. The whole surface of the western hill is covered with temples, theatres, colonnades, and ornamental architecture, and was, no doubt, occupied by the more dignified and noble of the citizens. The general plan of the whole was evidently the work of one founder, and must have been sketched out before the Roman city, as we now see it in ruins, began to be built. The walls of the city were as nearly equal in length, and faced as nearly to the four cardinal points, as the nature of the ground would admit.

'The eastern portion was chosen for the residence of the great mass of the people; first, from its being of more extensive surface, and next from its being less adapted to the erection of fine buildings, or the production of architectural effect. The western portion was devoted purely to the grandeur of display and decoration, and

the regularity of its arrangement is no less striking than the number of splendid edifices crowded together in so small a space.'

The ruins of another city, belonging to the ancient province of Basan, were also examined. This was Gamala, which, though not large, was elegantly built. Some of the Roman tombs in this place are used for private dwellings. One in particular is in a good state of preservation.—'Though the females of the family (says Mr. Buckingham) were within, we were allowed to enter, and descended by a flight of three steps, there being either a cistern or a deep sepulchre on the right of this descent. The portals and architrave were here perfectly exposed; the ornaments of the latter were a wreath and open flowers; the door also was divided by a studded bar, and paneled, and the ring of the knocker remained, though the knocker itself had been broken off.'—A perfect sarcophagus was found in this tomb, serving as a chest for corn and other provisions.

A long account is given of Tiberias; but it is not particularly important. Among 2000 inhabitants, only twenty Christian families are resident; and these resort to a very mean place of worship, called the House of Peter. Jews and Mohammedans form the rest of the population. The town is governed by an aga, whose power cannot easily be exercised in a tyrannical manner, as he has only a guard of about twenty or thirty men.

The work would be more interesting, if the author had entered more fully into the topics of character and manners, and more attentively investigated the state of society. But we ought rather to thank him for that information which he obtained amidst difficulties and dangers, than complain of omissions or deficiencies. The volume is embellished with his own manly portrait and with neat vignettes; and correct maps and plans are annexed.

REMARKS ON CONVERSATION, *particularly as it regards the French*.*

'AH, *Madame!*' said a French lady of rank, lamenting the death of the celebrated Champfort, '*j'ai perdu en lui mon meilleur causeur*'—'I have lost in him my best talker.'—She spoke feelingly. Of the many voids daily occasioned by the frailty of life, that which is experienced by the ear is the most deeply felt. Hearing is a domestic sense, on which the objects of home and friendship are strongly and unconsciously impressed. Sight is a more fickle, independent faculty, that can soon replace a lost object, or forget its image in the wide scope of variety. But the ear is more constant, and laments the absence of those sounds which were familiar to it, with a freshness of sorrow that is always young. It is most open to association, and communicates with the heart so subtly and instantaneously, that it deserves more to be called a *feeling* than a *sense*. Hence the loss of a man of conversation leaves the greatest chasm in society—the more so, as the easy and imperceptible way in which he bestows pleasure, prevents his merit from being fully appreciated till it is missed.

There appears to be a greater aptitude for social converse among the French than with us. They are more linked together by the sounds of each other's voices; and, being at once the merriest and most melancholy of people (if we believe their best authors), they lean for happiness on the aspects and words of their fellows, and, enjoying more than we the pleasures of society, are more alive to their loss. This, though it be mere speculation, is borne out by the *memoires* of both countries.

There have been more rules promulgated and essays written on the subject of conversation, than, I believe, on any other; yet it seems to

* Abridged and altered from the New Monthly Magazine.

be the least of all understood. It would be easy to multiply maxims and regulations concerning it, even if we should confine our quotations to the modern preceptors of politeness, commencing with Castiglione, and terminating with the earl of Chesterfield. But they are all, for the most part, like the philosopher in Rasselas, who first advised him to follow nature, and, in his explication of nature, went into the deepest intricacies of art. Conversation, like all other habits, is a discipline, not a study; and would be generally understood if there were proper schools to practise as well as learn it in. But a school must have laws, and this does not please the young radicals of manners, who wish for perfect liberty and equality, in conversation as well as in general life.

For my individual part, I hate republican manners, as an attempt to establish what cannot be—a perfect equality among mankind. In spite of law and generalising appellations, one man will out-top another, and assume the tone of elevation natural to his success. If this be acknowleged and recognized, it becomes a matter of course, an insignificant and unthought-of distinction; but when it appears of itself, unsanctioned by custom and authority (and it must appear), the proud feelings of others are awakened and fretted, which, in the open and natural ordination of rank, could not have repined at the general course of things. Thus, by avoiding the simple inequality of dress and ceremony, the insolent one of bearing and behaviour becomes necessarily more strongly marked; and in seeking to destroy all envy on the one hand, and pride on the other, the bitterest seeds of both are sown, which start up the stronger, the more deeply they are buried.

As no two sets of features are exactly alike, so no two minds are equal; if they meet and become intimate, one must put a yoke upon the other;—this may not take place in an evening, but in the end it is inevitable. No thorough intimacy, on this account, can take place between men of first-rate genius: each must have a sphere and orbit to himself, and of this It is likely that they have an intuitive knowlege, and consequently an apprehension of coming together. All this must be mere conjecture on my part; but since the truth of the inequality of genius, and the necessity of one's over-shadowing the other, struck me, I have always found it corroborated by example. In intellect, as in every thing else, there are gradations of rank, not only acquired by nature, but from peculiar pursuit, assiduity, and experience. The *tact* by which this is immediately apprehended is the true key to conversation, as well as to more general politeness—to act with real deference, at the same time preserving independence, in one situation, and to assume the lead, when necessary, without shocking the self-love of the company, in another. All this is included in that most useful part of learning, '*connoître bien ses gens*'—to know your man. This superior good sense, to use a vulgar comparison, is like the constable's little truncheon of power, which, insignificant in appearance, all people are compelled to reverence and obey.

The acute Hermit of the *Chaussée D'Antin* well understood this, when, accounting for the diminished attractions of society, he assigns as the reason, '*c'est que les vieilles femmes nous manquent*'—we have no old ladies. 'That which in every country,' continues he, 'composes good society—women young and fascinating—youths polished and lively—men distinguished by their rank or talents—all these are to be had to-day as easily as of old. But the bond of custom that connects these different elements, the link that holds them united, the invisible spring that sets them in motion—in a word, *amiable matrons*, are scarcely to be found even at Paris. I could nevertheless cite an example or two; but as few ladies, who have not yet attained the privilege of being no more, would think themselves flattered by

the epithet *vieille*, I must recur to the days of Madame de Lambert, de Tencin, and du Deffant.'

We might echo the want '*que les vieilles femmes nous manquent*'—these amiable rallying-points are not often enough met with amongst us, at least not in their proper stations, at the head of society. That union of years with the tender sex is not appreciated as it should be; for time does not act on the male and female heart alike—continually busied in erasing and confounding the impressions on one, it softens and hallows the feelings of the other. Women 'never all grow old;' and there is that even about their grey hairs to which youth, in 'the very whirlwind of its passion,' may appeal with confidence. The chords of feeling vibrate in them to the last, and they thus possess a clue to all the little motives and errings of the giddy young, which, to the more stern parent or friend, seem inexplicable obstinacy.

THE WAGER, OR THE CONTEST OF PLEASANTRY;

A FRENCH ANECDOTE.

Three young men of rank, in the reign of Louis XV., invited Piron to dinner. Just as they were sitting down to table, a pretty milliner gaily introduced to them her cards of lace, and they proposed to the poet, that she should be requested to stay and dine with them. This proposition was the more agreeable to Piron, as the fair trader was gay and lively; nor did he cease, during the whole of the repast, to question her in his agreeable manner, with respect to her inclinations, her habits, and mode of life.

The little visitor, who only half unveiled herself, in flattering him, showed more refined wit and manners than he expected from one in her situation of life, and interested him so much, that, in order to be better acquainted with her, he inquired more particularly, among other questions, how she a[illegible] herself on Sundays.

'Oh, [illegible] said she. 'after divine service, when the weather is unfavorable for a walk to me and my companions, we amuse ourselves in rehearsing a play. You will laugh, perhaps, but I really mean as I say—in acting comedies as well as we can, and sometimes tragedies.'

'Very well, my pretty girl, that is very good; but may I inquire what pieces you most approve, and play with the greatest satisfaction?'—'Iphigenia, Zara, Andromache, the Married Philosopher, and a number of *schools* of different titles.'—'O fye, Miss, many of these schools are very foolish ones.'—'It may be so; yet some of the comedies called Schools for one thing and Schools for another please us, and have been applauded at the theatre.'—'And this is the extent of your dramatic repository? and no other comedy has found grace with your little company?'—'Yes, Sir, there is one that we would play, but which we are obliged to renounce.'—'And may I inquire the name of that piece?'—'Oh! it has the most singular and ridiculous title, perhaps, of any amongst the whole catalogue of well-received comedies.—Stay, let me see—they call it ma—ma—manie.——O! what a puzzling name!'——'Do you mean Metromanie?' 'Oh yes, my dear Sir——What a dull and tiresome piece! It is crammed with words and things which we cannot understand; 'tis true we have placed it in our collection, but we shall never try it more.'

It is not easy to imagine Piron's surprise at this unexpected sally; his embarrassment visibly showed itself: the three young men could not refrain from loud laughter, and they enjoyed the vain efforts of the poet to preserve his good humor; and it would have been difficult to determine how the scene would end, if the pretended trader, concerned at having carried the jest too far, had not taken pity on the disconcerted dramatist, and discovered herself to be the amiable marchioness of ——, at whose house he did not know that he was dining.

'My dear Sir,' said she, presenting him with the handsomest hand in the world, 'pardon, I pray you, this little trick, as nobody is a more sincere admirer of the comedy in question, and of the author himself, than I am. This scene, I assure you, is no more than the consequence of a wager with my brother and two relatives whom you now see before you. All three pretended, when speaking of your well-known character, that, in whatever manner they should attack you, even on the side of self-love, you were always sure to parry it instantly and pleasantly, disconcert the aggressors, and turn the laugh against them. What do you say, Sir? Have I won or lost the bet?'

'You have won, fair lady, you have won,' cried Piron, kissing her hand.

> 'Et dusse je, à ce prix, m'avouer ridicule,
> Je sais joyeusement avaler la pilule.
> D'ailleurs qu'eût pu mieux faire, en pareil cas, Momus,
> Pris au dépourvu par Venus?

And ought I not, at this price, to acknowlege myself ridiculous? yes, I can gladly swallow the pill.—Nor could Momus, in a like circumstance, have acted better, taken unawares by Venus!'

'Very well, gentlemen, is it not evident that I have lost?' exclaimed, in a gay tone, the pretended lace-dealer: 'never more, M. Piron, will I bet against you.'

DE RENZEY, OR THE MAN OF SORROW; *written by himself, and edited by his Nephew.* 3 *vols.* 1821.

A MOURNFUL title seems to presage a melancholy tale: but tales of that description are pleasing to many readers. The scene of the present novel is assigned to Ireland; and, as it refers to the calamitous times of the rebellion, we must expect some appeals to our sensibility and compassion. We do not think that the subject is well chosen; nor is the story dignified by strong powers of expression: but some of the anecdotes which the author has introduced are probably founded in fact, and the novel may amuse a vacant hour as effectually as some that have a more imposing air.

A gentleman of Ireland writes an account of his life for the information and instruction of his family. 'With him (he says) the spring of youth was fair as heaven's softest day; but the ruthless blast of winter came too soon, and blighted all the promised fruit.' Having married the object of his fondest affection, he seemed to expect a life of continued happiness,—the vain hope of sanguine youth. He acted as a magistrate for his county, when the rebellion of the year 1798 broke out. Attacked by a party of malcontents, he was rescued by a loyal officer, whom he imprudently introduced to his wife, as a friend who was worthy of her esteem. About the same time, he formed an acquaintance with a stranger of the name of O'Gorman, who, because he went out only in the night, and then frequented a wood, was called the Owl of the Forest. Being confidentially informed by this new friend that he was deeply engaged in revolutionary schemes, he thought himself bound, by a sense of public duty, to disclose these treasonable machinations; but in the conflict of his feelings private honor prevailed. O'Gorman, soon after, appeared openly in arms; and de Renzey, having entered into the army after the sudden elopement of his wife, found himself engaged in a combat with the disloyal warrior; but, when his arm was lifted to give the fatal blow, his sword fell to the ground as soon as he heard the well-known voice of O'Gorman, who, kindly pressing the hand of his humane friend, disappeared in a moment through the intricate windings of the mountains. Being taken in another engagement, the bold rebel was 'bound to the triangles,' severely flagellated, and left apparently dead.

Among the incidents of this war, a scene of woe is delineated with appropriate feeling. It is such an occurrence as might really have taken place.

'The moans of affliction, from an

adjacent cottage, reached my ears. It was one of those mud huts which are the general residences of the laboring poor of Ireland. In one corner of it a venerable old man was lying on the bare ground. His naked body was covered over with a few shakings of straw. The vital spark seemed to be nearly extinct. His articulation had failed, and by his gestures only could I discover that he was suffering under all the agonies of want. At a little distance his aged wife was gazing in stupid silence over the mangled body of her son, and casting an occasional look of horror and despair at the dying father. But the object which most attracted my attention was an interesting young female, kneeling by the side of the bloody corpse. Her hair was loosely flowing down her back; her countenance was distorted with grief, and her eyes, swelled by tears, were almost starting from her head. In her hand she held a crucifix and beads, which she counted, while she prayed with wild convulsive fervor: then giving a frantic look at the lifeless body, she would send forth a piteous cry of grief.

'As soon as she observed me, she rose from her kneeling posture; and placing herself between me and the old man, 'You shall not kill him,' she exclaimed; 'he is too old, too feeble; he cannot fight against you. If you must have blood, take mine; my husband, too, may still have some left; let us die together—we will go to heaven, for father Murphy told me so last week. But spare this wretched pair, and these young infants too; spare them; for they are innocent.'

'I had not before observed three beautiful children, who were sleeping before a fire of turf, lighted up in the middle of this hovel. As I now cast my eyes upon them, the distracted mother continued: 'Ah, sir, you could not have the heart to kill them, I am sure you could not; see how prettily they sleep—poor things, they will awake hungry, but I have nothing to give them!'

'I was affected almost to tears at this display of misery. 'Fear not, said I, taking the hand of the young female; 'I come not here to add to your distress; no, believe me, I would rather relieve it.' 'You are not then,' she replied, 'like the other soldiers who wear the green; they would have put us all to death, had not an officer, dressed like you, come just in time to save us: he is gone to bring my poor children something to eat. But I fear father Murphy will be angry if I take it; for he has told me that we are to hate you all, and to put you to death if possible. But somehow I cannot find it in my heart to act so; for some of you may be good, though you are heretics. Ah! here is the kind man who saved us all come again!'

'As she spoke, the major entered, followed by his servant, carrying a basket. Without noticing any one present, he seated himself upon the ground, and, taking two of the children in his lap, began to regale them from the store he had brought; nor was the servant idle upon the occasion; but following the example, and, no doubt, the instructions of his master, he opened a bottle of wine, with which he endeavoured to revive the exhausted frame of the old man. His assistance, however, came too late; his eyes, which had before been closed, just opened to view the surrounding objects, when, giving a deep sigh, he closed them again, and expired.'

Amidst the turmoils and dangers of war, de Renzey was still tortured with the idea of his wife's infidelity; and, when he was informed by an officer of her being seen on horseback, when the camp of the rebels had been forced, he hastened in search of the fugitive, whom he found in a state of indigence and misery. She protested her innocence; but he would not listen to her exculpation, and, promising to allow her the means of a comfortable subsistence, he tore himself from her arms. After a course of military service, he returned to his estate; and, thinking that she might have eloped

without guilt, he again endeavoured to find her. In visiting a friend, his attention was directed to a little boy, who had been left under mysterious circumstances to the care of the family, with a paper that contained a detail of the mother's woes. This hapless parent was no other than his wife Helena.

It was stated in this manuscript, that captain Shortland, by artful insinuations and falsehoods, had convinced the lady of her husband's infidelity, and, having also made her believe that de Renzey was a friend of the rebels, even when he went out at midnight to oppose them, prevailed upon her to retire in disguise to a friend's house. Rejecting with scorn the vile offers of the captain, she was forcibly detained; and, while her feelings were thus outraged, she became a mother. The town in which she lived being taken by the insurgents, she was still farther endangered by their pretended protection; but a ray of hope gleamed on her forlorn state, when she recognised O'Gorman in the camp. He promised to release her, and declared that he would inflict just vengeance upon the captain, who was then a prisoner. He assured her that her husband still loved her, and that his loyalty was unshaken. By promoting her escape, he exposed himself to the resentment of a priest who acted as commander, but whom, with an athletic arm, he dragged to the verge of a precipice, and pushed down headlong. Helena was rescued by another friend, and, amidst severe distress, found temporary refuge in various places, until she met with a solitary cottage, where she indulged her grief in silence.

The husband's wounded feelings had long rendered him miserable; but, when the lady's innocence was manifested, 'his grief (he says) was no longer of that tumultuous kind, that hurries its votaries on to wild extravagances. I had no longer the pride of injured honor to support me in the struggle; I had no longer fancied wrongs to soothe me into forgetfulness. The raving of my grief, the swelling of my passions had subsided; but my sorrows were not the less severe. The unruffled surface of the ocean is equally profound as when the tempest howls, and swells it into mountain foam. So deep, so profound, was the corroding grief that preyed upon my heart; every painful feeling was aroused, every softer sentiment of early love, every tender recollection of former endearments, rose upon my soul!'

The expectation of an interview strongly agitated the feelings of the restored couple. Helena (says de Renzey) 'endeavoured to rise from her seat to receive me; but her strength failed her, and she fell back exhausted on the sofa. I flew towards her; I pressed her in my arms: 'Forgive, my injured Helena, forgive me!'—But why should I attempt to describe a scene which language cannot express? Nothing more was said: Helena in vain endeavoured to give utterance to her feelings: her tongue denied its office; her eyes alone spoke comfort and happiness to my heart. At length those streaming outlets, which so often give relief to the mind oppressed by joy or grief, burst forth; her agitated bosom recovered a portion of serenity, and she was enabled to address me.

'Let me,' said she, 'gaze once more upon that face so long estranged! Let me trace the ravages of that grief which my fatal indiscretion and culpable credulity have caused! Oh, de Renzey! When I see that emaciated form, those sunken eyes, that pallid hue, can I hope, can I ask forgiveness?'

'Let all the past, my Helena,' I replied, 'be buried in oblivion. Let all the accidents and misconceptions, which have so long destroyed our peace, be now forgotten; and henceforth let us talk of joy and happiness.'

'I would,' said she, 'I would hope for happiness, but it is not here I must expect it; this hour is come too late. Why should I deceive you with hopes which

may not be realized? I feel a sickness at my heart, I feel a mortal languor over my exhausted frame—a frame not formed to meet such ills as I have suffered. In short, I feel the latent symptoms of a speedy dissolution.'

'I started from my seat with anguish: I contemplated in silence the grief-worn form before me, as she reclined upon the sofa. The brilliant lustre of the eye had faded, the rosy hue of health had fled; a hectic blush at intervals spread its vivid coloring over her face, like the expiring glimpse of a taper, which flashes for a while, and leaves us in total darkness.

'Helena perceived what was passing in my mind—'Be comforted, de Renzey,' she said, 'in the knowlege of your Helena's happiness. To see you, to be restored to your love, to be exculpated in your eyes before the fatal hour which must separate us for ever, is more happiness than I dared to hope for. Had I fallen among the rude soldiery of the rebel camp, had I perished amidst the horrors from which I have so lately escaped, how much more cruel had been my fate! Restored to you, life is once more desirable; yet, though it be denied, I can now resign my breath in peace.'

Helena did not long survive this reconciliation. She died in peace, restored to that honor which her evil destiny had so long clouded with suspicion.'

As sorrow, particularly in the case of virtuous characters, ought to be succeeded by joy, we should have been better pleased, if a happy termination had been given to the tale. But that was not Mr. Kelly's object; and he may be a more competent judge, than an ordinary critic, of the construction and effect of a fictitious narrative.

THE WIT'S RED BOOK, OR CALENDAR OF GAIETY, FOR THE YEAR 1822; *A Collection of original Anecdotes, Facetiæ, Epigrams, &c. By Ross Rosso, F.F.D. &c.*

It may perhaps appear rather singular that we should venture to call the attention of our fair readers to a production of so ominous a title as the present, there being hardly a single collection of pleasantries at all fit to be put into a lady's hands; in this respect therefore the little volume will be found to differ from nearly all its contemporaries in the same line; for its gaiety and humor, as far as we have observed, do not overstep the boundaries of propriety or decency. The author, indeed, is occasionally satiric on the fair, but sportively not ill-naturedly so; and we think that, instead of being offended at his sauciness, they will be ready to join in the laugh against themselves. To convince them that his wicked wit will sometimes excite their smiles rather than their frowns, we extract the following tale.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.—*A Tale.*

Daughters of Eve,
Don't think that I believe
One half of what mankind accuse ye;
Nor would I have ye curse
My slanderous verse;—
No! rather than grieve, much rather I'd amuse ye.
Yet list for once now to a tale;
Nor think with satire stale
I mean to teaze ye,
Or deem that I could vex
The charming sex,
As if I had a heart of granite.
Therefore, to please ye,
I'll lay my scene within some other planet;—
At least, most sure I wis,
It ne'er could have occurr'd in this.
Upon a time a certain madam,
Who liked her way just like the rib of Adam,
Had an indisposition.
The husband, in a fright,
Sent off for a physician,
As, sure, was right:
For mind, 'twas in the honey-moon,
And he, fond creature! did not care
His wife to spare
So very soon.
The doctor came; prescrib'd a potion:
But, madam—what a notion!
(Nay, ladies, frown not;—'tis but fiction:
I write against my own conviction;)
—But, madam was resolv'd on *contradiction.*
All rhetoric fail'd;
Nor tears nor threats prevail'd;
In short it was enough—
The nauseous stuff

She ne'er would take,
And thus she vow'd with a *becoming firmness.*
Again the doctor came
To see the dame;—
The sorrowing husband said, with great emotion,
It was beyond his power to make her
Swallow the potion;
And, therefore, Heaven must take her.
Ladies, mind that! and own at least I'm civil:
Had I been scurrilous, I'd said the devil.
—'In fact (the husband cried), I'm wild!'—
The doctor saw he was a novice; smiled;
And, entering the chamber, cried, 'Odds, thunder!
What sad mistakes!
I hope, for both our sakes,
You have not touch'd the medicine that I sent you.
I've run here, in a hurry, to prevent you,
As if 'twere for a race.
Nay, 'twas indeed a stupid blunder!
Now any physic in the world, *but this*,
Could not have come amiss
In such a case.'
The lady heard, and promis'd not to touch it,
Protesting that she hated much it.
'She taste it! no! he could not think it!'
The doctor said 'twas right, and took his leave,
Telling the afflicted spousey not to grieve,
For, as he turn'd his back, he saw her—*drink it!*

The 'Fortunate Want, or the Wife's Portrait,' is also more risible than provoking.

'How like is this picture,—you'd think that it breathes!
What expression! what life, and what spirit!
It wants but a tongue—' 'No! (the husband replied),
For that want is its principal merit.'

To prove that the book contains some courtesy as well as satire, we add a little effusion, which displays as much gallantry as any damsel can reasonably require.

TO AN ACCOMPLISHED AND BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

That there 're nine of the Muses, and three of the Graces,
We're certain, since poets affirm such the case is;
But here now in one single charmer we find
The Muses, and Graces, and Venus, combin'd.

If Dr. Rosso (for be it known, that the author adds FF.D. to his name, videlicet, Facetiarum Doctor) is occasionally severe toward the ladies, he seems, vile wretch! to use equal effrontery toward his judges; witness this epigram addressed

TO THE CRITICS.

Kind arbiters of scribblers' fate,
Embalmers of their name,
Ye with most liberal pen bestow,
Munificently, fame.

Nay, so unsparingly ye give
To us poor rhyming elves;
Ye do not keep, as well we know,
The least fame for yourselves.

This is invidious and rash enough! but we will at least *keep* our tempers, though the doctor insinuates that we can keep no fame. We will even add that his preface amused us, and that his book may serve to enliven the chat of a tea-table. The following are specimens of the prose anecdotes and witticisms:

The alarming Proposal.—Constantia Philips, being once in great distress, and dunned by an apothecary, requested him to desist, as she was unable to pay him, and begged that he would be satisfied with taking her *life*. The son of Æsculapius, although he had no objection to sending people out of the world professionally, and *secundum artem*, was nevertheless quite staggered at a proposal that sounded so terrible, and recoiled from it in evident horror. Constantia, however, presented to him—'Good Heaven! a dagger or some other dreadful weapon!'—no, reader, something not quite so formidable; the instrument she presented was one intended merely to kill--time; namely, two volumes of her own memoirs, which she tendered to the man of medicine, and thus relieved him from his amazement and apprehension.

The happiest Country in the World.—A company were once disputing which was, taken altogether, the happiest country in the world. Each was found to have something or other that detracted from its other advantages, and rendered it less desirable than it otherwise would be. 'My friends (at length said a humorist), you may dispute upon this subject as long as you please; but I can inform you of a

country where the sun is always bright, the inhabitants always contented, the women all beautiful and chaste; the men all learned, wise, and brave; a country always prosperous. You stare at me with a look of incredulity; but your surprise will cease when I inform you that this so truly enviable blissful place is called *No-Where*; for there, and there alone, is every thing in the utmost perfection.'

Poets.—An Eastern prince observed to a poet belonging to his court, that he thought that the world acted very capriciously, in estimating so extravagantly those who were of so little real service to society; while a laborer or mechanic, who is ten times more beneficial to the community, or rather indispensable to it, is regarded as comparatively worthless and vile. 'It may be very true (said he), that it ought to be otherwise, yet so it is: water is the most useful and necessary, at the same time the cheapest of articles, while diamonds, the most useless, are the most highly esteemed and considered as the most valuable.'

Something worth learning.-A young officer once put some extraordinary questions to the learned Duhamel, in order to pose him; and, when the latter replied that he did not know, said, 'Then what have you learned by being a member of the academy?' Soon after, Duhamel had an opportunity of putting a question to the officer, who immediately made some reply that exposed his ignorance. 'Now, sir (said Duhamel), you see what one learns by being in the academy, never to pretend to talk upon subjects that we do not understand.'

Agreeable Annotation.—The late beneficent and worthy Mr. Pleasant of Dublin, who founded the Stove-Tenter-house in that city, and has thereby been the means of saving thousands of his countrymen from the wretchedness to which they were before exposed, was not only benevolent, but facetious and pleasant withal. Happening one day to hear a sermon with which he was much delighted, he sent to the preacher, requesting that he would permit him to peruse the discourse which had afforded him so much pleasure. His desire was immediately complied with, and next day he returned the manuscript with a letter of thanks, in which he said that he had taken the liberty to add a *note* to a passage which had particularly struck him. The clergyman, anxious to ascertain whether the passage in question contained any thing that required elucidation, or called for animadversion, immediately looked through his sermon; but what was his pleasure and surprise on discovering that the amiable annotator had inserted a *bank-note* of considerable value!

An illegal Solicitor.—An attorney, who was much molested by a fellow importuning him to give him something, threatened to have him taken up as a common beggar. 'A beggar! (exclaimed the man) I would have you to know that I am of the same profession as yourself; are we not both solicitors?' 'That may be, friend; yet there is this difference—you are not a *legal* one, which I am.'

ON THE PROGRESS OF ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND,

from the reign of Charles I. to that of George III.; by Mr. Elmes.

Roman or Italian architecture was brought into England under Inigo Jones, who was born in 1572, and whose distinguished works at Greenwich, Whitehall, and Covent-Garden, will ever secure him a place among names of the highest reputation.

Sir Christopher Wren, an eminent mathematician and philosopher, as well as architect, executed many of the finest buildings in London and other parts of England, in the modern style. St. Paul's cathedral, inferior to none but St. Peter's in point of magnitude, and undoubtedly superior even to that both in skilful construction and design, will perpetuate his name to the latest posterity. The exterior cupola

of St. Paul's is constructed of oak timber, and is sustained by a cone of eighteen-inch brick-work, which has a course of stone, the whole thickness, every five feet; and the intermediate parts are two bricks in length in thickness. The cupola was turned upon a centre, which supported itself without any standard from below. From the inclined position of its supporting walls, it has little or no transverse pressure; yet, for greater security, it is hooped with iron at the bottom.

Of the great English masters who flourished about this period, Jones was grand but unequal, as may be seen in his celebrated work, the chapel at Whitehall, the conception of which, as a part, and but a small part, of an immense palace, is certainly noble; its primary divisions few and simple, its openings large and handsome, but it is unequal in composition and in style. The play of light and shade, produced by the breaks over each column, is in a minute taste, the very opposite to grand. The Ionic specimen is one of the worst and most impure he could have chosen; the modillions do not belong to the order, and approach too nearly to those of the Corinthian. If one order upon another be admissible, at all events the Corinthian should not have been excluded for the purpose of introducing the Composite.

Wren was more equal and consistent than Jones; was possessed of more mathematical and general knowlege; was a man of more expanded mind, but less of an architect by education, and had, generally speaking, less taste. Perhaps nothing of Wren's is equal in taste to Jones's water-gate at York buildings, and nothing of Jones's equals in scientific construction *any thing* of Wren's. Jones's Gothic, as shown in Lincoln's-Inn Hall and Chapel, is decidedly bad; Wren's in St. Mary Aldermary, Bow-lane, is bold, if not quite pure; in the tower and pinnacles of St. Michael's, Cornhill, still better; and in the spire of St. Dunstan's in the East, unexceptionably fine; perhaps this is the finest thing of its kind in Europe. St. Stephen's, Walbrook, has, I think, been extolled beyond its merits: although novel in principle, it is faulty both in construction and taste. His spire of Bow would alone immortalize any man; so beautiful is it in form, so novel in design, and so dexterous in construction.

The works of Vanbrugh are solid and judicious; but he neglected the lighter graces of his art, and is, with all his picturesque beauties, cumbrous and inelegant in detail. Swift's epigram on this artist is pretty generally known:

> 'Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee'

Yet Castle Howard and Blenheim will keep alive the name and memory of Vanbrugh among those of our greatest architects.

Wyatt, who belongs more to our own times, was richer and more learned in his art than either Jones, Wren, or Vanbrugh. Equally inventive, and with as fine a taste as Jones; less scientific, perhaps, than Wren, but more admirable in his details than any preceding English architect; he is at the head of our best school, from which have emanated all the finest works of the present day.

* * * * * *

Kent, Gibbs, and Burlington, were gone, and left no disciples; so was Hawksmoor (the pupil of Wren), who erected those cumbrous churches near the Post Office, in Lombard-street, Limehouse, and St. George's in the East; and Archer, the *groom-porter*, as Walpole justly calls him, who built that of St. John, Westminster, which looks like the four clumsy ill-carved legs of a butcher's block, or an elephant on his back. The elder Dance, whose mansion-house, in the city, was preferred to a design of Palladio's, from a motive of encouragement to native talent, was a man of some taste, as is proved by his Shoreditch church, the spire of which is a free and not unhandsome imitation of Bow. He was not a regularly-educated architect,

but the best and nearly the only one of his day.

Batty Langley, it is true, had a school or academy, but his disciples were all carpenters; a few of them, calling themselves surveyors and builders, and practising carpentry and box-making, were alive in my remembrance;--hating the 'new-fangled Doric,' as they termed it, without a base, as much as they did a shirt without ruffles, or a wig without two good portly curls over each ear and half a yard of tail behind; scorning its simple flutes without fillets, which they compared to ribbed stockings; and sincere in their admiration of the swelling shaft, the rusticated and twisted columns of Batty Langley. The schools at Oxford and the Royal Exchange were their schools; they lamented the shocking innovations of Wyatt and Soane, the more dreadful importations of Stuart, and were nearly going into a fever when the portico of Covent-Garden Theatre was opened. 'Is it not dreadful,' said one of these worthies to me, 'to see young men going back to the old Grecians, upon whom the Romans had so much improved?' Had the poor man but lived to have seen his master's taste revived, it might have added a year or two to his existence. Although the taste of Batty Langley has been deservedly censured, he yet formed a class of clever workmen in a certain humble line of the art.

The state of architecture, for some time before the death of George II., was as low as at almost any period of English history. From the death of Kent and the great earl of Burlington, two accomplished architects of the Anglo-Palladian school, to the commencement of the reign of George III. we have no record or account of any one deserving of notice. The profession seems to have been almost abandoned, and buildings, repairs, and alterations, to have been performed by that anomalous being, that sort of uno-dual mixture of artist and artisan, the surveyor and builder.

Such was the state of architecture when our late monarch ascended the throne; and it was fortunate for the arts that he was endowed with a love for, as well as a considerable acquaintance with, them all. In his grandfather's reign, when he was prince of Wales, he studied architecture, and was taught to delineate its proportions from the rules of Palladio, by the late sir William Chambers, who was then a naval officer, fond of the art, and who had traveled. His majesty also studied perspective under the late Mr. Kirby; and his drawings, some of which I have seen, were correct, and, for their day and style of art, tasteful and elegant.

Chambers became the royal architect, but threw no new lights on the profession. In its practice, and in the more scientific part of construction, his knowlege was very limited, and his taste impure; yet his works have a chastened correctness of detail in the best style of Italian art.

In the course of his travels Chambers had visited parts of China, and published a treatise on the gardening and architecture of that strange people; and to him we owe the introduction of their fantastic and inelegant style. We do not observe this out of disrespect to the memory of sir William; but the existence of these whimwhams demands reprobation from such as have a sense of the importance of a pure taste to the fame of our country; which feeling is of more consequence in our noble art than in any other, it being more durable, and thus perpetuating the fame or disgrace of a good or a bad taste in a greater degree. The public expected much from one whose official situation rendered him a sort of leader in art; who, as the successor of Wren and Wyatt, should have elevated architectural taste; for, if the fountain-head be pure, so will be the streams which flow from it. The beauty of the Parthenon and the Poikile, of the temple of Theseus and the Erechtheum, gave birth to the unequaled sculptures of the one and the

pictures of the other, in the same style of high art, producing fruit after their kind; for the pure, the divine taste of the architect and his patron refined that of the painter and of the sculptor. Can we expect such fruit from the style which is now unhappily reviving?

A MEMOIR OF MR. MURRAY.

Those ingenious men, who, by their able imitations of nature, increase the 'public stock of harmless pleasure,' are entitled to commemorative notice when they quit the stage of life; and the death of an actor excites our regret the more particularly, as his performances do not, like works of art and of literature, serve for their own record.

Mr. Charles Murray was born at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire. His father was sir John Murray, who had been condemned as a traitor for his active adherence to the house of Stuart, but was so fortunate as to procure the royal pardon. This gentleman gave his son the benefit of a good education. He then sent him to the continent to learn the French language and manners; and, after his return to England, articled him to a professor of the medical art in London, under whose instructions he qualified himself for undertaking the office of a surgeon's assistant in the Turkey Company's service. In this capacity he made several voyages to the Mediterranean, and visited some of the islands of the Archipelago, and the chief cities of the Levant. He afterwards entered himself a student at the Liverpool Infirmary, with the view of improving himself in his profession. Whilst he was in this situation, he was requested to act as surgeon to a slave-ship, bound to the coast of Guinea. This offer he instantly declined, alleging, as his ostensible reason, that he feared his constitution would not be proof against the dangers of the climate; but his real objection was his repugnance to the nefarious traffic in human blood. It is probable, besides, that he was not greatly enamored of his profession, and followed it rather out of obedience to his father's wishes than from personal predilection. Some family differences occurring at this period (in the year 1774), he withdrew himself altogether from parental control; and, having made some successful essays at a private theatre during his stay at Liverpool, he resolved to abandon his medical pursuits, and try his fortune on the stage. His first step was to apply to Mr. Younger, the manager of the Liverpool theatre, to assist him in his project; and this gentleman, having then no vacancy in his company, gave him a letter of recommendation to the manager of the theatre at York. Mr. Wilkinson immediately acceded to his wishes, and gave him permission to make a trial of his talents. Thus encouraged, he appeared in April 1775, in the character of Carlos, in the comedy of The Fop's Fortune, and was received with the most flattering marks of approbation. There was one circumstance which greatly prepossessed Mr. Wilkinson in his favor. The part, which is very long, was not put into his hands until within two days of the representation of the comedy, and he had never before read or seen the play. At the end of twenty-four hours, however, he rehearsed it perfectly without his book, and on the evening of the following day performed it with great ease and spirit. This quickness of perception and retentiveness of memory, joined to great attention and steadiness in the duties of his profession, soon rendered him a valuable acquisition to the manager, and caused him to be brought forward in almost every piece (whether tragedy, comedy, or farce) that was represented: and, while he became a general favorite as an actor, his lively and polished manners, his talents for conversation, and the general correctness and propriety of his conduct, gained him the friendship of many of the principal inhabitants of the town.

From this auspicious commencement his connexion with Mr. Wilkinson promised to be lasting, as well as mutually agreeable and advantageous. An untoward incident brought it, however, to an abrupt termination in the course of the following year, and caused his secession from the stage. He now resumed his medical profession, and once more went to sea; but some adverse circumstances having renewed his dissatisfaction with this mode of life, he finally relinquished it, and readily obtained an engagement from Mr. Griffith, at the Norwich theatre. During his stay with this company he assumed the new character of an author, and brought forward two theatrical pieces, 'The Maid of the Oaks,' and 'The Experiment;' but these pieces were not remarkable for their excellence.

After a residence of eight years in this situation, with increasing reputation, he entered into an engagement with the proprietors of the Bath and Bristol theatres, and made his first appearance at Bath in the year 1785, in the character of Sir Giles Overreach. Here he moved in the first walks of tragedy and genteel comedy, dividing all the principal parts with the late Mr. Dimond, a most chaste and respectable actor, who was one of the proprietors, and the acting manager. In this company his popularity reached its *acme*.

Several attempts were made by the London managers to induce him to accept an engagement in the metropolis; but for some years he turned a deaf ear to their solicitations. At length, however, the death of Mr. Farren, in 1796, having created a vacancy at Covent-Garden in that line of parts which he considered best suited to his talents, and in which he thought he was most likely to succeed before a London audience, he was prevailed upon, by the persuasions of some particular friends, to listen to overtures from the late Mr. Harris, who engaged him on liberal terms.

It was in the autumn of the year 1796, that he first presented himself before the most judicious audience in the kingdom. He appeared in two very dissimilar characters,—the Shylock of Shakspeare and the Bagatelle of O'Keeffe. He acted both parts well; and, in the former, he obtained the high approbation of Macklin.

After he had been thus introduced to the audience, he entered on that line of parts for which he had been engaged. With a few exceptions, these were ranked in the second class of characters; but, in his hands, they acquired in many instances a weight and importance that raised them to an equality with some which, in green-room estimation, were deemed the first. He seldom ranged out of his own department, except when the illness or absence of a principal performer obliged the manager to bring him forward as his substitute.

'We remember (says a writer in the Literary Gazette) two occasions of this kind, when he produced an impression which we are satisfied never can be obliterated from the minds of the spectators. On one of these he appeared in the character of Lear. The performance was altogether one of his happiest efforts; but the concluding scene of the first act, in which the aged monarch imprecates the curse of Heaven on his daughters, was awfully grand and impressive, and produced such an effect as we have scarcely ever witnessed. On the other occasion to which we refer, he undertook, at a short notice, the difficult part of Richard the Third. This arduous task he executed with ability and success.'

He possessed some qualifications for an actor which were of the first order. His perception was remarkably quick, and he penetrated at once the meaning and spirit of his author. His excellence in this respect was displayed in a peculiar manner in his delineations of Shakspeare's characters, and in his readings of obscure or disputed passages in the text. This circumstance introduced him to the no-

tice of Mr. George Steevens, the commentator, who sought his acquaintance, and patronised him in his profession.

His countenance was full of expression. His features were perhaps wanting in prominence and strength to give the full force to the more turbulent passions; but they were admirably adapted to exhibit the finer and more delicate emotions, and to awaken sympathetic feelings. His voice had great beauties, but it had also great defects. His lower and middle tones were exquisitely soft and melodious, and hence arose his excellence in Old Norval, and parts of that kind, in which he never failed to find his way to the heart. But his upper tones wanted strength and firmness, and, when he was called to more than common exertion in some of the higher parts of tragedy, he frequently became hoarse, and consequently failed to give the full expression to his conceptions.

In person, he was about the middle size, rather inclined to stoutness. His deportment was always easy and graceful. In genteel comedy this gave him a great advantage, and imparted an air of dignity to his performances. In one respect it obtained for him a preference of which few actors are very ambitious. Whenever the audience were disposed to quarrel with the manager or performers, and were led to express their feelings in a very unequivocal manner by noise and uproar, Mr. Murray, if in the house, was generally selected as the medium of negotiation, and the minister of peace between the parties. On such occasions, he commonly disarmed hostility, and restored good humor. Even good theatrical performers are not always the best readers: but, like Henderson, Mr. Murray was distinguished as an elegant and impressive reader. He was peculiarly happy in his readings of Sterne; and his delivery of the admirable story of Lefevre was a masterpiece in its kind, happily blending humor with pathos.

For some years this gentleman had retired from the stage, in consequence of the unwelcome approach of age and infirmity. In his last illness he was consoled by the kind attention and affectionate zeal of his eldest son and daughter, the respectable conductors of the Edinburgh theatre. He died on the 8th of November, at the age of sixty-seven years.

PROGRESS OF THE LAND EXPEDITION TO THE ARCTIC OR NORTHERN OCEAN.

When captain Parry was sent for the exploration of a north-west passage to the Arctic sea, lieutenant Franklin, an officer equally adventurous, was employed by the Hudson's-bay company in an attempt to penetrate to the same sea by land. An account of his movements and operations, from the pen of one of his associates, may serve to amuse our readers, while we wait for the intelligence of a satisfactory result of the arduous enterprise.

'Mr. Franklin, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Back, and Mr. Hood, attended by the hardy Orkney-men (who had been engaged to man the boats in the rivers of the interior, had worked in the company's service several years, and understood the language of many of the Indian tribes), left York factory on the 7th of September, 1819. Of the immense quantity and variety of provisions supplied by government for the use of the expedition, the greater part was left at the factory; those who knew the country and the difficulty of traveling through it, having represented the impossibility of conveying European food, which at the bay receives the name of luxuries, to any considerable distance. The hardships attending the progress of travelers were in fact shown to be so great, as would render it absurd to calculate upon such a thing as the slightest change of diet in the winter season; and when it was mentioned by Mr. Franklin, that he had brought with him preserved meats and soups in portable cases, to support himself and his

friends in the cheerless regions through which they were to pass, there was a general laugh amongst the officers of the company, at the idea of associating any thing like comfort with the formidable character of the enterprise. Some of those difficulties may be estimated from the account of the sufferings of the adventurers, in their advance towards Cumberland, to which place the writer of this article accompanied them. On the third day after their departure from the factory, the boats of the company, which were proceeding to the various trading posts in the interior, came up with the expedition in the Steel River, distant about sixty miles from the starting place.

'Most of the rivers in that part of America abound with rapids and falls. The rapids are generally more navigable near the banks, but they frequently extend across the stream, and then the labor of the boat's crew becomes excessive, every man being obliged to turn into the water and assist in carrying the boat, sometimes to the distance of half a mile, before they gain the head of those terrible impediments. The company's men, upon turning one of the points of the river, observed the officers of the expedition making desperate efforts to get through the mud along the banks; some of them were up to their knees, others up to the waist, while the men were handing the boats over a most violent rapid, which, though only half a foot deep, rendered it necessary that those who stood in the water should hold fast by the boat, the [illegible]petuosity of the stream being so extraordinary as not unfrequently to overturn a man in an instant, and dash him to pieces against the rocks and huge stones which lie scattered along the bed of the river. Indeed, before the company's boats had reached those of Mr. Franklin, it was suspected that the adventurers had already met with more hardships t[illegible] they had any notion of encoun[illegible] at so early a period. Several of [illegible]n cases which had contained the preserved meats were seen at the different *up-putting* places (the spots of ground on the banks chosen for passing the nights upon), and those miserable abodes were drenched with rain, and presented an appearance the most appalling. Two black bears were seen prowling about, and devouring some of the luxuries which the travelers had ascertained it was impossible to convey in any considerable quantities farther up the river; and along the banks were seen strong symptoms of the inexperience of those who had gone forward. The traders' with the Indians, in traveling to their posts, kindle fires of immense magnitude upon landing to put up for the night. Every man carries his fire-bag, containing all the necessary apparatus. They proceed to hew down the trees, an office which they perform with wonderful dexterity. The fires are lighted; the tents for the officers pitched; and the only regular meal taken during the whole day is served up in as comfortable a manner as possible under all the circumstances. As the party advanced, the mild season not having yet begun to disappear, vast herds of grey deer were observed passing the rivers toward the Esquimaux lands; and the Indians who were accompanying the expedition gave extraordinary proofs of their activity, by rushing upon the animals in the water, and striking long knives into their hearts. Mr. Franklin, on entering the Hill River, had reason to express surprise that trading goods could be transported to the interior in spite of such obstructions. His men were fatigued in the extreme, and he found it indispensably necessary to request that the officers of the company would lighten his boat of the greater part of the remaining luxuries and instruments. This accommodation was readily given, and, after laborious efforts, he and his companions reached the Rock depot, having devoted seven days to the toil of working up thirty miles. Upon arriving at the depot, they were treated with great hospi-

tality by Mr. Bunn, the officer in charge, who entertained them with the tittimeg, a fish which they admitted was the most delicious they had ever tasted, and which was caught in God's Lake, an immense piece of water, so named from the abundance and excellence of its inhabitants. Mr. Hood took a sketch of the Rock-fall and the post, which presented one of the most beautiful objects in these desolate regions, and introduced a distant view of a wigwam with its inmates.

'Five days after leaving the Rock depot, the party reached another post, having encountered numberless difficulties. There was, however, some relief to the painful sameness of the journey in several beautiful lakes, through which they had to pass. At Oxford-house post, they were provided with pimmikin, the celebrated food of the country, made of dried deer or buffalo flesh, pounded and mixed with a large quantity of the fat of the animal. This food constitutes the luxury of winter, is the most portable of all victuals, and satisfies the most craving hunger in a very short time. The officers of the expedition were not a little surprised at the difficulty of cutting their meat, but they soon reconciled themselves to the long-established practice of chopping it with a hatchet. During the summer, ducks, geese, partridges, &c. are to be had in the greatest abundance; but the frost soon drives all those delicacies out of the reach of the active Indian, and pimmikin becomes the only resource of the traveler. The next post at which they arrived was Norway-house; leaving which, they entered upon Lake Winnipic, at the farther side of which is the grand rapid, extending nearly three miles, where they were obliged to drag their boats to shore, and carry them over the land; or, to use the technical phrase, 'launch them over the portage.' The woods along the banks were all in a blaze, it being the custom of the natives, as well as of the traders, to set fire to the trees around the up-putting places, for the double purpose of keeping off the cold and the wolves, whose howling increases in proportion to the extent of the conflagration.

'The adventurers passed several other rapids and falls along a flat, woody, and swampy country, across five miles of which no eye could see. At length they reached the White Fall, where an accident took place, which had nearly deprived the party of their commander. While the men were employed in carrying the goods and boats across the portage of the fall, lieutenant Franklin walked down alone to view the rapid, the roaring of which could be heard at the distance of several miles. He had the boldness to venture along the bank with English shoes upon his feet, a most dangerous experiment, where the banks are flint stones, and as smooth as glass. He was approaching the spot from which he could take the most accurate observation, when he slipped from the bank into the water, where it was fortunately still. Had he lost his footing ten yards lower down, he would have been hurried into a current which ran with amazing impetuosity over a precipice, one of the most terrific objects of the journey. He is an excellent swimmer; but he had on him a sailor's heavy Flushing jacket and trowsers, heavy English shoes, and a large neckcloth. He swam about for some time, and made vigorous efforts to get upon the bank; but he had to contend against a smooth precipitous rock, and was nearly exhausted when two of the company's officers, who were at a short distance from the fall, looked up and saw him struggling in the water. With the assistance of their poles they raised him out of his perilous situation, in which he had been nearly a quarter of an hour. The moment he reached land he fell to the ground, and remained without motion for some time. His powerful constitution, however, soon overcame the effects of the accident, and he had happily only to

regret the injury his chronometer received in the water.—After a tedious journey of forty-six days, the expedition arrived at Cumberland, a post situated on the banks of a beautiful lake, and stockaded against the incursions of savages, the attacks of wolves and bears, and the assaults of rival traders.'———

It appears from a subsequent letter, that the party spent a long and severe winter at Cumberland, with some degree of comfort. In June, 1820, they set forward in canoes, manned by Canadians. The extreme heat of the short summer, the persecutions of noxious insects, and occasional want of food, are the usual concomitants in these voyages. 'On the 29th of July,' says the writer of the epistle, "we arrived at the north side of the Slave Lake. A party of Copper Indians were exchanged to accompany us, and we commenced the work of discovery. On the 1st of September we reached the banks of the Copper-Mine River, in lat. 65 N. long. 113 W. a magnificent body of water, two miles wide. We had penetrated into a country destitute of wood, and our men were exhausted with the labor of carrying canoes, cargoes, &c. As the season was too far advanced to make any farther progress, we returned to a small wood of pines, and erected our winter residence of mud and timber, which we have named Fort Enterprise.'

A LETTER FROM MR. HUME, THE CELEBRATED HISTORIAN, TO MR. MURE OF CALDWELL *.

I AM surprised you should find fault with my letter. For my part, I esteem it the best I ever wrote. There is neither barbarism, solecism, æquivoque, redundancy, nor transgression of one single rule of grammar or rhetoric, through the whole. The words were chosen with an exact propriety to the sense, and the sense was full of masculine strength and energy. In short, it comes up fully to the duke of *Buckingham's* description of fine writing—*Exact propriety of words and thought.* This is more than what can be said of most compositions. But I shall not be redundant in the praise of brevity, though much might be said on that subject. To conclude all, I shall venture to affirm, that my last letter will be equal in bulk to all the orations you shall deliver, during the two first sessions of parliament. For, let all the letters of my epistle be regularly divided, they will be found equivalent to a dozen of *No's* and as many *Ay's*. There will be found a *No* for the triennial bill, for the pension bill, for the bill about regulating elections, for the bill of pains and penalties against lord Orford, &c. There will also be found an *Ay* for the standing army, for votes of credit, for the approbation of treaties, &c. As to the last *No* I mentioned, with regard to lord Orford, I beg it of you as a particular favour. For, having published to all Britain my sentiments on that affair, it will be thought by all Britain, that I have no influence on you, if your sentiments be not conformable to mine. Besides, as you are my disciple in religion and morals, why should you not be so in politics? I entreat you to get the bill about witches repealed, and to move for some new bill to secure the Christian religion, by burning Deists, Socinians, moralists, and Hutchinsonians.

I shall be in town about Christmas, where, if I find not lord Glasgow, I shall come down early in the spring to the borders of the Atlantic Ocean, and rejoice the Tritons and sea-gods with the prospect of Kelburn * in a blaze. For I find, that is the only way to unnestle his lordship. But I intend to use the freedom to write to himself on this subject, if you will tell me how to direct to him. In the mean time do

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* This is one of eleven letters lately communicated to the editor of the Literary Gazette, which appear to be the genuine productions of the ingenious author to whom they are attributed.

* The house of the earl of Glasgow, on the coast of Renfrewshire.

you make use of all your eloquence and argument to that purpose.

Make my humble compliments to the ladies, and tell them, I should endeavour to satisfy them, if they would name the subject of the essay they desire. For my part, I know not a better subject than themselves; if it were not, that being accused of being unintelligible in some of my writings, I should be extremely in danger of falling into that fault, when I should treat of a subject, so little to be understood as women. I would, therefore, rather have them assign me the deiform fund of the soul, the passive unions of nothing with nothing, or any other of those mystical points, which I would endeavour to clear up, and render perspicuous to the meanest readers.

Allow not Miss Dunlop to forget, that she has a humble servant, who has the misfortune to be divided from her by the whole breadth of this island. I know she never forgets her friends; but, as I dare not pretend to that relation, upon so short an acquaintance, I must be beholden to your good offices, for preserving me in her memory, because I suspect mightily that she is apt to forget and overlook those who can aspire no higher than the relation I first mentioned.

This I think is enough in all conscience. I see you are tired with my long letter, and begin to yawn. What! can nothing satisfy you, and must you grumble at every thing? I hope this is a good prognostic of your being a patriot.

David Hume.

ASYLUM OF JOSEPH BONAPARTE ON THE DELAWARE;

from the Views of Society in America.

The house is a pretty villa, commanding a fine prospect of the river; the soil around it is unproductive, only a step removed from the "pine-barren;" the pines, however, worthless as they may be, clothe the banks pleasantly enough, and, altogether, the place is cheerful and pretty. Entering upon the lawn, we found the choice shrubs of the American forest, magnolias, kalmias, &c. planted tastefully under the higher trees which skirted, and here and there shadowed, the green carpet upon which the white mansion stood. Advancing, we were now faced at all corners by gods and goddesses, in naked, I cannot say majesty, for they were, for the most part, clumsy enough. The late general Moreau, a few years since, according to the strange revolutions of war-stricken Europe, a peaceful resident in this very neighbourhood, and who re-crossed the Atlantic to seek his death in the same battle which sent here as an exile the brother of the French emperor;—this general, in the same Parisian taste, left behind him a host of pagan deities of a similar description, with a whole tribe of dogs and lions, some of which I have seen scattered up and down through the surrounding farms. Two of these dumb Cerberuses are sitting at this moment over the side of a neighbouring gentleman's door, and the family use them as hobby-horses.'

* * * *

Count Survillier (for Joseph now bears this title) soon came to us from his workmen, in an old coat, from which he had barely shaken off the mortar, and (a sign of the true gentleman) made no apologies. His air, figure, and address, have the character of the English country gentleman—open, unaffected, and independent, but perhaps combining more mildness and suavity. Were it not that his figure is too thick-set, I should perhaps say that he has still more the character of an American. The plainness and urbanity of his manners for the first few moments suspended pleasure in surprise; and even afterwards, when, smiling at myself, I thought, "and what did I expect to see?" I could not help ever and anon acknowleging that I had not looked to see exactly the man I saw. I felt most strangely the contrast between the

thoughts that were fast traveling through my brain, of battles and chances, ambition and intrigues, crowns and sceptres—the whole great drama of his brother's life passing before me—I felt most strangely the contrast between these thoughts and the man I was conversing with. He discoursed easily on various topics, but always with much quietness and modesty. He did and said little in the French manner, though he always spoke the language, understanding English, he said, imperfectly, and not speaking it at all. He walked us round his improvements in-doors and out. When I observed upon the amusement he seemed to find in beautifying his little villa, he replied, that he was happier in it than he had ever found himself in more bustling scenes. He gathered a wild-flower, and, in presenting it to me, carelessly drew a comparison between its minute beauties and the pleasures of private life; contrasting [*assimilating*] those of ambition and power with [*to*] the more gaudy flowers of the parterre, which look better at a distance than upon a nearer approach.

THE MISCHIEF OF COQUETRY; A TALE.

ALEXANDER and Godfrey were two young gentlemen, whose acquaintance had commenced at an early period. They were sons of the principal families of the same town; they had been accustomed to play together in their infancy: they had been educated at the same school; the same tutor attended them in their travels; and they had, during that interesting period of their lives, continued that amity, which was begun when fancy, rather than reason, had inspired it. Godfrey, on their return from their tour, had left his friend at Lyons, fixed by the radiant eyes of some beauty of the place, and without a desire ever to see his country, at the expense of leaving the object of his warmer wishes. Alexander was not the only man who had a heart susceptible of impressions from the fatal charms of this beauty. Among the number of those who became his rivals, an English nobleman was stopped on his tour by the soft enchantment. The rivals met at her lodgings: the lady was divided in her choice; and neither of them would yield. They determined on the decision of arms. They pursued the same route to the confines of Flanders. They fought, and Alexander was the more fortunate.

The consequence of a duel is not always foreseen by those who engage in it. The death of his rival, instead of making his way easy to his mistress, separated Alexander from her for ever. The affair was no secret. He could not return to Lyons. It was equally unsafe for him to re-visit his own country, where the friends of his unhappy antagonist were powerful. He engaged in the Russian service: he made several campaigns with glory: he was esteemed, and he was preferred. From the time of his fatal dispute with his countryman, he had kept up a constant correspondence with his friend. The interest of Godfrey, of his family, of his friends, of all whom they could influence, was employed to soften the rigor of those who had lost the hope of their house: but every letter contained the same piece of mournful news, that they were resolute, and cruel, and all applications ineffectual.

The person who had been most determined and immoveable, in his resentment, was an officer of rank and honorable reputation. What all the entreaties of the world had attempted with the revengeful man in vain, an account from the Russian army of the manner in which the English volunteer had signalized himself, effected. He declared that one who behaved so well in the field could not have killed his nephew unfairly, and sent to the relatives of Alexander, to congratulate them on the account of the youth's gallant behaviour, and to assure them that he had no objection to his return, nor would carry his resentment farther. Alexander received the news with trans-

port. He solicited his discharge from the service, and obtained it with uncommon marks of honor. He wrote to his friends, and to none with so sincere a joy as to Godfrey, that he was on his return. Their friendship was renewed with warmth; they lived together; their company and their diversions were the same.

Among their female acquaintance was Sabina, a woman of spirit and some wit; and, in consequence of the union of those qualities with an ungoverned temper, she was captious and petulant. Both friends admired her —but neither of them loved her. She could have been happy in the addresses of either; but that result seemed impossible, while both were on the same terms with her. She would to-day give one the preference, and, when she saw it gave no pain where it was intended, she would to-morrow pay the same compliment to the other. She would to one be frequently animadverting upon the words that had dropped from the other in their last conversation: and, from criticising them without effect, she proceeded to the next step—misrepresentation. Some expression of indifference which Alexander had repeated to her from Godfrey, on an occasion of no consequence, she had wantonly exaggerated, until she taxed him with something which in reality he had not said. The friend denied his having said what she charged him with; but she insisted upon the credit of her account. When Alexander paid his next visit, the coquette insulted him for imposing upon her, and, with the petulance of a peevish beauty, said, that all did not think so slightly of her, as he did, or as he 'would make her believe they did;' and, as an instance, told him that she found his friend had never said any such thing as he had stated to her. Nothing is more tender than the honor of a soldier. A suspicion of his veracity is like a doubt of his courage. He was nettled at the reproof: he was concerned that it was Godfrey who had contradicted him. He called upon him immediately. He asked if he remembered what he said of a certain lady on such an occasion? Godfrey replied, with some warmth, that he remembered what he had not said of her, though he had been charged with it. Alexander desired he would recollect; and the other answered it was impossible he should remember what had never happened. Both were piqued, both were fiery in their dispositions. They grew more warm as they talked more on the subject, until some acrimonious words passed between them, which it was scarcely possible to overlook. Godfrey walked out, but without any determined resolution. Alexander followed him, as if he had understood it was expected that he should. When they were in a place distant from all interruption, Godfrey stopped and turned about:—Alexander, with tears in his eyes, caught him by the hand—'Friend—what are we doing?'—Godfrey was pale, irresolute, and yet too angry to be moved by the affectionate manner in which his friend had addressed him. 'What *can* I *do*?' said he, drawing his sword as he spoke. Alexander could not hesitate on such an appeal. The conflict was long: neither attempted to hurt the other. On both sides, the intent was to disarm; but, by some malicious fate, Godfrey slipped, and fell upon the point of his antagonist's sword. Alexander eagerly took him up in his arms, and called Heaven to witness, that he would have died rather than willingly have hurt him.

The unhappy man confessed, that the fatal accident was of his own seeking, and that, if he had not been rash and impetuous, the misfortune might have been avoided. Chance had brought two villagers to the place, as he made this declaration. They comforted, in their homely way, the distracted Alexander, and promised to assert, whenever it should be necessary, what they had heard. It was the opinion of the youth's friends that it was his business to escape, since the former misfortune would obstruct the effect of

every favorable incident on this occasion: he obeyed their request—he took no leave of any one—he went without preparation, and disappeared. Both families were unhappy in the highest degree. Women are seldom aware of the consequences of those disputes in which they engage men; and it may be here observed, that trifles may be raised into things of importance by the way of treating them; that no ties are of force against an injury in reputation; and that, while women are misrepresenting things in secret, they are playing with the lives of those who are most dear to them!

THE INQUISITION OF PORTUGAL.

The friends of humanity and the advocates of toleration must rejoice in the suppression of that odious tribunal which disgraced religion and outraged the feelings of nature. By a vote of the Cortes at Lisbon, the inquisitorial tyrants have lost their authority, and the seat of the holy office is no longer a religious prison. An Englishman, who witnessed this agreeable change, has sent to a friend the annexed account of this horrible place—horrible in its very plan and construction, and more particularly shocking from its having been the scene of so many murders. The letter is dated Lisbon, October 20.

'I send you a description of the Inquisition at this place, which I have been to visit. At a late sitting of the Cortes, Figueras presented a letter from the keeper, stating, that when the building was opened for public inspection, the people had behaved in a very disorderly manner, breaking open doors and carrying away papers, &c. and that several persons had actually cried out that the building should be burned, whilst they held lighted candles in their hands, as if about to put their threats into execution; which, he stated, they would have done but for the interposition of the guard. The keeper therefore prayed that measures might be taken to prevent the recurrence of such scenes. Bastos said, that if any such disorders, as had been described, had occurred, it was owing to the refusal of the keepers to show the instruments of torture and the lower cells of the prison to the public. In his opinion, these gentlemen (the keepers) cherished a religious respect for the tribunal, of which they spoke with apparent veneration. As it was apprehended that the people might set fire to the place, it would be better to suspend lamps in various parts, and not allow the visitants to carry lights. Fernando Thomas proposed that the following inscription should be fixed on every place occupied by the Inquisition in Portugal: 'May eternal malediction follow every Portuguese who does not hold for ever in abhorrence an invention so infernal.'

'On the 8th, the place was thrown open for public inspection, and, for the first four days, the concourse of people of all descriptions that crowded to view it was so great, that the pressure at the entrance made it an enterprise of some risk. The building is a large oblong, with a garden in the centre; there are three floors, with a number of vaulted passages, along the sides of which are cells of different dimensions, from six by seven feet to eight by nine feet. Each cell has two doors; the inner one is of iron, the outer of oak, very strong. As there are no windows in the cells on the ground and middle floors, no light is admitted when the doors are shut. The cells on the upper floor are larger than the others, and each has an aperture like a chimney, through which the sky is visible. These were appropriated to the use of those who, it was supposed, might be liberated. In the roof of each cell (for they are all vaulted) is a small aperture of about an inch in diameter, and a private passage runs over each range; so that the persons employed by the holy office could at any time observe the conduct of the prisoners unseen, and, if two persons were confined in one cell, hear their conversation. There

are seats in these private passages so contrived, that a person sitting might inspect two of the cells at the same time, as, by a turn of the head, he could fix his eye upon the hole over either cell at pleasure, or could hear what was said in either. The persons appointed to listen to the discourse of the prisoners wore cloth shoes, so that their footsteps could not be heard. Frequently, a familiar of the holy office was put into the cell of a prisoner, as a person arrested, in order to entrap the unfortunate inmate of this horrible place into admissions that might afterwards be used against him. I saw, in several of the cells, human sculls and bones; most of them appeared to have lain there for many years, as I broke some of them easily with my fingers; others were hard and fresh. In a number of the cells the names of the unhappy inmates were written on the walls: some had strokes, apparently marking the number of days or weeks the victims of this horrid tyranny had been confined. On the wall of one cell I counted upwards of five hundred of these marks. On the wall of another cell was written, 'Francisco Jozc Carvalho, entered here the last day of March, 1809, and remained as many days as there are strokes in the wall.' On the wall of another cell there was written 'John Laycock;' the name had been covered with white-wash, which had scaled off. There were a number of strokes under the name, and the figures 18 were easily made out; the others were obliterated. Some of the cells, which had not been used for several years, were locked up; but the visitants soon broke them open. Human bones were found in many of these. In one was found part of a friar's habit, with a waist-band of rope and some bones. The apertures, like chimneys, in some of the cells were closed; and I have been informed that it was a common mode of putting prisoners to death, to place them in these apertures, which were then walled up, and quick-lime being poured in from the top, a speedy end was put to their sufferings. The furniture is very old: the chairs in the halls are covered with leather, studded all round with very large brass nails. I send you a piece of leather with one of these nails, taken from one of the best chairs. The large tables in the halls had drawers for papers; these the people broke open, every one being desirous of obtaining some relic of the once terrible Inquisition. In several of the cells there were mattresses, some of them old, others nearly new; which proves that the Inquisition was not merely a bug-bear even at a very recent date. Beside the three floors which I have described, there are a number of cells underground, which have not yet been opened. These, it is supposed, contain the apparatus for inflicting the torture, &c.

SUBTERRANEAN WONDERS.

In the vicinity of Maestricht is *Peters-berg* (that is, the hill of St. Peter), which extends almost three miles between the Jaar and the Maes. The earth, contained in the cavities of this hill, furnishes materials for building, but principally for manure; and for this double purpose it has been excavated from remote ages. In the symmetrical galleries of Petersberg the Roman pick-axe has imprinted a kind of monumental character, and the feudal spade has left its Gothic traces. Workmen have, from time immemorial, been employed in extracting the bowels of the earth to fertilize its surface. For ages the pick-axe and wheelbarrow have worked passages in every direction, and the traveler in this subterranean labyrinth is happy, if, with the aid of his torches, he can return the way he entered. Streets, squares, and cross-roads, appear on every side; in short, the vaults present the appearance of a town. M. Bory de Saint-Vincent draws the following picture of this gloomy region:

'If any thing,' he says, 'can add to the horror of the perfect darkness, it

is the total silence which reigns in these dismal vaults. The voice of man is scarcely sufficient to disturb it; sound is, as it were, deadened by the thickness of the gloom. Echo itself, which the bewildered traveler may interrogate in the desert, dwells not in these silent cavities.'

It may naturally be conjectured, that superstition has peopled these vaults with demons and hobgoblins. Tradition has even allotted to them a hell and a paradise. The huge pieces of coal, which an equal temperature has protected from the ravages of time, imagination has converted into monsters with claws, long tails and horns. In various places, names, inscriptions and remote dates, record the history or origin of the excavations, and relate numerous adventures and unfortunate deaths of which Petersberg has been the theatre. In one part of the vaults a workman, whose torch became extinguished, perished amidst the horrors of darkness and the pangs of famine: his hat and some fragments of his clothes still remain to attest his melancholy fate. In another part the walls present the history of four friars, who purposed to erect a chapel at the remotest point of these cavities. The thread by which they were to trace back their way to the opening of the vaults, broke; the unfortunate men perished, and their bodies were found at the distance of a few paces from each other. However, catastrophes of this terrible kind presented fewer horrors to the conscripts than the pursuits of the *gendarmerie*, and, according to the testimony of M. Bory, many preferred these dismal retreats to the laurels of Wagram and Jena.

The interior of the hill has given rise to anecdotes worth collecting. The Austrians, having possession of the fort of Petersberg, discovered a secret communication with the vaults, of which the French troops guarded some of the entries. With torch in hand and fixed bayonets the Austrians attempted to surprise the French; but the latter, warned by the subterranean lights, rushed upon the enemy, who were dazzled by their own torches, and a conflict ensued which resembled a combat of the infernal deities.

The following story is of a less serious nature. Maestricht had fallen into the power of the French, and long continued a most formidable garrison. A portion of the Austrian population fled to the vaults beneath the hill. They took their cattle with them, and in the cavities they hastily constructed rooms and stables. The French were unable to account for the disappearance of a portion of the conquered inhabitants, when a pig, which had escaped from its sty, rushed along the galleries, squeaking tremendously. It was heard by the French sentinels, and this circumstance led them to suspect the retreat of the Austrians. They adopted means to make the pig squeak still louder, in the hope of attracting the fugitives, when, to the great surprise of the soldiers, several pigs rushed out to answer the summons of the imprudent deserter. In ancient times the Capitol was saved by geese; and on this occasion a pig caused the destruction of the little republic of Petersberg. The Austrians were routed from their retreat, and their cattle and pigs, as may well be supposed, were speedily roasted and devoured.

Among the phænomena of the vaults of St. Peter may be mentioned the formation of geological organ-pipes. These are a kind of wells, the orifices of which are on the upper part of the hill, and which extend, like funnels, to its base. They serve as drains, which intercept the subterraneous galleries, and continually destroy their architecture. Their origin has given rise to strange conjectures. M. Mathieu supposes them to have been dug by some monstrous animal: but M. Bory very reasonably wages war against M. Mathieu's enormous moles, and ascribes the pipes or wells to the filtration of water. In support of this conjecture, he mentions an experiment which is suited to the understanding

of children: he let fall some water, drop by drop, on lumps of sugar, and thus produced little artificial wells similar to those on the hill.

THE DREADFUL FATE OF A MARTYR TO SCIENTIFIC ABSTRACTION.

A KENTISH gentleman resided in a large mansion which had long been possessed by his family. He was much esteemed by the surrounding gentry, and beloved for his benevolence by the neighbouring villagers. His age was nearly fifty, and his habits were studious. He had married a lady much younger than himself; and their mutual attachment was rendered more endearing by the birth of two sons and a daughter. In the society of his wife, the education of his children, and the study of natural philosophy, of which he was exceedingly fond, he passed his time in that happiness which such a respectable character deserved. His custom was to rise about five o'clock, and pass the time between that and breakfast in his laboratory or study, except when a fine morning invited him to walk round the extensive grounds belonging to his mansion. One morning he rose as usual. At the customary hour his lady entered the breakfast-room, and desired the servants to call their master. In a few minutes they returned to inform her that he was not in the house. His dressing-room, study, laboratory, library, all had been searched in vain. The supposition was that he had walked out, but the morning was cold and rainy. It was surmised that he must however be somewhere in the environs, and the servants were despatched in various directions, all without success. His lady was too impatient to wait for their return, and she spent some hours in perambulating about the place; returning to the house to make inquiries, and then resuming her weary and fruitless exertions. Anxiety and fatigue threw her into a fever. The relatives of the family were sent for—every inquiry was made in vain. None had seen her husband on the morning of his disappearance; and various conjectures were formed with regard to his fate. Some imagined he might have fallen a sacrifice to a chemical experiment; but this was not probable, as some remains of him would have been visible after the most dreadful accident of this nature. No one, indeed, could satisfactorily account for the strange incident. Year after year rolled away; a good constitution restored his lady to health, but never to happiness. In widowed seclusion she passed her time in the education of her children, and died at an advanced age, after marrying her daughter to a respectable gentleman of the adjoining county. One of her sons entered the army, and the other became a barrister. The elder son disposed of the estate to a colonel, who, dying some years after, left it to his son-in-law. When the house came into the possession of the latter gentleman, he determined to make considerable alterations. The singular disappearance of the former occupant was only remembered by the old inhabitants of the district: but now the dreadful mystery was painfully elucidated. The workmen, in making the required alterations, forced open the door of a long-neglected cellar. *There*—was discovered the almost fleshless skeleton of the unfortunate gentleman, recognisable only by his watch and other articles about his person. A candlestick lay by his side, and near the wall some implements for the process of distillation. On an examination of the lock it was easy to conjecture the particulars of his fate. On the fatal morning of his disappearance, he had entered this cellar, probably deeming it best adapted for some particular experiment. In entering, he had neglected to take the key; and the bolt, slipping into its place, finally enclosed him. The cellar was hardly known even to the inmates; and the cries which doubtless accompanied his despair, never found their way to the ears of his disconsolate family.

THE FATE OF ADELAIDE, A SWISS ROMANTIC TALE; AND OTHER POEMS; *by Lætitia Elizabeth Landon.* 12mo. 1821.

When we meet with a fair votary of the muses, we would gladly encourage her efforts, unless it should appear that her poetical capacity is of the lowest order. Praise would then become absurd and pernicious flattery: but this is far from being the case on the present occasion; for we observe, at the first glance, the dawn of talent, and may therefore hail the promise of a brighter day.

The principal poem, as might be expected, has love for its basis. Adelaide conceives for Orlando a fervent affection, which he for a time apparently returns: but, being summoned to the field, he suffers absence to impair, in his eye, the effect of her charms, and gives his hand to an eastern lady. His perfidy hurries Adelaide to the grave, and her fate involves, at no distant period, the ruin of her rival and her betrayer.

When the authoress speaks of love with animation and rapture,

> 'Oh, Love! how exquisite thy visions are!
> Spring of the soul, what flow'rs can equal thine?'

we are not surprised at the warm effusion; nor are we astonished at the remark, that

> —'Woman's fondest sigh is for the brave;'

for female weakness requires the aid of manly courage: but, when she thinks that this courage can only be properly displayed in war,—when she exults

> —'o'er the stirring scene
> Of thousands rushing onward to the strife;'

and exclaims,

> —'How beautiful,
> How glorious, and how glad, they move to death!'

we lament the temporary extinction of her feelings of tenderness and humanity, though we know that many readers will readily vindicate and ex-[illegible] her. [illegible] following passage is more poetical, and is, at the same time, unexceptionable in sentiment. Returning from his campaign,

> 'Orlando rov'd around: not his the bliss
> That breathes from recollections like the sigh
> Exhaling fragrance from the faded rose.
> Ah! how unlike the calm and lovely nights,
> When last with Adelaide he wander'd here!
> Then the moon glanc'd upon a summer sky,
> A smiling queen amid her starry court;
> And all around was loveliness and love.
> Now the departing autumn's shadowy hours
> Were passing in their gloom. Dark season! thou
> Alone dost give a stern unkind farewell!
> Fair is the young spring, with her golden hair
> And braids of dewy flowers, and her brow
> Has the soft beauty of a timid girl;
> And, like a blushing bride, the summer comes,
> While the sun smiles upon his fav'rite child:
> When first thou dost magnificent succeed
> To the bright chariot of the circling year,
> The valleys laugh, and plenty greets thy steps;
> Around thee then the cheerful corn-fields wave,
> And purple clusters sparkle on the vine;
> Then the rich tints are coloring the leaves,
> Like the pavilion of an eastern king,
> And flowers breathe their latest, sweetest sigh.
> Soon is thy beauty gone! the leaves and flow'rs,
> That welcom'd thee at first, are quickly gone,
> Like faithless friends that flee adversity;
> Then round thee blow the keen winds, like reproach,
> That ever wait upon the sunless day.
> Thy brow is sad, thy sky is lost in clouds,
> And darkness is around thee as a robe.
> Spring blushes into summer; summer goes,
> And leaves a glorious trace of light behind;—
> E'en winter softens into sunny spring;—
> But thou, pale melancholy season! thou
> Alone departest in thy hour of wrath!'

SKETCHES OF UPPER CANADA, DOMESTIC, LOCAL, AND CHARACTERISTIC; *by John Howison, Esq.* 8vo. 1821.

Our attention has been lately called in a more particular manner to this part of the British possessions, by the choice which many emigrants have made of it as a retreat for the melioration of their state and the more easy procurement of the means of ordinary subsistence. Mr. Howison is an encourager of emigration, and recommends Upper Canada as superior to the lower division of the colony in the advantages of soil and climate; and his 'practical details' will be found useful to those who are inclined to

settle in the province. He writes in a lively and spirited manner, and imparts to his narrative a considerable degree of attraction and interest.

He gives a more favorable character of the people of Lower than of Upper Canada. 'The peasantry (he says) display a native politeness, a presence of mind, and a degree of address, which, though extremely pleasing, sometimes betray their possessors into too much familiarity; however, there is so much gaiety and sentiment in these mistakes, that one cannot but heartily excuse them. My drivers always shook hands with me, and wished me a good journey, before we parted, and they sometimes politely asked me to join them in drinking a glass of cider. The Canadians are dark-complexioned, and generally meagre, although rather athletic.—Their eyes are small, sparkling, and animated; but none of the men have any pretensions to personal beauty.

'I was much struck with the politeness of the common Canadians. They never passed without uncovering; and, when two drivers came within call, they always saluted each other by the word *monsieur*. The children make a low obeisance to every genteel stranger; and I cannot help mentioning a trifling incident which was occasioned by this custom. A little boy, who had apparently just begun to walk, stood at the door of a cottage, with an immense broad-rimmed hat upon his head. When I approached, he took it off and bowed; but, in attempting to regain the erect posture, he found the weight of his *chapeau* too great, and fell forward on his face, but without receiving any injury. I thought at the moment, that it would have been well, if the British government had furnished lord Amherst with a hat of this description, to be used on his first audience with the emperor of China. It would have occasioned a prostration highly gratifying to his majesty, and, from its being entirely accidental, of course quite satisfactory to our administration.'

When he entered the upper province, the first regular settlement which he approached was Glengary, which exhibits to advantage the industry of the Scotish settlers, though the want of capital has checked and retarded their operations. In sailing up to Kingston on the St. Laurence, he and his companions landed on one of those numerous islands, which are to be met with in that noble river, and were gratified with what, to an English sportsman, would be a great novelty—a deer-hunt by torch-light. Hearing a noise in the night, they were afraid of being surprised by savages, but

'The supposed Indians were no other than the crew of a brigade of batteaux, and the shouts we heard were raised in consequence of their having seen three deer, in the pursuit of which they requested us to join. This proposal was acceded to by all parties, and some began to kindle large fires in several parts of the island, while others stripped the hickory tree of its bark, and made torches. Thus prepared, we sallied forth, some carrying arms, and the others being provided with blazing flambeaux. Intending to surround the deer, and gradually close upon them, we dispersed into a large circle, and sent two dogs among the brushwood, to rouse the game, which they soon accomplished, and we accordingly made regular encroachments upon their precincts. The deer, when they saw themselves thus environed, sprang from one side to the other, leaped into the air, reared upon their hind legs, and at last sunk down apparently in despair; but, upon the discharge of a couple of fowling-pieces, they again started, and, having escaped our circle, plunged into the river. Several of the boatmen had remained upon the banks of the island, that they might prevent the deer from taking the river; but when they found this impracticable, they shouted to us and ran to the batteaux, and immediately unmoored them. The remainder of the crew soon followed, with arms and torches, and they all rowed out in

pursuit of the game. Nothing could be more brilliant and picturesque than the scene which succeeded. We saw the heads and antlers of the beautiful animals moving with graceful rapidity upon the surface of the water, while the brightness of their eyes rivaled that of the transparent drops which sparkled around them. When the shouts of the crew and the dashing of the oars assailed their ears, the exertions they made to escape were inconceivably strong—sometimes raising themselves almost entirely out of the water, and sometimes springing forward several yards at one leap. The bustle among the boats, the glare of the torches, and the ferocious countenances of the crew, were finely contrasted with the meekness and timidity of the deer, and the whole effect was heightened by the islands around, the wild and romantic features of which were strikingly displayed at intervals, when the ruddy light of the torches happened to fall upon them. Several shots were fired, though apparently without effect, and I began fervently to hope that the deer might escape. Two of them eluded their pursuers, but the batteaux surrounded the other, and the Canadians beat it to death with their oars, and, having taken it on board, returned to the shore.'

The largest town in Upper Canada is Kingston; which is not so populous as might be expected; for the inhabitants and garrison do not exceed the amount of 5000.—'The plan of the town is elegant and extensive, but not yet nearly realized. Most of the houses are built of lime-stone; inexhaustible quarries of which lie in the immediate vicinity of the town, and are of the greatest importance to it, as Kingston, being the key to Upper Canada, will always require strong fortifications. There is nothing the least interesting or remarkable, in either the streets or buildings of this place. The better class of people, most of whom are in the mercantile line, live in a good style, but are not very hospitable; and there appears to be little polish among them, and not much social communication. The natural position and local advantages of Kingston are such, that, by means of proper fortifications, it might be made almost impregnable. It lies behind a point of land, on the extremity of which there is a strong fort, that commands the town and the entrance into the harbour so completely, that although an enemy had possession of the former, he could not occupy it with safety, nor receive any supplies by means of the latter. The bay affords so fine a harbour, that a vessel of one hundred and twenty guns can lie close to the quay.'

In speaking of Lake Ontario, the author takes notice of a periodical phænomenon, which this and the other lakes exhibit. Their waters rise many feet above the average height, once in about seven years, and to a very great extent in thirty-five or forty years. Near this great body of water stands the town of York, in which about 3000 persons reside. It is a place of little trade, and is at present nearly defenceless.

He views fine scenery with the eye of a painter. 'The environs of Queenston (he says) are beautifully picturesque and romantic, and nothing can be finer than the prospect up the Niagara river. Immediately above the village its channel narrows very much, and the banks rise to the height of three hundred feet perpendicular, while at the same time they become wild and rocky, and are thickly covered with trees of various kinds. In some places they partly over-arch the river, and throw an appalling gloom upon its waters, now dashed into turbulence and impetuosity by the ruggedness of their sloping bed. It was night when I first viewed this scene; and, as the moon gradually rose, she threw a broken light successively upon different portions of the stream, and sometimes brought to view the foamy bosom of a rapid, at other times unveiled the struggling and heaving waters of a whirlpool, while the mingled roar, on all sides, excited a shuddering curiosity about those parts of the

river that rolled along in darkness. Over the precipice, on the summit of which I stood while I contemplated this scene, many of the American soldiers had rushed at the close of the battle of Queenston heights. They were so warmly pressed by our troops and the Indians, and had so little prospect of obtaining quarter from the latter, that a great number wildly flung themselves over the steep, and tried to save their lives by catching hold of the trees that grew upon it; but many were frightfully dashed to pieces on the rocks, and others who reached the river perished in their attempts to swim across it. Several, who had dropped among the cliffs without receiving any injury, were afterwards transfixed and killed by falling upon their own bayonets, while in the act of leaping from one spot to another. I almost imagined I saw these unfortunate men writhing in all the agonies of a protracted death, and gazing with envy at their companions, who were convulsively catching for breath among the sullen waters below. Were the Canadians inclined to be superstitious, they could not select a more suitable place than this for the haunt and appearance of unearthly beings. The wildness of the scenery, the gloom of the cliffs, and the melancholy incident I have just related, would subject Queenston heights to the suspicion of any people more under the influence of imagination than the Canadians are, and make them conjure up half a dozen bleeding sentinels at the top of the precipice, every night after sun-set. About four miles above Queenston, there is a singular and interesting part of the Niagara river, called the Whirlpool. The banks here are extremely high and perpendicular; and, in addition to the natural channel, the current of the river has formed a semicircular excavation in them, resembling a small bay. The mouth of it is more than a thousand feet wide, and its length about two thousand. The current, which is extremely rapid, whenever it reaches the upper point of this bay, forsakes the direct channel, and sweeps wildly round the sides of it; when, having made this extraordinary circuit, it regains its proper course, and rushes with perturbed velocity between two perpendicular precipices, which are not more than four hundred feet asunder. The surface of the whirlpool is in a state of continual agitation. The water boils, mantles up, and wreathes, in a manner that proves its fearful depth and the confinement it suffers; as trees, that come within the sphere of the current, are swept along with a quivering zig-zag motion which it is difficult to describe. This singular body of water must be several hundred feet deep, and has not hitherto been frozen over, although in spring the broken ice that descends from Lake Erie collects in such quantities upon its surface, and becomes so closely wedged together, that it resists the current, and remains till warm weather breaks it up.'

In a country so ill peopled as Upper Canada, it cannot be supposed that the inns afford desirable accommodation. A tolerable meal can scarcely be procured at any of them; some of them are not even provided with bread, and, if the mistress should fall short of tea, she will send one of her children into the woods to gather the leaves of hemlock, hickory, or evergreen, of which she boldly serves up an infusion to her customers. At one of these inns, Mr. Howison met with an Indian named Robert Turkeyfoot; he was a 'very harmless person,' who had *only* scalped eleven Americans. At the village of St. Catharine, he arrived on a Sunday, and went to church:—

'Most of the young women were adorned with a variety of the brightest colors; but they did not seem to have adopted any particular fashion, each dressing herself in the style she conceived to be most becoming. There was as much vanity and affectation

among them as would be found in a congregation of any country church in England; but they assumed greater airs than rustic females are accustomed to do there. The young men who came to church were generally mounted upon jaded farm-horses, the decoration of which seemed to have occupied more of their attention than that of their own persons; gaudy saddle-girths, glittering bridles, and other tinsel accoutrements, being profusely exhibited by these candidates for the admiration of the fair. Large waggons carrying loads of amphibious Dutch, who had probably vegetated in some swamp during twenty or thirty years, occasionally arrived, and conveyed the ponderous *Fraus* and *Mynheers* to the door of the church, which I entered along with the congregation. Presently an old man, dressed in a showy blue coat, white pantaloons, top-boots, and plated spurs, made his appearance, and, to my astonishment, proved to be the priest. The form of the service was presbyterian; and during the whole course of it the people continued going out and in without any regard to silence or decorum; while the schoolmaster of the village, with a string of pupils, made his appearance only a few minutes before the blessing was pronounced. At the conclusion of the service the clergyman gave out a hymn, which was sung by a party of young men who sat in the church gallery. The sound of a miserably-played flute and a cracked flageolet, united with the harshness of the voices, produced a concert both disagreeable and ludicrous. When the hymn was finished, the preacher proclaimed several marriages, and dismissed the congregation.

Whatever may be the general condition of the province, it appears that many of the farms are in a high state of cultivation, containing more than 150 acres of cleared land, the fields of which are well ploughed, and not disfigured by stumps or decayed timber. The occupants of these farms, after surmounting the difficulties which at first checked their course, now reap the full produce of their labor, being neither burthened by rents, nor encumbered with taxes. Many of them possess thirty or forty head of cattle, and annually store up two or three thousand bushels of grain in their barns; but this amelioration in their condition, unfortunately, has not produced a corresponding effect upon their manners, character, or mode of life. They are still the same untutored, incorrigible beings that they probably were, when, the ruffian remnant of a disbanded regiment, or the outlawed refuse of some European nation, they sought refuge in the wilds of Upper Canada, aware that they would neither find means of support nor be countenanced in any civilized country. Their original depravity has been confirmed and increased by the circumstances in which they are now placed. Possessing farms which render them independent of the better classes of society, they can, within certain limits, be as bold, unconstrained, and obtrusive as they please, in their behaviour towards their superiors; for they neither look to them for subsistence, nor for any thing else. They now consider themselves on an equality with those to whom, in former times, the hope of gain would have made them crouch like slaves; and tacitly avow their contempt of the better part of society, by avoiding the slightest approximation towards them, so far as regards habits, appearance, or mode of life.

From Canada Mr. Howison leads us, by an easy transition, into the territory of the United States, of which he has given an interesting sketch. He speaks of the state of society and manners in that republic, without the sneer of satire or the illiberality of prejudice; and, if he is not satisfied with the proficiency of the Americans in the fine arts, he only confirms the report of those who are allowed to be good judges of the subject.



TO THE EDITOR.

Sir—The ignorance and depravity of many individuals among the lower orders excite great terror both in town and country. Bolts and locks are no longer a security against nightly prowlers; and persons of respectability are endangered in passing our highways, or going from one street to another. Courage and vigilance may prevent much outrage; and the exertions of the police constitute a partial security; but the police cannot be omnipresent, nor will guards, bludgeons, or fire-arms, effect a radical cure of this national evil. The remedy must be sought in giving the poor more enlightened perceptions of their duties and interests. The press of Hadington, in East-Lothian, has provided an excellent *panacea* for untutored unweeded minds. Mr. George Millar, of Dunbar, published the Cheap Magazine in 1814, and the Philanthropic Museum in 1815; and the best friends of mankind have declared their approbation of the practical religion and the useful knowlege diffused by those miscellanies. Mr. Millar has lately added to them the History of Tom Bragwell, expressly calculated to alarm the reader by the most powerful motives, that he may avoid idle and vicious associations, and shrink, with horror and redoubled caution, from all enticements to encroach on the property of others. The book consists of two hundred pages, and is sold at a very cheap rate, to afford facilities to the benevolent in purchasing many copies for gifts to dependents, to schools, or to hapless prisoners. Mr. Millar has done his own part in the sacrifice of pecuniary interest; and we cannot doubt that the public will promote and fulfil his patriotic views. A lady who circulates several copies of Tom Bragwell very probably may save some near and dear relative from personal injury, and rescue many untaught beings from the pangs of guilt, and the misery of an ignominious death.

Senex.

A MEMOIR OF MR. ELLISTON.

To many young minds there is a fascination in the idea of mimic display. To depict the manners of the various classes of society, and represent the spirit of other times, are objects of high attraction. The actor seems to enter into a second life when he exchanges his own character for another: the ardency of original zeal subsides into a regular habit; and, as theatrical eminence is productive of wealth, the love of fame and the desire of action acquire an additional *stimulus*.

Robert William Elliston was born near the close of the year 1774, in Orange-street, Bloomsbury. His grandfather was a Suffolk farmer, and his father was a respectable watch-maker, who long resided in the vicinity of Covent-Garden. A sagacious biographer, quoting an obscure novel, says, 'propinquity begets love,' and attributes young Elliston's early partiality for theatrical amusements to his residence in the purlieus of the Garden; but we do not find that the young men who live near the Park or the Tower are more disposed to enter into the army than such as reside at a great distance from any scene of military parade. We hear of the pulpit, the stage, the bar, and the camp, and fix our choice without regard to propinquity.

In the tenth year of his age, young Elliston was sent to St. Paul's school, over which Dr. Richard Roberts then presided. His uncle, who was master of Sidney college in the university of Cambridge, wished him to consider himself as destined for the church; and, for some years, the youth did not betray that inclination which he afterwards professed for a profane or secular employment. During the vacations he usually visited Cambridge, where he was treated by his reverend friend with the affection of a father. He frequented the school until he had entered his seventeenth year. Before he quitted it, he distinguished himself, it is said, as a public speaker, on one of those occasions when Dr. Ro-

berts indulged himself, and gratified the parents of the Paulines, by a pompous display of the eloquence of his pupils. The applause which he obtained for his recitation either prompted him to turn his attention to the theatre, or encouraged that passion for the stage which he had already conceived. He was then the fourth boy of the school, and would, in all probability, have been soon sent to one of the universities, if he had not suddenly discontinued his attendance. He had some disagreement with the high master; but this is stated to have been of a trifling nature, and was therefore not the grand motive of his retreat. His uncle and other friends remonstrated with him, and blamed his imprudence and rashness; but he disregarded all expostulations, and, having acted the part of Pierre at the Lyceum with promising effect, in a private party, he resolved to appear publicly on the first opportunity that might present itself. We may here observe, that it required an ardent zeal, and great buoyancy of spirits, thus to throw himself unprotected on a wide world in early youth, and defy the accidents and storms of life.

Having no hope of an engagement at a London theatre, while he was so young and inexperienced, he repaired to Bath, and became a clerk in a lottery-office, until he was permitted, by the manager of the theatre in that city, to appear in the character of Tressel in the tragedy of Richard III. In this humble attempt he pleased the audience; but, as the fulness of the company precluded the necessity of an addition to it, he was not complimented with the desired engagement. His disappointment, however, did not produce despondence; and he soon after offered his services to Mr. Whkinson of York, to whom he was recommended by Mr. Wallis, the father of the young lady who was for some years a distinguished actress in London: He was immediately engaged; but the characters in which he was obliged to appear were unworthy of his rising talents, and disgust and weariness followed that eagerness and confidence with which he had solicited an admission into the company. Relinquishing his engagement, he returned to London, and remained for some time unemployed, having obtained both forgiveness and pecuniary assistance from his uncle.

Being honored by Mr. Kemble with an interview, he was advised by that gentleman to study the character of Romeo, so as to render himself perfect in the part by the commencement of the next season: but, as he could not flatter himself with the prospect of a speedy engagement with a metropolitan company, he had recourse to Mr. Dimond of Bath, who was then performing at Richmond. His prepossessing address, and his plausibility of manner, conciliated the favor of the manager, under whose auspices, in the year 1793, he personated Romeo on the Bath stage with great effect. He tried other characters whenever he had an opportunity of varying his choice, and displayed a versatility of talent which excited the applause of the votaries both of Melpomene and Thalia.

While he was thus employed at Bath, he was not content with the comforts of a single life; and he observed with pleasure the attractions and accomplishments of Miss Rundall, who taught the art of dancing with reputation and success. Her friends disapproved the match; but he persevered in his addresses; and, when the lady had been sent to London, he followed her with an intention of solemnising the marriage in that city; at the same time pretending that he only wished to afford, to his friends in the metropolis, an opportunity of witnessing his professional exertions. As she surprised him, however, by a speedy return to Bath, he introduced himself to her at a fortunate moment, and prevailed upon her to consummate his happiness by a private but legitimate union. This incident occurred in 1796; and, in the same year, he augmented his fame by his representation of the difficult character of Oc-

tavian, at Mr. Colman's theatre in the Hay-market. His reception was uncommonly favorable, and the applause with which he was greeted from all parts of a thronged house filled him with joy and rapture: but, when he afterward performed, at stated intervals, at Covent-garden, he did not meet with the same success. He therefore renewed his engagement at Bath, and continued to be the hero of that theatre until the close of the year 1802. In a letter from a theatrical reporter in that city, dated 1801, he is thus mentioned: 'Elliston is the very Proteus of the theatre: he enacts the Copper-Captain, Sponge (in Cheap Living), Richard III., Henry V., Sylvester Daggerwood, Sim in Wild Oats, lord Aimworth, &c.—nothing seems to come amiss to him.'

In the spring of the year 1803, when Mr. Colman commenced his operations without waiting for the usual supply of actors from the two major theatres, Mr. Elliston was not only the principal performer, but also the stage-manager; and, under his able direction, the season was productive of considerable emolument, although some individuals of the company were unfit to tread the stage. In the following year, his merit was acknowleged by the manager of the Drury-lane establishment; for he was then engaged for both departments of the drama, and regarded as one of the props of a declining concern. In this situation he produced the Venetian Outlaw. It was not an original piece, but was a translation of 'Abelino le grand Bandit, ou l'Homme à trois Visages.' It was not destitute of theatrical effect, though unequal to the Bravo of Venice.

After the destruction of the new theatre at Drury-lane by fire, Mr. Elliston became a speculator. Trusting that the Circus would flourish under his management, he took that house for three years, and, in the opinion of many of his friends, degraded himself below the fair level of his talents, by exhibiting himself on a scene from which the legitimate drama is excluded by law.

For some years he has been a lessee of the New Drury; and, by his care and attention, the establishment has been freed from a part of its pecuniary embarrassments and encumbrances. Much praise is due to him for his strenuous and incessant exertions.

Of his theatrical merit something remains to be said; but, as he has been so long before the public, diffuseness on this topic is unnecessary. He certainly does not display, in tragedy, that excellence or skill which we may justly attribute to his efforts in comedy. His countenance and features are better adapted for the sportive lightness of the one than the melancholy gravity and intense passion of the other. Yet we do not assert that his Romeo is contemptible, or that his tragic delineations are altogether feeble and ineffective.

Among his best characters we may reckon the duke in the Honey-Moon, Vapid in the Dramatist, and Rover in Wild Oats. In the first he is pleasant and graceful, and unites ease with dignity: in the second, he is as lively and restless, and as intent upon the great object of his constant care, as the author could wish: in the third, he is brisk and airy, and, at the same time, gives pointed effect to occasional traits of feeling and sentiment.

P. S. Although we have, in this biography of Mr. Elliston, restricted ourselves almost exclusively to his theatrical pursuits, there is one subject that we cannot refrain from mentioning, though, we hope, with due delicacy. We allude to his domestic calamity in the loss of his amiable wife, with whom he had lived for many years in an uninterrupted state of happiness. This melancholy event happened in the most sudden manner in April last.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add, that the most sincere regard was expressed for this most excellent lady by all who had the happiness of knowing her. Her death has been deeply

felt by her husband and her afflicted children and relatives; and the respect which was paid to her memory, even by her remote acquaintance, will be a lasting monument to her virtues.

THE WITCH OF BERKELEY.

A WOMAN (says William of Malmesbury, the monkish historian) used to reside in Berkeley, accustomed, as it afterwards appeared, to crimes, having no moderation in her sins, because she was yet on this side of old age, although beating on the door of it with a near foot. When she was on a certain day holding a feast, a raven, which she kept as a pet, croaked in a louder tone than usual. Upon hearing this, the knife fell from her hand; her countenance became pale; and, groaning, she exclaimed, 'To-day my plough has come to its last furrow; to-day I shall hear and receive a great misfortune.' While she was speaking, the messenger of misery entered. Being asked why he came with a face so full of melancholy expression, 'I bring news to you,' he said, 'from that town,' and named the place, 'of the death of your son, and destruction of all the family.' At these words the woman, wounded in her mind with grief, immediately swooned, and, feeling the disease creep to her vitals, sent for her surviving children, a monk and nun, and addressed them with a sobbing voice. 'I have always used dæmoniac arts; I have been the sink of all vices, the mistress of enticements. There was, however, among these evils, a hope of your religion, which might soothe my miserable soul. Despairing of myself, I reclined upon you; I proposed you to be my defenders against dæmons, protectors against the most cruel enemies. Now, therefore, because I have reached the end of my life, and shall have those exactors of the punishment whom I had advisers in my sin, I ask you, by the maternal breasts which you have sucked, if you have any faith, any piety, that you at least attempt to alleviate my sufferings; and though you will not be able to recall the sentence issued concerning my soul, perhaps you may preserve my body by the following means. Sew it in a stag's hide, afterwards place it in a stone sarcophagus, fasten the cover with lead and iron; besides, surround the stone with three iron chains of great weight; let psalms be sung for fifty nights, and the same number of masses repeated in the days, which may mitigate the ferocious attacks of my enemies. If I should lie securely for three nights, on the fourth day bury your mother in the ground, although I fear that the earth, which I have so often burthened with my vices, will not receive me in its bosom.' Her desires were complied with in the most attentive form. But oh! her wickedness! pious tears, vows, prayers, availed nothing; so great was the wickedness of the woman, so great was the violence of the devil. For, on the first two nights, when clerks were singing psalms around the body, certain devils, breaking with the greatest ease the door of the church, burst asunder the two chains at the extremities. The middle one, which was more elaborately wrought, remained entire. On the third night, about cock-crowing, the whole monastery seemed to be overturned from its foundations by the noise of the approaching enemies. One more terrible than the rest in look, and taller in stature, shaking the doors with greater force, dashed them into fragments. The clerks stood stiff with terror, and bereft of speech. He, advancing with a stately step to the coffin, and calling the woman by name, ordered her to arise. Upon her answering that she could not on account of the chains, 'You shall be loosed,' said he, 'and to your evil;' and immediately broke the chain, which had eluded the strength of the rest, with as much ease as a packthread. He also kicked off the lid of the coffin with his foot, and, having taken her by the hand, drew her out of the church in the sight of them all. Before the doors stood a proud black horse neighing, with iron hooks projecting over its whole back. The woman was put

upon it, and soon disappeared. Her cries and supplications for help were heard for nearly four miles.

A REMARKABLE FAIR.

A CONTEMPTIBLE Russian village near the Wolga, called Makarieff, becomes, for a month in every year, one of the greatest marts in the world. A few wretched huts, built in a sandy desert, are replaced by thousands of shops erected with a promptitude peculiar to the Russians. Taverns, coffee-houses, a theatre, ball-rooms, a crowd of wooden buildings, painted and adorned with exquisite taste, spring up. It is difficult to form an idea of the throng of people who flock to Makarieff during this time. There we find assembled, for the purposes of trade, Russians from all the provinces of the empire, Bocharians, Georgians, Armenians, Persians, and Hindoos; and, beside these, there are Poles, Germans, French, English, and even Americans. Notwithstanding the confusion of costume and of language, the most perfect order prevails. The riches which are collected in a space of less than two leagues are incalculable. The silks of Lyons, the furs of Siberia, the pearls of the East, the wines of France and Greece, the merchandise of China and Persia, are displayed close to common goods and ordinary articles.

A writer on this subject says, 'Among the precious commodities from Asia which are to be found at Makarieff, the Kashmir shawls indisputably hold the first rank. For several years past they have been brought in large bales. I have seen a shawl for which eight thousand rubles were asked; though, according to my taste, it was better suited to be spread as a carpet on the divan of an Indian prince, than to cover the shoulders of a lady.

'One of my friends who had an opportunity of attending as a witness at the purchase of a parcel of these manufactures, has given me an account of the transaction, which appears to me so curious, that I think the detail will be amusing.

'The conclusion of a bargain for shawls always takes place before witnesses. Having been asked to attend in that capacity, I went to the fair with the purchaser, the other witnesses, and a broker, who was an Armenian. We stopped at an unfinished stone house, without a roof, and we were ushered in to a kind of cellar. Though it was the abode of a very rich Hindoo, it had no other furniture than eighty elegant packages piled one upon the other against the wall.

'Parcels of the most valuable shawls are sold, without the purchaser seeing any more than the outside of them; he neither unfolds nor examines them, and yet he is perfectly acquainted with every shawl by means of a descriptive catalogue which the Armenian broker, with much difficulty, procures from Kashmir. He and his witnesses and brokers (for he sometimes has two) all sit down. He does not, however, say a word; every thing being managed by the brokers, who go continually from him to the seller, whisper in their ears, and always take them to the farthest corner of the apartment. This negociation continues till the price first asked is so far reduced, that the difference between that and the price offered is not too great, so that hopes may be entertained of coming to an agreement. The shawls are now brought; and the two principals begin to negociate. The seller displays his merchandise, and extols it highly; the buyer looks upon it with an affectation of contempt, and rapidly compares the numbers and the marks. This being done, the scene becomes animated; the purchaser makes a direct offer, the seller rises, as if going away. The brokers follow him, crying aloud, and bring him back by force; they contend and struggle; one pulls one way and one the other: it is a noise, a confusion, of which it is difficult to form an idea. The poor Hindoo acts the most passive part; he is sometimes even ill-treated. When this has continued some time, and they think they have persuaded him, they proceed to the third act, which con-

sists in giving the hand, and is performed in a most grotesque manner. The brokers seize the seller, and endeavour, by force, to make him put his hand in that of the purchaser, who holds it open and repeats his offer with a loud voice. The Hindoo defends himself; he makes resistance, disengages himself, wraps up his hand in the wide sleeves of his robe, and repeats his first price in a lamentable voice. This comedy continues a considerable time; they separate, they make a pause as if to recover strength for a new contest, the noise and the struggling recommence; at last the two brokers seize the hand of the seller, and, notwithstanding all his efforts and cries, oblige him to lay it in the hand of the buyer.

'Suddenly the greatest tranquillity prevails; the Hindoo is ready to weep, and laments in a low voice that he has been in too great a hurry. The brokers congratulate the purchaser; they sit down to proceed to the final ceremony—the delivery of the goods. All that has passed is a mere comedy; it is, however, indispensable; because the Hindoo will by all means have the appearance of having been deceived and duped. If he has not been sufficiently pushed about, and shaken, if he has not had his collar torn, if he has not received a number of punches in the ribs, and knocks on the head, if his right arm is not black and blue, from being held fast to make him give his hand to the buyer, he repents of his bargain till the next fair, and then it is very difficult to make him listen to any terms. In the affair in which I assisted as witness, the Hindoo had demanded 230,000 rubles, and came down to 180,000; and of this sum he paid 2 per cent to the brokers.

'Our whole party, the seller, buyer, brokers, interpreters, and witnesses, now sat down with crossed legs upon a handsome carpet, with a broad fringe, spread on purpose; and when we had taken refreshments, the merchandise was delivered. The marks had been verified a second time, and all found right; new disputes arose about the time of payment; and, when every thing was at last settled, the whole company knelt down to pray. I followed the example of the rest, and could not help reflecting on the diversity of the faith of those who were here assembled: there were Hindoos, adorers of Brama, and of numerous idols; Tartars, who submitted their fate to the will of Allah, and Mohammed his prophet; two Parsis, or worshipers of fire; a Calmouck officer, who adored, in the Dala Lama, the living image of the divinity; a Moor, who venerated I know not what unknown being; lastly, an Armenian, a Georgian, and myself a Lutheran, all three Christians, but of different communions—a remarkable example of toleration.

'My prayer was fervent and sincere: I prayed to Heaven to be pleased to cure the women of Europe, as soon as possible, of their extravagant fondness for this article of luxury. The prayer being ended, we saluted one another, and every one emptied his bowl; I never tasted a more agreeable beverage. We then separated, and each went his own way *.

* From the Literary Gazette.

ENGLISH FEMALE COSTUME FOR JANUARY, 1822.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Spencers, which still continue much in favor for young persons, are of figured velvet, with a high standing collar, with loose sleeves, which are confined round the wrists with bracelets of polished steel, diamond cut, or of coral, and not unfrequently of rubies. Black satin pelisses are much in esteem, lined with white, and elegantly trimmed with the same material; though for both the carriage and promenade there are none so much admired as those of the fine Cashmir,



Morning Dress.



Evening Dress

ornamented round the border with a deep fur, the same to correspond round the collar and wrists. Black satin hats, adorned with plumes, are much in favor; they are bent down in front, and lined with pale pink, or white satin; others are ornamented with shag silk of the same color as the lining, and tied under the chin with a half-handkerchief. The Jane d'Albret, and the Tyrolese hat, both of black velvet, are often seen in carriages. Black, we are sorry to observe, continues the most favorite wear in fashionable costume; figured dresses often consisting of Urling's black Chantilly lace over white or grey sarcenet, and highly glazed black satin; net or gauze likewise prevail, figured with satin leaves, and ornamented *à l'antique* with satin, in separate festoon ornaments, each fastened in the middle with an *agraffe* in white satin, and bordered on each side with a rouleau of the same. The mobs for home costume are of fine plain India muslin, edged with lace, and a simple bow of white riband, or surmounted by a light half-wreath of flowers, and terminating in a graceful bow under the left ear. The half-dress cornettes are of fine lace, or figured blond net, with a fichu of the same material, elegantly disposed, and between each opening or division are scattered flowers or bows of riband. The trimmings most prevalent for colored *gros-de-Naples*, consist of three or four rows of honeycomb flounce trimmings of crape: shot colors are very fashionable, crimson, orange, and garter-blue; vine-leaf green, Etruscan brown, scarlet and ponceau, crimson and pink, &c.

The favorite jewellery ornaments are corals or rubies, mixed with gold.

WALKING DRESS.

High Pelisse of fine Cashmir, of a dark blue, ornamented with satin of the same: the bust trimmed with rich cordons, and silk chain twist, with buttons beautifully wrought, and completed with an elegant tippet of the same. Cashmir shawl with a white ground, and deep oriental fringe: black satin half-boots, and Limerick gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

A round robe, composed of net blond over a white satin slip, ornamented by two rows of satin leafage: at the edge, and between the puffings, is a superb embroidery in a star pattern, worked on the dress. The sleeves are long, puffed out very full, and wreathed round the arms in narrow lace puffings to correspond: the dress partially low, and completed by a border of the same round the bust. Ottoman turban of white gauze, with bandeau of gold, and crowned by the white feathers of the paradise plume. Sash of persian, with long ends, and slippers of white satin. Necklace of a double row of pearls. White kid gloves, and carved ivory fan.

POETRY.

STANZAS TO MY INFANT BOY;

By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.

Sweet smiling cherub!—if for thee
Indulgent Heav'n would grant my prayer,
And might the threads of destiny
Be woven by maternal care,
No golden wishes there should twine,
If thy life's web were wrought by me;
Calm peaceful pleasures should be thine,
From grandeur and ambition free.

I would not ask for courtly grace
Around thy polish'd limbs to play,
Nor beauty's smile to deck thy face,
Giv'n but to lead some heart astray.
I would not ask the wreath of fame
Around thy youthful brow to twine,
Nor that the statesman's envied name,
And courtly honors, should be thine.

Ne'er may war's crimson'd laurels bloom,
To crown thee with a hero's wreath;

(Like roses, smiling o'er a tomb,
Horror and death lie hid beneath;)
Nor yet be thine his feverish life,
On whom the fatal Muses smile;
The poet, like the Indian wife,
Oft lights his own funereal pile!

No!—I would ask that virtue bright
May fix thy footsteps ne'er to stray;
That meek religion's holy light
May guide thee through life's desert way;
That manly sense, and purest truth,
A breast contentment's chosen shrine,
May, through the slipp'ry paths of youth,
Unstain'd, untarnish'd, still be thine.

That love's chaste flame—that friendship's glow,
May kindle in thy gen'rous breast;
And peace, which greatness ne'er can know,
Be thy calm pillow's nightly guest.
Sweet smiling cherub!—if for thee
Indulgent Heav'n would hear my prayer,
Thus should the web of destiny
Be woven by a mother's care!

AN ADDRESS TO A WIFE;

Supposed to be written by Lord Byron.

There is a mystic thread of life,
So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes
Have often gaz'd with fond delight;
By day that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture in my breast,
I would not hear a seraph choir,
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek;
But, pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip which mine hath prest,
And none had ever prest before;
It vow'd to make me sweetly blest,
And mine—mine only, prest it more.

There is a bosom, all my own,
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head,
A mouth which smiles on me alone,
An eye whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts, whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet,
That pulse to pulse responsive still,
That both must heave or cease to beat.

There are two souls whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—they part, ah no!
They cannot part—those souls are one!

EMMA.

Emma is gone!—Death's icy hand
Did ne'er before such sweetness sever;
That breath has fled, which love once fann'd,
And beauty's eyes are clos'd for ever!

The morning beams not half so fair;
And every pleasant hope has perish'd;
The flow'rs she left seem not so rare,
No longer by her fondness cherish'd.

Her bane was love!—and hers was such
As seldom fills life's path with gladness;
'Twas holy, pure,—indeed too much
For earthly love,—and brought her sadness.

Cruelly left by him, with whom
She would have fac'd life's rudest weather,
She sunk in silence to the tomb!
And life and love were lost together!

J. M. Lacey.

THE MEETING.

Ah! Susan, dear Susan! again I behold thee,
Thy beauties as blooming as nature can form;
Delighted, my Susan, again I enfold thee,
Thy cheek still as rosy, thy lip still as warm,

As when erst in the days of our childhood we gambol'd,
And thought not of love, though we tasted its bliss,
While, as thro' the green woodlands together we rambled,
Each look was a smile, and each word was a kiss.

And oh, my dear Susan! are thou still the same?
The same that in those days of pleasure I knew?
No longer be constancy deem'd a mere name,
Since the heart of my Susan continues so true!

And didst thou despise all the offers of splendor?
Had titles or wealth no enchantment for thee?
And was it to *Love* thou would'st only surrender?
And didst thou surrender to *that*, but for me?

Affection, then, let the world treat with derision,
Let them treat as ideal what they never felt;
Or let dreamers imagine that love is a vision,
Which lives but the night, and with morning will melt.

But no fancies like these cast a gloom on our truth,
I fondest of husbands, thou fairest of wives;
For the sun that shone bright on the dawn of our youth
Will still shine as bright on the eve of our lives!

THE ROSE-BUD.

Harriet pluck'd an unblown rose,
And, smiling, said to me,
'Before it can its sweets disclose,
'I give it unto thee.'

'Why bring me this?' I quick replied,
'It can no sweets impart:'
''Twill soon expand,' she blushing cried,
'If warm'd against thy heart.'

'This bud,' resum'd the lovely maid,
'Would soon have been a rose;
'And then its fragrant beauties fade;
'It withers when it blows.'

'Then ere it opes its tender head,
'The captive rose to free;
'Before its perfum'd sweets are shed,
'O! pluck it from the tree.

'Then let it feel thy heart's warm power;
'Oh nourish it with care!
'And gratitude will teach the flower
'To shed its sweetness there.'

She plac'd the rose-bud next my heart;
I found her words were true;
But found, alas, in that same part,
A thorn was planted too.

RETROSPECTION;

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

Scenes of my childhood, hail!
I greet ye with a tear;
Sorrow has turn'd my young cheek pale,
Since last I wander'd here.

Scenes of my earliest youth!
I view ye,—and I mourn
Those halcyon days of peace and truth,
That never can return!

Fair SEVERN!—down whose maze
The silent waters glide;
Once the calm current of my days
Was peaceful as thy tide.

Thy silvery waves flow on,
Unruffled as of yore;—
But ah!—my heart's young hopes are gone,
And youth's gay dreams are o'er!

Scenes of my childhood, hail!
I greet ye with a tear;—
For grief has turn'd my young cheek pale,
Since last I wander'd here!

ADVICE TO THEATRICAL PERFORMERS.

Apollo, that great wholesale dealer in wit,
To better the taste of the age,
Once peep'd thro' the ceiling that covers the pit,
And thus gave advice to the *stage*.

'I'm Phœbus—the God who presides over song;
Comic opera forms my delight;
How sorry I feel to point out what is wrong,
How pleas'd to commend what is right!'

A speech or a song if applauded you find,
To make a low curtsy ne'er stop:
One scene of good acting is worth, in my mind,
All the bows in lord Chesterfield's shop.

O fie! actors, fie! you're too civil by half:
Reflect, and I'm sure you'll perceive,
Those tricks, tho' they make the base many to laugh,
Must make the judicious all grieve.

All scenic illusion it instantly damps,
Amid the applauses, to see
The grateful performers walk up to the lamps,
And cry '*Sirs, je vous remercie!*'

The public, immers'd in the trick of the scene,
All private obtrusions condemn,
And always think best of that actor, I ween,
Who seems to think nothing of them.

Leave boxes and pit to take care of themselves,
'Tis yours to take care of your part:
The summit of art, in theatrical elves,
Is to hide all appearance of art.

CONTEST BETWEEN LOVE AND TIME.

Once on a balmy summer's day,
To hill and vale resorting,
The little Loves were all at play,
On rose and lily sporting.

Some lurk'd within the azure bell,
Some were on zephyr flying;
Some sought the trickling rill that fell
With murmur soft as sighing.

Among them was a Love of mine:
Though young, he was sincerest:
And, where he saw the dew-drops shine,
He bath'd him in the clearest.

Sometimes he climb'd the lily's stem,
And suck'd the snowy blossom;
Or sported with the flow'ry gem
That deck'd the daisy's bosom.

But ruthless Time came on that way,
His scythe upon his shoulder;
I knew him by his lock of grey,
And felt my heart grow colder.

He seiz'd this playful Love of mine,
And closely cut his pinions:
'This fate,' said he, 'I e'er design
To all such sportive minions.'

My little Love began to weep,
For Time's hard hand discloses,
That he must never fly,—but creep
Among sweet Beauty's roses.

Yet still he lingers near the bow'r,
By Mem'ry's dreams delighted,
Till Time shall wither every flow'r,
And Love's last joy be blighted.

A SONG,

BY C. WEBB.

I saw her but a lover's hour,
That beauty without beauty's pride,
As humble as the wayside flower
That blushing droops when fondly eyed:—
Her hair was like the golden rays
That fall on mountain-heads of snow;
And angels might with wonder gaze
Upon the whiteness of her brow.

Her eyes were like twin violets,
The violets of the sunny south,
Which dewy morn delighted wets,
And kisses with delicious mouth.
Her cheek was pale as the wan moon,
The young moon of the virgin year,
When as her night is past its noon,
And the warm-kissing sun is near.

Her closed mouth was like a bud
Full of the balmy breath of May;
Her voice was like a summer flood
That noiseless steals its gentle way;
Its sound on memory's ear will start
Like to a sweet forgotten tune,
Whose echoes live within a heart
That what it loves forgets not soon.

THE POET'S WISH.

When age descending decks my head
With scatter'd tresses silvery grey,
And furrow'd lines, by sorrow made,
Speak to the gaze a toil-worn day,
Calm may I find some ready bower,
Where Contemplation, maid serene,
Brings gladly, as her vot'ry's dower,
Fair images of spotless mien!
Though life hath been a rugged way,
And chilly blasts have numb'd my frame—
Spare, Heaven! warm fancy's radiant play—
O spare my heart to sorrow's claim!
Oft 'mid the scene, in frolic mood,
May youth and beauty lightly sport,
Pleas'd to beguile the solitude,
Where waning years the virtues court,
With many a song and touching lay,
Renew the memory of my youth,
When fancy saw a brighter day
Than ever shone in hues of truth.
And when my stifling bosom heaves
Its prison'd inmate's last farewell,
May spring returning wave her leaves
O'er my lone grave in greenwood dell.

A SONNET,

In imitation of Filicaia.

See a fond mother and her offspring round,
Her soft soul melting with maternal love!
Some to her breast she clasps, and others prove
By kisses her affection: on the ground
Her ready foot affords a rest for one;
Another smiling sits upon her knee;
By their desiring eyes and actions free,
And lisping words, their little wants are known—
To those she gives a smile, a frown to these;
But all in love. Thus awful Providence
Watches and helps us—oft denies our sense
But to invite more earnest prayer and praise;
Or, by withholding that which we implore,
In the refusal gives a blessing more.

AN ANACREONTIC SONG,

BY DAVIDOFF;

Translated from the Russian by Mr. Bowring.

While honoring the grape's ruby nectar,
All sportingly, laughingly gay,
We determined—I, Silvia, and Hector,
To drive old dame Wisdom away.

'O my children, take care,' said the beldame,
'Attend to these counsels of mine:
Get not tipsy! for danger is seldom
Remote from the goblet of wine.'

'With thee in his company, no man
Can err,' said our wag with a wink;
'But come, thou good-natured old woman,
There's a drop in the goblet—and drink!'

She frown'd—but, her scruples soon twisting,
Consented, and smilingly said,
'So polite—there's indeed no resisting,
For Wisdom was never ill-bred.'

She drank, but continued her teaching:
'Let the wise from indulgence refrain;'
And never gave over her preaching,
But to say, 'Fill the goblet again.'

And she drank, and she totter'd, but still she
Was talking and shaking her head:
Mutter'd 'temperance'—'prudence'—until she
Was carried by Folly to bed.

A LOVER'S WANT OF DECISION;

BY KOSTROFF.

The rose is my favorite flower:
On its tablets of crimson I swore,
That up to my last living hour
I never would think of thee more.

I scarcely the record had made,
Ere Zephyr, in frolicsome play,
On his light airy pinions convey'd
Both tablet and promise away.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The comedy of Lost Life seemed at first to promise well; but, when it was repeated, it declined in public favor, and was therefore laid aside: yet we think that it might be compressed into a pleasant after-piece. Revivals have since been substituted for novelties.

A charact. in which Mr. Kemble had distinguished him elf, was selected by Mr. Kean, because he thought it would afford an opportunity for that display of intense passion in which he excels. But he did not make a judicious choice. Hatred is a most repulsive passion; and, when it is made to arise from trivial and very inadequate causes, and to proceed on that weak basis to murder itself, we feel disgust and horror at a catastrophe so inconsistent with the general course of nature. De Montfort, as drawn in Miss Baillie's tragedy, is in the three first acts a maniac, and in the two last a monster. Mr. Kean gave terrific effect to the character, and, in some of the scenes, seemed to harrow up the soul of the listening spectator: but the revived piece did not meet with that encouragement which he and the manager confidently expected.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Mr. Macready has resumed his situation at this house; but Mr. Charles Kemble is not re-engaged. The former re-appeared in a character which is peculiarly suited to his talents—that of Virginius. His pleadings at the consular tribunal, when he was urging his claim as the father of Virginia, were very energetic; and, when Icilius expressed a doubt whether he would support his claim by the solemnity of an oath, the tone and manner of his reply called forth loud applause.

In compliance with the existing rage for music and splendid parade, the manager, on the 29th of November, revived Shakspeare's play of the Two Gentlemen of Verona, not in its original form, but as a sort of opera. The plot of this piece partakes of the character of his romantic mind, which delighted in the imagery of the old Italian novels, and, receiving much from them, added more. The dialogue is less striking and emphatic than that of Macbeth or Hamlet; but it is written, in many parts, with fanciful elegance and graceful delicacy. The images are as lively and natural, and as finely colored, as in his most admired plays. His fancy, like the sun, gilds all within its sphere.

The songs and choruses, introduced for the purpose of varying the piece, are borrowed from other plays of the same bard, and also from his poems. The music is chiefly the composition of Bishop, and does him credit, although it departs sometimes from the simplicity belonging to the character of the scenes and story. The older pieces are airs of Dr. Arne—one, "If o'er the cruel tyrant Love"—the other, "Pray Goody." They are both harmonised, and produce a pleasing effect. The latter, which forms the second movement to the glee of "Who is Sylvia?" was generally encored, and well executed. Jones and Abbot performed very well the Two Gentlemen; but the grand attraction, it must be owned, lay with their mistresses. Miss Hallande excels in variety, and Miss Tree in tenderness, feminine sweetness, and delicacy. Mr. Liston performed the part of Launce with humor equal to any of his former parts. His moralising on the unthinking ingratitude of his dog Crab, was a good instance of the ludicrous. Mr. Blanchard was nearly as effective in the part of Speed. In the fourth act a carnival is represented, in which are introduced several scenes entitled to great praise for their richness and beauty. The first exhibits the square of Milan, with the superb public buildings illuminated. The seasons and elements, admirably represented, cross the stage in all the profusion of illustrative embellishment. The buds seem to spring out in blossom, the corn to rush up in ripeness, and the fruit to grow suddenly mellow, as the different portions of the procession make their way across. The machinery which represents winter is one of the most curious and beautiful specimens of dramatic engineering. But the most splendid and gorgeous scene is Cleopatra's galley sailing down the Cydnus, which comprises all the luxury of description that historians, poets, and painters, have ever employed on that subject. It filled the whole frame of the stage. There are other scenes equally good. The palace of the Hours, and the temple of Apollo, which spring from the overthrow and explosion of an artificial mountain in the duke's garden, possess great beauty. The play, in this embellished form, has been frequently repeated to numerous audiences.

A new piece is now in a train of performance, called the *Two Pages of Frederic the Great.* It is founded on an anecdote of that prince, who, observing an open letter in the hands of a sleeping page, takes the liberty of perusing it,

and finds that the youth, instead of making an imprudent or extravagant use of money received, has applied it to the support of his mother. He puts a rouleau of ducats into the boy's pocket; and a fellow-page, having lost a similar sum, is in search of it, when the monarch's present drops from his companion's dress; and Frederic, in explaining the circumstance, promotes the page, and provides for the mother, who is the widow of a meritorious officer. With the exception of a rather long narrative, there is a considerable degree of interest in the piece. Miss Foote, as one page, is a comely military boy, and performs her part with grace and feeling. Mrs. Chatterley, the other stripling, exhibits a more bustling style, not forgetful of the well-imagined half-courtly half-military etiquette, which such a domestic should possess. Fawcett and Mrs. Gibbs, as an innkeeper and his wife, gave some entertainment to the galleries. Frederic is personated by Farren, in point of dress, with perfect nicety; but the king's manner is recorded as sententious rather than rough. In his decisions on some memorials, much of his despotic justice is pictured; and in one case, where he determines to exempt the subjects of a distressed district from taxation for two years, his determination met the loudest approbation of the audience.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

A son and heir, to the viscountess Cranborne.

At Constantinople, a son to lady Strangford.

Daughters to lady Mary Stanley, lady Emily Drummond, Mrs. Becher (late Miss O'Neil), lady Cochrane, and Mrs. Hume, wife of the member for Aberdeen.

A son and heir to the countess of Uxbridge.

Sons to the duchess of Bedford and lady Eleanor Lowther.

MARRIAGES.

James Heywood Markland, F.R.S. to Miss Freeling.

At Hanbury, Joseph Bednall, a youth of 18, to Mrs. Coltman, aged 60 years.

Sir William Johnstone Hope, M.P., to the countess of Athlone.

The earl of Wilton to lady Mary Stanley.

The duke de Croy to the daughter of the hon. colonel Dillon.

Sir Henry Hardinge to lady Emily Jane James, sister to the marquis of Londonderry.

Lieutenant-colonel Packe to Miss Isham.

Mr. John Robert Cave, eldest son of Sir William Browne Cave, to Miss Mill, of Barlaston.

Mr. Whitmore, of Lincoln's-Inn, to Miss Kaye, of Wandsworth.

Lord Glenorchy, to Miss Baillie, of Jerviswode.

The only son of Sir John Nicholl, to the second daughter of the late Mr. Talbot, of Margam.

DEATHS.

At Rome, Dr. Robert Walsh, titular bishop of Waterford.

At Florence, the countess of Besborough, formerly the beautiful lady Duncannon.

Sir Henry William Carr, who married the widow of Mr. Perceval.

At Kensington, in her 102d year, the widow Perry.

Mr. Bartolozzi, son of the celebrated engraver, and father of Madame Vestris.

Cardinal Talleyrand, archbishop of Paris.

Rear-admiral Burney, brother of the authoress of Cecilia.

Miss Mary Mountain, sister to the bishop of Quebec.

At Reigate, Mrs. Jolliffe, a descendant from the ancient barons of Hylton, in Cumberland.

At Paris, at the age of 54, Mr. Astley, proprietor of the Royal Amphitheatre.

At the age of 81, the hon. Mrs. Anson.

In his 88th year, Sir James Mansfield, formerly the chief judge of the Court of Common-Pleas.

Sir Martin Browne Folkes, M.P.

At Stratford green, lord Henniker.

Mr. James Perry, proprietor and editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Mrs. Skinner, of Downham, in her 98th year.

Anne, the wife of Sir James Graham, M.P.

At the age of 92, the Rev. Dr. Colombine, rector of Thurlton in Norfolk.

By the fall of a stack of chimneys into her bed-chamber, during a storm, Miss Russell, niece of the countess of Darlington.

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